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THE  
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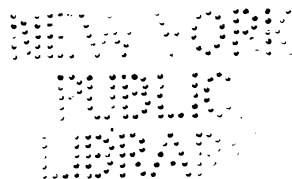
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# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## LORD POWERSCOURT ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

*The Merits of the Whigs ; or, a Warning to the People of England : drawn from the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Lords which sat last Session to inquire into the State of Ireland as respects Crime. "Ex uno disce omnes."* By a Member of the House of Commons. London : Fraser, Regent Street. 1840.

As we propose to devote a considerable space to the examination of this pamphlet, we shall enter with the least possible delay upon the performance of the duty which we have undertaken. The writer of an article in Fraser's Magazine for last month informs us, that the pamphlet is the production of Lord Powerscourt ; and as the pamphlet and magazine are both published by the same person, we suppose that we are justified in believing upon such authority that his lordship is the avowed author of the work. As, however, it is generally known that Viscount Powerscourt is now the son-in-law, having during his minority been the ward, of the Earl of Roden, who procured the appointment of the committee in question, and as Lord Powerscourt himself has no very *special* or *personal* interest in the subject, we think it may be fairly taken for granted that the pamphlet now lying before us has been put forward at the request, or at least under the inspection and with the approbation and assistance of Lord Roden, and that it therefore contains all that can be said upon that side of the case. It is evidently intended as a full exposition of the views and principles of the majority of the Lords' committee upon the subject in question ; and we are happy in having at last an opportunity of entering upon a complete consideration of the entire of that important matter which is contained in the evidence taken before the committee ; but "of which matter" the noble viscount very justly observes, that "the British public, at present, have certainly no idea whatever, as the evidence is so voluminous, embodied in so inconvenient a form, and encumbered with so much extraneous matter, as to render it impossible that it could receive on the part of general readers that attention which it deserves." To supply this defect in respect to matters "which are calculated most materially to open the eyes of our fellow-countrymen upon this side of the Channel to the real state of things in Ireland, as well as to the various causes and real authors of that state of things," the noble author of the pamphlet has thought, that it would "not be altogether unacceptable to those in whom is vested in reality, if not the sole, at least an overwhelming preponderance of power in the state," to bring the contents of the Report before them in a more concise and tangible form. In this appeal, which we suppose to be addressed to the people of England, we cordially unite, and once more beg leave to express our gratitude to the noble viscount for having thus boldly, however tardily, challenged the friends of the present Government to a complete investigation of the whole of this important subject.

The principal topics to which attention is called in the pamphlet, appear to us to be the following :—

First. The sources and causes of crime in Ireland.

Secondly. Its comparative amount during the period of Lord Normanby's administration, *i. e.* from April, 1835, to January, 1839.

Thirdly. Its effects and consequences: and

Fourthly. The conduct of the Government during the period in question in reference to every part of the subject.

We shall treat of these several divisions in the order in which they have been enumerated; and shall in the conduct of the discussion adopt as our principle of behaviour the declaration of the noble viscount, that "any thing uncourteous or personal is altogether foreign from our wishes or intentions;" but we believe that, unless we grossly mistake the whole subject and every part of it, we shall, before we conclude this article, have proved to the complete satisfaction of every impartial reader, that no publication more deficient in justice and candour than the production which we now propose to examine and refute, has ever issued from the press of this or of any other country.

Let us now proceed to the consideration "of the causes of crime as they are developed in the evidence before us." In p. 110. of the pamphlet the noble author proposes "to show that *those causes are not to be ascribed, as the Government speakers and writers would fain lead the public to believe, to ANY misconduct on the part of the landlords.*" But he proceeds upon the very same page to astound the reader by declaring, that "*The connection between landlord, middleman, and tenant, in Ireland, has in times past BEEN PRODUCTIVE, NO DOUBT, OF MOST OF THE EVILS UNDER WHICH THE COUNTRY IS NOW LABOURING.*" To any reader possessing the ordinary faculty of perception, it would be an insult to make any observation upon a contradiction so portentous in itself, and so evidently and entirely destructive of the very case which the noble viscount is in the act of endeavouring to set up in favour of the class to which he belongs. What will the reader think upon this subject, when he is further informed that the noble author in a preceding page (p. 54.) of this same pamphlet, has attacked the memory of the late Mr. Drummond, for having in his celebrated letter, in answer to the memorial of the Tipperary magistrates, informed them, "that property had its duties as well as its rights, and that *to the neglect of those duties IN TIMES PAST was mainly attributable that diseased state of society*" which at present exists in Ireland. In what manner the Irish landlords have performed their duty to their tenantry in past times, and in what manner they have done so recently, and are doing at present, we shall by and by inform the reader at some length, and upon authority which is beyond all question; and we "have no doubt," to use the language of Lord Powerscourt, "that the evidence which we shall quote upon this point will somewhat surprise English ears." The positions which his lordship endeavours to establish in reference to this part of the case appear to be, first, that although the connection between landlord and tenant in Ireland "has in past times been productive, no doubt, of most of the evils under which that country is now labouring, yet that such connection has of late years been much less mischievous in its working, partly from the effect of judicious enactments, and partly from the increased attention paid by the proprietors to the present condition and future improvement of their estates<sup>1</sup>:" and secondly, that although "in past times the Irish peasantry suffered much from the neglect of their landlords, yet even then their sins were more of omission than of commission; that dishonest agents, frequently Jews and peculating attorneys, to whose tender mercies the embarrassment of absentees compelled them to trust the management of their estates, were the real authors of those distresses, and that the landlords themselves were just as much as the tenantry the victims

"of the Jews, agents, and attorneys." We don't exactly know what the present race of Irish proprietors will say to this very Irish vindication of their predecessors. After all, it seems that the only thing which can be imputed to them is, that they merely abandoned every duty which they were bound to perform, and that they were compelled by their own profligate extravagance to place the comfort and happiness of their tenantry under the guardianship of what Grattan would call a "subordination of vultures."

But the landlords of Ireland are not entitled to turn away from their conduct any part of the public execration, upon the absurd and miserable pretence of their having been only the negligent or involuntary causes of the unutterable calamities which they have produced in that country. They stand forth upon every page of Irish history as the real and effective agents of the evil which they produced, of which they enjoyed the advantages, and of which they must bear the undiminished infamy to the latest posterity.

Edmund Spencer says, "The landlords in Ireland *most shamefully rack their tenants.*"<sup>2</sup> Dean Swift speaks of the landlords of his time, as "squeezing their rents out of the very blood and vitals, and clothes and dwellings of their tenants, who lived worse than English beggars."<sup>3</sup> Archbishop Boulter speaks to the same effect.<sup>4</sup> Arthur Dobbs says, that "the rents in his time were so high, that the tenants had scarcely sufficient credit to procure necessary subsistence, or to till the ground."<sup>5</sup> The Earl of Clare, when attorney-general, said in his speech in 1787, that the "*peasantry were ground to powder by enormous rents.*" Gordon, Newenham, Bishop Woodward, and Mr. Curwen, all state the same fact. Wakefield says (vol. ii. p. 795.), "It is an indubitable fact, that the landlords of Ireland exact more from their tenants than the same class of men in any other country."<sup>6</sup>

"Notwithstanding the anger of the Irish landlords," says a dignitary of the established church, "I have the opinion of some of the ablest men in the nation to confirm it, that the *lands of Ireland*, generally speaking, are let at an *exorbitant overvalue.*"<sup>7</sup> Con-acres are generally let at *ten guineas an acre.*<sup>8</sup>

"To say nothing," says Sadler, "of those wholesale 'clearances,' which the vast and successive forfeitures occasioned in remote periods, Dobbs informs us, that a century ago, and when the population could not be called redundant, it was the practice to *dismiss whole villages of native Irish at once, and turn the poor wretches adrift.* Half a century after, we find from Bishop Woodward, that this *unnatural and inhuman custom* was still continued: that it is vigorously pursued at the present day requires no proof. The novelty of the case at present is, that conduct which exhibits a *revolting compound of the basest, most selfish, and most unfeeling motives*, is now often represented as a meritorious deed."<sup>9</sup>

"The origin of Whiteboyism was declared by Lord Clare to have arisen from the '*peasantry being ground down to powder by exorbitant rents*, and being therefore so far from being able to give their dues to the clergy, that they had not either food or raiment for themselves;' he boldly threw the whole of the misery and guilt which he described at the door of the landlords."<sup>10</sup>

"The disturbances of 1760 were occasioned," says the same writer, "by the oppressions of which the landed proprietors were guilty in many respects,

<sup>2</sup> State of Ireland, Works, vol. vi. p. 33.

<sup>3</sup> View of the State of Ireland, Works, vol. vi. p. 159.

<sup>4</sup> Letters, vol. i. p. 292.

<sup>5</sup> Essay on the Trade of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 80.

<sup>6</sup> See also the First Report on the State of Ireland (1825), p. 38.

<sup>7</sup> Grievances of Ireland, by a Dignitary of the Establishment, p. 8.

<sup>8</sup> Rep. Sel. Com. on State of Ireland, i. p. 50.; ii. p. 414.; iv. p. 638.

<sup>9</sup> Sadler, 105.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid, 115.

especially in turning adrift vast numbers of the old tenantry, in order to throw many farms into one, to obtain if possible a greater surplus produce. Those who were expelled had no regular means of subsistence, whilst those who remained had no means of paying the *exorbitant rents* imposed upon them. *Their misery was complete*, when by inclosures they were deprived of the commonage to which they had been previously entitled. Numbers of them secretly assembled at night," &c.<sup>11</sup> "The fatal insurrection of 1763 and 1764," says the same writer, "was likewise excited by the *cruelty of the landlords*, exercised through the medium of their subordinate agents, the middlemen, who demanded excessive fines, and *racked the old tenants utterly* beyond their power to pay. The tenants were *cleared out*."<sup>12</sup> All the commotions which for the last sixty years have tormented and desolated Ireland have sprung, says Mr. Grant, "from local oppressions."<sup>13</sup>

Sadler (p. 151.) says, that "the exorbitant, indeed incredible, rents which they exact, and their 'clearings, burning of cottages, and driving the people into exile,' are the principal causes of all the disturbances of Ireland."

The condition to which the tenants are brought by such enormous cruelties may be easily imagined, — a condition which, as the Bishop of Cloyne justly observed, "reduced them to the dreadful alternative of breaking the laws for the support of life, or perishing by an observance of the regulations of society."<sup>14</sup>

"The peasants are ejected," says Sadler, "from the home of their forefathers; sent forth with their families as fugitives and vagabonds, without present employment, or the prospect of any; more destitute than the beasts of the field; and not having where to lay their heads."

"It would be," as the Bishop of Cloyne observed, "a mercy in that circumstance to adopt the refined and more humane policy of the Indians, by putting them immediately to death."<sup>15</sup>

"These circumstances," says Sadler, "combined with some others, reduce the Irish cottager below the peasant of almost every country in Europe. Such is his hard condition in the most plentiful season, and in the prime of his health and strength; what then must be his state in time of dearth, under the pressure of years, infirmities, and a numerous family?"<sup>16</sup>

"The desolate wretch," says Sadler (p. 158.), "is driven, under such circumstances, to desperation; and connected with a multitude of others who have been similarly treated, he proceeds to those acts of violence which are so frequent in Ireland." The writer then gives an instance, from his own observations, of a person who had been the victim of a "*clearance*," and concludes by exclaiming, "only imagine a whole moving multitude thus suffering and thus feeling, and the whole insubordination of Ireland is explained."<sup>17</sup>

Their houses, therefore, at that period — the time spoken of by Sir William Petty and Lord Clarendon — were certainly no better than they are at present, when "*driving*," or "*clearing*" landlords think they can be purified only by *fire and destruction*. *As to building them fresh ones, THAT they never dream of*. Contrary to the practice of almost all other countries under the sun, the Irish cultivator has almost universally to provide house and buildings; the proprietor can therefore *destroy them at pleasure*, and without detriment to himself."<sup>18</sup>

"It is vain," says Sir Robert Peel, "to attempt to palliate the conduct of those who turned seventy or eighty families loose upon the world under the

<sup>11</sup> Sadler, 113, 114.

<sup>12</sup> Speech of Mr. Grant (now Lord Glenelg), April 22. 1822.

<sup>13</sup> Argument, &c. p. 28.

<sup>14</sup> Sadler, 301.

<sup>15</sup> Ibid. 114.

<sup>16</sup> Ibid. p. 32.

<sup>17</sup> Ibid. p. 159, note.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid. p. 14.

pretext of "*clearing*" their estates. It might be true, according to the principles of political economy, that it was desirable for landlords to have their lands to let in large farms; but it was *not true* that they were under *no moral obligation to those parties* whom they thus thrust upon the world. When such landlords turned out *forty or fifty families* at a time, was it meant to be contended that it was the duty of the State to provide the means of emigration for the families ejected, and that the landlords were to be relieved by the State from the *moral obligation* under which they were, of contributing to the settlement elsewhere of those whom they had *driven from their homes*." <sup>19</sup>

"As to the prime promoters of those '*clearances*' and principal actors in them," says Sadler, "who glory in their shame, *no language can sufficiently express the turpitude of their conduct*. I am persuaded that none could reach their feelings, or I would attempt to bring before their recollection the *numerous train of victims whom they have already sacrificed*. I might summon from the grave those who in death have found their *sole refuge against their oppressors*; let, then, the *surviving and more pitiable victims* of their policy pass in melancholy array before them, — the wrecks of human beings *unutterably miserable* in appearance and reality, — let these

'Come like shadows, so depart,  
Show their eyes and grieve their heart.'

But their eyes are in the ends of the earth; and as to grieving their heart!" <sup>20</sup> "I question," says the same writer in another place, "*whether the broad eye of God beholds upon the face of the earth a greater mass of misery than is constantly created by these 'CLEARANCES.'*" <sup>21</sup>

Sadler, whose zeal for the diffusion of Protestantism was equal to his enthusiasm for the general interests of humanity, considers that the nefarious character and conduct of the Irish landlords was alone quite sufficient to prevent the diffusion of the Protestant religion amongst the population of Ireland.

"It is sufficient," says he, "to state, that *such is the religion* supported by nine tenths of the *great proprietors* in Ireland. Not another word is necessary, in order to account for its rejection by the population." <sup>22</sup>

It may appear superfluous to pursue any further a discussion which we think that we have settled to the satisfaction of every person of common perception: as, however, we believe that the people of England have no adequate conception, either of the enormous iniquities committed by the Irish landlords, or of the still more enormous falsehoods which have been obtruded upon the world in their defence, we shall advert to another assertion which Lord Powerscourt has made in their behalf, and which we shall show to be about as well founded as that which we have above demolished; and the evidence which we shall lay before the reader upon this subject will prove, to a waste and exuberance of conviction, the ineffable cruelties of the Irish landlords, and the equally inexpressible effrontery with which they lay claim to the exclusive possession of the merit of charity, to which they are scarcely entitled in even the smallest degree, whilst they calumniously deny its existence in the humbler classes, where it is unbounded and universal. It may be imagined, notwithstanding the cruelties, oppressions, exactions, and exterminations of the Irish landlords, that they are yet a little sensible to the calamities by which they are surrounded, and that even in the way of alms and charity they contribute to alleviate the evils which they have

<sup>19</sup> Speech of Sir R. Peel, Tuesday, June 2. in the debate upon Irish emigration.

<sup>20</sup> Sadler, p. 156-7.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.* p. 106.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.* p. 116.

created. Lord Powerscourt, with a degree of courage which cannot be sufficiently wondered at, vindicates this merit for his "bold compeers" in its fullest extent, and makes in page 155. a statement which must, we think, astonish even the landlords themselves. This statement, to which we entreat the especial attention of the reader, is that the landlords, "whether resident or absentee, are exemplary in the performance of the various duties which they owe to their dependents; and that up to the enactment of the Irish Poor Law of the last session *the whole weight of the support of the Poor was, in a manner, thrown upon THE LANDLORD!!!*" Hear this assertion ye squires, and doctors, and land-agents, and archbishops, and bishops, and parsons, and surgeons, and churchwardens, and farmers, and labourers, and shopkeepers, and merchants, and schoolmasters, and persons of every degree, who throughout every county, and barony, and parish, and town, and village, in Ireland crowded around the Poor Law Commissioners for the purpose of communicating information and opinions about the state of that most deplorable country. Hear from the lips of a peer of Ireland, and a member of the imperial parliament, that you must have been universally mistaken when you all were unanimously of opinion that the support of the poor in that country was principally furnished by the classes immediately above the indigent themselves, and that the Irish proprietors were the only portion of the community who did not, in any reasonable or decent proportion to their incomes, contribute to the alleviation of that hideous poverty which was principally chargeable upon the exactions and oppressions of the landlords themselves.

There is not a single individual who has paid the most trifling attention to the discussions which have taken place upon the expediency of introducing a system of poor laws into Ireland, who must not be aware that one of the principal topics insisted upon by the advocates of the measure was, that through its agency the landlords would, for the first time, be compelled to contribute their share to the relief of the destitute, and would be restrained in their career of oppression and exaction by knowing that they would be obliged to pay something towards the mitigation of the universal misery, which is the inevitable consequence of their wholesale ejections of their tenantry. It is unnecessary to state that Lord Powerscourt cites no authority whatever (none could possibly be cited) in support of the stupendous allegation which we have mentioned. We believe that no evidence upon the subject was given before the Roden Committee. But the defect is most abundantly supplied in the evidence taken before the commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland. These commissioners called before them persons of every degree, and of every variety of religious and political opinions; and a selection from the parochial examinations which they made was published by authority, in 1835, by Milliken in Dublin, and Fellowes, Ludgate Street, London. From these examinations we present to the reader the following extracts, taken at mere hazard, out of some dozens of statements to the same effect:—

"*The poor give ten times as much as the rich in comparison to their means.*" (Dr. Kelly.)

"Persons renting only one acre, and even day-labourers, give relief to the beggar if they have it." (Mr. St. George. Selection, p. 283.)

"The poor farmer often relieves the beggar who has been turned away from the rich man's door." (p. 292.)

"The witnesses agree that the relief of beggars falls principally upon the middle classes, shopkeepers, small farmers, and even labourers, the very wealthy classes being comparatively exempt. The poor have free access to the former classes, their doors being always open. Mr. Collins says, the wealthier country gentlemen are PECULIARLY exempt, being surrounded by walls and gates." (p. 292.)

"In proportion to their means the poor and working classes give THREE TIMES MORE than the rich. Many of the gentry will not allow the poor to pass through their gates. Some

of them will give some clothing in winter, but others will scarcely give any thing. Charity is so universal amongst the poor themselves, that the farmers declare that *every man who has a potatoe will share it.*" (p. 314.)

"The relief of the poor falls principally upon the farmers in the country, and the shopkeepers in the town, they being the most easy of access. Even the labourers give." (p. 319.)

"The poorer classes give much to the beggars. Even the labourers give part of their meal and a night's lodging. Some farmers give to the extent of 40*l.* a year in food, money, and straw. The rich have their gate-keepers, and the poor dare not go past them." (p. 325.)

"The witnesses agree that the chief burden of supporting the poor falls upon the class immediately above themselves. The gates, and sometimes the dogs, of the wealthy secure them against the intrusion of the beggar. 'I have seen a labourer,' says the Rev. Mr. McClean, 'who was purchasing meal at a guinea a hundred-weight (eight stone), give a handful of it to a beggar before it left the scale.' (p. 336.)

From the same evidence (page 337.), it appears that numerous instances occur where parties in humble circumstances are so charitable, that the profusion of their alms in the beginning of the season obliges them to have recourse themselves to charity for their subsistence in the end.

"On the farmers the support of the poor principally falls. Even the mere day-labourer, who has nothing but his cabin, contributes. In all cases the poor and working classes give more in proportion than the rich." (p. 347.)

"The relief of the poor chiefly falls upon the farmers in the country, and upon the traders in the towns. Even the poorest labourers give something, and are in the habit of sharing their meals with the destitute." (p. 350.)

"Without doubt the burden of the poor falls upon the small farmers, shopkeepers, and labourers, because that class are more numerous, and more in the way of being applied to. Even the labourers who have no ground, and are themselves obliged to buy their potatoes, never refuse alms." (p. 365.)

"The evidence is quite clear that the relief of the poor falls CHIEFLY on the middle classes. The struggling shopkeepers are most liberal, often to a degree beyond their means. The opulent classes DON'T GIVE IN PROPORTION." (p. 379.)

"The burthen of maintaining paupers falls most exclusively upon the farmers in general. That of maintaining strange paupers upon the small farmers particularly. The gentry by no means contribute in the same proportion. The Rev. Mr. Chute, a clergyman of the Establishment, expressly says that the entire onus of supporting the poor is borne by the occupiers of land and the shopkeepers." (p. 384.)

"Small farmers and shopkeepers are constantly at home, and consequently more acquainted with the wants and destitution of the poor than the higher classes are. The labouring class give more in proportion to their means than any class." (p. 406.)

"The relief of the destitute falls almost completely upon the shopkeepers and farmers, who are more exposed than the rich, and more charitably inclined. The gentlemen very seldom give halfpence. Some give nothing. Sir Robert gives three pence once a month to each person, and nothing else; the other gentlemen give a halfpenny every Monday. The farmers always give something. The cottiers fully as much. The labourers give freely. The poor three times as much as the rich." (p. 427.)

"Those who would give from ostentation, the absentees, are not here to give." (p. 428.)

"The resident gentry SCARCELY EVER subscribe regularly. Even in seasons of appalling distress, as in 1831 and 1832, there were individuals of large fortunes who DID NOT SUBSCRIBE ONE SHILLING." (p. 134.)

"The burthen of supporting the destitute is thrown in times of distress by the affluent gentry upon their poorer but more benevolent neighbours." (p. 134.)

"There is no regular subscription by the gentry, except in a season of great scarcity. All concur in stating that there are but two instances of non-residents who have ever subscribed." (p. 144.)

"The gentry of the neighbourhood do not subscribe for the support of the poor, which is principally defrayed by the middle classes." (p. 147.)

"One absentee draws 10,000*l.* a year from the county, and 7,000*l.* a year from the parish, without contributing a farthing to the support of the poor." (p. 147.)

"In cases of peculiar distress the gentry subscribe. In some instances, absentees living in other parts of Ireland contribute, but absentees living abroad seldom contribute any thing." (p. 148.)

"There never has been any subscription among the upper classes, and they in no way contribute to the support of the destitute." (p. 157.)

"The gentry of the neighbourhood don't subscribe for the relief of the aged and infirm." (p. 157.)

"The gentry — residents — don't subscribe for the support of the poor. The absentees contribute nothing." (p. 158.)



"The gentry assist the poor only through the Mendicity, and even in this way many refuse to do so, which gives rise to great complaints. In many instances those who subscribe the least are the best able." (p. 160.)

"There is no such thing as a subscription among the gentry to support the infirm through age." (p. 162.)

"Many of the gentry refuse to contribute even to the Mendicity, and thus throw the whole burthen upon their benevolent neighbours. Those that have least subscribe most. Absentees give little." (p. 164.)

The sick poor of these parishes are totally unprovided for. From their landlords they do not even obtain the assistance of a dispensary to supply them with medicine." (p. 179.)

"The absentee landlords draw about 160,000*l.* a year from the neighbourhood of Tralee, (county of Kerry) and of this sum NOT ONE SHILLING is spent in this impoverished neighbourhood." <sup>23</sup>

"In the calamitous summer of 1822, a subscription was made for the relief of the poor of a certain district. The absentee proprietors were applied to. Their incomes amounted to 83,000*l.* a year, and they subscribed altogether 83*l.*" <sup>24</sup>

"Can there be a spectacle more edifying, and at the same time more reproachful, to an affluent landlord than to see (and it is owing to his own neglect if he does not see or know it) one of his poor tenants feeding another with food taken as it were out of the mouths of his own children, whilst he who is feasting on the labours of both attends to the miseries of neither, but throws the whole burthen of relieving them upon those whom no reasonable bystander could think equal to bear the smallest part of it." <sup>25</sup>

What will the people of England, after perusing the foregoing evidence, think of the two assertions of Lord Powerscourt, that the evils of Ireland are in no degree attributable to the conduct of the landlords, and that the landlords of Ireland have hitherto borne the whole burthen of sustaining the poor of that country?

Let us not, however, deny the landlords of Ireland the benefit of the evidence which Lord Powerscourt produces in their behalf. This evidence is taken from the Report of the Roden Committee, and is found in the pamphlet, p. 112. Question 1309 to 20. "You consider that the duties of property have been attended to in Ireland?" Answer by Major Warburton:—"Latterly, very much. Q. "Even in the most disturbed districts?" A. "Generally. There are a great many estates in Tipperary that are admirably managed, and on which there are great improvements." What the duties are, to the performance of which the landlords have "latterly" addicted themselves, Major Warburton does not inform us. That these duties, however, have no relation to the unfortunate population of the country is quite clear. Indeed, the very mention of the people is excluded from the passage, and the duties are evidently of that sort which is indicated in the extracts which we have given above, and which consists in burning houses, and turning, as Sir Robert Peel observed, seventy or eighty families at a time adrift upon the world in a state of total destitution, under the pretext of clearing their estates, and in order to be able to let the land in large farms, and thereby to procure for the landlords themselves a greater amount of surplus produce. These are the duties which the Tipperary landlords are performing with a most diabolical assiduity, and in reference to which, as Sadler exclaims with uncontrollable indignation, "no language can sufficiently express the turpitude of their conduct." But we shall go a little farther into the "latterly" performance of duties by the landlords of Tipperary, and produce from the evidence of the Roden Committee some facts, which may enable the "people of England" to form a correct estimate of the "great improvements" and "admirable management" in favour of which the testimony of Major Warburton is adduced by Lord Powerscourt.

This identical witness, Major Warburton, says, 1266-8 of the evidence taken before the committee, that "there is a great deal of misery in every shape among the poorer classes,

<sup>23</sup> Drs. Barker and Cheyne's Account of the Fever of Ireland, vol. ii. pp. 98-125.

<sup>24</sup> Sadler, p. 67.

<sup>25</sup> Bishop of Cloynes, Argument, p. 21.

whether they have land or not; that *a poor man turned out of his land*, without the means of maintaining his family, will endeavour to get it by crime, if he cannot by other means; and that such a state of things *must necessarily involve people in crime*, when they are reduced to destitution, by being turned out of their lands without having any means of subsistence."

He also states, that "the causes which operate to produce crime and outrage at present are the same causes which, for many years back, have produced the same result."

\* Lord Donoughmore, the lord-lieutenant of Tipperary, states, that "many landlords of Tipperary have ejected tenants within the last nine or ten years."

And that "the gentlemen began clearing their estates of the forty-shilling freeholders, after they, the freeholders, had been done away with by the Catholic Emancipation Act."

These wretches, having ceased to be able to minister to the corrupt and ambitious purposes of the landlords" and "gentlemen," were immediately swept like vermin from the face of the earth.

Mr. Howley, the chairman of the quarter sessions of Tipperary, says, "I have heard statements against various individuals upon the subject of what may be called *wholesale ejections of tenants in Tipperary*. If it be the wish of the committee, I am ready to name the proprietors who have been so charged."

But the committee did not think fit to hear the names for several reasons, one of which was, that *some of the persons charged with this wholesale extermination of their tenantry*, and charged beyond the power of refutation, were then and there corporally present in the committee, and were actually members of it. Accordingly,

"The witness is directed to withdraw."

"The witness is again called in."

"The question was not repeated!" Not much is, however, lost after all, as Mr. Howley says that, "from conferences with other barristers, it appears that *ejections at sessions are more numerous in Tipperary than in any other county*; and that he himself has had more than 150 at one QUARTER sessions, besides a great many ejections, which were brought in the superior courts."

Mr. Tabiteau, the stipendiary magistrate, says, that "ejection is synonymous with *reducing the cottier tenant to destitution and misery*."

Mr. Kemmis, the crown prosecutor of the Leinster circuit, which includes Tipperary, says, that "*the great majority of violent crimes in Tipperary are produced by turning tenants out of possession. Three-fourths, or more.*"

Such, ye people of England, is the process which in Ireland is called "great improvement," and "admirable management," and which consists in driving whole troops of the population into a position in which they are bountifully permitted by their landlords to choose whether they shall die by hanging or by hunger. Little is it to be wondered at, that *such landlords* should be astonished and infuriated, upon being reminded by Mr. Drummond, in his celebrated letter, that "*property had its duties as well as its rights.*" The following is an extract from the evidence given by Lord Donoughmore upon that subject:—

Lord Donoughmore. — "This letter, in answer to the memorial, was transmitted to me, but I did not allow the publication of it on account of the observation that 'Property had its duties as well as its rights, &c.' to which part of the answer I particularly objected."

"All those sentences were put in italics, and at every meeting in the county, over and over again, those were the parts which were relied on; and I of my own knowledge know that at some of the meetings it was stated that *they could trace in every village the misconduct of the resident landlords in that county.*"

Let us now proceed from the conduct of the landlords to the *other* "causes of crime, as they are developed in the Evidence taken before the Roden Committee." In every such enquiry, one of the first and principal

\* The printer has, through mistake, expunged the references which connect all the following extracts with the evidence taken before the Roden Committee; and at the time when the mistake is discovered there is no possibility of introducing them. They are all to be found, with the numerical references, from page 1 to page 11. of "A digested Abstract" of the evidence, published by Longman and Co., 1839.

subjects of investigation must be the *condition of the class by which crime is committed*; and although upon this subject the evidence which has been adduced incidentally, and as it were, by anticipation, in the preceding part of this article is sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person that the peasantry of Ireland are frequently placed in a situation where, according to the Bishop of Cloyne, "they must either *perish by observing the regulations of property, or by violating the laws of society*," yet we think it advisable to adduce a few passages upon the subject from the statements addressed to the committee by some of the witnesses, whose information upon that point was the most extensive, —

Mr. Barrington says that, "there being no manufactures in Ireland, the *actual existence of the peasantry depends upon their having land*; and the *whole disturbances of the country are produced by a desire to possess it*."

"The persons chiefly engaged in the commission of outrage are the lowest description of labourers and farm servants — persons without land and without employment."

Major Warburton says, that "there is a great deal of misery, in every shape, among the lower classes of the Irish population, whether they have land or not; that *the destitution produced by turning persons out of their land when they have no other means of existence, is a very great source of crime*, as such a state of things must naturally involve the people in criminal endeavours to procure the means of maintaining their families."

Mr. Tomkins Brew says, "that the people of Clare are in a *state of great destitution, and likely to become progressively worse*; that *such is also the case in other parts of Ireland*; and that *the whole west of Ireland is subject to periodical starvation*; that there is great difficulty among the peasantry in procuring land for potatoes, although they are willing to pay from 8*l.* to 10*l.* an acre for it; that the facility of intercourse between England and the western coasts of Ireland has, in his opinion, greatly increased the destitution of the lower classes, by inducing the landed gentry of Clare to speculate largely in cattle, and increase grazing, so that a great deal of the land which was formerly given to the poor for potatoes is now put under artificial tillage to feed cattle in the house, whilst the new system has also diminished the demand for labour; that such destitution is likely to increase; and that the population is increasing every day."

Mr. Tabiteau says, that "there is great destitution in his district (Tipperary); that the wages of an able-bodied man do not average more than 8*d.* a day all the year round; that they amount to about 1*s.* a day for about half the year; that the disturbances mostly prevail during the season when there is no employment; that when they have no employment they have nothing to depend upon, unless they can get a bit of ground; and that something about land is the cause of all the murders committed there."

Mr. Drummond says, "The result of the inquiries made by the Railway Commissioners in Ireland was to ascertain that, while there was a great increase in the commercial transactions of the country, *the condition of the class from which criminals are furnished, their condition as to their material comfort, was actually deteriorating*."

"I think, says he, that Ireland at the present moment may be regarded as in a state of transition. The subdivision of land no longer proceeds as heretofore; it is now checked, and a contrary process is taking place by the enlargement and consolidation of farms, while the population, *which depends upon the land alone for support*, is still increasing. The demand for land is consequently, and of necessity, greater than it was before, while there is a decrease in the supply of it arising from the consolidation of farms. I think that is an adequate cause for the deterioration in the condition of the labouring poor. In a former answer I alluded to that circumstance with reference to the state of crime, showing that a great proportion of the violent infractions of the law prevalent proceeded from this class; and that, as long as from any cause *there is increasing destitution, there will, as a matter of course, be increasing crime*, which can be checked only by main force.

I think the fact I have alluded to, of the increased destitution of the peasantry, and the consequent incentive to crime, has been a very great cause of the difficulties which the Government has had to contend with. Where destitution is, there crime will be found as a matter of course; and with increased destitution there will be an increase of crime. From this cause alone the Government has, within the last four years, had much to contend with. Much misery and crime arise from this transition state of society, though, ultimately, Ireland will certainly be much improved."

Captain Warburton says, that "there is decidedly a constant want of employment amongst the people in the counties which he has been acquainted with. The disturbances in Tipperary prevail more in that part of the year when the people are without employment."

Sir W. Somerville says, that "in Meath a large portion of the lower classes are in a state of great misery and destitution."

Colonel Shaw Kennedy states, that "the great groundwork of all Whiteboy offences is

connected with land ; that the increase of crime is attributable more to social than political causes. Political agitation and religious differences appear only to increase crime by affecting the social condition of the people. Whatever affects the tenancy of land will instantly affect crime."

Major Warburton says, that "agrarian objects are a more fertile source of crime than any other in Ireland."

Mr. Kemmis says that, "in Tipperary, there was always a great number of outrages, of which the greatest number (three-fourths or more) are attributable to the letting and disposition of land ; that, on the Leinster Circuit, outrages are mostly agrarian."

Mr. Barrington says, that "the late outrages in Clare have been put an end to by giving the people some ground for potatoes. The general cause of outrages at all times in Ireland is anxiety to possess land ; such has been the case since 1761. Whilst I have been crown solicitor (for five and twenty years) I could trace almost every outrage to some dispute about land."

Mr. Tierney says that "the prevailing cause of outrages is the letting and possession of land, and the dispossessing of the former tenants and occupiers."

Mr. Hickman says that, "in Roscommon, Leitrim, and Sligo, the outrages arise from the taking of land ; that they all arise from land, wages, &c."

Mr. Piers Gale says, that "outrage has almost always a connexion with land ; that there are no manufacturers in Ireland ; and if a poor man is deprived of his land, whether he has rightful possession or not, or whether he pays his rent or not, he has little to depend on, and therefore they are extremely reluctant to leave it, and indignant if any take it over their heads."

Mr. Maxwell Hamilton says, that "one great cause of outrage, the collection of tithes, has diminished, of course ; that Armagh, in consequence of religious party-differences, is the most disturbed county on the circuit ; that the disturbances are produced by Orange processions, which are now, in consequence of the change in the law, attended by only the lowest class of Protestants."

Captain B. Warburton (stipendiary magistrate) says, that "the murders and outrages that have happened lately in Galway have arisen from disputes about land ; and that the principal and primary object of all associations among the peasantry is the taking and keeping of land."

Mr. Tabiteau (a resident magistrate) states, that "something about land is the cause of all murders in Ireland."

Mr. Tomkins Brew says, that "the cause of the crime of Terraltism, in Clare, was the tenants receiving notice to quit ; that the attacks on houses in Clare, in 1837, proceeded from the scarcity of provisions ; — when a supply came, the outrages all ceased."

Judge Moore says, that "the outrages in Clare, Galway, and Limerick, in 1830 and 1831, arose from the pressure on the lower orders by the extreme price of potato-land. The people turned up the green ground in order to increase the quantity and diminish the price of potato-ground."

Mr. Barrington says, that "the threatening notices lately served upon the farmers in the county of Clare were produced by the anxiety of the poor people to get con-acres."

Mr. Sylvanus Jones says, that "the outrages committed in Wexford lately have been the result of persons taking land over the heads of others."

Mr. Seed states, that "the two great causes of outrages are faction-fights and disputes about land." (See the same witness, 10,750 to 10,755, for a description of the desperate character of these fights, and the complete success of Lord Normanby's government in putting them down.)

Mr. Barnes (stipendiary magistrate) says, that "the murders in Longford were the consequence of people being turned off their land and strangers put in ; that those put out were Catholics — those put in were Protestants."

In 1836-8 more than 330 ejectments issued from the quarter sessions' court of Longford, besides those from the superior courts ; that before 1833 the barony of Longford was the quietest in the county of Longford, and the county itself the quietest in Ireland."

Lord Lurgan states, that "there exists in Ireland a most intimate connection between crime and the management of landed property."

Sir William Somerville says, that "the only violent outrage he can recollect in Meath, for three or four years, is the murder of Mr. Hatch, which was committed 'for the old cause of ejectment,' he having put a tenant out at the expiration of his lease."

Mr. Warburton says, that "the outrages were directed against Catholics as well as Protestants."

Mr. Maxwell Hamilton says, that "no outrages were committed against Protestants as such, nor any of a religious character."

Mr. Kemmis says, that "on the Leinster circuit outrages are mostly agrarian, committed neither on account of religion nor of politics."

Mr. Barrington says that "the outrages have always been local ; that certainly no outrages have upon his circuit been directed against any persons on account of their professing any particular religious creed ; that they have been always committed against men of all reli-

gions indiscriminately ; and that in his twenty-five years' experience he never knew an outrage committed for a political object."

Mr. Hickman says, that "he never knew one offence committed against a man on account of religion ; nor any of a rebellious character ; that they all arise from land, wages, &c."

Mr. Piers Gale says, that "it scarcely ever happens that religion has any thing to do with outrages on the Home circuit. He never knew an instance in which the outrage seemed to be directed against the institutions of the country, except one, and that is now pending for trial."

Judge Moore says, that "the disturbances of 1830-1 had nothing of a political nor of a religious character ; that the Roman Catholics must have suffered most, as they were the most numerous."

Mr. Cahill states, that "the crimes which he knows to have been committed in Ireland were totally disconnected with politics."

Mr. Barrington says, that "the payment of tithes has been the cause of outrage, but not the payment of rent, or of the county cess. The grand-jury county cess is applied in public works — in the necessary repair of the roads of the county ; nine parts in ten of it are employed in labour."

After the mass of evidence which we have adduced upon the condition of the class by which all crimes are committed in Ireland, we imagine that no reader can doubt in the smallest degree, that by far the greatest part of the outrages committed in that country arise from the oppression of the criminals by the higher classes of the landed proprietors ; that the state of society induced by those classes is so horrible, as to cause the commission of crime to be considered as one method of self-preservation ; that the causes and objects of all crime in Ireland are local, personal, and material ; and that, generally speaking, they have no connection whatever with religion or politics. Amongst the witnesses whom we have cited in support of this statement, are the crown prosecutors of the six circuits in Ireland, namely, Mr. Barrington (Munster) — Mr. Kemmis (Leinster) — Mr. Hickman (Connaught) — Mr. Gale (Home) — Mr. Tierney (of the North-west) — and Mr. Hamilton (of the North-eastern circuit). Of these gentlemen, Mr. Tierney has been in office twelve years, Mr. Hamilton sixteen, Mr. Gale and Mr. Barrington each twenty-five, whilst Mr. Kemmis's experience extends over eight and thirty years, during which he states that he has never missed a circuit. It is evident from the date of their appointments that they were all promoted by Conservative administrations ; and some of them, we believe, are tolerably staunch Tories. Yet every one of these gentlemen affirms concerning his own district, that all the crime therein committed was the result of destitution and oppression, and of causes purely animal and territorial, without any admixture of religious or political inducements. Lord Powerscourt, however, has another way of accounting for the matter, and lays it all at the door of narrow-minded clergymen and agitating demagogues. The consequence of this agitation, laical and clerical, is, according to Lord Powerscourt, that "the ignorant and credulous are induced to suppose grievances where none really exist, and where they would have discovered none if they had not been put into their heads by others." (Pamphlet, p. 132.) If we had not read this passage we should certainly have ventured to think that an Irish peasant, or small farmer, did not require the assistance of a narrow-minded clergyman, or of a long-tongued agitator, to show him that he, the peasant or farmer aforesaid, had very little and very bad food, — that he had very little and very bad clothing, — that he had little or no bedding, — that his cabin was burnt or levelled with the ground, — that he himself, with his wife and children, was hunted like a wild beast out of the residence which he had himself erected ; and was reduced to the hideous condition, which left him no choice except that of perishing by hunger in submission to the laws, or of dying upon the scaffold for the violation of them.

## THE LAY OF THE ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"—— discordance that can accord ;  
And accordance to discord."

*The Romance of the Rose.*

A ROSE once passed within  
A garden April-green,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white rose, delicate,  
On a tall bough and straight,—  
Early comer, April comer,  
Never waiting for the summer ;

Whose pretty gestes did win  
South winds to let her in,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
All the fairer for that oneness.

" For if I wait," said she,  
" Till times for roses be,—  
For the mask rose, and the moss rose,  
Royal red and maiden blush rose,—

" What glory then for me,  
In such a company ?  
Roses plenty, roses plenty,  
And one nightingale for twenty !

" Nay, let me in," said she,  
" Before the rest are free,  
In my loneliness, in my loneliness,  
All the fairer for that oneness.

" For I would lonely stand,  
Uplifting my white hand,  
On a mission, on a mission,  
To declare the coming vision.

" See mine, a holy heart,  
To high ends set apart,—  
All unmated, all unmated,  
Because so consecrated.

" Upon which lifted sign,  
What worship will be mine !  
What addressing, what caressing,  
What thanks, and praise, and blessing !

*The Lay of the Rose.*

" A wind-like joy will rush  
Through every tree and bush,  
Bending softly in affection,  
And spontaneous benediction.

" Insects, that only may  
Live in a sunbright ray,  
To my whiteness, to my whiteness,  
Shall be drawn, as to a brightness.

" And every moth and bee  
Shall near me reverently,  
Wheeling round me, wheeling o'er me,  
Coronals of motioned glory.

" I ween, the very skies  
Will look down in surprise,  
When low on earth they see me,  
With my cloudy aspect dreamy.

" Ten nightingales shall flee  
Their woods, for love of me,  
Singing sadly all the suntide,  
Never waiting for the moontide !

" Three larks shall leave a cloud,  
To my whiter beauty vowed, —  
Singing gladly all the moontide,  
Never waiting for the suntide."

So praying, did she win  
South winds to let her in,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
And the fairer for that oneness:

But out, alas for her !  
No thing did minister  
To her praises, to her praises,  
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen  
To boast a perfect green,  
Scarcely having, scarcely having  
One leaf broad enow for waving.

The little flies did crawl  
Along the southern wall,  
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting  
Wings scarce strong enow for lifting.

The nightingale did please  
To loiter beyond seas.  
Guess him in the happy islands,  
Learning music from the silence.

The lark too high or low,  
Did haply miss her so —  
With his nest down in the gorges,  
And his song in the star-courses!

Only the bee, forsooth,  
Came in the place of both —  
Doing honour, doing honour,  
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies looked coldly down,  
As on a royal crown;  
Then, drop by drop, at leisure,  
Began to rain for pleasure.

Whereat the earth did seem  
To waken from a dream,  
Winter frozen, winter frozen,  
Her unquiet eyes unclosing —

Said to the rose, "Ha, snow!  
And art thou fallen so?  
Thou who wert enthronéd stately  
Along my mountains lately!

"Holla, thou world-wide snow!  
And art thou wasted so?  
With a little bough to catch thee,  
And a little bee to watch thee?"

Poor rose, to be misknown!  
Would she had ne'er been blown,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
All the sadder for that oneness.

Some word she tried to say,  
Some sigh — ah, welaway!  
But the passion did o'ercome her,  
And the fair frail leaves dropped from her —

Dropped from her, fair and mute,  
Close to a poet's foot,  
Who beheld them, smiling slowly  
As at something sad yet holy:

Said, "Verily and thus,  
So chanceth eke with us,  
Poets, singing sweetest snatches,  
While deaf men keep the watches —

"Vaunting to come before  
Our own age evermore,  
In a loneliness, in a loneliness,  
And the nobler for that oneness!



*The Lay of the Rose.*

" But, if alone we be,  
Where is our empyr ?  
And if none can reach our stature  
Who will mate our lofty nature ?

" What bell will yield a tone,  
Saving in the air alone ?  
If no brazen clapper bringing,  
Who can bear the chiméd ringing ?

" What angel but would seem  
To sensual eyes ghost-dim ?  
And without assimilation,  
Vain is interpenetration !

" Alas ! what can we do,  
The rose and poet too,  
Who both antedate our mission  
In an unprepared season ?

" Drop leaf — be silent song —  
Cold things we came among !  
We must warm them, we must warm them,  
Ere we ever hope to charm them.

" Howbeit," here his face  
Lightened around the place,  
So to mark the outward turning  
Of his spirit's inward burning —

" Something it is to hold  
In God's worlds manifold,  
First revealed to creature's duty,  
A new form of His mild beauty.

" Whether that form respect  
The sense or intellect,  
Holy rest in soul or pleasance,  
The chief Beauty's sign of presence.

" Holy in me and thee,  
Rose fallen from the tree,  
Though the world stand dumb around us,  
All unable to expound us.

" Though none us deign to bless,  
Blessed are we nathlèss ;  
Blessed age, and consecrated,  
In that, Rose, we were created !

" Oh, shame to poet's lays,  
Sung for the dole of praise —  
Hoarsely sung upon the highway,  
With an '*obolum da mihi* !'

" Shame, shame to poet's soul,  
 Pining for such a dole,  
 When heaven-called to inherit  
 The high throne of his own spirit !

" Sit still upon your thrones,  
 O ye poetic ones !  
 And if, sooth, the world decry you,  
 Why, let that same world pass by you !

" Ye to yourselves suffice,  
 Without its flatteries ;  
 Self-contentedly approve you  
 Unto HIM who sits above you,

" In prayers that upward mount,  
 Like to a sunned fount,  
 And, in gushing back upon you,  
 Bring the music they have won you !

" In thanks for all the good  
 By poets understood —  
 For the sound of seraphs moving  
 Through the hidden depths of loving ;

" For sights of things away,  
 Through fissures of the clay, —  
 Promised things, which *shall* be given  
 And sung over up in heaven !

" For life, so lovely vain, —  
 For death, which breaks the chain, —  
 For this sense of present sweetness,  
 And this yearning to completeness ! "

### HORNE'S "GREGORY VII."

*Gregory. VII. A Tragedy. With an Essay on Tragic Influence.* By R. H. HORNE. London : Saunders & Otley. 1840.

PRECEPT and example nowhere more illustriously unite in the great endeavour to clear the dull atmosphere of cant and superficiality, and to bring about a new dramatic literature, by showing the immortal and life-giving sun revolving in its unapproachable majesty above and beyond these mists and vapours, than in the person of Mr. Horne, one of the greatest dramatists of the day, and an earnest critic and inquirer into abuses. While the press is filled with clamours that the present state of things has a Denmark rottenness eating up the very heart of it, there is great satisfaction on seeing that in various quarters men are showing in their own persons that a better can and must be had. Leigh Hunt, George Darley, R. T.

Troughton, &c. are names newly added to a list, which we confidently believe will bear down all before it. But in the foremost rank stands R. H. Horne, whose present tragedy outstrips his former efforts, and places him in the highest class of dramatists.

★ In artistic construction and distribution, there is a vast improvement on "*Cosmo de Medicis*" (which was very faulty in this respect), and this is one of the highest merits of the drama, — a merit almost utterly wanting in the old dramatists, who were not artists in the higher sense of that term, and requiring the greatest knowledge of the drama, and of the laws of human emotion for its fulfilment. But the passion of the piece is weaker, inasmuch as the struggle is *broader*, — appeals to the intellectual recognition for its depth and grandeur — carries in it the interests of nations and of millions, and the world-history of the past, present, and future, rather than striking home to the heart, ploughing up the depths of passion there, by its *individual* concrete interests. Now this we believe to be not the most successful province of the drama: we do not quarrel with Mr. Horne for the choice of his subject, because its very novelty, together with its grandeur, seems to us an advantage; but we must maintain that for success — for touching deeply the multitude (and we do not here mean the mob), which is the dramatist's office, the subject chosen must be *individual*, not *general* — concrete, not abstract — emotive, not intellective. Are we obscure? we will explain. It may be asserted as a fixed principle, that the wider the extent of our sympathy, the shallower it becomes, losing in *intenso* what it gains in *extenso*: thus a battle is a stirring incident in an epic, a pointless one in a drama; — the reason is, in the epic the battle itself is one concrete whole, and each army arrests our sympathies *as an individual*; in the drama we see the various men composing the armies before our eyes, and we cannot collect them as one concrete whole, but our sympathies are hurried away, more or less, by each individual, and the attention, by being divided and extended, is weakened. On the contrary, a duel in a drama is highly effective, because here all our sympathies are *convergent* — all our attention is seized by the two individuals before us: every thrust and every parry attracts us, — our hearts tremble — hang in suspense of the blow — and this in proportion to the interest attached to the individuals. Now this fact, whether we have rightly explained it or not, is indisputable, and it will serve to illustrate what we said of Gregory — for here the intense interest is excited, not by Gregory, but by Christianity, which he established on the throne of Europe, and our sympathy is not so intense as that of the individual passions of "*Cosmo de Medicis*." A great mistake will be committed if it is inferred from this that there is a want of individual human interest in "Gregory VII." What we mean is, that this is subordinate to the grand abstract interest of Christianity which is bound up with it.

The problem of this drama is the establishment of popedom; and to elucidate its importance, as well as to assign popedom its position in human history, we offer these compressed remarks. The Christianity of the middle ages was something peculiar, — it was neither the Christianity of Christ nor of this nineteenth century, — it was the incarnation of ecclesiastical power, — the bodily might of the Christian doctrine — a power to be revered, were it only as a great fact that humanity had developed, which had maintained form any years its omnipotence; but more fully calling forth our reverence, when we reflect that to it we owe the Christianity of to-day. Let us explain. Nothing that nature does is vain; no great event has taken place (whatever horrors may have attended it) without its being for some great good. It is the province of the philosophy of history to seek

out these events, and to give them their place in the progress of humanity. But amidst all the questions agitated concerning the history of Christianity, — amidst all the volumes on the subject of the middle ages or popedom, no one, we believe, has asked the question, what part did popedom play in the revolution of humanity? Shrieking against temporal power, popish tyranny and mummery, &c., or elaborate panegyrics on the only true Church, — these and other questions have been multifariously handled, but the question has not been handled.

Rejecting as futile all inquiries into Divine Providence in the guidance of history, and asserting, without fear of contradiction, that as far as limited reason can ever throw gleams of light on these mysteries, it is evident that Christianity was to be brought about by *human means*, was to be accepted by *free human souls* upon conviction, and was to take its course in world-history as every other event, — as every other religion. The religion was given to man — miracles were wrought to attest its truth, and henceforth one may safely affirm that miracles were to cease — no miracle (God-interference) was to be wrought to *spread* the doctrine, else there had been no freedom, no conviction in the case — there it lay God-written, God-attested, for free human souls to take it up or reject it, as they thought fit. Now these are data which no one will deny, and hence we repeat that Christianity was to be spread over the world by *human means*.

The point here gained is important — it enables us to reason on the progress of Christianity as on that of every other religion. It rose, we may see, through all persecution, through all ridicule and privation; but it rose slowly, and suffered much. It grew and grew by the invincible might of a *faith* in human souls, until the Pope of Rome was the ruler of the mightiest part of the world, to whose footstool humbly bowed the mightiest potentates. This pontifical power, and glory, and wealth, and luxury was not Christianity, but it was a necessary step in the progress of that religion. Man yokes an ox to his plough, toils with the ox, and turns the beautiful daisy-field into an unsightly mass of ploughed earth, — this is not *wheat*, but it is the necessary preliminary to the crop which the coming harvest will produce, and the astonished sentimental on-looker at length admits that this rough cutting up of the field is to be admired. So let us admire popedom! If it was not Christianity, it was the *collection and union of that energy and power which would rescue it from persecution*, and give it unshakeable place and footing in this world of ours, never more to be disturbed. The temporal as well as spiritual might of Christianity has conquered the greatest part of the civilized world; and if we believe it to be the religion of man, which he can lay up in his heart, we cannot but regret that it has not conquered the whole world.

When the Church of Rome had completed its temporal empire, had perfectly established its dominion, its mission was fulfilled — it became useless, and nature commanded it to disappear. Then arose the Reformation to develop the inner life of Christianity — to save religion from wholly relapsing into a temporal and worldly thing — and to substitute the *doctrine for the might of the Church*. This great event has been, and is still, accomplishing its mission: hence, without arrogance, we may claim for ourselves a more perfect Christianity; but we must not presume upon it to the disparagement of our ancestors. We gather in the wheat only because they with the sweat of their brows and blood of their hearts tilled the ground for us. Our work is also appointed us: see that we be not idle, but help to gather in this wheat, and store it in the barn (the human soul), that our children and children's children may eat the bread thereof!

Whoever looks into the philosophy of history with a searching eye, will see how this Reformation was the inevitable result of the wants and tendencies of the age; and the most superficial glance reveals to us that the rise of Protestantism and of nations was simultaneous — that those nations which embraced the new *credo*—England, Germany, and France — rose swiftly into eminence, while those who rejected it—Spain, Italy, and Portugal—gradually sank into senility and decay. Nor was this the consequence of mere extent of territory and population, as may be seen by the comparative size of England, and also the vast power and extent of territory possessed by Spain, when "the sun never set in their dominions." The Reformists had in them all the energy of a real creed, while the Papists remained in lifeless formulas. Note also the effect of the suppression of inquiry and knowledge — the rigid hoodwinking of the many which gradually debased these nations; for in France, where Catholicism still maintains its ground, knowledge not being suppressed, the nation rose.

Such is a brief outline of the struggle and its consequences, bound up in "Gregory VII."

Hildebrand, a monk, and the son of a carpenter of Soano, in Tuscany, was born A.D. 1013. He raised himself to power in the Church; through his influence successively deposed two Popes, and elected two others; smote the last of these on the face during high mass, because his Holiness had acknowledged the authority of the Emperor; ascended the Papal-chair himself, by forcing his own election; established the supremacy of the Church over all other sovereignties; and created a new system of things, which endured nearly five hundred years after his death.

This is the man he has undertaken to place before us in action — a character admirably suited to the peculiarities of his genius, which is that of power rather than beauty. Gregory, as here delineated, is eminently a man of action, with strong physical capabilities, indomitable energy, unquenchable pride and self-reliance, and the most firm *faith* in his mission. In Act IV. Sc. II. he soliloquises thus: —

There was a carpenter of Tuscany,  
Whose son, from a cowed monk, made himself Pontiff!  
High-fronted saints and martyrs, *men sublime*  
*In aspiration and security,—*  
*Trusting to virtue, wisdom, justice, peace,*  
*The elements of nature in their souls,—*  
*Have, by thus trusting, left their tasks undone,*  
Staked midst the roar of flames, or nailed and left  
In silence on the lonely night-black cross.  
So I, who know what blood I have within,  
Do act, believing all mankind the same;  
And, being now in thunder throned above them,  
Shall melt them with my fiery bolts, and pour  
These tremblers in the moulds of my fixed will.  
One Altar — one High Pontiff — and some kings,  
Holding in fief their sceptres.

The passage in italics lets us into the secret of the whole affair; and singularly enough his critic in the *Examiner* quotes this passage with a perfect mistake of its significance. Christianity was to become a power; but this could not be done by "high-fronted saints" or "martyrs," who were dreaming away in their cloisters, spinning from their subtle brains the endless cobwebs of speculation, "trusting to virtue, wisdom, justice, peace." Thought itself is but a mere *passe-temps* if it be not translated into action; and by talking and speculating and praying, no practical result (such as was wanted) could be attained. We may view this life as a dream — we may say with the great Spaniard —

¿ Qué es la vida ? un frenesi :  
 ¿ Qué es la vida ? un ilusion,  
 Una sombra, una ficcion,  
 Y el mayor bien es pequeño ;  
 Que toda la vida es sueño  
 Y los sueños sueño son.

CALDERON. *La Vida es Sueño.*

And this may be a poetic consolation or philosophic idea, but for any permanent result men must look elsewhere. The Church of Rome was precisely in this state, and wanting some strong, real, energetic man, to step forth and realise its ideal ; and this is artistically hinted here by the dramatist, in his delineation of Guido, Damianus, Brazute, and the Pope, the *artistic position* and condition of whom we cannot sufficiently praise. Well, then, amidst these men arises Hildebrand, who to the strongest energies and firmest self-reliance adds the intensity of a solemn faith, burning as sun within his heart : —

Now do I watch the triune Diadem,  
 Like a new planet, dawn o'er the world's shrine !  
*Its guiding spirit — central in my heart —*  
 With solemn exhortation lighting up,  
 And vividly detaching from their shadows,  
 Broad continents of life and tracks of splendour,  
 Ne'er seen by mortal eyes before, but wrapped  
 I' the smouldering bosom of eternity,  
 Waiting Thy procreant hand of light *through me*,  
 O God, the giver !

Here he plainly indicates himself as God's missionary upon earth. This is the main character of the piece we are about to give a faint analysis of, in the course of which more will become clear.

ACT I.—Throughout the play (and Mr. Horne admits it in his preface), there is a superabundance of incident—too much result, with not enough delineation of its subtle springs and workings. The first scene presents us with an artistic error which we would fain not pass over, as it may serve as a warning to others. Guido, Centius, and Eberardus are talking about Hildebrand in no measured terms, who enters behind and overhears the following :—

*Enter HILDEBRAND, behind.*

*Ebe.* He must be humbled.

*Cen.* 'T were no easy task.

*Gui. (to Ebe.)* Humbled, my lord ! degraded utterly !  
 Yes, humbled first, and then cast to the dogs  
 That howl through Rome, filled with his devilishness.  
 Sir, your imperial master must know all.

*Hil. (coming forward).* He shall.

Now this is what is theatrically called a *situation*, from which the audience anticipate some strong result of quarrel, revenge, &c., but Mr. Horne lets it pass without any result whatever. To the story, however :—Gregory passes onwards to the conclave, where the Pope Alexander is performing high mass for the Emperor—but the conversation is soon interrupted by "Organ peals within. The strain pauses abruptly. Noise and confused voices." The churchman rushes in and relates how Pope Alexander, pouring forth

Paternal hopes, yet duteous love for Henry,  
 Avowed he would not hold pontifical power,  
 Save with full sanction from the Emperor's throne : Digitized by Google

the which Hildebrand hearing, smote him on the face, and called him "dortard,"—a deed monstrous in the eyes of all. Others enter hurriedly, with Hildebrand following with outspread arms, and addressing them in a strain of vehement eloquence: he points out to them how the Pope had perilled all their rights and power by wishing to succumb to the frail worldly strength of the Emperor.

Pope Alexander I pronounce a worm!  
Ye must not let him teach us how to crawl  
Before an Emperor's footstool: rather say  
He shall be cast down from the Pontiff's seat,  
Whereon my ignorance besought ye place him!

The council is convoked, and he goes confidently to it.

*Scene II.* introduces us to Matilda, the Countess of Tuscany, and Godfrey her husband; Godfrey hating Hildebrand with all the vehemence of one who has had his wife estranged from him, which he has had by Hildebrand. The connection between Matilda and Gregory is, indeed, throughout the piece far too faintly indicated. The problem endeavoured to be solved is the union of the two passions of love and religion in the female breast, causing her to forget all natural ties—to forsake her husband, and give herself up to Gregory. Her love is, however, not depicted as the passionate absorbing love of a woman; neither is her religious feeling all-absorbing;—in a word, no intense and o'ermastering passion burns in her heart; and this we conceive to be a fault. We can admit the love of a woman springing from her religious adoration and confession; but either this love must absorb the other feeling or be *confounded* with it: in Matilda it is neither; she clearly is *conscious* of her love, and yet it does not absorb her faith. Yet we think the dramatist should have exhibited her as the victim of some intense o'ermastering passion, and by so doing have thrown an *individual* interest into the tragedy; whereas she is here but a subordinate—a *means* whereby Gregory attains his end. Neither is *his* feeling for her delineated;—we know not whether he was a crafty monk, availing himself of her credulity to obtain her "Tuscan armies," or whether he really had any love for her. This is what we before noticed—all is *result*, and we see not the secret springs of that result; and we need not tell so able a critic as himself that this is a fault. Had he not overcrowded his canvas with figures and incidents, this would have been avoided; but as it is, he has no space left him for these developments. This is partly inherent in the necessities of his subject, and partly in his relying too much on the reader's depth. To return to the scene:—Godfrey implores her to remove her confidence from Hildebrand, which she refuses, and they part in anger; and

*Enter HILDEBRAND.*

What hast thou done?

*Hil.* Well; very well.

*Mat.* Resolve me of all doubt.

*Hil.* 'T was impulse from on high, not my design.

Daughter, they roll'd before me like a sea;

Then paused to let me walk upon their necks,

As foamy as they were, — *I was upheld*

*By the deputed fire that wings my soul.*

The council has concluded as I wished;

And thus the mutinous churchmen are put down.

I left them when I saw 't was working right;

For I can stand alone, therefore have friends.

But throughout the scene there is no tenderness, no love, no hope, no trembling—all is calm and worldly: he demands of her the Tuscan

armies, which must suddenly enter the gates of Rome, and act as he directs, which she grants. We have no glimpse of their love when alone nor when together, and we only know it from certain by-hints. This may be in conformity with his views, but we cannot help regarding it as dramatically weak.

In the masterly and suggestive essay prefixed to the play, Mr. Horne has well and strongly spoken against the mawkishness of the stage, and "the long list of forbidden things, and a general requisition for mediocrity and compromise" with which the tragic writer who would deal with the greater passion is met at the threshold; and says admirably, "The passions which are called into action should be developed in all their natural fullness of imagination and will, *without one atom of consideration for any local moral, mawkish sentiment, or conventional rule of conduct* in any country or period of the world—as much as possible without the consciousness, during composition, of the existence of any one law but the *passionate inspiration which creates and directs the work*. This is the one thing needful for modern dramatists to feel and know." Now, holding these principles, why has he allowed himself to *blink* the question of Matilda's love, from any feeling of delicacy on the part of the audience? The drama must inevitably dispense with formula, if it would be vital, because it deals with primitive passions, which are true for all times, and not with formula, which are the falsehoods of the moment; and we are persuaded that whenever the dramatist has the courage to give full sway to the passionate imagination which irradiates his mind during composition, and does not stop for a moment to consider whether such or such a thing is "*admissible*," or whether it would be "*tolerated*," he will, by the very force of passion in its truth and sympathy, carry the whole audience with him. We have fortunately an instance in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Maid's Tragedy*," which was revived under the title of "*The Bridal*," and triumphantly played at the Haymarket and Covent Garden, wherein the very force and earnestness of the passion carried the subject through all the obstacles of "*indelicacy*" or "*immorality*." Had the thing been hinted at, or blinked, or glossed over in any way, leaving its grossness as an *inuendo*, the whole house would have risen against it; but it was there in its earnest truth, and succeeded—the dramatist had no misgivings, and the audience followed him willingly. When a dramatist hesitates in such a case, he is lost—if he has his misgivings, the audience have theirs, and "*morality*" is roused. He would be a bold man who should attempt such a subject now; but if he wrote fearlessly and earnestly he would succeed. If the reader would see another triumphant illustration of our position, let him read the fifth act of Victor Hugo's "*Marion de Lorme*," where the intense passion and earnestness of purpose carry him triumphantly through one of the most difficult scenes ever put on the stage. To return:—

Godfrey and Guido then enter into conversation about Matilda and the Emperor, from which we learn Godfrey's jealousy of the Emperor. The Emperor arrives and pays courtly love to Matilda, who receives him with polished coldness and polite manœuvring; but no result comes out beyond her penetrating into his feelings with regard to Hildebrand, and her resolution to secure the safety of the Papal power.

*Scenes III. and IV.*—Pope Alexander is murdered by Hildebrand, or by his order, and he elects himself as Gregory VII.

*Act II.*—The Emperor has determined to depose Gregory, and sends Eberardus as ambassador with that mission. The Empress, his mother, horrified at the impiety, flies to Matilda to support Gregory's cause against



her own son. Here is a hint of Gregory's arrogance very characteristic:—

'Twas rumoured here that, flush'd with wine, he claimed  
To nominate the hierarchy of Rome!  
The which when Gregory heard, he straightway wrote,  
And bade the Emperor think no more of it.

*Scene III.*—The conspirators are plotting to get Gregory into their power, and it is determined to pretend that some dying noble wishes to leave him his lands and have his blessing, and thus decoy him into their net.

*Scene IV.* is fine. Gregory thus addresses the conclave:—

*Gre.* I claim the empire of the West : and claiming,  
The cities and the people bow assent.  
Into the bosom of light, as to its source,  
Were nations conscious of their best behoof,  
Would all authority be gladly poured ;  
But since mankind do need a helping hand,  
It is the province of paternal sway  
To lift them from blind earth, and place with care  
I' the sanctuary of peace. We live in a time  
When lion-mouthed war with brutalised force prevails,  
And monarchs bathe in most abhorrent glory  
The which, not sanctioning — but from my soul  
Loath'd as man's self-made pestilence — I denounce.  
Take up the world in your hand, and look at it !  
You see on one side sworded kings — on the other,  
Our lofty ordinances ! Here are two powers :  
Christ's mission, and man's sword — ye are to choose.  
Clear are my words, and palpable to sense  
As yon high crucifix ! Wherefore 't is good,  
Most just, and dutiful, ourselves to range  
'Neath heav'n's white banner, and take special charge  
Of all that lives and moves. It is not much —  
My children — 't is not much.

The ambassadors of the various powers then offer their homage to the Pope, and their claims to their several thrones are by him ratified. Germany alone remains.

*Enter EBERARDUS. He advances to the centre. Enter GODFREY, CENTIUS, and GUIDO ; who stand aside.*

*Gre.* Big with what errand come you, sir, to Rome  
Thus suddenly ; and, lacking reverence,  
Usher yourself, all unapprised, before us ?  
I trust your royal master doth preserve  
His soul's health with his body's ?

*Ebe.* Hildebrand !

*[Loud murmur, ending abruptly in silence.]*

*Godf. (aside).* Oh, this is premature ! Would he had waited.

*Ebe.* Thus in full conclave am I bade to speak,  
By our imperial sovereign, Henry !

*Gre.* Speak, then, for your sovereign.

*Ebe.* Hildebrand !

Self-styled and self-created Roman Pontiff,  
With titles, revenues, authorities,  
As Gregory the Seventh — down from thy chair  
Descend ! Put off thy triple crown ! and know,  
Imperial Henry sanction doth refuse  
To thy election, and deposes thee !

*[The whole assembly rise.]*

*Braz. (calmly).* Shall the rocks fear the shipwreck ?

*A Car.* Strike him down,

Low on his knees !

*Voices.* Down ! down !

*[Cardinals and Nobles rush towards EBERARDUS. GREGORY descends and interposes.]*

"*Gre.* Forbear! stand back! A more becoming answer  
Should Gregory make.

(*To Agnes.*) Madam, do you know this gentleman?

*Agn.* (*with scorn*). I do: he is the valet of my son.

*Ebe.* The Empress Dowager!

[*GREGORY resumes his throne.*]

*Agn.* Ay, sir; and hither

I came to raise my voice against the crime  
Of my son's impious message to the pontiff.

*Ebe.* Could it be thought!

*Gre.* (*solemnly*). Return to Germany,  
And bear my mandate to the Emperor,  
That he should straightway from his throne descend;  
Put off his crown, and fill it full of dust,  
Which sprinkling on his head, let him repeat  
His words to me, applying them to himself.  
Clad in the garment of supernal wrath,  
An impious creature visiting, I take  
Health from his body; from his limbs and thews  
The life elastic; with his fluent blood  
A sluggish vapour mingle; and i' the face  
Of the last frantic hope that rushes out  
From the fierce-flaming prison of his soul,  
The gates of mercy close in thunder!

[*Rises with extended arms thrown forward.*]

Behold!

He is deposed, and excommunicated!

*Voices.* Away!

Here Gregory shows himself as the true fire-spirit needed by the time, and fit to oppose against the "fighting kings" the indomitable might of will and intellect; but he is tricked by the conspirators, and falls into their snare.

ACT III. shows Gregory visiting the pretended Prince Beneventum, who is no other than his enemy Godfrey; and as he approaches the bed a mailed arm is thrust out from beneath the coverlid and seizes him. The others enter and bear away their prize. The resolute silence of Gregory directly he discovers the trick is very fine; another dramatist had assuredly made him rant out, being glad of the opportunity!

*Scene II.* is also very fine. The deposed Emperor, storming at the insolence of the Pope, and asking Eberardus if it *can* be that he is excommunicated — his resolute opposition — and the successive tidings of the defalcation of his armies and friends gradually forcing him to the stern belief that he *is* deposed — that he *is* excommunicated — are admirably done; and there is a great pathos in his utter prostration of energies when this conviction has become settled.

*Emp.* Take you this sword!

I know the use of't, and on human grounds  
Would never blench at any mortal foe;  
But heaven, or hell, or both alternately,  
Will have me prostrate. I will go to Rome,  
Or anywhere you wish — I ask not why —  
But I do think I never shall return!

*Scene III.*—Matilda and the Empress are conversing when Godfrey enters, clad in steel. They suspect that "danger and disaster fill the air." He demands her signet, to command the Tuscan armies; and says, "Gregory's fate is fixed if you refuse." When the Empress learns that he is "locked in a tower," she hastily retires to inflame the populace to his rescue. A passionate scene of recrimination ensues between the husband and wife, which space forbids us to extract.

*Scene IV.* — A fine, bustling scene. Gregory is before his judges and captors, and retains his calm dignity and supremacy; but the populace, aroused by the Empress, clamour at the doors, and he is saved, Godfrey fighting his way out.

*ACT IV.* — We must pass on rapidly to *Scene IV.*, where Gregory is in full state on the throne, surrounded by cardinals, abbots, nobles, &c. and a vast concourse on their knees. He commences his oration with one of his own arrogant lines: —

"I bless the world! Let the far nations hear it!"

He addresses them — pardons his penitent enemies, who ensnared him — and then turns round saying —

Where is the other penitent, once a king?

[DAMIANUS comes forward.

*Dami.* Oh, supreme Ruler! the dethroned man,  
In ashes and sackcloth, barefoot stands without,  
On the bitter stones, awaiting your behest,  
And praying constantly, with a loud voice,  
For pardon and restoration!

*Gre.* It is well:

I'll think of him anon.

*Enter the EMPRESS AGNES.*

*Agn.* My lord! high pontiff!

It is the winter season — I had forgot —  
Bethink, your holiness, of what you do! —  
'T is winter's worst —

His aching gleams pierce through the marble floor,  
To the clear-eyed sun insensible; while, barefoot —  
Barefoot the Emperor stands, and all his prayers  
Are choked in clouds of his congealed breath!  
Bethink you well!

*Gre.* I do; and it is good.

*Agn.* Good! — while the Emperor —

*Gre.* There's no such office.

*Agn.* What mean'st to do? What's this! I cannot bear  
To see't. My son, an emperor skilled in arms,  
Thus held in lengthened penance! To what end  
Is this unnecessary harshness shown,  
When all the forms of man's humility  
Have to the church been tendered?

*Gre. (with severity).* Royal lady!  
Maternal guardian! you do ill in this.  
Not for mere forms of man's humility,  
These acts of penitence do I enjoin;  
But for the true prostration of his pride,  
And heretic wickedness.

*Agn.* Look to thyself,

High pontiff! 'T is a treacherous exercise  
Of thine authority to use us thus!  
My naked heart returns unto my son,  
And leaves its rent, soiled garment unto thee!

[*Erit.*

[GREGORY descends slowly from his throne.

*Gre. (aside).* It must be done, though she should take his place;  
And that, methinks, were also very good.  
She shall be watched.

*Enter MATILDA.*

Why wer't not here before?

*Mat. (to Gre.)* I have just seen,  
Not without sympathy, not without pain,  
The Emperor standing barefoot on the stones!

*Gre.* The man you mean was once an emperor:  
Now he is nothing.

*Mat.* Yes, he is still a man.

*Gre.* Whate'er he was, or is, in fact or fancy,  
To nothing shall he come!

*Mat.* Sure to forgiveness? —  
Though you delay it to extremity.  
The penance you enjoin is too severe.

*Gre.* (*aside to MATILDA, and hoarse with passion*).

Too, too severe! Daughter, I'll judge of that.

You are presumptuous, weak, and ignorant,  
To interfere, and fail at such a pass!

It is the very point and pinnacle

Of proof, beyond dispute, and sets at rest,

Beneath the monument of his disgrace,

Built up of prayers and groans of penitence,

Their quilllets for all future emperors,

Who shall look back upon this day — and bow

Their heads, like savage nations when they hear

The exalted thunder! Get thee from my sight!

I'll have no purblind, short-breathed policies!

Up the high hill at one great bound I'll go,

And then direct the light seen from afar.

Away! What dost thou here with half resolves?

Retire, retire! — *I waste myself upon you.*

[GREGORY resumes his throne.

*Mat.* (*stunned*). *Some hand assist me!* [*Exit, blindly.*

*Gre.* Let the penitent now  
Approach the seat of mercy! Lead him hither!

[*Exeunt Monks in attendance.*

His diadem I purpose to restore,

Receiving him once more beneath heaven's wing,

When that his heart is humbled with the dust.

*Enter a procession of Monks; and then the EMPEROR, in sackcloth and ashes, bare-headed and bare-footed, with a rope round his waist. He kneels before GREGORY, who raises his right hand in sign of vicegerent power.*

Like many other wilful and energetic men, we see that he has here gone too far; he is so inflated with success, so confident and self-reliant, that he pauses not to consider how he may drive the penitent into madness — how oppression, if carried beyond a certain bound, rouses opposition. We see that here the religious woman is conquered by the mother. The Empress was willing that her son should be punished for his impiety; but when the punishment came, and was not remitted, the whole anguish of a mother's heart gushed back, and she revolted. Here is one woman — one of his greatest pillars of power — struck to the ground, and his danger becomes imminent. But what can be more thrilling than the piercing agony of Matilda — she who had sacrificed everything — she who had polluted herself, and broken her husband's heart at the bidding of this priest, to be told that he had wasted himself upon her! And here again we must remark the intense passion of Mr. Horne — his utter forgetfulness of all rhetorical "opportunity," and entire absorption in the emotions of the piece. Instead of vehement reproaches, general remarks about man's ingratitude and inconstancy, together with some pathetic descriptions of what her heart *will* become — what an arid desert without a single flower — how her love is false — instead of such things, which the reader will call to mind in a thousand dramas, he expresses the whole horror of the moment in these few words — "*Some hand assist me!* (*Exit blindly.*)"

The Empress loses no time in rousing her friends, the people, and her son against the "treacherous Gregory:" her hate is naturally intense; for not only has he thus condemned her son, but her eyes are opened, and she is aware of how she has been duped by him: we do not forget to retaliate these errors of ours upon those who blinded us! The fourth act ends with the revival of their hopes to dethrone Gregory.

ACT V.—As it proceeds it becomes more human and individual; the struggle is absorbed in the fates of the various actors. We extract part of the first scene as an instance of the power of the writer.

SCENE I.—*Hall in MATILDA's Palace.*

*Enter GODFREY, as if pursued.*

*Godf.* I have escaped his bloodhounds! — now no more  
Is aught held sacred! — even from the fane,  
Where I took sanctuary, have his minions driven me!  
*I saw their silent-laughing, wolfish eyes,  
That shone demoniac through the painted glass!*  
Oh, what a state is mine! Worn and exhausted  
With passion, foiled revenge, and sleepless nights —  
Pursued by murderers — my friends subdued,  
Or linked with those I hate: now am I forced  
To shelter my devoted form here — here —  
In the palace of a most unloving wife,  
Abetting my arch-foe! Most hated Gregory!  
Has not my folly equalled all my hate!  
No opportunity, no gleam of chance,  
Since the full hour of vengeance which I wasted,  
Hath e'er illumed my rapier's darkened blade.  
Now what's to do? — A fiery struggle's at hand!  
The Emperor in the field — must I join him?  
I choke at the thought! — yet, to thrust Gregory down,  
It should be done. I'll see Matilda first.  
Strange rumours and misgivings thicken the air —  
Where is she? Oh, where should she be, my heart! *[Exit.]*

*Enter two Papal Guards, with drawn swords; and exeunt cautiously after GODFREY.*

*Enter MATILDA.*

*Mat.* He wastes himself upon me! — this the reward  
Of sympathies that reached from heaven to hell,  
Steeped thrilling in his never-questioned course!  
Now do the etherial and the nether fires  
Confuse and mingle their extremes — *What's that?*  
*A strange breath stung my shoulder from behind!*  
*What are those footfalls?* Well — well — nothing in life  
Seems natural to those sick of it; grief conjures  
With commonest sounds and things. I am indeed  
In extreme wretchedness, and my knees tremble  
With fast-declining health. Poor Damianus!  
He, too, is sinking. *[Exit.]*

*[Clash of swords within.]*

*Re-enter GODFREY, mortally wounded.*

*Godf.* Oh, he has reached me! he has reached my life  
By hireling steel! — would he had done it himself,  
So should my death-grasp sway him down before me. *[Falls.]*  
*The blow has stunned me! I am shading off*  
*To a sick air! My soul fades fast away!*

*Re-enter MATILDA.*

*Mat.* It is my husband! — murdered! — Godfrey — Godfrey!  
He bleeds! — it pours out! Stop, stop! Oh, my God!  
Lift up! — speak, Godfrey! — speak to me!  
In mercy look at me, and speak!

*Godf. (dying).* *It is an ice-drop  
That sinks through the melting mist.*

*Mat.* Oh, Godfrey, look at me!

*Godf.* And a faint voice, heard far — o'er the misty sea!  
*Was it my wife who cried far off in the mist?*

*Mat.* It is! it is thy wife! Look up!

*Godf.* I loved her —  
And send a last farewell.

*Mat. (wildly catching his hand).* Say you forgive her?

*Godf. Great God! is this Thy hand  
Passing me onward?* *[Dies.]*

*Mat.* He is gone! — and I,  
An unforgiven wretch, do seem to have hastened  
His awful passage. This is Gregory's deed!  
Where have I been? Godfrey, awake! awake!  
I cast off — I curse Gregory! Fix not on me  
Thy blood-shot, stony eyes! — Forgive, forgive!

[GREGORY is heard calling without.

*Gre.* Where are these Tuscan dullards? — they were wont  
To lead the van of all the Papal force!

*Mat.* It is his voice! Come, ponderous Mystery!  
Betrayers of the soul and body, come!

*Enter GREGORY.*

*Gre.* Rebellion rides the wind; I hear his cry!  
Marshal our Tuscan — Oh, the accursed slaves!  
They've killed him in his wife's palace!

*Mat. (rising).* Look here!

*Gre.* Who did it?

*Mat.* Art thou an iron bell,  
Tolling men's dooms, insensible thyself?  
*There are dread words: the blood of those who're murdered!*  
*Appalling pictures, voices, pointing hands!*  
*Murderer! look, look in the widening mirror there!*  
There, where it ebbs into eternity! —

Wilt thou dare ask of me again, "Who did it?"

*Gre.* By what sad accident found he this end?

*Mat.* Pontiff, no more! From my o'erladen soul  
I cast thee, as its heaviest load of guilt!  
Much could I say — I leave it to your thoughts —  
And much that lies too deep for any speech.  
In presence of yon bleeding form, I burst  
All links that bound me to thee, and do pour  
*His blood and his eternity between us!*  
Within! within! —  
Bring hither my white robes!  
My bridal night-dress, with sweet herbs and flowers,  
To wrap my lord in!

*Enter Attendants.*

Where, where shall we go!

[*Exeunt MATILDA and Attendants, bearing the body.*

It is needless to comment on such writing; but we cannot refrain from noticing the depth and subtlety of Godfrey's death, than which, except the Cenci's "He does his will — I mine," we know nothing finer. He is just in the last faintest stage of consciousness when his wife seizes his hand, begging forgiveness: he has just life enough to faintly feel that some one takes his hand, but the touch, owing to his faintness, is as spiritual; and his thoughts being naturally fixed solely on eternity, by the most immediate conclusion he says, "Great God! is this thy hand passing me onward?" The psychological truth, with the poetic depth of this, we are never tired of meditating.

Close upon Gregory's horror at this comes the intelligence that the Tuscan armies are withdrawn, and that the imperial force has pitched its tents. He determines to confront this Emperor, and try once more the might of the Church over "illiterate kings and fighting emperors," and goes, disguised as a monk, to intercept his path. The whole of this scene, into which the antagonism of the drama has been concentrated with great power, is singularly fine and striking. We would extract it entire if our space permitted. The scene which follows between Matilda and Gregory draws the Tuscan episode towards its conclusion: her brain has already given way.

*Enter MATILDA (who advances with an air of forlorn anguish, breaking occasionally into fits of distraction).*

*Mat.* Perfect humanity of Christian souls!  
All knowledge, grace, and happy love are thine,

Pure nature guides the clearness of thy ways,  
 And general misery shows 't is all a lie.  
 See! see! — see what a piteous height she rose!  
 Methought she leaned upon a heavenward tower  
 And the tower fell to earth. *Light, light the candles!*  
*The shrine is dark. Now it sheds blood for rays!*  
*Now all is dark again; and laughter shakes*  
*The base o' the crucifix!* There is a hand  
 Upon me! — tomb-o'erstumbling misery  
 Hales me by the hair before Christ's spurning foot!  
 A cold shape rises — it is Annihilation! —  
 Oh, thou cold glare! froze, eyeless Altitude!  
 Dim, interlunar giant! shadowed light  
 Of my lost substance of eternity,  
 Receive this wasted being! No, no, no!  
 I would fain live, and save my sinking soul.  
*The shrine bursts forth in light! I am turned black —*  
*Opaque — incapable to take one ray.*  
 Oh, thou sweet-featured Christ! look not upon me  
 With eye severe: I strove on fatal wings,  
 And most sincerely fell. Give me the cords!  
 The music sounds at Satan's wedding feast;  
 I must dive deep down through the icy air!  
*Gre.* Am I the shape I was — the thing called power,  
 That woke this morn from natural human sleep?  
*Mat. (approaching Gre.)* Oh, you are here!  
 Emperor of Germany, I know you well,  
 Though you disguise yourself like Gregory!  
 But what avails you that? — the gravest dwarf  
 Doth look most laughable in a great man's robes.  
 I come to say I shall return to him,  
 With all the Tuscan forces: they're not like  
 Godfrey's imaginary myrmidons;  
 But steel-shod cattle to tread empires down:  
 And thus his murder shall be well avenged.  
 Emperor, I trample thee in Gregory's name;  
 Gregory, the supreme ruler of the earth!  
 I dreamed he had become a little child.  
 Hush! hush! be silent — Oh, be silent, I pray;  
 For nobody knows of this. —  
 They're coming! — they bring the perfect humanity,  
 With skeleton morals and a full-fed doom.  
 Pity me, pity me! where shall I fly  
 The howl of Christian souls? It faints on the wind.  
*(With steady earnestness.)* We do not make ourselves, but we are made right.  
 My flesh is ague, and my bones are ice;  
 And therefore have I led a perfect life,  
 Which reason, chastity, and Heaven approve.  
 You look at me as if you knew me not;  
 Or do I see thee far, far off i' the mist? ||  
 I've been confused with deep conflicting thoughts,  
 But you shall hear my name: *I am the ruins!*  
*Of the city of Magdala! Woe and alas!*  
*The sun doth waste himself upon me!* [*Exit, with a moaning anguish.*]  
*Gre.* Wheel on, ye spheres! intensest particles  
 Must fly off first. Come, thou Infallible Death!  
 I take thee by the hand; but save my sight  
 From that wan face — mine ears from those lost cries!

We do not like commenting on such writing, because the reader must feel it equally with us; but we cannot help admiring with him the intense truth and pathos of the last lines of her speech,—

I am the ruins  
 Of the city of Magdala! Woe and alas!  
 The sun doth waste himself upon me!

Now this last line is a clear recurrence to Gregory's dreadful words, which, with wonderful truth, she never can get out of her mind, — and it is a true Shaksperian touch.

The struggle goes on — Gregory is defeated; and we extract the last scene, wherein his unquenchable spirit, even in its last embers, still flames forth above them all, wonderful, and we exclaim

"So stirbt ein Held, anbetungs-würdig!"

GREGORY, mortally wounded, is borne in by DAMIANUS and Monks; followed by BRAZUTE and other Cardinals.

Rejoice, great line of kings! the self-born breath,  
That sullied your enshrined memories,  
Now hovers o'er the gulf! Set him down here,  
And bid the clarions cease!

Dami. Lay him down gently.

Gre. (dying). I hear the roaring of the Vatican flames!  
Its statues fall with Gregory — not its hopes.

Dia, heart! die quickly!

Braz. Clement the Third, we name,  
Duly by us elected, Sovereign Pontiff!

Gul. 'Tis premature — the Emperor —

Braz. It is done.

Voices. Vivat Sanctus Pater Clemens Tertius!

Dami. Let not our voices drown his parting sigh:

Oh, be our silence an intense heart's prayer!

Distant Voices. Vivat Sanctus Pater Clemens Tertius!

Gre. (faintly to Dami.). We have not failed; my breath fills all the place.

Emp. What hath he murmured, monk, into thy breast?

Gre. (faintly.) Approach, thou perfect hero, who hath ruled  
This day of swords! Approach me with thine ear —  
Stoop nearer — I wax faint.

Emp. (stooping to listen). What wouldst thou say?

Gre. (raising himself). Kiss thou the dust from off thy master's feet! [Dies.  
[Funeral Mass without. The body of MATILDA, extended upon a bier,  
is borne across at the back, while the EMPEROR speaks over the body  
of GREGORY.

Emp. All falsehood follow thy descending soul!  
And in thy fall more reason shall we find  
To bow with reverence to the See of Rome,  
When pious hands shall sanctify its power!

We have thus given a meagre and insufficient analysis of this great tragedy, with which we ourselves are not content; but it is so difficult to criticise in a manner that shall be intelligible, unless the reader is familiar with the play; and even now we cannot say that he is familiar with it — no, indeed, he has only got a wooden image of the original marble; still we hope that this wooden image is beautiful enough to make him purchase, without delay, the original, and be like us beyond measure delighted with it.

But from this outline, perhaps, the following remarks will be tolerably intelligible. Mr. Horne has then produced a play, which, as a work of art, will live amongst the best dramas so long as a dramatic literature shall exist in England: its success will be slow, but it will be indestructible. No one who has made a long study of the drama, and is therefore competent to judge without having seen it acted, or without his attention being called to it by the authority of "what the world says," can mistake its grandeur, power, and poetry. It has its faults, and serious ones. There is too much sustained power and passionate writing, with no relief of beauty or gentleness. The "etheriality" of Guido and Damianus are exquisitely introduced, as we



before noticed, to image the time and the want of such a man as Gregory; but they are too subordinate, and exhibit no emotions sufficient to obviate our charge. As before noted, the canvas is too crowded, and the language too uniform; there is too great a profusion of images, and these images seldom graceful, but powerful, emote, or deep: they nearly all talk the same language — the Empress, Matilda, Gregory, Godfrey, Emperor, all make use of the same tremendous language and images; so that a want of flexibility — of variety — of *chiaro-oscuro*, is visible throughout, and the whole has the appearance of effort. We notice these things because Mr. Horne has genius enough to avoid them if his attention be so directed, and because we expect a series of great works from his pen, which we would have as free from fault as possible: let us also hope, that with the impetuous abandonment of his soul to passion he may be more favoured in the selection of passionate subjects, where the interest shall be individual, not general, and that he will moderate that very rare fault of being *too poetical*. The economy we recommend, however, is not only beneficial to himself, but to the readers; for in "Gregory" the magnificent lines and images with which it abounds do not sufficiently stand out: breadth of colour has a fine effect, but how if it be all breadth? There are finer things to be found in his writings than in any dramatist since the age of Elizabeth; and yet these most awful, comprehensive, or powerful lines have not their due effect, and will be passed over by many — and this surely is missing the mark.

We are thus free in our remarks, which we have no wish to put forth but as individual opinions, — very likely erroneous, but still our opinions, — as a set-off against the unfeigned and hearty admiration of the great powers manifested in this play, convinced that he is above the "kind encouragement" of critics, and can afford to be told the truth. Had space allowed us, we should have gone over the ground with him in his thoughtful and thought-inciting "Essay on Tragic Influence," which we cordially recommend to the attention of dramatists and critics: it is an essay worthy to be placed side by side with Percy Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," — beautiful in language, noble in matter, and elevating in tendency.

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† NOTE. — We think it right to observe, that we differ widely from the able author of this paper on some very material points touching the philosophical history of religion. It is enough, however, for all purposes that we should express our dissent generally, without raising any controversy on such a subject; and we are too well assured of the independence and liberality of the writer, not to be convinced that he will frankly concede to us the privilege of simply objecting to opinions which we hold to be, in some degree at least, erroneous. — ED. MON. CHRONICLE.

# SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

## No. VIII.—QUESADA.

“ Te voilà de retour, ami renard. Dis moi :  
 As-tu bien accompli les ordres de ton roi ?  
 As-tu bien écouté ce que dans mon Empire  
 Chacun de mes sujets peut dire ?  
 Quels sont les sentiments que ma personne inspire ?  
 Parle : est-ce de l'amour ? serait-ce de l'effroi ?  
 — Inspirer de l'effroi ! de l'effroi, vous ! non, sire :  
 On vous chérit, on vous admire ;  
 Voyez, dit-on, voyez comme ce tigre auguste  
 Sur nous aime à verser chaque jour ses faveurs ! ”

LE MONNIER. *Le Tigre et le Renard.*

ONE of the most exquisite moments the writer of this paper ever enjoyed was when he caught the first view of the Spanish coast from the Bay of Biscay. Italy is replete with all the glorious recollections of classic heroism, but Spain is the region of romantic story. There is a severity in the beauty of the one which loses, in his mind, half its fascination by the side of the simple yet graceful loveliness of the other. Was that indeed Spain whose undulating outline relieved the distant horizon? Was that indeed Spain which, from childhood upwards, had been the country he had yearned to look upon? At the distance of years he well remembers the delight which the first sight of the yet distant and shadowy Pyrenees excited within him; it was like a shock of electricity. He gazed as if he feared it would melt away from before his sight, upon the dim outline of those hills, so renowned in song and tale. He stood upon the deck, and beheld the full and glowing moon rise over the eternity of waters. All his companions were asleep below, and none but the man at the helm and himself were watching above. Four hundred human beings were on board, but they were all slumbering on the deck. The sea was smooth as glass, and the beautiful vessel, with an equal and steady motion, “walked the waters like a thing of life.” He outwatched the night, and thought his eye and soul could never take in sufficient of the scene before him. The hours flew by unheeded, and the moon waned away like a beautiful maiden in the last moments of consumption; and the light of morning shed its tender radiance along the vast horizon, like the first gentle glory of another and a brighter world, awakening the slumber of her who hath passed away, in innocence and loveliness, from the coldness and dreariness of this; and the stars went out, one by one, before he thought that even midnight had come. Roncesvalles, Fuentarabia, lay within those hills which the impatient eye could but just discover; and his thoughts wandered to the south, to Grenada, with its palaces, — and Cordova, with its magnificence, — and Seville, with its baths and its aqueducts, — and Valencia, the paradise of the earth, with its gardens, and its fruits, and its perfumes, and its fountains sparkling in the sun, and its unclouded sky! And he thought of La Mancha, and of the immortal tale which “smiled Spain’s chivalry away;” and he gloried in the hope that he might trace, step by step, in all his wanderings, the knight, whose amiable madness was to do excessive good to his fellow-men, and prove, by his own examination, that the manners and the habits depicted three centuries ago by him of Saavedra remained the same even to the present hour; and that Time, in changing all things,

had, for the honour of human genius, left untouched the scenes of the exploits of Don Quixote, and the exquisite and inimitable drollery of Sancho; and then he wandered to Burgos, and he dreamed of the glories of her Cid, —not the Cid of Corneille, but the Cid of the old, simple, and pathetic chronicle, and of his banishment at the age of sixty-seven years, by order of the ungrateful tyrant Alphonso, and of his separation from his wife, and from his sons, and when, “with the tears rolling from his eyes, in spite of his strength of soul, he turned his head, and looked upon his house: he beheld the door open, and without the padlock, the perches of the falconry empty, without the snares, and without falcons, and without the gentle goshawks. My Cid sighed deeply, for in truth he was oppressed with exceeding great grief. My Cid spake well, and with a voice very calm, ‘Thanks be to thee, O Lord, Almighty Father, who art in heaven, my wicked enemies have taken all away!’ Then he hastened to depart, and he loosened the reins of his horse. My Cid led forward the men, and he raised his head. My Cid, Ruy Dias, entered Burgos; sixty lances followed in his train: all the men and women, their eyes red with weeping, placed themselves at the window, they were oppressed so with grief! And they said very often, as they looked at him, ‘God! what a noble vassal, if he had but a good lord!’ — but no person durst invite him to stay, such mighty power had the King Alphonso; for before the night came, his order, written and sealed, was brought to Burgos, announcing that no man should give a lodging to my Cid, and that any one who might speak to him, even one word, should lose his ears, and the eyes from out his head. The Christian men were much grieved thereat, that they did not dare say a word to my Cid. The Cid went straight to his former lodging; he found the door strongly barred, through terror of King Alphonso, who had ordered it thus, so that unless it was broken open by force, no one should dare undo it. The people of my Cid called out with a loud voice; the people of the house did not answer one single word. My Cid approached nigh to the gate; he drew his foot from the stirrup, and struck a blow; the door did not open, for it was well bolted. A little girl of nine years old was within, watching him, and she said when he knocked, ‘Cid, you have girt on your sword long ago in a happy moment, but now the King has commanded us not to receive you: last night his order arrived here, with a mighty message, and strongly sealed: we dare not open for you, nor receive you for any thing in the wide world; if we did so we should lose all we have, — our substance, and our house, and, moreover, the eyes from out our head: Cid, you can gain nothing by causing evil to us; — but may the Almighty Creator favour you with all his blessings.’ The little girl said that, and returned within the house. The Cid then saw that he had no favour in the eyes of the King, and my Cid wept a little at the ingratitude of his lord; and he passed through the silent streets of Burgos without speaking more.”

Those are the recollections which impart a character of fascination to the history of that most beauteous land, and which even the hazards and dangers of warfare cannot efface. It is no doubt true that the picture which the fancy paints to itself of the romantic pleasure of a military life in active service is far different from what that life in reality is. It is not, however, amidst the din and horror of the battle-field that this charm is entirely destroyed; it is in the slow and painful march, the want of food and lodging, the exposure to the pitiless elements, the cold and comfortless bivouac, and in other annoyances of a similar nature, which, at the commencement, are little dreamt of, that the spirit of romance is exorcised. These same hardships which occur in active service are, however, rendered, by time and use,

more easy of endurance than can be supposed by one who has not had the benefit of experience; whilst the pleasure found even amidst danger and death comes, at intervals, with a force and a delight always fresh and welcome, and there are times when one who has passed through the uncertainties and dangers of a life of warfare, will not only dwell upon them with a degree of pleasure known alone to himself, but even in some unhallowed moments of mental excitement will sigh for the return of those wild scenes, and to obtain his desire would not hesitate to encounter once more those "hair-breadth scapes" which always beset so irregular a state of existence: — but this is not to our purpose.

How delicious are the summer evenings on the banks of the Manzanares, when Madrid pours out her beauty and her loveliness to enjoy the cool freshness of the twilight! The *cafés* send forth their idlers; the news-mongers crowd the *Puerta del Sol*; the military bands play their most enlivening airs in the *Plaza Mayor*; the guitar of the serenader is heard beneath the balcony of his lady love; the song of the muleteer is borne along as he waters his mules at the cool fountain of the *Plaza de la Cebada*. The evening of the 3d August, 1836, was as lovely as ever deepened into twilight beneath the voluptuous skies of Castile. Large black eyes were flashing as usual from behind the silk mantilla, and the exquisitely-formed ankle and fairy foot of the Spanish maiden were glancing on the Prado as gracefully as ever. The attendance of cavaliers was not, however, as numerous as on ordinary occasions. The public walks outside were rather deserted by men on that evening; whilst the places and squares within the city, more particularly the Plaza de la Cebada and the streets in the vicinity, were much crowded, and bodies of men were passing hastily to and fro, but without noise or clamour. About eight o'clock, however, the silence of the multitude was broken. A drummer, belonging to one of the battalions of the National Guard, started from the barracks in the Plaza Mayor, and proceeded with a rapid pace through some of the principal streets, beating to arms. In a few moments the various members of the civic force were seen hurrying from their houses, and directing their way towards the Plaza Mayor, which appeared to be a rendezvous already fixed upon. Though the signal was silenced by the arrest of the drummer at the Puerta del Sol, yet this did not prevent the Urbanos from continuing to assemble in large numbers. The narrow streets which find their termination in this principal quarter of the city continued to pour forth streams of armed men, who moved on with regular though rapid pace, and who now began to fill the air with cries of "*Viva la Constitucion!*" A vast crowd was formed in the square, and the balconies of the surrounding houses were filled to the roofs with respectable and distinguished females, who appeared to encourage the commotion by waving their handkerchiefs, and by joining in the shouts for the Constitution of 1812. The shops and windows of the lower stories were closed, and an end seemed to be put to all business for the remainder of the evening.

This assembling of the National Guards of Madrid was conducted with the most perfect regularity and order; and whilst they presented a most determined front, they cautiously and most scrupulously abstained from the commission of any excesses which might afford an excuse to the minister, Isturitz, to direct the wrath of the military against them. They were well convinced that he possessed the inclination, and only waited for an opportunity; and it was well known that a ready and most willing agent to carry out the suggestions of his most violent temper would be at once found in the person of Quesada, the captain-general of the province,

whose detestation of the constitutionalists, his former enemies, and whose bloodthirsty disposition were well appreciated. They contented themselves with a manifestation of firmness and decision, and always accompanied their cries for the Constitution with earnest exhortations to their fellow-citizens to maintain order, and not to commit themselves by any act, or even expression, of violence. The minister did not, however, seem disposed to permit matters to pass off in this manner; and in a few minutes after the national force was drawn up in the Plaza Mayor, General Quesada appeared with the troops under his command, fully armed, and directing their movement towards the place of assembling. He stationed himself in the centre of the Cuirassiers, and rode to the square, where he addressed himself to the Urbanos, and loaded them with every species of low abuse, applying to them every disgraceful epithet he could give expression to, in order, apparently, to provoke them to a conflict with the troops. Four pieces of artillery were placed in the Prado, ready to be turned against the citizens on the first appearance of violence, to excite them to which he made use of every insulting gesticulation. The civic guards being evidently not prepared to encounter so superior a force, and unwilling as yet to hazard a contest in which, from the inferiority of numbers and position, they might be over-matched, and preferring that the initiative should be taken by Quesada, and the responsibility of the result rest on his single head, suffered themselves to be removed from the square which was cleared by the troops of the captain-general. The fourth battalion, however, took up new positions in another square in the lower part of the city, called the Plaza de la Cebada; but on the arrival of a battalion of regular troops to occupy it, they quitted it also at the first request of the commanding officer. During the whole of these movements only a few shots were fired at long intervals, and only one man was wounded. Quesada continued to patrol the streets until midnight, at which hour — the city wearing the appearance of the most perfect tranquillity — he marched his men off to their station for the night, and retired to his own home.

The forbearance of the citizens, and their patience under the gross insults which were so wantonly and so outrageously flung upon them by Quesada, did not in the end avail them, as on Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, August 4th, Madrid was declared to be in a state of siege, the obnoxious Captain-General was appointed dictator, and the whole of the authority, civil and military, placed in his hands. An ordinance was immediately published forbidding any persons to appear armed in the streets, denouncing the slightest manifestation of any political feeling, as well as the uttering or publishing of any expressions in favour of the Constitution, and declaring that those who transgressed any article of this decree, or those who were even by accident present on the spot where the slightest movement took place, were liable to the punishment of death. Human nature could not entirely submit to the gross personal insults incessantly flung by Quesada against the people on that day in the public streets, and he partially succeeded in exciting a few of the National Guards to some attempt at violence; the opportunity was at once embraced of announcing that the whole body was dissolved, and orders were issued that their arms should be immediately given up.

In this state of confusion the city continued until the morning of the 13th, when tidings were announced which imparted the most unbounded joy, and gave a most complete victory to the popular and liberal party. About ten o'clock on Friday night half a battalion of the fourth regiment stationed in the village of La Granja, at the palace near which the Queen

Regent was then residing, proceeded to the great entrance, and demanded an interview with her Majesty, accompanying their request with cries for the Constitution. They refused to listen to their officers who proposed to become the medium of communication with their royal mistress; and they named a deputation, consisting of two sergeants, three corporals, and five privates, at the head of which was the celebrated Garcia, to wait on her. After some difficulty on the part of the Queen, they were admitted to an audience, when they stated firmly, but most respectfully, the necessity there existed for her compliance with the wishes both of the army and the nation, and they invited her to accept the Constitution of 1812. The Queen showed an inclination to temporise, and promised to send them an answer by their General, San Roman. The mention of this man's name, who was justly suspected of Carlist feelings, in common with Quesada and Espaleta, was alone sufficient to induce them to refuse; and, besides, they felt that their only chance of success depended on their decision: and they demanded that she should on the spot, and at the same moment, accept or refuse the proposition they had made. She had no alternative but to comply; and at two o'clock in the morning she declared her intention of accepting the Constitution of Cadiz. These were the tidings which reached Madrid on the morning of the 13th. During the whole of that day the excitement was at its highest pitch. Addresses poured in on the Queen from all parts, calling on her to render perfect the act which she had just subscribed, by the dismissal of her ministers, and, above all, to remove without further delay the obnoxious Captain-General of the province. The conduct and demeanour of the devoted Quesada were during that day more violent than ever. He rode constantly, at the head of his Cuirassiers, through the crowds assembled in the streets. His men trampled on all alike, and struck at every one that came in their way, without the slightest regard to either age or sex. The public indignation at length broke forth under such wanton violence. The people drove back the horsemen, and then tore open their coats, and told the satrap that if he wanted blood his soldiers might pierce their bosoms, but that they would shed its last drop shouting for the Constitution. A large crowd rushed to the *Calle ancha de San Bernardo*, where a regiment of provincials were kept shut up, and whom they wished to liberate. The struggle then began to wear a serious aspect, increased by the incessant aggressions and insolent violence of Quesada. At six o'clock in the evening two pieces of artillery were planted in the *Puerta del Sol*, two in the *Plaza Mayor*, and four in the principal streets in the neighbourhood. The *Urbanos*, who had as yet retained their arms, met together in the *Plaza de la Cebada*, and there attempted to fortify themselves by placing sentinels at all the entrances, and none were permitted to pass but those who answered to the challenge "Viva la Constitucion!" Towards nightfall, however, the Captain-General seemed to become aware of his critical position, and he seemed to temporise by entreating that all the influential and respectable citizens would await the Queen's answer to the application as to the dismissal of her ministers. His hour, nevertheless, was approaching.

The 15th of August, the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, is a day of great rejoicing throughout Spain. This morning there was little or no manifestation of the usual solemnity in the streets of Madrid; and until about midday the soldiers of Quesada, who had been stationed at the *Puerta del Sol*, still continued their efforts to excite and insult the people. The scene, however, was soon changed. The great bell of the cathedral had scarcely tolled the hour of twelve when couriers arrived in breathless haste, and announced that the Queen had accepted, and sworn to the Con-

stitution; that she had dismissed her ministers, and removed Quesada from his command. The last announcement was worth all the rest; and its value was enhanced by the nomination of Seoane as his successor. In a moment, as if by the wand of the magician, every appearance of hostility disappeared, and all became tranquil. The day at once assumed its festive character; and the firing of cannon, those same pieces of cannon planted against the people, the ringing of bells, the shouting in the streets, the bands of music, the balconies decorated with the gayest and gaudiest tapestry, soon proved that the usual sacredness of the day was rendered more holy by the joyful event which had just taken place. Enthusiasm was at its height; men rushed into each other's arms; beautiful women wept with delight; the troops, who a few minutes before were drawn up in deadly array against their fellow-citizens, now laid aside their arms, and embraced their civic brethren in harmony and brotherly love. Seoane rode bare-headed amongst the crowd, and his presence was hailed with rapturous applause. They clung to his knees, and embraced his hands and feet, and even the neck and head of his charger. The gallant veteran wept like a child as he witnessed those manifestations of the public attachment, and he exhorted them to abstain from committing any act of violence on the persons or property of those who were even the most opposed to them in political feeling.

When the news first arrived that the Constitution had been accepted and the ministers dismissed by the Queen, the people, in the wildness of their joy, forgot for awhile that such a man as Quesada had ever existed; and he, seeing in a short time that their minds were preoccupied by this subject alone, and well knowing that his hour of triumph was over, secretly withdrew from public observation, and endeavoured to conceal himself in a cloth manufactory near the city wall, until means were provided to enable him to make his escape from Madrid. There he changed his clothes, whilst one of his aide-de-camps, who remained faithful to him, went out in the disguise of a servant for the purpose of providing mules. When every thing was prepared they crossed the city wall by stealth, and got outside the gate into the country. When they found themselves about a league from Madrid, where they considered themselves free from any immediate danger, they met on the road-side a boy about ten years old, from whom they purchased some nuts and tomatas, as Quesada had tasted nothing during the whole of the day. The child at once recognized the general, and without making any observation on his discovery, hastened to the village of Hortaleza, which is about two miles distant from Madrid, and informed the alcalde of what he had seen. The magistrate, followed by the entire population, went in his pursuit, and came up with him a moment after he had taken shelter in the Quinto, a house belonging to a jeweller who had been in the employment of Don Carlos. On entering the apartment where he was snatching a minute of repose, the alcalde, not knowing him personally, demanded if he was Quesada: the other denied it at first; but at length finding that this denial would not long avail him, and knowing that he might be recognized by some of those who were outside the house, he admitted that he was the person of whom the magistrate was in search. He was instantly arrested as a traitor, and conducted, with his hands bound with cords, to Hortaleza.

When it was known at Madrid that the detested Captain-General was a prisoner, the joy of the immense concourse assembled at the Puerta del Sol was beyond all bounds. The tidings were received with a loud shout of exultation. They immediately brought to their recollection the bitter insults and the abusive epithets which the tyrant had flung at them, inces-

santly, during the last fortnight. They remembered all the atrocity of his conduct,—his wanton cruelty, his thirst for blood, and the efforts he had made to uphold tyranny; and then they only thought of vengeance. In a few moments the streets and squares were emptied of their crowds. The people rushed to the *Alcala* and *Hortaleza* gates, and poured along the road leading to the village where the devoted being was detained. On their arrival some of the principal officers of the National Guard entered the house, and found him in a state of extreme dejection. They inquired if he had any papers on his person, the publication of which might tend to exculpate his own conduct, and expose more fully that of the execrable government which he had endeavoured to prop up. He replied that he had not; but that if he could reach Madrid in safety he should be able to prove that he was much less guilty than others, and that if he had carried out in strictness the orders he had received, Madrid would have become a scene of conflagration and massacre. The indignation of the populace without was, in the meantime, raised to its highest pitch, and they cried out that Quesada should be delivered up to them. The officers attempted to address them from the balcony, but it was all useless; and their fury no longer knew any bounds when they beheld coming along the road from Madrid a squadron of *Cuirassiers* for the purpose of conveying, as they were told, Quesada as a prisoner to the city. They were determined that he should not escape their vengeance; they burst into the house, tore down the doors and partitions, rushed into the apartment where their victim was seated, and in a few minutes Quesada was no more! His body was mangled with the pistol, the bayonet, and the knife. They cut off his nose and ears, and otherwise horribly mutilated him, and bore away the hideous trophies in triumph to Madrid. They had, besides, procured a sledge for the purpose of dragging through the sinks of the city his mangled remains; but this barbarity was prevented by the arrival of the troops. A short time after nightfall, and when the crowd had retired, the mutilated carcass of the wretched man was buried in the garden of the house.

Quesada belonged to a respectable family in Valencia, and had entered the army at an early age. His name was not, however, distinguished, either for good or for bad, until about the period of the constitutional struggle in 1820, when he became general of a division amongst those bands known by the name of the "army of the faith," and whose object was to re-establish the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and the absolute power of the monarch. His efforts in favour of monkish supremacy and kingly despotism were conspicuous, and he became remarkable for cruelty in his treatment of those unhappy constitutionalists who happened to fall into his hands. When the struggle between freedom and tyranny was terminated by the force of French bayonets, the services rendered by Quesada were not forgotten by the hideous tyrant in whose cause he had fought, and the command-in-chief of the Royal Guards was bestowed on him by Ferdinand. In this situation he continued to act as the slavish minister to the atrocities, as well as to the evil passions, of his master. Scenes of desolation, of which only a faint idea can be formed in this country, took place from the period between the restoration of Ferdinand and 1832. Exile, the dungeons, and the galleys were the instantaneous punishment for the slightest expression, either in private or public, of political opinion. The monks established a system of domestic espionage in every family; and they obliged their penitents, by the terrors of the confessional, to denounce at the military tribunals all who were guilty of even breathing in a whisper the names of the principal constitutional leaders. The scaffold was never idle, and day after day the best



and bravest blood of Spain was shed to gratify the barbarous vengeance of the tyrant and his infamous minion, who thought their victims were never sufficiently tortured unless they witnessed in person the agony of their dying moments. The banquet of the ambitious voluptuary of old was disturbed by the vision of the naked sword over his head, suspended by a single hair, and the revels in which tyranny delights cannot always be indulged with uninterrupted rapture. The fall of Charles X. in France, the Belgian revolution, the hopeless condition of Dom Miguel in Portugal, the gallant efforts made by the Poles for the recovery of their national rights, all convinced the tyrant that to save himself from a similar visitation he must at least affect a moderation which he did not feel; and, sated with blood, he was at length induced to soften the horrors of his career. The slight change in his conduct procured him at once the detestation of the monks, who still desired that the ark of superstition should be floated to triumph on the red tide of persecution; and they immediately commenced that series of conspiracies and plots which led to the expulsion of their idol, Don Carlos, from the kingdom.

The pliant favourite, however, moulded himself with all the unclean facility of an unprincipled man to the change which came over his master; and as a reward for this acquiescence, he was appointed in 1832 to the office of Inspector-General of the Infantry. It was whilst in this office that his arrogant and insulting demeanour decided the wavering opinions of Zumalacarreguy, who was then a lieutenant-colonel, and who was supposed to have entertained feelings of policy by no means illiberal. The Basque chieftain had been serving under the orders of Quesada, as *chef de bataillon*, when that general commanded a division in the "army of the faith." In a short time after the promulgation of the *Pragmatic Sanction*, Zumalacarreguy was accused of having participated in a conspiracy, the object of which was said to have been to depose Ferdinand, and proclaim Don Carlos king. He was tried by a court-martial at Madrid, and acquitted. Notwithstanding the expressed wish of the King that he should be restored to his full standing in the army, Quesada placed his name only on the half-pay list. On his remonstrating against this injustice, the Inspector-General replied, that on account of his having commanded troops in the army of the Faith, and the opinions of the ruling powers being now liberal, he had become an object of suspicion to the government, and there was no other course left but to erase his name from the active army. Zumalacarreguy's reply was rational and spirited: — "You will permit me, my general, to make a slight observation: if I am guilty of a crime in having commanded a battalion in the royal army in 1823, how does it come to pass that *you*, who were, *at the same time*, my general of division, are now so fortunate as to enjoy the confidence of the Queen, and are empowered to deprive me, at your will and pleasure, of my only property, of a rank which I have earned with my blood, which constitutes my only fortune, and that of my wife and children, who have no one to look up to but me, as I have nothing to depend on but my sword, and a character which is without reproach?" The only answer given by Quesada was, to shut the door in the face of the applicant: this injustice was, however, soon bitterly avenged. In five months after the occurrence of this scene the King died, and Zumalacarreguy commenced his career in the mountains of Navarre.

Quesada was named in 1834 to the command of the army of the North, and appointed viceroy of Navarre, and commandant-in-chief of the Basque provinces. Zumalacarreguy had already beaten from the field Sarsfield and Valdez, together with a host of subordinates in command; and the

nomination of Quesada was considered by the government as a sort of sacrifice to public opinion. The new convert to liberalism possessed all the zealous and persecuting fervour of a neophyte, and the party to which he now allied himself held him up as the destined saviour of his country. On his appointment to the command, Quesada had assured the Queen Regent that he should terminate the war in six days; and on the eve of an engagement which took place shortly after, he addressed a letter to Zumalacarreguy, in which he styles him "*chief of the band of robbers*," and summons him to lay down his arms instantly, if he wished to avoid total extermination. Zumalacarreguy laughed at the bombast, and the next day beheld Quesada flying for his life to Vittoria, which he would never have reached alive but for the fleetness of his horse, and the gallantry of Colonel Leopold O'Donnell, cousin of the present general, who, with a single company of the guards, arrested in a defile the march of the royalist troops, and afforded him an opportunity of escaping. O'Donnell was taken prisoner with the other officers of the company, and they were all shot next day by order of Zumalacarreguy. In about a week after this occurrence Quesada was removed, and Rodil appointed to the command.

In May, 1836, the Mendizabal ministry fell, and Isturitz was named President of the Council. Instead of following up the policy which had been anticipated from his well-known character—he, with Galiano and many others, having been banished for constitutional opinions, and only lately restored to their country by the amnesty of 1834,—the new minister, to the astonishment of every one, manifested every disposition to return to the absolute form of government. Quesada was named Captain-General of Madrid, and he entered on the duties of his office in his usual arrogant and presumptuous manner. His violent temper brought him into frequent collision with the inhabitants; and he even went so far in violence as to offer to Isturitz to arrest the most obnoxious of those deputies who had formed the majority against the minister on the question of the dissolution of the Chamber. The government lingered on until the beginning of August, when tidings of a serious nature were brought to the capital. The fall of the Mendizabal ministry, and the retrograde policy adopted by his successor, hastened forward the crisis in political affairs, of which many unequivocal symptoms had previously appeared. Towards the end of July the governor and the military commandant of Malaga were massacred by a number of the national troops, and the constitution of 1812 was proclaimed by a newly-formed junta. Valencia, Cordova, Cadiz, Seville, Grenada, and Xeres, followed the example. Similar movements rapidly succeeded in Carthagena, Estremadura, Saragossa, and Barcelona. The news of all these occurrences arrived almost simultaneously at Madrid; and it there seemed to be the unanimous sentiment that the capital should not be the last place to profit by the lesson given to it. The public feeling could no longer be restrained; and the evening of the 3d of August beheld the first outbreak of that insurrection we have noticed in the commencement of the present sketch, which terminated in the appointment of Calatrava, an avowed constitutionalist, to the presidency of the council, Seoane as Captain-General, the downfall and flight of Isturitz and his colleagues, the establishment of the Constitution of 1812, and the murder of Quesada at Hortaleza.

DON VICENTE JENARO DE QUESADA, MARQUIS DE MONCAYO, was about forty-six years old at the period of his death. His personal appearance was not uninteresting, and the prevailing character of his countenance was rather mild than otherwise; yet about the eye there lurked a wicked and

treacherous expression. He was possessed of very moderate abilities, and his acquirements were equally limited. Towards those who were his inferiors in rank or power his demeanour was haughty, insolent, and overbearing; but his arrogance was more than equalled by his fawning adulation and cringing slavishness towards those who were his superiors in authority or station. From the rough bearing of the man, the superficial observer would not suppose that such a temper as his could be easily bent to subserviency; yet the vilest reptile that ever crawled or writhed in degradation in the fetid atmosphere of a debased and profligate court, never possessed more pliancy of character than Quesada. He ministered not only to the brutal cruelty of Ferdinand, but also acted as a pander to the grossest and most disgusting vices of the royal monster. Though a tyrant in his heart, and a worshipper of absolute power, he could lay aside all his feelings in politics to gratify his ambition, his avarice, or his pride. We believe that throughout the wide kingdom of Spain there was but *one* man worse than Quesada, and that was his anointed master. Ferdinand was a coward. Quesada, though his blustering demeanour might induce a suspicion of his manhood, yet was brave as a lion, and was always ready to face the dangers which his outrageous conduct brought upon him. Let us also be just even to Quesada; — it is said that he tenderly loved his wife and children. In the commencement of his struggle against public opinion, he had a feeling that his days were already numbered; and before beginning actual hostilities with the people, he drew up his last will according to every legal form, and gave it to his wife. It is a weary as well as a saddening thing to dwell on the unredeemed vices of our fellow-men, and the contemplation of even *one* kindly feeling, however secretly and deeply it may be hoarded in the recesses of the heart, is as sweet a relief to the generous mind as the first sight of the *oasis* is to the traveller who is fainting in the desert.

Quesada was a bad and dangerous man, but an apt and admirable instrument in the hands of tyranny; and however we may lament the startling and inhuman manner of his death, we must yet admit that the violent man must, soon or late, meet a violent end, and that he deserved his fate. His memory is still execrated in Madrid!

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### TO THE QUEEN.

O SOVRAN Lady! when the choral voice  
 Of a proud nation rose in glad acclaim,  
 And the skies echoed with Victoria's name,  
 I was not one who swelled the vast crowd's noise;  
 But, in a quiet meadow far away,  
 I called on all things living to rejoice  
 In the sweet promise of thy golden away.  
 For in thy reign, O mistress of the sea!  
 I recognise a brighter dawn on earth.  
 Rejoice, ye millions of the human birth!  
 Let shore and sea your happy songs resound;  
 For she, the empress of the great and free,  
 Is gentle-hearted, and in her we see  
 Truth, beauty, gentleness, with power and glory crowned.

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

## No. VI.

It was always a cheerful day in the towns and villages which he used to frequent, when a certain lively little man appeared ; he had a hawk's eye, a hawk's hooked nose, all the quickness of the hawk and much of the grace of that bird in every motion, and his motions were various and perpetual. It was not easy to determine his age ; he had many of the happiest qualities of youth, nevertheless it could not be affirmed that he was young. It was generally believed that his country was Italy ; but since he spoke English with perfect fluency and correctness, and sometimes almost with elegance and eloquence, although with an accent slightly foreign, many supposed that he was born in England of Italian parents. His dress was neat and in good order ; a jacket and a waistcoat of olive plush, enlivened with many bright buttons of cut steel, tight pantaloons of the same plush, and half-boots closely laced in front with silken cords, each of which was duly appointed with its shining tag ; a studied negligence might be detected in the arrangement of the gay yellow handkerchief that was passed loosely round his throat, and in the placing of his broad shallow hat, which stood lightly above the long black ringlets, as they clustered round the large glass emeralds that marked the spots where his ears were hidden. He carried on his back a box, equal in size to a large writing-desk, of dark mahogany, old, worn, chipped, and of a very coarse grain, but bright ; and in wet weather it was covered with a tarpaulin lined with baize. When it was opened at the top, it displayed a shallow case well filled with jewellery, — glass gems set in brass, for the metal did not pretend to be even pinchbeck ; to the sight and to the smell it was brass, but it was well rubbed and lustrous, and the glass was of various colours ; it imitated rubies, garnets, topazes, emeralds, sapphires, and many more jewels, in seals, rings, watchkeys, brooches, and lockets : there were a few articles in a corner of solid silver, namely, several bodkins, two or three thimbles, and a small thin pencil-case : the whole was set off with white cotton wool, and cut paper of many tints ; and when the box was moved to and fro in the sun, it was a pretty show. If Peter Nymnam was in company with those he could trust, he suddenly closed the box, and touching a secret spring, disclosed a deep recess crammed with specimens of the pyrotechnic art, — with squibs and crackers, serpents, Roman candles, and Catherine-wheels, and at the bottom were a few small rockets.

“ Well, Peter,” said a good-humoured laughing footman one day, who was standing before his master's door giving the last polish to a shoe, when the portable arsenal was freely displayed, “ I suppose you have enough there to blow the abbey into the air, if it was all let off at once ? ” Peter immediately held up both his hands, threw back his head, and assumed an attitude that expressed more eloquently than words his deep sense of the tremendous consequences that would follow the explosion of the few ounces of powder which the whole magazine contained. It is not to be denied that fireworks are dangerous in the hands of schoolboys ; serious accidents might be caused by the union of carelessness and combustibles ; the loss of an eye would be no light evil, no small blemish ; yet their life is toilsome and anxious, even

when they are better fed and more kindly treated than is commonly their lot, for if the master do his duty tolerably well, he will compel them to learn much at an age when to learn at all is irksome. With pain and labour the poor boy acquires his repetitions, prepares his exercises, attains to that knowledge and forms those habits of application, which the experience of ages has proved to be indispensable to the wellbeing of the man; it is not easy, therefore, to refuse him a gratification so exquisite, according to his unvitiated tastes, as watching the showers of sparks, and listening to hissing squibs and snapping crackers. The obliging Peter never denied this indulgence to a youth who was provided with halfpence, nor the luxury of a gratuitous peep at the instruments of bliss to the poor but ingenuous scholar, with a hearty assurance that at his next visit the supplies would most probably no longer be wanting.

During his long peregrinations the industrious pedlar bore not only his box, or pack, but a small organ. It was small but mellow. "Did you ever hear such a bass?" he cried in an ecstasy, marking the time with his head, as he played some tunes that displayed the lower notes; "it is as rich as cream,"—and he smacked his lips with delight as he spoke. "You may walk a long way before you hear such another organ," he would often say; and Peter was right, for it was of a soft pleasant tone and well in tune, and his correct ear and flexible wrist even gave a sort of expression to it. The selection of pieces moreover was unusually good; foreign compositions, spirited waltzes, and airs of a tender and graceful Venetian, or of a lively and humorous Neapolitan character. His temperance was not less remarkable than his cheerfulness; he rarely tasted of any animal substance, never of meat. He would indulge himself occasionally with a portion of a red herring; but bread with onions, potatoes, and other cheap vegetables, such salads as the fields afford, and the least costly of the fruit of the stalls, were his ordinary fare; his only beverage was water.

A gardener was dismantling his hotbeds at the end of the season, and was throwing aside, as unfit for use, the ripe, overgrown, yellow, seedy cucumbers. Peter modestly took up one, and inquired, with some hesitation, whether he might have it: the gardener assented, and asked what he meant to do with it; he answered, to eat it; and whilst the man stood grinning with incredulous surprise, he drew forth a paper of salt, and breaking the cucumber in pieces, he dipped them in the salt and began to devour the cold watery fruit greedily, and to express by his dramatic gestures, rather than by words, his satisfaction at the delicious repast. The spectators stared with amazement; and when the gardener had recovered in some measure from his astonishment, he drew near to the person who stood next to him, jogged his arm, and said in a whisper, with a knowing air, "This is one of your Papists; those fellows can eat any thing!" When Peter had finished the first cucumber, the gardener presented another, which he ate, but less greedily; and a third being offered, he asked permission to carry it away with him. Being told to take as many as he would, — all if he pleased, — he carefully selected some from the heap: they inquired why he rejected any, since all were equally uninviting; he showed them that many were rotten, and therefore unfit to be eaten. He had piled about a dozen on the top of his pack, and was about to withdraw with respectful bows and many thanks, when the gardener seized him by the elbow and cried, "Come, Peter, my boy, you must give us a few crackers." He answered, he was sorry he could not afford it; and as the gardener persisted in his demand, he was about to return the cucumbers, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he said quickly, "I cannot afford to give you any crackers, for I have to buy them

myself; but I will give you a tune, if you please." — "Ay, give us a tune, Peter, give us a tune!" all exclaimed as with one voice. He immediately arranged his mellow little organ and played three tunes in his best manner; and when they asked him for more he held up his hand significantly, as if he was about to commence something superior, took off his hat, laid it on the top of the organ, and slowly and with much solemnity played "God save the King." They listened with delight and applause; but when it was finished, his unreasonable audience demanded more tunes. "How can I play any thing after God save the King?" asked Peter softly; "it is never permitted." They assented with looks of disappointment. He was allowed to retire a few steps backward, his hat still lying on the organ, when he halted, and again performed slowly and solemnly the popular anthem; and when it ceased, waving his broad shallow hat, he placed it on his head, and turning round went his way. As soon as he was out of sight, he stopt and packed up his cucumbers commodiously in a large cotton handkerchief, and then marched beneath his burthens to the next town.

"Peter Nymnam is a good fellow," they all exclaimed as soon as his back was turned, for they were charmed by the graceful and unexpected repetition of "God save the King." He was in truth a good fellow; an honest, cheerful, harmless, obliging man. As he passed through the streets of a country town, if any persons, of whatever rank, were pleased with his music, he would give them his best tunes, whether they paid him or not, and departed, although unpaid, with as respectful a bow, and with the same cheerful pleasant countenance; accordingly, it often happened that when he was gone his hearers repented of their niggardliness, and a child was ordered to run after him with a halfpenny, or, it might be, even with a penny. The young women liked him because he would suddenly throw open the upper part of his box before them, and, displaying his glittering jewellery, he would beg them earnestly to help themselves; to take what they would, and to pay on his return, whenever it was convenient, or not at all; to wear some trifle for his sake. It would have been deemed infamous to have accepted the poor pedlar's offer, but it was flattering; besides, it was a pleasure to admire treasures of such marvellous beauty, that could even add to the lustre of their charms. Dry old women, and moist but grimly terrible cooks, loved a man who bowed respectfully, holding his hat at arm's length, giving to each the title Madam, or My Lady. The most austere of desiccated maidens, who found unhappily but little of which they could approve, were compelled at least to forbear to censure one, who, reverently drawing near and placing his hand before his mouth, was used to say, with downcast eyes, in a confidential deep-toned whisper, "It is a sad thing, a very sad thing indeed; but I hear there is a great deal of wickedness abroad now!"

The schoolboys kept a sharp look-out for Peter Nymnam; the glad tidings of his arrival soon spread; his squibs and crackers never missed fire, and they loved to contemplate the box which contained such a mine of bright sparkling delight, even when they had not the means of purchasing any part of its contents; nor was he less communicative and obliging, less cordial, or less glad to greet his young friends a few days before the holidays, when there was not a single halfpenny in the whole school, than a few days after their return from home, when half-crowns were frequently changed, and shillings were ringing in every hand. So popular, indeed, did this inoffensive man become, and so universally was his respectability acknowledged, that persons of a certain station in the towns and villages through which he passed, who did not heed his music, or value the contents of his

box, have nevertheless been known, it is said, to address him with kindness and courtesy.

Peter lived in peace and perfect good-will with all mankind, save one : there was one of his fellows who earnestly desired to hurt his crooked legs in the stocks, and sedulously laboured to lodge him in one of his Majesty's gaols, to send him to the house of correction, to be there kept to hard labour, other than the treadmill, which happily for the vagrants of those days was then unknown. Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was a retired dyer, who had saved enough wherewith to lead an ascetic and authoritative life; he was a tall, gaunt, white man, of a stern and pompous presence, who delivered a few commanding and well-weighed words in a loud hard voice. He was, moreover, a suppressed Dissenter, his dissent being stifled lest it should impede his intercourse with the administrators of justice. The office of constable was as distasteful to the rest of the townspeople as it was delightful to Mr. George Purkis, and his neighbours gladly suffered him to serve for them; accordingly, whether it was regular or irregular, he was almost always a constable. To take his fellow creatures into custody would have been in his estimation the supreme good, if he had never tasted the more exquisite gratification of giving evidence against them before the magistrate at the sessions, and especially at the assizes in a capital case, where he might cherish the fond hope, which was the last to quit him at night when he closed his eyes, and the first to visit his pillow in the morning, and which haunted his imagination in balmy visions during his slumbers, that the prisoner really would be cast and left for execution. So ardent was his zeal for the conviction of offenders, that he honestly believed a man must be guilty because he had himself apprehended him, and that none could possibly be innocent against whom Mr. George Purkis, the constable, had been called to testify; with perfect good faith, therefore, did he ascend the box, having listened with rapt attention to the rest of the trial, and proceed to supply on oath whatever links were wanting in the chain of testimony. Human happiness, however, is unfortunately never quite perfect; before the magistrate he usually had every thing in his own way, and at the sessions also for the most part, but at the assizes envious fate would not always allow him to hang whomsoever he pleased: it was surely a scurvy trick of the blind fury (and such Mr. George Purkis, the constable, thought it), to thwart a harmless foible, an honest wish, that a knave should suffer on his evidence rather than another man's. He was too often disturbed in his course, and sometimes in a manner that was peculiarly disagreeable to him. The prisoners were frequently defended by a counsel who was a man of considerable abilities and attainments, a gentleman by birth, in manners and feelings, but who was deficient in those arts of worldly advancement in which men of inferior value are commonly adepts, and he was only employed in this humble office because no other person of nearly equal standing would undertake it. The prisoners who are committed for trial are usually guilty of the offences with which they are charged, and there is rarely any lack of evidence to prove them to be so; little can be done, therefore, by their advocate. This gentleman abstained with a remarkable discretion from making bad worse by asking questions that might lead to unfavourable disclosures, and confined his interrogations to unimportant matters: whenever the case would admit it, he endeavoured to put the court into a good humour by such sober pleasantries as were consistent with the nature of the proceedings, in the hope of serving his client thereby; for, through the social principle, which is strong in all human beings, he believed that thirteen men would be less

disposed to conspire against the life of a fourteenth, if in company with him and in the investigation of his affairs they had ever laughed together, than where the dull formalities had not been thus alleviated and relieved. His jests were sometimes pregnant with a deep sense of that bitter scorn which a man of genuine talent feels, who is sensible that he is not rated at his proper value by a blind and foolish world; but more commonly they were of a trivial nature, and intelligible to an audience of simple country-people: the jury heard them, and were diverted; and even the stupid old provincial, who, having married for his third wife the crooked daughter of the clerk of the peace, used to lead all the public prosecutions, was able, in some degree at least, to comprehend them, and to laugh with the rest.

Two prisoners stood at the bar, a man and a woman; they were charged with a considerable theft; the evidence against the man was full and complete, but not against the woman. When Mr. George Purkis, the constable, came to take the man into custody, the female was unwilling that her companion should be apprehended, and this remarkable want of taste fully convinced him that she was guilty also; she was even disinclined to be taken herself. The constable was in the box, and he had been labouring hard to fix her: he had deposed chiefly as to the great resistance she had offered. The husband of the daughter of the clerk of the peace had ceased to grunt and to pull up his small-clothes, the examination in chief was concluded, and he had just sat down; the counsel for the prisoners rose to cross-examine, and this conversation commenced.

"So this poor woman did not like to go with you, Mr. Purkis; and you tell us that you thought that very strange behaviour?"

"I thought it strange she did not like to come along and be cleared."

"To come along and be cleared! But you were going to take her to prison, were you not? she knew that she was to be cleared, as you call it, in prison?"

"She might."

"Did you tell her she was going to be cleared?"

"It is not likely I should tell her any such thing."

"Did you tell her, then, that she was to be taken to prison?"

"I do not know that I did."

"Did she not know that you were going to take her thither?"

"I do not know that she did."

"Do you not believe that she thought you were going to take her to prison?"

"I do not know what she thought."

"Well! She offered great resistance, you said; she was very violent?"

"She was uncommonly violent indeed."

"Uncommonly violent indeed! She knocked you down two or three times, eh? But you are a good stout fellow, Mr. Purkis."

The people at the back of the court began to titter; the constable looked towards them angrily, and then answered, "I never said that she knocked me down."

"She struck you, then?"

He threw a contemptuous glance at the woman, and said in a loud voice, "No!"

"Then she only spit at you; the terrible resistance amounts to this, that the poor woman spit once at you?"

"That was enough."

"So you seem to think. Did she spit more than once?"

"I never said she did; how often would you have her?"



"Do not be angry, I did not mean to offend you. Surely you cannot suppose, Mr. Purkis, that she was acting under my advice: but, tell me, had you not provoked her?"

"No, I had not."

"What! as soon as you entered the room, she marched up to you and coolly spit in your face; is that what you would have the jury believe? Do the women in your town commonly treat you in that way?" Loud laughter interrupted the proceedings. When the crier had restored order, the indignant constable answered,—

"There were some words first."

"What were these words? Let us hear them."

"As soon as I got in, I secured the male prisoner, and said he was to go along with me: the woman said he should not. I said, 'Who are you? what is it to you?' She answered, 'A great deal: who are you, Mister Constable? what are you? every body knows what you are.' So I said to her, for she aggravated me, 'Every body knows what you are not, for you are too old now.' And the words were hardly out of my mouth when she spit at me."

"And this you call no provocation! But did it come upon you? I hope not, indeed."

"Yes, it fell upon my waistcoat."

"Upon your waistcoat, Mr. Purkis! why, how could that be? we see you here every assizes, yet we never saw your waistcoat?" (Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was a close man, he was always buttoned up to the very chin.)

"Do have the goodness, just for once, to unbutton your coat."

The offended constable was silent.

"Come, come, Mr. Purkis, pray let my Lord and the gentlemen of the jury have a look at your waistcoat."

The jury laughed aloud; and even the Judge, —although he saw from the first that the man would be found guilty and the woman acquitted, and well knew the value of time, three days only having been assigned to get through a heavy calendar and a long cause list; yet a slight touch of humanity came across him, and although he was usually employed in writing down evidence for sixteen hours a-day, he still felt that he was but a man, and laying down his pen for a moment, he turned his eyes towards the wrathful witness, and smiled; and by that little smile forfeited for ever the good opinion of Mr. George Purkis, the constable.

A man so righteous, so devoted to the maintenance of order, so zealous that the laws should be enforced to the letter and satisfied, who was not only great in civil matters, but in things ecclesiastical was still greater, and indeed absolutely infallible, —for he was conscious in his own breast, although he did not choose to divulge the precious secret, that he, with a few other persons of equal rank and erudition, were alone right in faith and discipline; — such a man could not but be grave; he was placed far beyond the influences of mirth, and soared on high above the sunny regions of the facetious; so hostile, indeed, was he to all jests, that he would have been most happy to have held himself constantly in readiness to apprehend laughers at all hazards, and to lodge them in the county gaol. He was sorely discomposed therefore by the jocular cross-examinations which he had sometimes to encounter, and which he always dreaded; and they poisoned the pleasure he would otherwise have derived from supplying, as far as was prudent, the deficiencies in the testimony of the other witnesses for the Crown. Nevertheless Mr. George Purkis, the constable, must still be accounted a happy man, since he once stood for a whole hour by the castle clock upon the highest

pinnacle of delight—he once tasted of pure and perfect felicity. He heard that the constables of an adjoining district had come into his town in pursuit of a notorious housebreaker; he immediately went to offer his assistance: they had just apprehended the criminal when he came up, but he greeted his brother officers, and stood by for some minutes, and when the post-chaise arrived, he had the honour and happiness to let down the step; but he was unable to mix himself with the affair; he did not even hear the trial,—but he was far more fortunate, he was present at the execution—and not only present, but he actually stood upon the scaffold. Having assisted at the capture, and through the patronage and friendship of the hangman, and also in discharge of a bad debt, he was thus signally honoured and gratified. Before he retired from business, he had transmuted to a rich raven black, by the dyer's art, the light blue jacket in which a sheepstealing butcher suffered, and it became the official costume of his friend and debtor, the executioner, who often promised, but always failed, to discharge the debt. He had truly intended to pay, for he was not only a man of the nicest honour, but he was not wanting in ambition: his trade, he declared, was easy and delightful, and, if rightly understood, most respectable, for it was his to complete what the judge had begun; but it was not so profitable as he could wish, nor was it duly valued by the unreflecting; he did not mean, therefore, to die a hangman; but if he could save a little money, he hoped some day—such was his inclination towards black cloth—to undertake a little. Unfortunately, however, his love of tobacco and strong waters prevented not only his advancement, but the payment of his debts, except one, which he discharged in full, for he permitted his creditor, Mr. George Purkis, the constable, on the happy morning, to conduct the unfortunate burglar from the prison to the gallows, there to satisfy the law;—such was the constable's phrases in company with the turnkeys and other officers. He permitted him to grasp his trembling client by the pinioned arm, to place himself by his side under the new drop, as near as the trap-door would allow, and to stand there amidst the javelin-men during the whole time that the body was suspended, in the presence of hundreds to whom he was known. Never was any creature more happy; it was the triumph of his art—the highest pitch of glory to which an active and intelligent constable could attain. Gaolers and turnkeys, police officers, bailiffs and constables, javelin-men, and even the very hangman himself, the very tolerant Mr. George Purkis, the constable, could readily endure, but not Peter Nymnam; the mellow sounds of his vagrant organ, and the rumour that he dealt in fireworks, seemed to set his authority at defiance, to render his labours vain, and his triumphs incomplete. Whenever the abhorred sounds met his jealous ears, he hastened instantly to the spot, and, wherever it might be, he warned Peter sternly, that it was not a place for such performances. Peter bowed submissively and retired in silence.

Peter was sitting one day upon a grave in the churchyard under the shade of a tree; his organ and his pack were placed upon a gravestone that had served him for a table; and he had just finished his frugal dinner, consisting of bread and radishes, which, being nearly as large as carrots, and consequently unsaleable, a gardener had given him for a tune. He was hesitating whether he should venture to add to his noontide meal one of the four cold potatoes which he had in store for supper, when Mr. George Purkis, the constable, stood by his side. Manifest indignation on the one side, and on the other ill-concealed alarm, followed the unexpected meeting.

“Get up, you nasty fellow!” cried the constable in the loud tones of

wrathful authority, touching Peter behind with a new, stout, and iron-bound shoe: "who gave you leave, pray, to sit there? it is the most indecent thing I ever saw; I have a great mind to take you into custody!"

Peter arose instantly. "I did not know it was wrong, sir; I have often seen people sitting on the graves, sir; I hope your worship will excuse me; I will never do it again, sir." With trembling reverence the humble apologist meekly repeated, that he had often seen others sitting on the graves.

"Yes, very likely," replied the constable; "but not papists: who would think of letting a papist sit upon Christians' graves?"

With downcast eyes Peter bowed in silence.

"Look here," said Mr. George Purkis, the constable, with increasing indignation, pointing to a few crumbs, the remains of Peter's dinner, that lay upon the gravestone; "you have been defacing the tombs; I never knew any thing so shocking! Why, you popish dog, is a churchyard a proper place for riotous and illegal feasting?"

Peter quietly took a red cotton handkerchief out of the crown of his hat, and slowly and carefully wiped away the crumbs, and then replacing the handkerchief, he was about to take up his load and retire.

"Stay, stay, fellow, not so fast," said Mr. George Purkis, the constable, laying his hand upon the organ; "I have a crow to pick with you: I was coming to look after you; for a complaint has been lodged with me, that you play your organ close to the church on Sunday during divine service, and unlawfully disturb the congregation. What an abominable thing, to be sure!"

With extraordinary vehemence and earnestness did Peter protest that his organ was always dumb on Sunday; he left it within doors all the day, as well as his pack; he neither played, nor sold any thing; he did not even travel from one town to another: if any one could say he had ever heard him play, or even had seen him with the organ on his back on the Lord's day, he would give it him, — and not only the organ, but his pack also, and all it contained. His asseverations were rapid and reiterated.

"But you come here sometimes," continued the remorseless constable, "and play under the windows of the church during a funeral; and that is still worse, it is so unfeeling: how hardened you must be! You want a touch of the house of correction sadly, my friend! if I were their worships, I would have you publicly whipt."

Peter solemnly protested that he had never played within a quarter of a mile of the church in his life.

"Then why do you come into the churchyard with your organ, if you do not mean to play?"

"When I play here," said Peter, smiling, and, as the last sad resource, assuming an air of gaiety which he did not feel, with the hope of passing off the matter lightly, — "when I play here, they who lie here" — and he pointed to the graves — "will certainly complain of me!"

Never was any mistake more unfortunate: a jest, and especially a jest that seemed to trench somewhat on sacred things, was not likely to appease Mr. George Purkis, the constable; and Peter's unseasonable levity appeared, moreover, to set his authority at defiance. Seizing the pack, the enraged constable exclaimed in a terrible voice, "You are a dealer in contraband goods, you villain! you are a smuggler, and a retailer of fireworks and combustibles! I will search you; I will break open your pack, and convict you upon the spot, and then I will carry you before the justices this very afternoon: you shall lie to-night in gaol, you may take my word for it!"

He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke, to find some instrument to break the box.

"I am not a smuggler," said Peter, with more spirit than he had ever displayed before,—"I am not a smuggler; I am not what you say: I am a jeweller; I am a licensed hawk; here is my number, and I will show you my licence if you please: will you see it?"

Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was silent.

"Break open my box if you dare," continued Peter Nymnam firmly; "touch it at your peril. Here it is, open it if you dare: I am a stranger and a poor man; but if you venture to break it, you will perhaps find that there is law in the country for me as well as for you!"

Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was most courageous when his opponent submitted quietly; then his bravery was as unbounded as his love of authority; but a little resistance checked him: he knew that Peter was right, and his unexpected resolution astonished him. He stood mute and confounded; but recovering himself somewhat at last, he said, "I will not trouble myself just now with your dirty pack; I have other employment at present; but do not flatter yourself that you will evade the law much longer." With these words he slowly and sullenly withdrew, and Peter, taking up his pack and his organ, quitted the churchyard, which he determined never to enter again.

His signal defeat did not make the sounds of Peter's organ, however mellow and soft as cream, more soothing to the ears of Mr. George Purkis, the constable, nor was his antipathy for fireworks diminished by the following accidents.

On the evening of the following Fifth of November, when he was patrolling the streets, staff in hand, in order to extinguish fires and to silence crackers, some malicious wag, who was in the interest of the friends of fun, and a foe to order, contrived to slip a lighted squib into his pocket, although it was closely buttoned; and before he was able to rid himself of the little hissing fiery serpent, or was conscious of its presence, it not only burnt a hole the size of his hand in the left skirt of his coat, but it terribly scorched the velvetene beneath.

During the festivities of the ensuing Christmas, a stout fellow, in the garb of a mariner, was standing in the market-place upon two legs,—the one of bone and solid muscle, the other of timber,—and was singing in a very loud voice certainly,

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease;"

whereby he procured for himself a few halfpence, and a great deal of cake, cheese, and ale. Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was attracted by the mighty sound, and without waiting for the end of the stave, he peremptorily inquired who the vocalist was; and he immediately received an answer, that was undoubtedly coarse even in the mouth of a seaman. The march of justice, however, was not to be diverted so rudely; he seized the man by the arm, and repeated his question: a fist of colossal proportions was held within a few inches of his nose, and with a significant look he was directed to smell at it. The sailor, however, being made sensible by the bystanders that the interrogator was the constable, was suddenly abashed, and would probably have made a proper apology, but the majesty of offended justice demanded a more complete expiation than any words, however humble; the rigid officer procured a taxed cart, and drove the offender to a neighbouring magistrate, and often assured him by the way, that if he could not give a satisfactory account of himself there, he should have the pleasure of

conveying him a few miles further. The robust prisoner soon convinced the magistrate, by his papers and his narrative, that he was an honest man, engaged in a lawful and necessary journey; that the final cause of his song was to procure himself a drop of Christmas ale, which laudable end had been fully attained; and that his rudeness to the constable was to be attributed solely to the abundance and potency of the liquor, and not to any disrespect for authority, which, during thirty years' service in the navy, he had been carefully taught to reverence. The justice accordingly discharged him with a gentle reproof, and a brief admonition to be more cautious in future. Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was mortified that the affair had terminated thus, and mounting the taxed cart alone, he returned slowly, often lingering by the way, for he was ashamed to enter the town before dusk, lest his neighbours should ridicule his unsuccessful errand. He was about one hundred yards from the first house at the beginning of the town, the reins were lying loosely upon the horse's back, the animal was advancing at the rate of a hearse, and the constable, absorbed in that pensive melancholy which the odious verdict 'Not guilty' was wont to inspire, was regardless of all around him, when a lighted cracker was thrown by an unseen hand over the high hedge; it fell a few feet before the horse's nose, and exploded with much noise. The terrified beast turned round suddenly, and would have run away, but the wheel caught a post and held him, and the constable was thrown out by the violent shock: the tall, stiff, straight man fell upon his back, as a plank falls. A pain in his loins reminded him for some days of the unpleasant accident, and he was obliged to plead often and earnestly the exigence of the public service, before he could shift the charge of repairing the damaged wheel of the hired taxed cart from his private account to the general rate.

These untoward adventures inflamed his original wrath against poor Peter Nymnam, and he would have sworn confidently, in any court of justice in the realm, that both the fireworks by which he had been damnified had issued from the pack that he longed so ardently to seize. His hostility was not secret, but it found no sympathy: he used to enumerate his past services; and bestowing much praise upon himself, he detailed his projects for securing the due execution of the law, and the maintenance of order, and especially for ridding the district of that most illegal and intolerable nuisance, Peter Nymnam, the grand enemy to the peace of the town, the chief and only disturber of the inward tranquillity of the righteous. If he mentioned his favourite schemes to a female, she either burst into tears, as the image of the gay, the courteous, and the gallant Peter languishing in prison presented itself to her fancy, his organ hushed, and himself squalid with misery; or she said angrily, "I wish you would, Mr. Constable; I wish you would lay a finger upon him; I should like to see you touch him," according as she was by nature sensitive or pugnacious. Mr. George Purkis, the constable, was not accessible to tears, but he was very accessible to threats; and since he did not know in which way his proposals would be received, he forbore to communicate them to his townswomen. Peter was an object of far less interest with the men, nevertheless they by no means desired that he should be abated; they did not enter into the plans of the constable, and they heard very coldly his narrative of the future proceedings that were to enjoin organs and fireworks to observe a perpetual silence.

It is hard for the lamb to escape the wolf; nor would it be easy to determine whether Peter Nymnam could have continued to evade the law — such was the language of Mr. George Purkis, the constable — much longer,

but he was suddenly placed out of its reach by a very unusual accident. The severity of the constable diminished the number of casual visits which Peter used to pay to the town ; but he did not omit, notwithstanding, to place himself within his jurisdiction on great occasions ; and the most important of these was the great cattle fair at Michaelmas. On a mild evening, soon after the autumnal equinox, when there was no perceptible wind near the surface of the earth, but the dark clouds were whirled round rapidly in the upper air, Peter was advancing slowly beneath the weight of his organ and his pack, through roads which the late heavy rains had covered with mud. The ancient approach to the town from the south-east used to wind round at the foot of the hills on the right, but, in consequence of the encroachments of the river, it had been found to be necessary, about sixty years before, to contrive a new way : a narrow path, about 350 yards in length, had accordingly been cut, at a considerable expense, through the high and steep hills. A herd of fifty or sixty oxen, that were destined for the fair, was beginning to emerge from this narrow pass, and Peter was in the middle of the passage, following close behind them ; the drover had not yet entered it, for he lingered to gather the blackberries that still hung upon the bushy hedges by the side of the road, although they were much injured by the rain ; and his dog was with him. A few oxen had issued from the pass, when a sudden sound was heard ; a black greyhound, hunting upon the traces of a hare or rabbit, bounded over the hedge, sprang across the road, and darted into the adjoining field, in the uncertain light, with all the noise and the agility which characterise such an incident. The terrified leaders wheeled round instantly, and rushing headlong upon the oxen that followed, the panic became general, and the whole herd, wild with fright, galloped back through the path. The sides of the road were high and steep, but an active person might climb them ; Peter was not wanting in activity, and a few steps would have placed him in security above the heads of the cattle. He sprang with all his force against the bank on his left, which was the nearest ; it was slippery with the rain, and he was encumbered by his burthen ; it might be that he partook of the panic, or was enfeebled by a long journey through deep roads : his foot slipped, and he came in contact with the head of the foremost of the oxen.

Poor Peter ! the mellow sounds of his rich creamy organ were heard no more ; it was trodden into a thousand pieces. The box, of which the sight alone was able to make the eyes of every maiden and of every schoolboy sparkle with delight, was split into fragments that could hardly be recognised, and all its much coveted contents were trampled in the mire of the wet narrow road. Poor Peter ! he fell by a shocking but a speedy death, inflicted unwittingly by creatures as gentle and as inoffensive as himself. The tidings of his singular and melancholy fate gave a deep impression of sorrow to the whole neighbourhood, and none of the townspeople ever passed the fatal spot without reiterated expressions of regret, of pity, and of respect.

One Sunday afternoon in the summer that followed the sad catastrophe, since the weather was lovely, even Mr. George Purkis, the constable, ventured to treat himself with a turn of about three miles in the country, in company with a brother constable. His colleague was young in office, and he was kindly instructing him in his various duties, especially in one part of it, which he attempted with small success, although he prided himself upon his admirable skill in that department. He laboured to teach him how to lay aside for a season the majestic rigour of offended justice, and by

affability and condescension, but without actually promising mercy or favour; to gain the confidence of a prisoner, and to induce him to confess that he was guilty, or at least to inform him whether he hoped to be able to prove an *alibi*, and what precise period of time it would probably cover. The fat little cheesemonger was as indifferent to the honours and cares of his new office, as he was anxious respecting the interests of his shop; he soon ceased to attend to the lecture of his companion, and he began to determine with himself what answer he should give on the morrow to a farmer, who had offered a parcel of cheese, of which the appearance was doubtful; but the odour was perfectly free from ambiguity, at a very low rate, and to consider whether he could hope to sell any part at such a price, or the whole lot at any price, that would remunerate him. On their return, the two ministers of justice passed through the narrow path, and the cheesemonger suddenly banishing his musings, stopt, and looking up exclaimed, "This is the spot where poor Peter Nymnam fell: poor fellow! Yes, this is the spot; I always know it by the two posts, and the bit of rail in the hedge at the top of the bank," he added, pointing on high, and turning towards the left as he spoke.

"Yes, this is the spot, sure enough," answered Mr. George Purkis, the constable, striding triumphantly over the fatal place with his long legs; "and a very lucky thing it was, for it saved us" — meaning the judges of assize and himself — "the trouble of hanging the fellow!"

A traveller, who knew Peter Nymnam as a schoolboy, who used anxiously to look out for his coming, who has listened with delight to his organ, and who bought squibs of him when he was rich, willingly bears witness that they were cheap and excellent, and that they never missed fire. Peter was in full vigour when he quitted school and that part of the world, and he did not visit it again until some years after the poor fellow's unhappy fate, of which he heard with heartfelt regret. The first time he passed through that town as a man, which he quitted as a schoolboy, he was seated on the box of a stage coach, and whilst the horses were changed in the market-place, a person was playing upon an organ; he was a tall, stern, gaunt man, and the people called him also Peter Nymnam. Was that well-known appellation, therefore, the name of an office, and not of an individual? or had the townsfolk bestowed it upon him through respect to the memory of his unfortunate predecessor, that he might be a living, moving, grinding monument? The appearance of the musician and his manners were unluckily repulsive, and the tones of his organ were loud, harsh, and discordant, and his tasteless mode of playing greatly increased the inherent defects of the instrument; no man, in short, could listen to such sounds with satisfaction, except, perchance, Mr. George Purkis, the constable.

## INFLUENCE OF ELOQUENCE ON ENGLISH FREEDOM.

## No. V.

**LORD MANSFIELD DESCRIBED.—HIS JUDGMENT ON RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN THE CASE OF MR. EVANS. — LORD CAMDEN DESCRIBED. — HIS JUDGMENT ON GENERAL WARRANTS. — BURKE. — HIS STYLE DESCRIBED. — HIS SPEECHES — ON AMERICAN TAXATION — AND ON ECONOMICAL REFORM.**

**LORD CHATHAM**'s formidable rival and opponent, although afraid and unable fully to confront him, was the celebrated Lord Chief Justice, the Earl of Mansfield. His name is venerated by the legal profession, and is familiar to most men, from the bitter, but often unfounded, sarcasms of Junius, and the elegant praises of Pope. His dignified and elegant eloquence, exactly adapted to magistracy, and his great legal talents, admirably qualified him for the Bench; while his parliamentary powers, and graceful style and bearing, gave him a commanding position among his Peers. His judicial life was an æra in the history of English Jurisprudence. At the period of his elevation to the Bench, this country commenced that wonderful career of commercial and manufacturing activity and enterprise, which is yet without a parallel in the annals of mankind. The vast increase of personal property, —the exigencies of a rapidly expanding Commerce,—required a new and solid system of Jurisprudence, to replace the old, which was intended and adapted for the administration of real property, and was strongly animated by that spirit of feudalism out of which it arose. For the task of constructing that altered system, no man could be better qualified than Lord Mansfield. Unlike most of his predecessors and some of his successors, his mind was not instructed alone in the technicalities of law, but was enlarged by a wide acquaintance with Literature and Moral Philosophy. He had pursued the course which we have before observed \* was so desired by Lord Bolingbroke for our lawyers; "had climbed up the vantage-ground of Science, had dived into the recesses of the human heart, and had become acquainted with the moral world, in order to discover the abstract reason of all laws." He was the first Judge since the time of Lord Bacon, who, like the illustrious Chancellor, united to the technical knowledge of his profession, a deep insight into human affairs. Nor had he only indulged in this wide and philosophical study; but had minutely investigated the principles of the Civil Law, which, although not binding as authority in our Jurisprudence, yet, as containing the best code of the rational principles of law extant in any language, was attentively studied by Lord Mansfield, and served him as a storehouse of rules and theories for the new cases continually arising before him. "His ideas," said Burke, "went to the growing melioration of the law, by making its liberality keep pace with the demands of justice, and the actual concerns of the world: not restricting the infinitely diversified occasions of men, and the rules of natural justice, within artificial circumscriptions, but conforming our jurisprudence to the growth of our commerce and of our empire. This enlargement of our concerns he appears, in the year 1744, almost to have foreseen, and he lived to behold it."† He not only beheld it, but, thus instructed and animated, he laid the foundations of our present Commercial Legal System. His eloquence on the Bench, as in the Senate, was dis-

\* See First Number of this Series of Articles.

† Burke's Report on Warren Hastings' Trial — a most masterly work. See Childs's ed. vol. II. p. 620.



tinguished by its elegant perspicuity, which enabled him, as Grattan observed, "to conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation," and by a dignified tone which well harmonised with his august functions as Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Speaker of the House of Peers. A most striking specimen of it was seen on the memorable occasion of the reversal of Wilkes's outlawry, when his lordship scornfully alluded to the threats with which he had been menaced from various quarters in the event of a decision unfavourable to the defendant. We do not quote it, because our object is to refer only to such efforts of eloquence as have contributed to the advance of public liberty. Nor shall we engage in the long and here unprofitable task of following Lord Mansfield through his active public career. It was, unfortunately, in the main, in continued opposition to popular rights. He was the chief opponent of Lord Chatham, the friend and confidential adviser of the King. His tastes and feelings and prejudices were thoroughly antipopular. Why, then, it may be asked, do we direct attention to his memory and character? why contribute even the very little that may in us lie, to withdraw from the obscurity which is the just punishment and the certain eventual destiny of all who have sought only their own individual aggrandisement, and not the improvement of mankind, the name of one who, in his own day, and with all the "feebleness of his strength," endeavoured to retard the advance of political freedom? We reply, because the name of Lord Mansfield is most honourably identified with the great principle of religious liberty — of freedom of conscience; in the advocacy of which his exertions were constant and consistent, and to which he may indeed be justly called a martyr—"the lawless herd, with fury blind, have done him cruel wrong."\* Here he was before his age. As Judge or Senator, in whatever form the question presented itself, he was unswerving in his devotion to the grand truth, that "conscience is not controllable by human laws, nor amenable to human tribunals." However much we may be disposed to feel disgust at the time-serving and truckling of his political course, let us honour his memory for this noble devotion — in that day, be it remembered, equally opposed to the fanatic prejudices of the bigoted people and the equally bigoted King. It caused the destruction of his house and library, and nearly cost him his life, in the disgraceful riots of 1780, as it had led him to adopt the generous course of supporting the claims of the Catholics in the House of Lords. The most enduring and eloquent form in which his views on religious freedom were expressed, was on the delivery of his opinion in the House in the case of Mr. Allen Evans, against whom an action had been brought by the Corporation of London, for a fine imposed by a by-law of the city on every person neglecting to serve as sheriff; an office to which he had been elected, but which he refused to serve, because it was a necessary preliminary, according to the Corporation Act of Car. II. then in force, that he should take the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. The Corporation levied 15,000*l.* in this manner on Dissenters, which was applied to the building of the Mansion House. Mr. Evans brought the case to the House of Lords on appeal. The House, on the motion of Lord Mansfield, submitted the question to the Judges, and after they had delivered their opinion (all except that of Mr. Baron Perrott favourable to the defendant, Mr. Evans), Lord Mansfield addressed the House as a Peer. He said:—

"It is now no crime for a man who is within the description of the Toleration Act, to say he is a Dissenter; nor is it any crime for him not to take the sacrament according to the

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\* Cowper — on the burning of his library by the mob in 1780.

rites of the Church of England ; nay, the crime is, if he does it contrary to the dictates of his conscience.

"The eternal principles of natural religion are part of the common law,—the essential principles of revealed religion are part of the common law ; so that any person reviling, subverting, or ridiculing them, may be prosecuted at common law. But it cannot be shown from the principles of natural or revealed religion, that, independent of positive law, *temporal punishments ought to be inflicted for mere opinions with respect to particular modes of worship.* Persecution for a sincere though erroneous conscience is not to be deduced from reason or the fitness of things : it can only stand upon positive law. *Conscience is not controllable by human laws, nor amenable to human tribunals.* Persecution, or attempts to force conscience, will never produce conviction, and are only calculated to make hypocrites or martyrs. What bloodshed and confusion have been occasioned from the reign of Henry IV., when the first penal statutes were enacted, down to the Revolution in this kingdom, by laws made to force conscience ! *There is nothing certainly more unreasonable, more inconsistent with the rights of human nature, more contrary to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion, more iniquitous and unjust, more impolitic, than persecution.* It is against natural religion, revealed religion, and sound policy. Sad experience and a large mind taught that great man, the President de Thou, this doctrine. Let any man read the many admirable things, which, though a papist, he hath dared to advance upon this subject in the Dedication of his History to Henry IV. of France, which I never read without rapture ; and he will be fully convinced, not only how cruel, but how impolitic, it is, to persecute for religious opinions."

Mr. Evans was successful ; — the House of Lords, thus instructed by Lord Mansfield, declaring that he was not subject to the fine, as he declined serving for a reason which, since the Toleration Act, was a legal and sufficient cause of excuse. Honoured be the memory of Lord Mansfield for this courageous avowal of such noble principles !

A third Peer, the cotemporary of Mansfield and Chatham, the constant opponent of the one, the firm friend of the other, next demands our attention,—the excellent Lord Camden, whose name will be dear to Englishmen so long as incorruptible integrity and an inextinguishable attachment to the principles of constitutional liberty are revered among them. He was successively Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chancellor ; and, both as Judge and Senator, invariably and unswervingly maintained the principles of rational freedom, which were so gloriously asserted by his friend Chatham, at whose side he fought in the House of Peers, and whom he fortified by his sound legal knowledge. He supported Lord Chatham against Lord Mansfield on the constitutional right of the Americans to tax themselves ; on the right of juries to find a general verdict in cases of libel ; and on the conduct of the House of Commons in relation to Wilkes. The subject, however, with which the name of Camden is most honourably and peculiarly associated, is that of General Warrants issued by the Secretary of State, viz. warrants not specifying the exact nature of the offence ; which he pronounced illegal in the celebrated case of Wilkes, who brought an action of false imprisonment against Lord Halifax for issuing such a warrant against him, authorising his apprehension and the seizure of his papers. Lord Camden delivered this judgment from the Bench, and does not seem to have afterwards spoken upon the subject in the Lords ; for, although the matter was debated in the Commons, no report appears of any discussion in the House of Lords. The question was raised three or four times, and the occasion on which Lord Camden delivered the most elaborate judgment was in the case of *Entick v. Carrington*.\* The judgment is a model of judicial reasoning on constitutional topics, full of learning, yet animated by that strong (there subdued) spirit of liberty, which informed the soul of Camden. It is full of maxims of the highest public interest and importance, especially when he is dealing with the arguments deduced from the continued practice which had prevailed, of the issuing of general warrants.

\* State Trials, vol. xix. p. 1044.

"The practice has been correspondent to the warrant.

"Such is the power; and therefore one should naturally expect that the law to warrant it should be clear in proportion as the power is exorbitant.

"If it is law, it will be found in our books. If it is not to be found there, it is not law.

"The great end for which men entered into society, was to secure their property. That right is preserved sacred and incommunicable in all instances, where it has not been taken away or abridged by some public law for the good of the whole.

"Accordingly it is now incumbent upon the defendants to show the law by which the seizure is warranted. If that cannot be done, it is a trespass.

"Papers are the owner's goods and chattels: they are his dearest property; and are so far from enduring a seizure, that they will hardly bear an inspection; and though the eye cannot by the laws of England be guilty of a trespass, yet where private papers are removed and carried away, the secret nature of those goods will be an aggravation of the trespass, and demand more considerable damages in that respect. Where is the written law that gives any magistrate such a power? I can safely answer, there is none; and therefore it is too much for us, without such authority, to pronounce a practice legal, which would be subversive of all the comforts of society.

"I come now to the practice since the Revolution, which has been strongly urged, with this emphatical addition, — that an usage tolerated from the æra of liberty, and continued downwards to this time through the best ages of the constitution, must necessarily have a legal commencement. Now, though that pretence can have no place in the question made by this plea, because no such practice is there alleged; yet I will permit the defendant for the present to borrow a fact from the special verdict, for the sake of giving it an answer.

"If the practice began then, it began too late to be law now. If it was more ancient, the Revolution is not to answer for it; and I could have wished that, upon this occasion, the Revolution had not been considered as the only basis of our liberty.

"The Revolution restored this constitution to its first principles. It did no more. It did not enlarge the liberty of the subject, but give it a better security. It neither widened nor contracted the foundation, but repaired, and perhaps added a buttress or two to the fabric; and if any minister of state has since deviated from the principles at that time recognised, all that I can say is, that, so far from being sanctified, they are condemned, by the Revolution.

"This is the first instance I have met with, where the ancient immemorable law of the land, in a public matter, was attempted to be proved by the practice of a private office.

"The names and rights of public magistrates, their power and forms of proceeding as they are settled by law, have been long since written, and are to be found in books and records. Private customs, indeed, are still to be sought from private tradition. But whoever conceived a notion that any part of the public law could be buried in the obscure practice of a particular person?

"But still it is insisted, that there has been a general submission, and no action brought to try the right.

"I answer, there has been a submission of guilt and poverty to power and the terror of punishment. But it would be a strange doctrine to assert that all the people of this land are bound to acknowledge that to be universal law, which a few criminal booksellers have been afraid to dispute.

"It is then said, that it is necessary for the ends of government to lodge such a power with a state officer; and that it is better to prevent the publication before, than to punish the offender afterwards. I answer, if the legislature be of that opinion, they will revive the Licensing Act. But if they have not done that, I conceive they are not of that opinion. And with respect to the argument of state necessity, or a distinction that has been aimed at between state offences and others, the common law does not understand that kind of reasoning, nor do our books take notice of any such distinctions.

"If the King himself has no power to declare when the law ought to be violated for reasons of state, I am sure we, his Judges, have no such prerogative."

These are the genuine principles of a constitutional Judge, and afford a convincing proof of the spirit of Camden, which animated him on all occasions, in the Senate and on the Bench, and which secured him the friendship of Chatham!

The great cotemporary Commoner of these Senatorial Orators was Edmund Burke. He fought the battle of American independence in the House of Commons, while Lord Chatham was so bravely defending that cause in the House of Peers. He continued in the public arena during part of the brilliant epoch of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan; indeed, he introduced Mr. Fox into public life. His appearance in the Senate is a most interesting event

in the history of parliamentary eloquence. He was the first man in our country who introduced a *philosophical* style, varied with rich illustration, into our Senatorial Oratory. In our mind, he evidently designed as his model the great Roman orator, and desired to found a new style of eloquence in the English Parliament on the basis of the Ciceronian: for the splendid style adopted by Burke is that for which Cicero is peculiarly distinguished, not only from Demosthenes, but from all other orators; his eloquence being, to adopt his own idea of what it should be, *copiosè sapientia loquens*. The grand peculiarity and beauty of that style is a philosophical mode of treating the subject, and a rich diversity of illustration in respect to it. Such a style had never been attempted with any power in our Senate, — at least, by any speaker whose orations remain recorded. We know of the wonderful talents and effect of Lord Bolingbroke only by tradition. Lord Chatham's style was not that. He stood alone in his own peculiar manner, in terse and spirited sentences, in courageous sentiments, in impetuous and overwhelming bursts of invective:—

“In that dread circle, none durst walk but he!”

He completely revolutionised, indeed, the system of debate in parliament, but it was reserved for Edmund Burke to go a step farther, and not only place political subjects on an enlarged and liberal basis of constitutional views, but discuss them with reference to reasonings of philosophical legislation, and the grand principles of humanity. Coleridge has well said, in “The Friend,”—

“Burke was an orator, whose eloquence has taken away for Englishmen all cause of humiliation from the names of Demosthenes and Cicero, and a statesman who has left to our language a bequest of glory unrivalled, and all his own, in the keen-eyed yet far-sighted genius with which he has almost uniformly made the most original and profound general principles of political wisdom, even the recondite laws of human passions, bear upon particular measures and events.”

Cicero and Burke founded their eloquence on the principle that public questions should not be debated on grounds of personality or partisanship, but on comprehensive views of an enlarged philosophy. Of them it may be said as truly as of Socrates and of Lord Bacon, that they applied Philosophy to her proper uses, — that they brought her down from Heaven to dwell on Earth, and engaged her in the practical service of men. They felt that it was especially incumbent upon all invested with power for national purposes, to inform their minds with an enlightened Philosophy of Legislation and Magistracy, and with a knowledge of those events in the long annals of man which serve as beacons and examples to wise rulers. The description of Cicero by Dr. Conyers Middleton, in his interesting *Life* of that great orator, may, with slight alterations, be applied to Burke; and of both we may say, that “their learning, considered separately, will appear wonderful, yet much more so, when found in the possession of the first statesmen of mighty empires; their abilities as statesmen are glorious — yet surprise us still more, when they are observed in the ablest scholars of their age; but an union of both these characters exhibits that specimen of perfection to which the best parts with the best culture can exalt human nature.”\*

The exquisite style of Burke — “whose copious tone with Grecian greatness†”—is peculiarly distinguished by the richness and universality of his *illustrations*, fetched from all regions of science and art, of nature and of letters. “The commonest subjects,” as Lord Erskine well said, “swell into eloquence at the touch of his sublime genius.” And this characteristic

seems to us to explain, in some degree, the apparent inconsistency remarked in a splendid article on Lord Bacon (attributed to a distinguished living writer) in a recent Number of the *Edinburgh Review*\*, viz. that Burke's imagination appears to have grown warmer as he grew older. The elegant critic observes, that Burke in the heat of his youth wrote of the masterpieces of sculpture and painting, and of the necks and faces of beautiful women, in the style of a parliamentary report, while in his age he discussed treaties and tariffs with all the fire of the most glowing rhetoric. We think this difficulty may be considerably solved by the characteristic to which we have referred; for as the field of his knowledge became enlarged, the resources of his genius were multiplied, and constant practice and continued indulgence in that rich style of composition had so facilitated and habituated it to him as to render it at last ornate even to a fault. The learned critic, too, seems to have forgotten that Sir James Mackintosh has noticed and accounted for this apparent solecism in the mind of Burke.

"The memorable instances," he says, "of Cicero, of Milton, and still more those of Dryden and Burke, seem to show that there is some natural tendency in the fire of genius to burn more brightly or to blaze more fiercely in the *evening* than the *morning* of human life. Probably the materials which long experience supplies to the imagination, the boldness with which a more established reputation arms the mind, and the silence of the low but formidable rivals of the higher principles, may concur in producing the unexpected and little observed effect."†

The merit of Burke is also very great in this respect — that he was the first man (after Lord Chatham) to remove from us the reproach with which we had been loaded by Dr. Blair and by Hume; the former of whom, after expressing his surprise at the inferiority of Great Britain in eloquence, not only to the Greeks and Romans, but also to the Continent, says, "We have both taste and erudition in a high degree. We have historians and poets or the greatest name; but of orators and public speakers how little have we to boast, and where are the monuments of their genius to be found?"‡ "This reproach," it has been said by a recent writer, "was delivered about the year 1760, when only some of the grand but irregular bursts of Chatham had been heard; but in ten years afterwards it was removed by Edmund Burke at once, and for ever. The immortal orations which he then pronounced, and the series of which they are the commencement, will stand comparison with any efforts of eloquence, ancient or modern, of which the world can boast, and will descend to posterity in company with the Philippics of Demosthenes and Cicero!"§

Edmund Burke entered parliament in 1765, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and, consequently, in the maturity of his powers. He was an adherent of the Rockingham administration — indeed, secretary to the Marquis. He rose at once into fame as a Parliamentary orator. The first speech, however, which he could be induced to publish, was his celebrated one delivered in 1766 on "American Taxation." It was the precursor to his more celebrated one of the succeeding year, on moving his "Resolutions for Conciliation with America," in which he used all the resources of his genius and learning to induce the Government and the Legislature to accede to the demands of the Colonies — but in vain!

"Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,  
When Transatlantic liberty arose, —  
Not in the sunshine and the light of Heav'n,  
But rapt in whirlwinds and begirt with woes  
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes :

\* For July, 1837.

† Prelim. Dissert. to Ency. Britan.

‡ Lectures on Rhetoric, chap. 26., on "Modern Eloquence."

§ Lecture on Burke, by Mr. Fry, p. 56.

Her birth-star was the light of burning plains,  
Her baptism was the weight of blood that flows  
From kindred hearts — the blood of British veins,  
And famine tracks her steps — and pestilential pains.\*

The question of American Independence is one on which Burke took a most prominent part, and with which his fame is brilliantly and enduringly associated. Truly has Lord Brougham observed, that "it may be safely affirmed that on neither side of the water was there a man more distinguished for steady devotion to the cause of *Colonial Independence*, or who made his name more famous by firm resistance to the claims of the mother country, than Mr. Burke." †

His famous speech on moving his Resolutions for conciliation with America has been often quoted, and therefore we shall content ourselves with adopting the splendid Peroration, in which the true principles are pointed out, by which the mother country should govern her colonies.

"My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; — they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation, the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution.

"As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have any where: it is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain — they may have it from Prussia. But until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world."

"All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned have no substantial existence, are in truth every thing, and all and all. *Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom*, and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America with the old warning of the church, 'Sarsum corda!' We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable, conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting, the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be."

The next important subject which engaged his attention, and on which his great talents were displayed, was his plan of Economical Reform. This plan related to the constitution of several parts of the public economy, and was designed to create a great change in the public offices. The chief points in it were, the abolition of all the inferior royal jurisdictions, of an immense number of useless offices in the royal household, some of the civil departments of the mint and ordnance, of the patent offices of the Exchequer, the regulation of the army, navy, and pension-pay offices, and a new adjustment of the Civil List. It is admitted on all hands to have been the most efficient

\* Gertrude of Wyoming.

† Speeches, vol. ii. p. 194. Google

public practical yet comprehensive reform ever made in the department to which it referred. It was, as Lord Monteagle, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, observed, "the greatest step ever made in economical reform." \* Burke's speech on this occasion is well deserving the attention of all who desire to become acquainted with the excellences of our great Senatorial orators; for it refers to one of the most unpromising, and we may say obdurate, subjects that could engage an orator; and the mode in which the greatest possible interest is imparted to it by the speaker, is a convincing proof of his transcendent talents. No ordinary man could have drawn that bow of Ulysses. Gibbon's remark upon it is well known. † "I never can forget the delight with which the diffusive and ingenious orator was heard by all sides of the House, and even by those whose existence he proscribed." The speech, like all of Burke's, is full of general principles of the highest importance. He thus explains his object:—

"I risk odium if I succeed, and contempt if I fail. My excuse must rest in my own and in your conviction of the absolute urgent necessity there is that something of the kind should be done. If there is any sacrifice to be made, either of estimation or of fortune, the smallest is the best. Commanders-in-chief are not to be put upon the forlorn hope. But indeed it is necessary that the attempt should be made. It is necessary from our own political circumstances; it is necessary from the operations of the enemy; it is necessary from the demands of the People, which, when they do not militate with the stable and eternal rules of justice and reason (rules which are above us and above them), ought to be as a law to a House of Commons."

He first refers the House to the reforms in the public economy of France, then lately introduced by M. Neckar; and observes wisely and pithily upon them—

"This, very short and very imperfect state of what is going on in France, I do not, sir, lay before you for any invidious purpose. It is in order to excite in us the spirit of a noble emulation. *Let the nations make war upon each other (since we must make war), not with a low and vulgar malignity, but by a competition of virtues. This is the only way by which both parties can gain by war.* The French have imitated us; let us, through them, imitate ourselves in our better and happier days. If public frugality, under whatever men or in whatever mode of government, is national strength, it is a strength which our enemies are in possession of before us."

He proceeds to appeal to the ministry, and philosophically to lay down his principle of proceeding.

"I do most seriously put it to the administration to consider the wisdom of timely reform. *Early reformations are amicable arrangements with a friend in power; late reformations are terms imposed upon a conquered enemy: early reformations are made in cool blood; late reformations are made under a state of inflammation.* This is my opinion with regard to the true interest of government. But as it is the interest of government that reformation should be early, it is the interest of the people that it should be temperate. It is their interest, because a temperate reform is permanent, and because it has a principle of growth. Whenever we improve, it is right to leave room for further improvement. It is right to consider, to look about us, to examine the effect of what we have done. Then we can proceed with confidence, because we can proceed with intelligence. . . . A great part, therefore, of my idea of reform is meant to operate gradually; some benefits will come at a nearer, some at a more remote period. We must no more make haste to be rich by parsimony than by intemperate acquisition."

He then begins detail, and in a most happy vein of eloquent irony exposes the incongruity of the various jurisdictions of the Crown; as the Principality of Wales, the Duchy of Lancaster, &c. And he afterwards humorously describes our old palaces:—

"The Royal household has lost all that was stately and venerable in the antique manners, without retrenching any thing of the cumbrous charge of a Gothic establishment. It

\* Speech in the debate on Pensions, Dec. 1837.

is shrunk into the polished littleness of modern elegance and personal accommodation ; it has evaporated from the gross concrete into an essence and rectified spirit of expense, where you have tuns of ancient pomp in a vial of modern luxury.

" *But when the reason of old establishments is gone, it is absurd to preserve nothing but the burthen of them.* This is superstitiously to embalm a carcass not worth an ounce of the gums that are used to preserve it : it is to burn precious oils in the tomb : it is to offer meat and drink to the dead ; not so much an honour to the deceased, as a disgrace to the survivors. Our palaces are vast inhospitable halls. There the bleak winds, there ' Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, and Argestes loud,' howling through the vacant lobbies, and clattering the doors of deserted guard-rooms, appal the imagination, and conjure up the grim spectres of departed tyrants — the Saxon, the Norman, and the Dane ; the stern Edwards and fierce Henries — who stalk from desolation to desolation through the dreary vacuity, and melancholy succession of chill and comfortless chambers."

We cannot follow him through his minute examination of the public offices,—nor would the pursuit be interesting, although the subject is treated as admirably and agreeably as it possibly could be. We are desirous to adduce the fine philosophical principles which pervade the oration. He thus concludes : —

" These are points on which I rely for the merit of the plan : I pursue economy in a secondary view, and only as it is connected with these great objects. I am persuaded, that even for supply this scheme will be far from unfruitful, if it be executed to the extent I propose it. I think it will give to the public, at its periods, two or three hundred thousand pounds a year ; if not, *it will give them a system of economy, which is itself a great revenue.* I am sure that I lay before you a scheme easy and practicable in all its parts. I know it is common at once to applaud and to reject all attempts of this nature. I know it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right — very desirable ; but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. Oh ! no, sir, no. Those things, which are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on. . . . *Let us identify, let us incorporate ourselves with the people.* Let us cut all the cables and snap the chains which tie us to an unfaithful shore, and enter the friendly harbour that shoots far out into the main its moles and jetties to receive us. Respecting ourselves, we shall be respected by the world. At present, all is troubled and cloudy and distracted and full of anger and turbulence, both abroad and at home ; but the air may be cleared by this storm, and light and fertility may follow it. Let us give a faithful pledge to the people, that we honour, indeed, the Crown ; but that we belong to them ; that we are their auxiliaries, and not their task-masters ; the fellow-labourers in the same vineyard, not lording over their rights, but helpers of their joy ; that to tax them is a grievance to ourselves ; but to cut off from our enjoyments to forward theirs, is the highest gratification we are capable of receiving. I feel with comfort, that we are all warmed with these sentiments ; and while we are thus warm, I wish we may go directly and with a cheerful heart to this salutary work."



# THE SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM SCHILLER.

(*In the Metres of the Original.*) ]

Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.

WITHIN the earth the mould is seated,  
Encased by walls of well-burnt clay,  
The bell this day must be completed,  
To work, my men, then haste away.  
Down the glowing face  
Sweat must run apace :  
Praises will by man be given,  
But the blessing comes from heaven !

Such labour as we're now preparing  
Demands indeed our serious thought,  
And if relieved by words of cheering,  
To happy end will soon be brought.  
So let us all with just impression,  
Regard what feeble strength brings forth,  
And e'en despise that fool's confession,  
Who says that foresight's nothing worth.  
'Tis by this man's glories brighten —  
For this his reason him inspires —  
With wisdom does his soul enlighten  
His hands to work out his desires.

Let the pine logs be selected :  
See that they be sapless quite ;  
That the flames, right well directed,  
Sprout above the furnace bright.  
Boil the copper paste ;  
Throw the tin in — haste —  
And the mass of metal boiling  
Anon will pay us for our toiling.

That which in earth's abyss concealing,  
We now work out with sulphurous flare,  
High in the spire shall soon be pealing  
Our praises widely through the air.  
In after times, O blest conviction !  
Its sound on ears of men will dwell,  
Deep will it wail with sore affliction,  
And with the choral anthem swell.  
So underground mankind — God fearing !  
An instrument of fate achieves,  
Which struck upon by metal gearing,  
A solemn warning widely gives !

Ah ! I mark white bubbling flashes —  
Good ! the mass has molten fast ;  
Quickly, throw ye in burnt ashes,  
They will aid and speed the cast.

Let the mixture be  
From noxious atoms free ;  
And a sound both rich and mellow,  
From a metal pure will bellow.

'Tis thus sweet tones of simple beauty,  
The waking infant's senses warm,  
When first he enters on life's duty,  
And rises from sleep's gentle arm.  
In innocence then is he breathing,  
He knows no webs of Fortune's wreathing ;  
His mother notes his childhood's dawning,  
And guards him through its golden morning ;  
While years, like arrows, seem to fly. —  
From maiden's smiles the boy now rushes,  
And wanders over life's rough path,  
With staff across the world he pushes,  
Till tired he seeks his estranged hearth.  
Then glowing in youth's gallant bearing,  
Like vision heavenly and bland,  
With cheek suffused by blush endearing,  
He sees the maid before him stand.  
Now overflows with unknown feeling  
The young man's heart — he roams alone —  
Adown his cheek a tear is stealing,  
His comrades' sports are all their own !  
The maiden's steps he bashful follows,  
And dwells with rapture on her words :  
He flow'rets seeks in verdant hollows,  
And round her brow a rose-wreath girds.  
Oh ! tender longings ! hope-fill'd mortals !  
Oh ! golden day of first-born love !  
When Heaven's self seems to ope its portals,  
And all its blissful pleasures prove.  
Oh ! that thou'd always green be seeming !  
Thou blessed time of love's sweet dreaming !

See — the pipes are burning steady,  
Now I thrust the test-rod in, —  
Ah ! 'tis brown'd well o'er already !  
Soon the casting may begin.

Quick, my comrades, tell, —  
Is the compound well ?  
If 't be soft, though dry, in tissue,  
'Tis an omen of good issue.

Proportions meet must well be blended,  
And strength by crispness be attended,

Then will there be a proper *song* !  
 So learn ye — ye whose faiths are plighted,  
 That heart with heart should be united —  
 One footstep false, the sorrow's long !  
 Lovely on the bride's fair tresses  
 Is a virgin garland laid,  
 When the church bell loud confesses,  
 The happy moment for the maid !  
 But, ah ! this season of enjoyment  
 Terminates e'en with its May !  
 With the ring's and veil's employment  
 Flies th' illusion sweet away !  
 The passion has fled,  
 The love is to cherish, —  
 The flowers are dead,  
 The fruit must not perish.  
 The man must go forth  
 With gun and with sabre,  
 Must combat — must labour —  
 Be planting and striving, —  
 Be cunning — conniving, —  
 Must hazard his fortune,  
 Good luck to impórtune.  
 Then flows unto him precious wealth without ending,  
 He loads well his warehouse with goods for his vending.  
 His chambers increase — his mansion grows large,  
 And within, — mark ye, — its dues to discharge,  
 The housewife ne'er sitting,  
 Her children 'bout flitting,  
 Showing good wiving  
 By clever contriving.  
 She teaches the wenches,  
 The boys she retrenches ;  
 Not even a finger  
 She suffers to linger,  
 But adds to her gains  
 By hourly pains.  
 She filleth her cupboards, with fragrant smells loaded,  
 And whirleth her spindle by industry goaded ;  
 She gathers together in well-polish'd racks  
 Her warmth-giving wool — her snow-shining flax.  
 To thriftily spend is her constant endeavour,  
 And idle she's never.

And the father his eye now lifts  
 O'er the widening view from his house-top,  
 Gloating over his fortune's gifts.  
 Broad trees he sees high o'ertopping the railings,  
 And well-loaded corn sheds encircled by palings :  
 Store-houses rich in God's blessings containing,  
 And huge fields of corn for the sickle remaining.

Says he, with pride-fill'd mien,  
" Firm as rock's self, I ween,  
" Fortune shall ever be  
" Friendly as thus I see."  
Ah, to Fate's forthcoming dealings  
Folly 't is to make appealing,  
Come misfortune *will* at last !

Well ! the cast may be beginning,  
In the mould prepared with care ;  
Yet, before the uproar's dinning,  
Offer we to God a prayer.  
    Out the pegs are driven !  
    Aid us, blessed Heaven !  
In the yawning pit, dread plashing,  
Are the molten billows dashing !

The might of fire is vast and good  
If mankind watch and tame its flood.  
In what they model — what create —  
Its potent aid they thankful rate.  
Yet awful does its might increase  
If from control it gets release,  
And rushes on its own wild mirth,  
A free-born child of Nature's birth.  
Woe, if it with madness roaring —  
Braving checks with fierce disdain —  
Through the well-fed streets fast pouring  
Flashes swelt'ring flames amain.  
For the elements devouring  
Hate man's works of toil and gain.

From the Heavens — God bestowing —  
Rain is flowing !  
From the Heavens — God's design —  
Lightnings shine !  
Hark ! a crashing ! 'Tis yon spire  
Struck by fire !  
Blood-red gleams  
Illume God's realms ;  
They are not the daylight's beams !  
What a tumult in the streets !  
What smoke sheets !  
Flick'ring speed the blazing gushes  
Through the close ways vapour rushes,  
Driven by the harsh winds' flushes !  
Hot as jaws of oven reeking  
Heaven is glowing — beams are creaking —  
Posts are snapping — windows breaking —  
Children moaning — mothers seeking —  
Beasts are yelling  
'Neath their dwelling :

All are tearing, fearing, swearing ;  
 Daylight in the night is glaring !  
 Through the chain of hands united  
 Buckets freighted  
 Fly like lightning. Water splashing  
 Spouts in waving sweeps and dashing ;  
 Howling elements are clashing !  
 See where now the flame upshoots,  
 Crackling 'mong the well-dried fruits.  
 In the gran'ry's rooms 't is driving,  
 Worn-out beams and rafters riving —  
 Seeming thus, while madly striving,  
 As if 't would drag with frantic might  
 Earth's vast mass in upward flight !  
 Giant flames o'er Heaven are dancing  
 Rife with glare.  
 Dread despair  
 Rends the man. To fate he yieldeth,  
 Sinking 'neath the pow'r God wieldeth,  
 Then he quakes o'er the chaos glancing !

On the place destruction's treading,  
 Raging tumult's made its bedding !  
 Through the vacant window framings  
 Waste is gloating !  
 And the clouds o'er Heaven floating  
 Gaze therein !

One last look  
 Back bestowing  
 On the o'erthrowing  
 Of his wealth, the man retires,  
 And seizing on his staff, him joy inspires.  
 Whate'er the fiery wrath's despoil'd,  
 A comfort precious still remaineth, —  
 His little children he regaineth ; —  
 Thank God ! he misseth no dear child !

In the mould now fast descending  
 Flows the mass — 'tis fill'd aright —  
 Will there be a happy ending ?  
 Will it pains and art requite ?  
 Should the cast aught hap !  
 Should the matrix snap !  
 Ah, perhaps, while Hope we're wooing,  
 Mischief is e'en now undoing !

In the dark lap of earth confiding,  
 We now commit our hands' good deed,  
 As trusting as the sower of seed,  
 Who hopes, by Heaven's own time abiding,  
 For blessings as his labour's meed.

Yet seed still dearer oft we're shedding,  
And mourning lay it 'neath the sod,  
In hope that from the grave's dark bedding,  
'Twill rise and bloom before its God !

From the tower —  
Ah ! dread sound !  
Funeral notes  
With gloom rebound !  
See what attends knells so sadly speaking —  
Yon worn-out wretch a final home is seeking.

Ah, it is the wife well proved !  
Ah, it is the mother loved !  
Whom the prince of darkness tracing,  
Snatches from her lord's embracing.  
From her troop of infants torn —  
Once so blooming — now forlorn !  
How, upon her tender breast,  
E'en now they hung by love caress'd !  
Alas ! the band of sweet affection  
Ruthlessly asunder flies,  
The mother fond by God's election  
An angel reigns above the skies.  
Tender duties all are over —  
Household cares no longer move —  
And the orphans 'reft discover  
The *coldness* of a stranger's love !

While the new-made bell is getting  
Cool and hard, let labour cease ;  
And like the birds 'bout branches flitting,  
Pastime seek ye, as ye please.  
Stars are now unmask'd ;  
Yet are ye untask'd —  
Free ye can to vespers hurry,  
Masters 'lone know fears and worry.

Briskly now by pleasure moved  
Steps the man thro' darksome wilds,  
Hast'ning to his cot beloved.  
Homeward turn the sheep soft bleating,  
And the cattle  
Broadly fronted ; also sleeky  
Herds with lowing  
To their well-known stalls are going.  
Pond'rous waggons too are goaded,  
With corn o'erloaded.

Wreaths of roses,  
 Fragrant posies,  
 The sheavings grace ;  
 And the children, merry-hearted,  
 Dance apace !  
 Streets and market-place are silent,  
 Yet around the fire-place social  
 Friendly parties meet together  
 While the city gates are closing.  
 Darkness is the earth  
 Now veiling,  
 But no terror has night's falling  
 To good men ;  
 'Tis to crime alone appalling,  
 For the eagle eye of law  
 Wakes then.

Blessed order ! rich and holy !  
 God's own daughter — binding truly  
 Joy and peace in sweet affiancs,  
 Order is the state's reliance.  
 Beings rude in darkness hidden  
 She within our walls has bidden ;  
 She has enter'd th' humble dwelling,  
 Savage customs quick dispelling.  
 Bonds of union she bestoweth,  
 For all with love of country gloweth.

A thousand hands without cessation  
 Are in busy concert strown ;  
 So, 'mid burning agitation,  
 Is the power of man made known.  
 Under Freedom's kind protection  
 Safely does each man repose,  
 E'en the slave of disaffection  
 Well the holy blessing knows.  
 Labour is mankind's vocation,  
 Yet a blessing is its prize :  
*Honours* are the king's from station,  
 While from hand'craft ours must rise.

Peace beloved !  
 Sweetest concord !  
 Tarry, tarry  
 Ever friendly with this town —  
 Never let that day be present  
 When the rough hordes of war would scatter  
 Horrors o'er its quiet valley,  
 Where the evening  
 Sky discloses tints of red  
 In gentle streams ;

Suffer not these tranquil houses  
E'er to stain 't with fiery gleams !

Now the matrix may be broken,  
For its purpose is confess'd ;  
Well may hearts and eyes betoken  
Pleasure at a work so blast,  
Wield the hammer, wield,  
Till the clay walls yield  
Fragments to good blows — displacing  
All that now is outward casing.

The master's mind will never waver,  
When time to break the mould arrives,  
Yet woe ! if self-released, the lava  
In burning streams control-less drives.  
Blind raging 't would like thunder crash,  
While from its torn walls rushing out,  
As from hell's jaws 't would foam and dash,  
And vomit ruin dire about !  
When thus a senseless power is loosed,  
No lasting good is e'er produced.  
If rabble will themselves set free,  
They end their real prosperity !

Woe, if the sparks of insurrection  
Within the town are slyly nursed ;  
The people soon scorn all subjection,  
And help themselves with furious burst.  
Then tumult, at the bell-rope hauling,  
Soon scatters coarse and howling clangs, —  
That bell, which owns a peaceful calling,  
Is made the tool of lawless gangs !

FREEDOM ! EQUALITY ! hark, they're yelling ;  
The peaceful burgher seeks defence —  
The streets, the halls, with men are swelling,  
And rabble knots are crowding dense.  
The women, like hyenas savage,  
With ribald jests are seen to dart,  
And, with a brutal fierceness, ravage  
The dying body's hostile heart !  
No more is holiness respected,  
Submission's lost to all control,  
The timid yield to the defected,  
And fearful crimes in torrents roll !  
'T is risk to brave the lion's anger —  
Appalling is the tiger's tooth —  
Yet far more deadly is the danger  
When man despises law and ruth.



God's woe to those who slight unseemly  
 The torch of life they hold in trust —  
 Its flame is naught — it sparkles dimly —  
 And fields and towns alike are curst !

Joy from God to us is flowing !  
 See how like a golden star,  
 From the shell in polish glowing  
 Shines the metal core afar.  
     Rim and crown so bright  
     Glitter as the light,  
 And th' heraldic blazons gleaming,  
 Praise bespeaks for happy scheming !

Come in ! come in !  
 My men. Stand round me. Heedful listen,  
 The bell I consecrate and christen !  
*Concordia* be its holy name !  
 In union and in heart's association,  
 It shall bring men by loving invitation.  
     And thus its lot we destinate,  
 For this the master does create : —  
 To swing above the earth — by labour  
 Hung high in heaven's azure tent,  
 The hoarsely rolling thunder's neighbour,  
 Guest of the starry firmament !  
 It shall a voice to God be raising —  
 Alike the stars that gently breathe,  
 While rolling on, their makers praising,  
 And years on years melodious wreath.  
 Alone for grave and endless matters  
 Its metal tongue we consecrate,  
 That hourly with its quick-born clatters  
 The flight of Time it may relate.  
 To fate, then, let it lend its tolling —  
 No heart it has — no sense to feel —  
 Yet can it well attest the rolling  
 Of life's for ever changing wheel.  
 And when no more the ear is greeting  
 The ling'ring thunder of its tone,  
 Then learn ye that all things are fleeting,  
 That e'en the world will soon be gone !

Now by cords and mighty gearing,  
 The cradled bell with strength exalt :  
 Amid seraphic hosts — God fearing,  
 It soon will soar in Heaven's vault !  
     Free it — free it — free !  
     See, it moves ; see ! see !  
 Gladness to this town revealing,  
 PEACE — be thou its first-born pealing !

## OMNIBUSES;

THEIR INJURIOUS EFFECTS UPON THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

BY WILLIAM GIBBONS, M. D.

No person who values a sound state of body would ever travel in the present Omnibuses, if it were generally known how absolutely destructive are these public conveyances to the health of every one who frequents them. It is our intention to demonstrate some of the leading objections to these carriages as fit and proper public conveyances, and to accomplish this the reader's attention must first be directed to the construction of the carriage, which indeed may be said to comprise the chief source of all the other objections. What we first perceive upon a mere glance at the build of these vehicles is, that the coachmaker has shown a most wary regard to certain principles which are now so universally acted upon by makers of every thing who are themselves personally interested in a quick and ready disposal of all they make, viz. a niggardly economy of material and a most sparing expenditure of labour. In no one manufactured thing produced from any factory in the kingdom, is the abuse of this disgraceful practice so conspicuously seen as in the build of Omnibuses; the whole ingenuity of the builder being directed to cheapen the production of this destructive engine of human health. The body of the carriage, be it observed, is nothing more than a strong carpentry of plain sided boards, hammered together in the form of a long box, with a lid or door at one end, the seats consisting of two strait planks of wood, stretching from one end to the other on each side, fixed and supported with blocks of wood or iron rests. The top and bottom of the box scarcely differ from each other, except in one particular, which consists, for the most part, in the ceiling being slightly arched to give room for the more convenient packing of hats and bonnets, which inevitably would share the same fate which their wearers are doomed to, and in much quicker time, if this precaution were not adopted. A four-sided long box then describes the body of the vehicle, and if it be added that it is angular at each corner, with neither a curve nor a cushion to disguise the bare planks, with the exception of the seats, which together with about a third of the inside of the box are covered with a fabric of silk and cotton; and if, in addition to this, the windows are enumerated, consisting of five or six on each side, so contrived that if they are closed in a shower of rain they must remain so during the sunshine, and if opened during the sunshine they must remain so during the rain; the description as far as regards the shape and *fittings* of the body of the carriage, will be found complete.

The weight of this huge box, which must be large enough to contain twelve persons, is very great, and requires therefore proportionably strong springs, which, to suit the purpose, are made just sufficiently flexible and *no more*, to yield slightly to the vibrations of the great box above during locomotion, thereby preserving it from the inevitable smashing which so ponderous a body, moving quickly over the rough surface of paved streets and roads, would otherwise encounter. The construction and mechanism of these springs it is necessary to examine with rather more exactness, as they are the agents of all the mischief which it is our especial purpose to expose. It has been already observed, that the springs of Omnibuses are sufficiently flexible to secure the body of the carriage from the consequences of sudden

jars, produced by the irregularities in the road over which they travel ; but, let it be understood, that these springs *merely* serve this purpose, they contribute in no degree to the ease and comfort of the passengers — in fact, they produce a contrary effect ; fixed in the centre as are these thick and barely elastic beams of steel, they are absolutely inflexible to every other lesser weight put upon them than that of the body of the carriage, which they are expressly forged to support, and rarely do they bow or bend in the least degree to the weight above, unless called into action by the sudden concussions given to the vehicle when moving rapidly over the stones. Any person may be satisfied of the truth of this if he will take the trouble to examine the hang of an Omnibus when full and in motion, and mark the same when it is empty and at rest. It will be observed, when an Omnibus is quite empty and at rest, that the springs (of which there are generally four or six in number) are either quite straight or slightly bent upwards at each end : this fixed position of the springs is in no way altered, nor is it sensibly affected by any increased weight imposed upon the springs by the addition of four, eight, or twelve persons within the strong box above them ; the moment the carriage moves then an abrupt jerking motion of the springs takes place, and this is more or less violent in proportion to the velocity of the movement, and the unevenness of the road : this jerking motion is no doubt conservative to the timbers of the body of the carriage, but by no means is it so to the less tough timbers of the people within. Each rebound of the springs to their former fixed points is but another shock superadded to those already given by the wheels, and though this in some degree prevents the wear and tear of the Omnibus, it is most injurious to all who travel in it.

The manner in which this acts prejudicially upon the health may be shortly explained, without entering at length into a dissertation upon animal mechanics. The muscles of the body, though by no means slow to accommodate themselves to every variety of attitude in which the human frame may be thrown, can in no way become subservient, by an instantaneous self-adjustment of their mechanism, to an irregular ever-shifting jerking motion, such as the living machine is exposed to when travelling in these conveyances. The bad effects of this may be easily understood : a very imperfect attempt is made on the part of the muscular apparatus to correct the disturbed balance of the antagonist muscular contractile forces, and hence a very unequal and spasmodic action of the muscles is produced. This violent effort on the part of the muscular apparatus is set up by nature, provisionally, to compensate for the disturbing force communicated by the jerks or concussions to the frame, and by the unsettling motion of the vehicle ; and though it is *partially* successful only in this respect, it is nevertheless the salvation of the living machine for the time being, for, without fear of contradiction, it may be asserted, that were it not for the protection which this self-regulating muscular power affords to the more delicate and susceptible vital organs within the body, such as the heart, the lungs, the liver, and more especially the spinal marrow, as well as the entire nervous system, the rapid and sustained succession of concussions given by the violent motion of these carriages would in a few seconds destroy life. Now it will easily be conceived, from a moment's reflection, how the weak and infirm of body, how persons of delicate muscular fibre, or those whom a predisposition to functional disorder of any of the internal organs has rendered susceptible to such a cause of disturbance ; how many incipient diseases may be established, and how many disordered conditions of body merely may be converted into disease itself, by the habitual and daily exposure of persons of every degree of susceptibility and of temperament to this ex-

causing cause. The degree of injury inflicted upon the internal organs of the body will depend greatly upon the robustness of the external as well as the soundness and healthiness of the internal structure of our frames. Nevertheless, let the muscular structure of the body be ever so strong and vigorous, it is unable to sustain any long-continued resistance to the excessive and unnatural demand made upon its resources, by the prolonged action of any such unwholesome stimuli, and hence the internal organs must suffer sooner or later, whenever the enduring power of the muscles is overcome by fatigue.

The all-subduing power of fatigue is well known to physiologists; it is employed instead of force to conquer the action of muscles in the reduction of dislocated and broken bones; and if the principle so acted upon is applied to explain the manner in which the peculiar fatigue is induced by travelling in the present omnibus carriages, it will at once be seen, how directly they operate to produce the effects complained of.

No sooner have the muscles, employed in supporting the body erect, recovered from one shock than another succeeds it, throwing the body into a new position, and requiring another, and a fresh contractile power, to compensate for and newly adjust the disturbed equilibrium of the frame: thus shock succeeds shock with the greatest rapidity, inducing the body to assume an infinite variety of forms and inflexions, and inevitably calling into action a corresponding and infinite complexity of muscular contractions and relaxations, until at length the fibres, being thoroughly jaded, lose their contractile energy, and, giving way, are no longer able to perform their functions in protecting the internal parts from injury. It is then that the work of destruction commences upon the softer and more vital organs within the body, more especially upon those already morbidly sensitive. It is now that the delicate female, with a predisposition to consumption, is most terribly exposed to all the exciting causes which induce a rapid progress of the fatal, though, perhaps, hitherto, dormant malady. It is at this period of exhaustion of muscular energy *without*, and of resisting power *within*, the breathing laboured and the circulation hurried, that the noxious and impure air contained within the omnibus, or, mayhap, a current of cold air, from a side-window, excites the latent inflammation and establishes disease. Countless are the number of instances which weekly might be recorded of this disease being irrecoverably confirmed in persons (amongst whom the germ is already sown) by this exciting cause: but it is not only the consumptive subject who suffers materially; at this moment of physical exhaustion all persons with a tendency to diseases of the chest of any kind are peculiarly liable: those with affections of the heart more particularly suffer. A number of cases might be quoted to prove the fact, but it will be sufficient to mention one.

A gentleman, of a full habit of body, had for some time been suffering from what his family medical man in the country conceived to be a disturbed state of the digestive functions; but finding that a fair trial of the usual remedies for such disorders availed him nothing in getting rid of the complaint, he was induced to resort to further advice, and for this purpose he came to town, and consulted several eminent physicians, all of whom were of opinion that he laboured under an organic disease of the heart, consequent upon a rheumatic attack, and palliative treatment was advised, enjoining him to avoid all exciting causes of the heart's action, amongst which, it is not presumed that omnibus exercise was enumerated, and it was not likely to occur to the patient that this mode of travelling would prove injurious, as he never complained after it of either pain or uneasiness. One day he was

passing along the Strand, on his way to the city, in an omnibus, and suddenly he fell, as if stupified, across the seats, where, in a few minutes, he died. Upon an examination of the body it was ascertained that he had recently partaken of a full meal of animal and vegetable food, which had been interrupted in its digestion, no doubt, by the jolting of the omnibus. The bloodvessels of the chest and those about the stomach were unnaturally full, and this had impeded the proper flow of blood from the diseased organ — the heart — and was quite sufficient to give rise to the fatal catastrophe.

All diseases of the bones are particularly aggravated, and many are even produced by this mode of travelling. Young people whilst growing, and with a tendency to curvature of the spine, invariably suffer; the muscles which support the back being tried to the uttermost, yield to the frequent concussions which have exhausted their feeble powers, and the bones of the spinal column losing their support, are exposed to the most certain and the most frequent causes of this complaint.

But there is another way in which the greatest possible mischief is occasioned, when these muscles become fatigued; it is the excitement and often the injury produced in the brain itself. Every shock now given to the lower part of the trunk is conveyed, with terrible precision, from one vertebra to the other, up the spinal column to the base of the skull. The functions of the brain are in this way affected. Persons may at the time only feel either exhilarated, or more than ordinarily excitable; a rapid flow of ideas rush across the mind; in some the imagination is morbidly at work, and all kinds of fanciful creations are engendered; a quick succession of thoughts upon a variety of subjects pass before the mind with very little connection, and are too transient to be retained by the memory afterwards. Almost all persons who are much given to travel in omnibuses, will plead guilty to having experienced some degree of this kind of excitement. There are many to whom these sensations are so disagreeable, that it is the greatest torture to be exposed to their infliction.

To some persons such sensations may appear only temporary in their effects, whether they are accompanied either with disagreeable or pleasurable excitement; nevertheless, the condition of the brain, at the time we feel them, is a morbid one, and in some respects resembles that state which is produced by drinking any highly stimulating liquor, — a determination of blood to the head is the result, and the habitual excitement of this morbid action, no matter how it is produced, provokes disease of the brain in the healthiest subject, and of course aggravates it excessively where there is the slightest natural tendency to it. The headach, which is so commonly complained of, after travelling in these carriages, when the attendant noise and excitement has subsided, is a positive proof of the disturbed functions of the brain.

It is not within the limits of this journal to bring forward individual cases in proof of the alleged unfitness of these carriages for public conveyances; they have been denounced long since by many; every one feels and admits their discomfort; and if their tendency to aggravate and promote disease is rendered evident upon scientific principles founded on facts, it surely becomes important for the health of the metropolis that the evil should be corrected.

The number of persons daily travelling in these carriages is averaged at about thirty-five thousand in and about the neighbourhood of London; if, therefore, there is any truth in the arguments made use of here against them, how vast must be their influence in swelling the bills of mortality.

Diseases ending in death are seldom very carefully traced to the specific causes which excite them; and though the exertions of the statistical society,

formed of late years for this purpose, in London, have, aided by the faculty, given very careful averages, derived from particular data, of the amount of persons whose deaths are occasioned by the various diseases incidental to a million and a half of people; yet there does not seem to be a sufficient distinction drawn, in the mode of calculation, between the diseases which cause death, and the *exciting causes* of those diseases. To know that a hundred people died of pleurisy is one thing, but to know that they all died of pleurisy from exposure to currents of cold air in omnibuses, is another thing. In like manner a hundred persons may die of apoplexy, excited by the pernicious stimulus given to the brain by jolting in these carriages; but where is the use of knowing *merely* that apoplexy killed them? — With as much correctness might all the people who have their throats cut by murderers be registered amongst those who die from hæmorrhage.

Inquiries of this kind can only be useful in ascertaining the most fruitful causes of disease, with a view to caution persons against exposing themselves to their liabilities; in this way only can the bills of mortality be lessened, and an inquiry into the effects of locomotion by omnibuses upon the health of the population of London is well worthy of careful investigation.

Carriage exercise, to be perfectly free from all the injurious consequences here enumerated, may be summed up, in two words, to consist of *pleasant locomotion*. If the motion of the conveyance is agreeable, we need not examine the springs to ascertain whether they possess the proper degree of flexibility: do we breathe, unembarrassed and freely, the fresh air, uncontaminated by any admixture of other persons' breath, we need not look to see whether the carriage is well ventilated, for whenever locomotion is unattended with any thing (sensibly to our feelings) either noxious or disagreeable, we may fairly, and without any manner of doubt, conclude that, if we are fit for exercise of any kind whatever, *this* cannot prove injurious, but, on the contrary, may be even accessory to our bodily health, and thus contribute to the prolongation of life.

## ON A WITHERED FLOWER.

O WONDROUS power of Thought,  
 This faded flower hath brought  
 Back on my heart a sunny day of spring.  
 Again the wind's sweet breath  
 Wakes from its silent death,  
 And that long perish'd bird once more I hear it sing.  
 And now a mist of light  
 Grows stronger on my sight,  
 Shaping itself into a form most dear.  
 Once more I gaze upon  
 Features I deem'd had gone,  
 My child — my buried child — I know that you are near!  
 I feel a bright form stand  
 (One of the scrapp band)  
 Close at my side as in the days gone by:  
 I hear his little feet,  
 With my long steps complete  
 I walk along — nor turn around mine eye.

## A WEST INDIAN STORY.

## THE INSTALMENT OF A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, AND "WETTING" OF HIS COMMISSION.

It was in a narrow and steep road,—bordered on one side by deep ravines, the remaining evidences of the desolating effects of earthquakes and hurricanes, to which the island of Jamaica is subjected, and which tradition asserts were the seat of verdant plains anterior to the memorable earthquake of 1692, which engulfed half of the town of Port Royal in the briny depth, and on the other with overhanging honeycomb rocks, with here and there a palmetto displaying its smooth and unknotted trunk, and towering in majesty above the stunted shrubs which issued from the fissures of the rocks,—that Howard Thornton walked, contemplating, as he went along, the omnipotence of Him who can create and destroy with a breath, and picturing in his vivid imagination what might once have been there, conjuring together a combination of luxuriant cane fields, substantial sugar mills, plentiful herds of cattle, and a cheerful peasantry, each receiving improvement from active industry, aided by the protective hand of God. In the midst of his reverie a stentorian "hollo" apprised him that something human was near. Turning round to ascertain from whence proceeded so unusual a salutation, he perceived the overseer, or agricultural superintendant, of a neighbouring estate, cantering down the hill on a pony, something under the size of a Galloway. The superintendant introduced himself by remarking on the beauty of the morning. After a few commonplace remarks, he inquired whether Thornton was going to the Bay, and was answered in the negative.

"Then," replied the superintendant, "as we are but a mile and a half, perhaps you will favour me with your company to the Bay, where I purpose to be present at the installation of Mr. M'Doodle."

"Into what dignity, pray, is he to be installed?"

"A justice of the peace," said the superintendant.—"It is the usual practice, you must know, with our custos, to dispense his favours on those who are likely to add to the increase of his finances. Tommy M'Doodle was lately made overseer, and, being a son of the north, he knows how to curry favour. A dreadful epidemic raged among the labourers of his estate, and he fell short of hands; he immediately waits on the custos, and, making as many salaams as the subject of an eastern prince in the presence chamber, informs him of the event, and applies to hire his 'jobbing gang,' with many assurances of the pleasure it will afford him always to call on 'his honour' on a similar event happening: the employment of the 'jobbing gang' was followed by that of waggons, carts, and carpenters. Such a succession could not but kindle gratitude in 'his honour's' bosom, and being colonel of the militia he made Tom an ensign. On the other hand, this generous appointment conferred an honour on Tom, and gave an impulse to his ambition; he sought still further to gratify the custos, and endeavour to eke something more out of him;—he has succeeded, and is this day to be sworn in as a magistrate."

"I presume talent is one of Mr. M'Doodle's conspicuous attributes, but I doubt much whether integrity of purpose is akin to such subserviency."

"Talent! no—our custos, like the blind goddess, distributes his favours without a proper consideration of individual merit, and all that M'Doodle

can boast is his good-nature, which may counteract the evils that ignorance might otherwise produce."

At this time our travellers were within sight of the clerk of the peace's office, and the superintendent, alighting from his horse, entered with Howard, through a gaping ignorant crowd, who were assembled to witness Mr. M'Doodle's elevation.

In a large room, called the magistrate's court, at the upper end of a table, stood an old man of a majestic stature, apparently about sixty: his face bore witness to the tanning effect of a tropical sun; he had an aquiline nose, a lofty forehead, a pleasing countenance, and what would be called by phrenologists a good head: all these completed the *tout ensemble* of this picture of judicial discrimination. Howard, rather disposed to judge him by the tests of Lavater and Spurzheim, felt some hesitation in giving credence to the tale told by the superintendent. "'Tis impossible," he said, "that under that manly brow can lurk such selfish feelings as you have described, and such a betrayal of judgment; I am sure his actions are not swayed by self-engrossment." "'Tis too true," replied the superintendent; "your physiognomist is not more correct than I am: you seem to have taken Lavater for your guide; if he has been generally right, he is here individually wrong, and our custos is a known exception."

On the custos's right hand stood M'Doodle, and on *his* right stood a little man with a red face, holding in his right hand a Bible, which he tendered to Mr. M'Doodle; and in the left a parchment writing, with a large waxen seal appended, called the "Broad Seal of Jamaica;" it was indeed a broad seal, for it was equal in its breadth to its length. M'Doodle's intimate friends placed themselves around the table, and the spectators filled up the surrounding space, some of them standing on chairs, to see more distinctly the ceremony. The principal parties being arranged, the constable commanded silence: the gazing multitude, among whom before were heard murmurs and whisperings, now became as still and as quiet as midnight. The custos, in an audible voice, then said,—"Gentlemen, by virtue of this *dedimus potestatem* to me directed, I shall proceed to administer the oath of allegiance and supremacy, and the oath of office, to Thomas M'Doodle, esquire, whom his excellency the governor has been pleased to appoint a magistrate."

Poor Tom stood in mute astonishment, apparently unconscious of the preparation, till the not inharmonious appellation of esquire, the first time added to his name, raised within him a feeling of exultation, and he seemed aroused from his abstraction. To Thornton every thing seemed clothed with an injudicial appearance, and was indicative of any purpose but that for which they were assembled. The oaths were administered and taken, as oaths there are frequently taken, not preserving in the reading that tone impressive of the solemn appeal, but hurried on in a low voice by the clerk.

The formality of swearing being over, M'Doodle was on all sides congratulated on his elevation, and his "blushing honours" came quite thick upon him: he thanked, and re-thanked, and as the great arbitress, Custom, had on those occasions, from time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," established a precedent, M'Doodle was too glad of an opportunity to follow the dictates of his own inclination which so well accorded with established usage; and he therefore invited his friends to a "feed." The proverbial hospitality of the country would not allow him to exclude Thornton, although he was a stranger, from the evening's assembly: an invitation, through the superintendent, was given and accepted in the same manner; and the formalities of an introduction having



been gone through, Thornton was provided with a saddled horse, and the parties all quitted in the direction of —, to celebrate M'Doodle's appointment.

The company formed a cavalcade of about thirty strong, and after a pleasant ride of two hours arrived at the residence of their host. His *maitre d'hôtel*, spurred on by the arrival of a messenger from Tom, expedited the cuisiniers, and the guests had not long to wait before the covers were laid. Thornton, in the mean time, took a view of the apartments, which were elegantly furnished, but without due order. Surely, thought he, Mrs. M'Doodle must be of the same mould as her husband, or she would have displayed a better household arrangement: she will favour us with her company perhaps, and from these appearances I will not be disappointed if she proves not what woman ought to be. But no Mrs. M'Doodle was forthcoming, for Tom thought he would be more happy alone, and would not be encumbered, as he said, "with a piece of live lumber;" and he therefore did not take the trouble to seek a wife: the household was managed by Tom and his man Friday, in whose untutored soul order or taste had not yet assumed a place.

Mr. M'Doodle and his guests seated themselves at dinner, and were attended by half a dozen black domestics. The table was covered with all the delicacies which abound in the tropics; soups of several kinds, among them a homely-made broth called "pepper pot," and turtle soup, soon disappeared to make room for calipaver and June fishes; occasional glasses of Madeira were taken, which gave appetite for the game which was both excellent and varied; land-crabs — the creature which reminds those within the tropics of their insignificance after death — cooked in their shells, and called "scalloped crabs," were no mean accompaniment; and, in short, nothing but dear woman's charming society, to humanise and restrain the men, was wanting to complete the arrangements of M'Doodle.

During the masticatory process each gentleman drank to his neighbour in the peculiar style of planters' conviviality, and "Your very good health, sir," was echoed and re-echoed on all sides of the table. One gentleman, before the removal of the cloth, was about to propose the health of their honoured host, but another, who had not forgotten that portion of English etiquette which he had learnt while he was waiter on Lord C——, quietly hinted to him the propriety of pausing till the cloth was removed. With the disappearance of the cloth, however, disappeared his former desire to exercise his loquacious powers, and a dead silence having been for some time observed, Thornton, in the exuberance of his good-nature, and disposed to restore the former good feeling which prevailed, asked the superintendant if there would be any objection to his proposing a toast. Mr. M'Doodle, whose ear had been long listening for such an announcement, without consulting his guests, and anticipating that he would be the subject, quickly answered, "None whatever; pray proceed, Mr. Thornton." Thornton, without attributing to his host any good qualities which he did not possess, congratulated him on his elevation, praised his epicurean taste which had provided so sumptuous an entertainment, and concluded by wishing him the enjoyment of a long life, which he trusted he would exclusively devote to the good of his species. As soon as he had finished, up started a tall sallow-faced gentleman, whose jaundiced hue was an informer of his having suffered from yellow fever, and proposed that to evince the great respect which they entertained for their host they should drink his health in a bumper, with fifteen times fifteen. The glasses and decanters rang with their loud hurras, the sable waiters thought that they too were privileged to join in the jubilee,

and each strove to elevate his voice above his companions, and for full five minutes one incessant clang, from master and men, ran through the long vestibule. As all things must have an end, so had this planters' convivial clamour, and order was again restored. Mr. M'Doodle, then, in the pride of magisterial dignity, drew up his cravat, for he had shown no collar, and smoothing down his aldermanic corporation, as if to send to repose all irrelevant matter, or summon from its enormous repository what should more properly be found in the "dome of thought," raised himself, elevating his double chin somewhat higher than usual, and opening wide his small eyes, as if to survey all around, and take the gauge and dimension of the room, began,— "Gentlemen——" "Top, Massa," roared Friday, from the lower end of the apartment, and running up to his master, said, "You forget de grace, sir." Mr. M'Doodle immediately seated himself on the warning of his domestic, on whom it appeared many privileges were conferred, and among them it seems that this thick-lipped son of Africa had assumed those of jester. Friday apologised for his master, and he immediately desired the negro priest to pronounce the benediction. Friday, as full of consequence in *his* office as his master in *his*, made a few strides to the table, pressing the palm of each of his hands on a tumbler, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and said, —

"God be praised,  
Massa tomac \* him raise."

This outpouring of the ignorant negro for his master excited no surprise in any of the guests but Thornton, who, not being acquainted with this Anglo-African jargon, sought an interpretation from the superintendant. This solemn duty being paid, our host rose, and spoke nearly to the following effect: —

"Gentlemen, I feel obliged for the honour you have done me in drinking my health with such unbounded applause. I cannot express to you how much I feel. It is true I have the honour to be a magistrate; and, gentlemen, it is a very great honour, for his excellency the governor has great confidence in me, and calls me, 'our trusty and well-beloved Thomas M'Doodle, *esquire*,'— *esquire*, gentlemen, 'greeting'; and he says more — he says that he reposes in my skill and learning: therefore, you see, gentlemen, that to become a magistrate one must have skill and learning too, which I have, or the governor would not have appointed me; and, gentlemen, as I am now a magistrate, the parish will derive great benefit from me, for you will not be at the trouble of going out of the parish to swear to your coffee certificates and your crop accounts, but you will have me near to administer the oath on the holy evangelists; and that will be a great advantage, gentlemen. I shall always be ready to act in any way that I can be useful in my magisterial capacity, and I beg to conclude, gentlemen, with proposing all your good healths."

While M'Doodle was labouring to deliver himself of this speech, Friday, who, with two of his companions, had withdrawn to that part of the room where the wines had been placed for cooling, proposed to give them a "peech," and to hear their opinion whether he spoke better than his master. Aping Mr. M'Doodle, he began, — "Gentleman, I lub my massa; him berry good man sometime; to-morrow him go gib wi plenty cold meat; but next day, if passion catch him, him gib wi plenty fum-fum. Now, Quashie and Cudjoe, you ugly niggars, drink to Massa M'Doodle, and say, like dem buckra, 'hurra!'" Before Friday could learn the opinions of his friends

as to his eloquence, he was hurried away by a demand from his master to bring more wine.

Toasts without number were proposed and quaffed in Madeira, Champagne, and Lafitte, and Tom and his planter guests thought that all should drink deep, and that it would be irreligion not to reel on such an occasion.

M'Doodle, notwithstanding the prodigious quantity of wine he had taken, sat unmoved, while some of his guests fell out of their chairs, and others, on attempting to walk, reeled to and fro; many sunk on the polished floor into calm repose. With their sights bedimmed from their copious and potent libations, and their auricular organs blunted of their acuteness, it could not be expected that on suddenly awaking they could exercise much discrimination in the use of either sense, and a confused noise would to them be supposed to arise from any other cause than the true one. The caterwauling of some cats had disturbed the poultry at roost, and commingling with the cackling of the hens, and the crowing of the cocks, produced a most discordant music, which to an inebriated man was one of an indescribable character. Friday, who had been sacrificing also very freely, was not to be excluded from the group of prostrate men; but, if there was any difference in degree, it was that, while the others were snoring aloud, Friday occasionally blinked one eye, as if to keep watch with the other, and if his master should be aroused, to show that he was not quite asleep; or perhaps it was to watch the "trange gentleman" who sat reading before the candle. Friday, who had been lying on his back, turned round on his right side, and removing his hand from under his head, which had served him for a pillow, laid his ear closer to the floor, and seemed for a full half-hour to be listening to the noise which now began to increase; on a sudden he started up, and roused his master with the cry of "Bad nigga, massa, bad nigga, massa—git up!"

This unsophisticated child of Africa had felt slavery, perhaps, in its mildest form, and known little of its horrors; he had an eccentric but kind master, who satisfied his few and trifling wants, and who would often have exhibited his power of punishing him, had not Friday been too much of a philosopher not to see the weak points of his master, and know that "flattery direct seldom disgusts;" by the timely use of which he averted many a blow, and so ingratiated himself with Mr. M'Doodle as to become his right-hand man or first lieutenant. Being therefore contented with *his* lot, he could not account why his fellow-slaves should make an effort to throw off man's impious dominion over man, and free themselves from a thralldom which, with all its ameliorations, presents to an enlightened mind submission the most humiliating, and horrors the most aggravating. He was, therefore, always on the look-out; and this being the season of their relaxation from work, when they usually congregate in large numbers, an outbreak was expected. The alarm given by Friday to his master was sufficient, for he was haunted with forebodings of insurrections, and might have been dreaming of the subject when the faithful negro aroused him. He opened his eyes wide, as if to show Friday that he was quite awake, and inquired what was the matter. "Dem bad nigga, da come, massa, me yerry dem: da make noise, plenty, plenty." M'Doodle perceiving Thornton regardless of the passing scene and intent on reading, diverted his attention by singing out loud enough to be heard,—"An attack from a band of rebels, Mr. Thornton, we must prepare for our defence. Friday, run and bring all the muskets and fowling-pieces. What a pity, sir," turning to Thornton, "we have no balls, but we must use snipe and duck shot. Bring the powder-flask and all the shot-belts in the corner of the 'big room.'—Sad work this will be, Mr. Thornton."

"I fear," replied Thornton, "that the disturbance of your sleep has raised up a chimera which you imagine to be real; there is no danger whatever."

"Danger, sir; I tell you there is danger. You do not know the negro character as I do. When your throat is cut, you will not say there is ——" Before he had finished the sentence there issued forth another union of sounds; the dogs had joined the cats and fowls with their howling, and coming full on M'Doodle's imagination, he said, "There, sir, that is their war-cry — there is danger. Make haste, Friday." Without remaining to be persuaded of his error, he ran to wake the guests, several of whom quarrelled with him for disturbing their sleep; but the idea of danger soon quieted them, and in an instant they became transformed into something like rational beings, no longer the besotted creatures of bacchanalian indulgence.

If there be one period better than another for trying men, it is that of danger; it exercises such a force over the human mind, that all succumbs to the means of self-preservation, regardless of results; and man forgets his position, whether natural or assumed, and at once concentrates his energies in a compass having self for its object. Had a stranger seen these gentlemen a few hours before, and contrasted their present with their past state, and not knowing how such a wonderful change was wrought, he would feel himself unable to assign any reason for their immediate return to rationality.

The guns were brought and distributed among the guests — they were primed, loaded, and shouldered, as at monthly militia muster, and each eagerly waited for command: one among them, having been blessed with a little more prudence than the majority, advised them to wait till they received instructions from some responsible authority. M'Doodle sharply inquired if he was not a responsible authority. "I am a justice of the peace, sir, and will read you my commission." Going a few paces, he took the instrument from his desk and read — "To Thomas M'Doodle, esquire, greeting — We, reposing full confidence in your skill and learning. — There, sir," said he, "have you any doubt of my authority?" "No," responded some dozen voices; "give us the word." "Then, gentlemen, I, Thomas M'Doodle, esquire, greeting, command you to point your firelocks in the direction you hear the noise." They did so. "Are you ready?" said Tom; "then fire and load as fast as you can, and fire till you have silenced the rebels." Thus they went on, and volley succeeded volley till the uproar had subsided. One of the party proposed to go out and dip some part of their garments in the blood of the wounded, which they would transmit to posterity as a trophy of their victory over the rebels of Saint Thomas in the East, but M'Doodle's caution did not forsake him on this occasion, and he proposed to wait till daylight, as danger might be near. "I think you are right," said one; "and never before did I discover the truth of Shakspeare's maxim; I think with him that 'discretion is the better part of valour,' and we had better remain in-doors;" to which they all agreed.

"I think we deserve a good glass of punch each after our exertions," said M'Doodle; and walking to the sideboard, to which he was followed by the others, they helped themselves, and drank to their successful victory over the rebels of Saint Thomas in the East. "Now, gentlemen, I think we might safely retire to enjoy a little sleep, and I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you all with beds," said M'Doodle. One gentleman, pointing to the floor, said "Be under no apprehension for our comfort, we will go back to our former lodging;" and suiting the action to the word, and the

word to the action, they stretched themselves out very contentedly, and soon fell asleep.

Thornton during the battle ensconced himself behind a screen, where he remained, as, had he been present, it would have been a great insult to the host not to join him in a glass of punch; and, unwilling to continue in this bacchanalian orgie, he retired, and fortunately found a sofa, on which he threw himself, and as soon as the silence of the room assured him of his fellow-guests' repose, he soon sank into a comfortable sleep, and with the others did not awake till summoned by Friday to breakfast.

To breakfast all repaired: there was a superfluity of viands here, and had cups and saucers not been seen, Thornton, as a stranger, might have thought that in the west the order of breakfast and dinner with us is reversed there, and that they dined as early as 9 o'clock in the morning; but under a genial climate there is no want of appetite, and men eat at all the appointed hours of the day for feasting in the same proportion. Amidst this sumptuous provision there was something which appeared unaccountably strange when the covers were removed — there was not a dish which contained any of the feathery race that did not present some portion of the animal to be wanting! "Is it to save your poultry from dying a natural death that you thus maimed them, and treat us to the fruits of your economy, M'Doodle?" inquired one guest. Thornton knew what little share the exercise of the will had in this affair, and he could soon have unriddled the mystery, but delicacy to his host prevented him; but the other guests, who were not so scrupulous, demanded from Friday the reason of such oddities. The good-natured and faithful slave, like the old butler of Wolf's Crag, unwilling to expose, not his master's poverty but his folly, quickly answered, in his semi-barbarous tongue, "Dat trokey," pointing to a legless turkey, "was a foolish bird; him leab de fowl-yawd, and go walk by river side; him see young alligator; intead of him run way from him, him go close, and alligator catch him foot, and when him da go bite him head den him memba say him hab wing, and him fly way home, and you see, massa, how him tand." On being asked the reason why a pullet was without a wing, he replied with as much confidence as before, "Dat fowl, massa, him leab him mammy, massa, before it been time; him mammy leab him ratta nyam; him mammy and tem torra fowl no mind him, and him grow fool, fool: him see rat-trap open, him go tek him wing fi draw out de corn dem set fi catch rat, and trap cut off him wing." To every inquiry Friday was as fertile in answers as could well be imagined, and it was extraordinary that a ray of light had not flashed on the minds of the assembled guests, and enlightened them upon the true causes of the unnatural condition of the fowls. But the fumes of wine do not immediately dissipate, and some hours elapse before men readily recal the transactions happening in the jovial period; such it was with these gentlemen, and several condemned Friday's ingenuity of thought, and hesitated not to impute to this poor child of Africa acts of theft. Mr. M'Doodle had too much confidence in Friday's honesty, and he repudiated the charge in a becoming spirit of indignation. "I have known him," he said, "from his youth, and I know that he abominates thieving: he is given to a little fun, and I will learn from him the reason of this; but he would not steal the leg of a turkey or wing of a fowl, when he and his mother have the poultry yard with its contents unknown to me under their charge."

This defence of poor Friday put the doubting gentlemen to silence, and created in Thornton's mind a more favourable impression of M'Doodle; he did not suppose from what little he had seen, that M'Doodle in the abstract

would cherish any kind feelings for the blacks, or that he would take the trouble to negative an unkind insinuation against one of their race.

The breakfast being demolished, Mr. M'Doodle ordered his guests' horses to be brought, and Howard was about to take his departure with them, but M'Doodle pressed him so kindly to remain, and looked as if he could say something to him if left alone, that he was prevailed on to stop : a promise to show him the process of sugar and rum manufacture, and the beauties of the estate, which abounded in scenery, cascades, and grottos, were too strong inducements to forego, and this, perhaps, fixed Thornton on stopping : the other guests took their leave, and with them departed the noisy bustle and rude rejoicing which their presence had introduced.

M'Doodle, being now left alone with Thornton, enumerated the number of estates he had been located on since his arrival from Scotland, related his early struggles with adversity and his subsequent prosperity, and enjoining perseverance in Thornton, at once recommended him to become his bookkeeper, and he would soon advance him to the road to fortune. Thornton, who was only travelling for amusement and with an ample fortune, did not require the aid of such a patron, and politely thanking him, respectfully declined his offer ; and at M'Doodle's further entreaty promised to make his house his abode for some days more.

That hour of the day when the sun becomes vertical, and its heat is less felt, the colonists choose for riding or walking in the country. Thornton chose it for the latter, and walked out alone round the works of the estate. The labourers were at their daily toil, and the windmill was performing its rotatory motion, having its sails filled with a gentle sea-breeze ; the air was cool and refreshing, the sun shone brightly, and all nature looked cheerful and smiling ; some dozens of children half clad, but sleek and fat, were gathering canes in the mill-yard to take to the mill for grinding ; they were grouped into little bands headed by the eldest of their juvenile associates, all directed by a duenna who carried in her hand a birch rod, rather as an emblem of authority and fear than of correction, to collect the little stragglers when they had fallen from their ranks, and the adults were singing a pleasant air, which perhaps reminded them of their harvest-season in Africa. It was a scene in which nature seemed reconciled with herself — it was one that the indifference of a stoic could not enter in, and he would admire all before him. Thornton was enraptured at the sight, and while he viewed the smiling faces, and compared the seeming happiness of these children of Africa with the starving peasantry of England, he felt that man would surrender his liberty to avoid the sufferings of want, but on a sudden a gloom overshadowed his countenance, for he remembered

" That that day which makes man a slave  
Robs him of half his worth."

Warmed with the enthusiasm of an Englishman he judged the nation by himself, and felt that his countrymen would sooner die of hunger than accept riches without liberty — that with her " poverty looks cheerful ;" and full of these noble thoughts he bent his way to the dwelling-house. On the steps he was preceded by an old woman with a large basket covered with a clean cloth. M'Doodle was waiting his return, and coming forward to meet him on the landing of the stairs, he saw the old woman. " What news to-day, Quasheba ?" said M'Doodle. " Bad news, massa—bad news, sa. Jumby play trick wid de fowl. Me go dis morning fi feed fowl, massa ; me see one no hab no foot, tarra one hab no yeye, some sick can't walk, and all a dem look like sa duppy put mout pon dem. Me bring tootry fi show you, massa." On uplifting the cloth she brought out a helpless lot of fowls.

ducks, and turkeys, all suffering from the effects of gunshot wounds, which the poor creature ascribed to the machinations of some evil genius. Thornton could not restrain his laughter, and begged Mr. M'Doodle to dismiss the woman, and he would explain the mishap to the poultry. He did so, first desiring her to make soup of the wounded fowls for the children.

Thornton introduced the subject of the night's transactions, and with little difficulty brought to M'Doodle's mind the occurrence. Stricken with shame, he would have sacrificed almost any thing had the circumstance been unknown to a stranger; but with all the assumed indifference of the other guests, there were others, as the sequel will show, who were quite as observant as Thornton. Making a virtue of necessity, M'Doodle attempted to extenuate his conduct by urging his situation as host, which obliged him to make his guests "comfortable," and carried him beyond his accustomed habits. Thornton saw too plainly that his host keenly felt his weakness, and he endeavoured at once to set him at ease: he assured him that he did not see that he could adopt any other course, and as for the freak of last night, "'t is trivial," said Howard, "'tis better 'tis no worse: hear what the poet says,—

" 'T is better dead drunk upon these stones to fall,  
Than to expire and not revive at all."

M'Doodle's confidence was now restored: he became very communicative; gave a second edition of his adventures, and rather interested Thornton: his behaviour to him for the few days he remained at his residence was of the kindest nature; he omitted to show him nothing, and explained all the minutiae of a sugar estate, and, in short, treated him with that English hospitality which has long since disappeared with the good old days of Queen Bess.

The time for Howard's leaving the country was near at hand: he received a note from the captain of the ship, in which he had taken his passage, that he would be ready for sea in five days, and as he had to prepare his sea stores, he reluctantly bade adieu to Mr. M'Doodle, and started off to the port in which his ship lay at anchor.

For the few days he remained on shore he visited several places in the town, and was considerably mortified to hear M'Doodle's installation discussed with the poultry war. He little thought that there were others who could discriminate besides himself; and had imagined that as the subject would not be related by M'Doodle, it would never be heard, as with him it should remain sacred; but he was mistaken — not only the parish, but the whole country knew it. The mention of the circumstance was a disclosure of the secrets of the prison-house; it was an abuse of the confidence of the host, who, in an over-anxious desire to make his friends welcome by indulging in conviviality, had been thus subjected to the criticisms and jeers of those who had shared his hospitality, and to the lampoons of every dirty scribbler in his neighbourhood. Human nature cannot stand the attacks of false friends; the abuse of friendship is too poignant to be endured; ridicule from friends is insupportable. M'Doodle, notwithstanding his homely character and want of education, was kind and benevolent, willing to do good in his own way, and from his want of observation thought that all men were of the same caliber as himself, and not of contrary dispositions: the ridicule of his friends gnawed him to his very vitals; he pined secretly; and after Howard's arrival in England he received a letter from Jamaica communicating the circumstances of M'Doodle's death—he died broken-hearted, without having once publicly enjoyed the object of his ambition for which he thirsted. Thus, reader, the appointment of a good but unqualified man as a justice of the peace ended in the death of his poultry — shame, and subsequent death of himself.

## BANKING AND EXCHANGES.

IN our number for September we endeavoured to show, that what is called "an unfavourable exchange" is favourable to the *exporter* from Britain to foreign countries; and that, as the value of our exports exceeds the value of our imports, what is called an "unfavourable exchange" is favourable to the nation at large; and we gave a case in illustration, which would enable all those who might object to our opinion to confute us, by simply producing a case in which the exporter is a loser by an unfavourable exchange, so mis-called. We did not think it necessary to add, that an exchange which is favourable to the exporter must be unfavourable to the importer; but we have reason to think that this fact, however obvious, should have been stated.

Such being, as we apprehend, the state of the case, we repeat that the adoption of any system in the currency ought not to be rejected merely because it will, or may, "turn the exchanges against this country" — a favourite phrase, but in our opinion egregiously misapplied.

Since the publication of our September number various articles have appeared in the newspapers, lamenting the decrease of bullion in the Bank, and the unfavourable state of the exchanges — enumerating the perplexing terms of the circulation, deposits, securities, assets, and liabilities of the Bank — deprecating the suspension of cash payments, admitting at the same time that the bullion in the Bank amounts not to one-fourth part of the circulation of bank-notes, adverting also to Mr. Loyd's opinion, that the Bank should not be a bank of *deposit* and *discount*, and also a bank of issue.

As this opinion continues to attract much attention, and as it can be discussed independently of any other part of the subject, we shall incur the charge of repetition by again examining it. In the first place, all the banks of Scotland are banks of deposit, discount, and issue: they are all thriving; their stock bears generally a great, and some of them an immense, premium; and a failure of any of them, and still more loss by any of them, is an event of rare occurrence indeed. Of those very few which have stopped payment, most, if not all, have subsequently paid their notes in full. Now this is a fact which no writer on banking can safely or fairly overlook, however inconsiderable Scotland may be as a commercial country as compared to England. The banks in Scotland are almost the only establishments where spare capital can be deposited. There are in Scotland few or no such characters as a London banker or London bill-broker: if such characters were to be readily found, we should decidedly object to their banks being banks of deposit, as we object to the Bank of England being a bank of deposit, unless, perhaps, upon the plan of the Bank of France, as alluded to in our September number. In London spare capital should be deposited with the private banker or bill-broker, to whom it is profitable, and by whom it is most advantageously for the public distributed. In the Bank of England it is locked up, certainly without use to the Bank, and comparatively without benefit to the trading public. We therefore entirely agree with Mr. Loyd's objection to the Bank of England, which is a bank of issue, being at the same time a bank of deposit, which he appears to us to contend for; but entirely disagree with his opinion that, being a bank of issue, it should not at the same time be a bank of discount; and his opinion in this respect seems at variance with his description of a bank of issue (paragraph ix. of his searching pamphlet of February, 1837). "The sole duty of the former *i. e.* a bank of issue, is to take efficient means for issuing its paper upon good



security, and regulating the amount of it by one fixed rule." Again he says (p. 46. of Mr. Loyd's "Further Reflections"), "As a mere regulator of the currency, she (viz. the Bank) would keep out the requisite amount of notes, either by purchase of government securities, or by loans of money upon stated terms made to the highest bidder." Are not bank-notes issued by discounting mercantile bills as legitimate and beneficial a mode to be followed by the Bank of England for *keeping out its notes*, as that proposed by Mr. Loyd? \*

We think it a silly phrase (we do not speak it offensively), when it is said, as it is said by multitudes, that the power of creating money should be taken from the Bank. Do Reid, Irving, and Co., and Baring and Co., create money when they accept bills of exchange against value? Does the Bank of England create money when it gives to the holder of such acceptances bank-notes in such various sums as may be convenient to the holder, in exchange for these acceptances, and which the Bank holds as security? Without such or similar acceptances on the part of our merchants, and without such or similar discounts on the part of the Bank, or a bank, the commerce of this country would inevitably be annihilated.

The Bank of England, it is to be observed, is always a purchaser of bullion, substituting its own paper for the amount so purchased, and so prevented from going into circulation. What are the advantages of this system? Do not answer, that whilst the Bank is obliged to pay their notes in gold when gold is demanded, the Bank must therefore have gold in store, for the gold *thus obtained* is purchased with its own notes, which increase exactly as its hoards of gold increase.

Mr. Loyd has published another pamphlet, "Remarks on the Management of the Circulation, &c." January, 1840. As may be expected from the attainments of the author, this pamphlet contains a great deal of information, though nothing material on the subject of currency that is not contained in his first pamphlet of February, 1837. The Bank of England, Mr. Loyd continues to insist, should act as manager of the circulation merely, and consequently must neither be a bank of discount nor of deposit. As manager of the currency it should increase its circulation of notes with a reference to the bullion in the coffers of the bank, augmenting the circulation of the notes as the bullion augments, and contracting the circulation of the notes as the bullion decreases. These points we referred to in our number of September last, and we now add, that the contracting of the circulation of the notes as the bullion in the Bank decreases, seems infallibly to lead to an absurd conclusion, to wit, that if all the bullion should be withdrawn from the Bank (an event which Mr. Loyd will not assert to be impossible) we should have, as far as the Bank is concerned, no circulating medium whatever.

Mr. Loyd has shown beyond contradiction, that the Bank of England has deviated from the plan of holding in bullion or coin a third part of its available funds, retaining in securities, the aggregate of which was to be unaltered, two-thirds of these funds. But the deviation of the Bank from a plan proposed by the Bank itself, is a matter of inferior moment: not what the conduct of the directors of the Bank has been, but what the Bank of England should be, is the question. As to *any* bank declaring that it will keep its securities invariable in amount, or in other words, that in as far as depends upon its power it will limit the extent of our commercial transactions, the attempt seems as unjust as it would prove impracticable. Let

\* Government securities, we repeat, they should not be permitted to purchase.

those who recommend it remember the legend of Canute, and how he exposed and reproved his flatterers by whom he had been assured that every thing was possible to him. He ordered, says the story, his chair to be set on the seashore when the tide was rising, and commanded the billows to obey the lord of the ocean and retire, but the advancing waves soon obliged the monarch thus dubbed omnipotent to shift his quarters. If we too might hazard a simile, we should designate *Commerce* as the rising tide, the demands of which will sweep away all such arbitrary regulations of the Bank of England.

Mr. Loyd in his last pamphlet pays a high compliment to the stability and management of the Scotch banks. Their stability is all that we insisted on, but the consequence of this stability is, that gold is not called for in Scotland in exchange for their notes; though it may be *legally* called for by the holders of every such note in circulation.

The capital of the Bank of England, including the debt due to it by the Government, is about eighteen millions. Will not this give sufficient stability in England, and prevent a run upon the Bank by the public for gold?

In the midst of Mr. Loyd's liberal praise of the banking concerns of Scotland, it is difficult to suppress a smile at what he supposes the vices of the system. "As banking establishments they are unexceptionable, but as managers of the circulation of that country, possessing the power of regulating and controlling the amount of the paper issues, we much doubt whether they will be found to be free from those vices which attach generally to all systems involving a multiplicity of issuers."

Again (p. 83.), it is in substance objected to the Scotch banks, that the same variation in prices, the same spirit of speculation, the same commercial storms which occasionally desolate the manufacturing plains of Yorkshire and Lancashire, are not arrested in their progress when they reach the borders. Glasgow and Paisley feel their force as much as Manchester and Leeds.

The banks of Scotland, we imagine, do not assume the prerogative of managing the circulation, and regulating and controlling the amount of paper issues; they seem contented with discounting what they conceive to be good bills, and giving every aid to commerce consistent with what they deem their own safety; and so far from objecting to their system, that under it fluctuations in prices, speculation, and bankruptcy, happen in the trading world of Scotland as of England, it is, we think, a proof of the soundness of that system that it exists and thrives, notwithstanding all these drawbacks of fluctuation, speculation, and bankruptcy.

As to Glasgow and Paisley feeling the force of those storms as much as Manchester and Leeds, it would be very extraordinary if a fall in the prices of the manufactures of these last-mentioned places was not followed or accompanied with a fall in the prices of the same description of manufactures of the first-mentioned places.

For the reasons assigned in our September number, we deem it unnecessary that the Bank of England should regulate its circulation with any reference to the exchanges. We continue to think that it should be a bank of discount as it is of issue, and that it should *not* be a bank of deposit nor a purchaser of bullion, as bullion must flow into it for that part of our exports which exceeds our imports. For the Bank to increase its stock of bullion by purchasing bullion with its own notes, cannot be a sound proceeding. For these notes, gold, the very gold so purchased, may be at any time demanded: there seems, indeed, to be something ludicrous in the transaction.

The Bank of England should be a constant discounteur of approved mercantile bills; and all the holders of such should be at all times entitled to offer them to the Bank for discount. To this last opinion it will doubtless be objected, that the country will be inundated with paper; but we seriously request those who make this objection to consider, that *neither the Bank of England, nor any other bank, gives their notes for nothing*, nor except in exchange for what they consider value; and it is by this exchange, and no other, that banking is useful.

Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, no mean authority (in his "Querist," 1752), adverts, among many other subjects, to paper currency, and his remarks we earnestly recommend to all who consider this subject. He asks, —

"Whether it doth not much import to have a right conception of money, and whether its true and just idea be not that of a ticket entitling to power, and fitted to record and transfer such power?"

"Whether, in the rude original of society, the first step was not the exchanging of commodities; the next, a substituting of metals by weight as a common medium of circulation; after this, the making use of coin; lastly, a farther refinement by the use of paper, with proper marks and signatures; and whether this, as it is the last, so it be not the greatest improvement?"

"Whether the use and nature of money, which all men so eagerly pursue, be yet sufficiently understood or considered by all?"

"Whether money, lying dead in a bank, would not be as useless as in the mine?"

"Whether the abuse of banks and paper-money is a sufficient objection against the use thereof; and whether such abuse might not easily be prevented?"

Following the bishop's method (*haud passibus æquis*), let us ask, Is it any advantage to the nation that the Bank should purchase government securities, exchequer bills for instance; and what is the advantage?

Should not bank-notes be chiefly employed in discounting mercantile bills?

Should not the Bank of England be obliged, like the Bank of France, to open an account with every person who desires it?

What would be the danger to the Bank of this measure, provided the applicant should be introduced by one or more persons known to the directors, who, judging from the character of the acceptor, drawer, and presenter of the bill, should or should not, in their fair discretion, discount the same?

What amount of capital paid up by the shareholders of the Bank, or a national bank, would satisfy the public, that it could not lose by receiving bank-notes as gold?

The Bank being called upon to satisfy the public on this essential point, is it not just to require a similar disclosure from every private or joint stock-bank in England?

Under what stipulations might the notes of the Bank of England, or a national bank, be convertible into gold?

Under what equitable adjustment with the proprietors of bank-stock might the Bank of England be converted into a national bank, the profit thereof to belong the nation?

Great alterations, we confess, are here suggested; and all of them may be, more or less, objectionable: but it is universally admitted, that great alterations are necessary in order to protect this trading nation from the threatening evils of fluctuation in the value of money, the interest of which has varied from two to six per cent., and on some occasions more, and from the superabundance of circulation at one time, and its ruinous scarcity at another.

## THE REIGN OF YOUTH.

*The Reign of Youth: a Lyrical Poem.* By the Rev. A. KENNEDY. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

WE have already called the attention of our readers to a poem, written by Mr. Kennedy, on the subject of the Queen's marriage. There is another poem which accompanies the first, but is a work of a much higher order, called "The Reign of Youth." This we are especially anxious to bring before the notice of the public. It is a lyrical piece; a class of poetry in which Englishmen have least excelled, and in which the attempt, *virum volitare per ora*, is peculiarly hazardous and difficult. Nevertheless, we believe that Mr. Kennedy has fully succeeded in his attempt, and has produced a work which entitles him to rank among the first lyric poets of his country. The following is a brief sketch of the plan or argument of the poem.

Youth is described as a fairy king, descending upon the earth, the seat of his future empire. A tribe of Passions, leaving their bowers and dells, advance to greet their sovereign upon the plain. Then follow a series of dramatic pictures. Each Passion is personified, and in his turn plays an appropriate part on the scene. They come in order, thus — Wonder; Sport, with a group of attendants; Desire; Hope; Terror; Ambition, with a herald band announcing his arrival; and last of all Love, who comes to be the bride of Youth, and to share his throne upon earth.

On the first view, there appears to be a similarity between this poem and Collins's "Ode on the Passions;" and there is indeed a resemblance between certain passages. Our author's Wonder and Terror remind us of Collins's Fear and Revenge; but here the resemblance ceases. The designs of the two odes, and their main features, are perfectly distinct. Collins has described, with great felicity, the influence of the passions on music. Mr. Kennedy's design (as he himself tells us) is to illustrate with the colouring of poetry, yet at the same time with philosophical correctness, the attributes and passions of youth, as they manifest themselves in the order of nature. His passions are, in fact, nothing else but the active and moral powers, exhibited to us as they appear in the dawn of life, while the mind is progressing to its maturity. As to the truth and accuracy with which the various pictures are drawn, grouped, and arranged, we may refer our readers to a brief but highly interesting analysis (which accompanies the poem) written by Dr. Eccles, an eminent physician of Birmingham. But we have ourselves something to say upon the subject.

The author represents youth as the period in which all the passions, affections, and powers of the mind have their birth. This is a truth not more interesting to the metaphysician than to the Christian philanthropist. The principles by which man is prompted to exertion, which both enable and encourage him to discharge the various duties to which he is appointed by Providence, are all, more or less, brought into play before the matured season of manhood. They may afterwards be more fully developed, and

called into a wider sphere of action ; but they display themselves and begin to operate long before. The feeling which urges a Newton to inquire why the apple falls to the ground, to investigate the properties of matter and the motions of the heavenly bodies ; which incites a Plato or a Stewart to look inwardly into himself, to discover the links of that mysterious chain which connects the material world with the intellectual ; — this is the very same feeling which prompts the little boy to ask puzzling questions, which papa and mamma are unable to answer. In the one case it may be called spirit of inquiry, in the other case curiosity ; but in both cases the principle is the same. The boy who strives to become the boldest leaper, the swiftest runner, the best cricketer in the school, is the same who, if his energies be well directed, will hereafter put aside boyish things, and, for the sake of honour and applause, will scorn delight, and live laborious days. In the enterprise of the stripling we see the ambition of the man. Is not this an important truth ? May not parents and guardians draw from it a practical lesson, remembering that it is their duty to watch the mental growth of the child, to observe every sign of his disposition, inclinations, and propensities, and so to train him that they may bring forth good fruits, and not evil ?

But if youth be the season when all the passions and affections take their rise, it is peculiarly the period which the poet should select for his delineation of them. Not that they are more vivid and powerful in youth than at a more advanced age ; often, indeed, they are less so ; but then it is that they assume the most amiable, and therefore the most interesting and truly poetical character. The remark applies as well to the more calm and tranquil, as to the vehement and stormful impulses of our nature. Youth is the season of innocence and purity, of health and freedom ; its feelings elastic and buoyant, unclogged by care, unfettered by restraint, each eager to act independently of the rest, and to exercise a despotic influence over the mind. The first love of youth is the love of all nature. Who does not recall, with a tear and a sigh, the days of childhood, — those happy days, when all things upon heaven and earth appear to wear an aspect of promise ; the sun shines with a brighter radiance, and even in the gloom of the tempest hope sees nothing but the rainbow of joy ? Then every object around becomes a source of wonder and pleasure, not only gratifying the sense, but exciting and stimulating the imagination. Thus arises curiosity, which is then a simple desire of knowledge, a wish to learn the causes and meaning of things, unalloyed by any admixture of a selfish motive. In after life, we have observed that, if well directed and encouraged, this becomes a spirit of philosophical inquiry. Fortunate indeed if it does so ; and yet even then it is blended with another feeling, the desire of fame — an infirmity of noble minds, but still an infirmity. It is no longer the simple inquisitiveness of the artless child. Alas ! too often does it degenerate into something far more dissimilar, and more degrading, — the curiosity of the meddler and the tatler, — of him who discovers his neighbour's secret for a sordid and malignant purpose. There are few Newtons and Stewarts in the world ; but many a Paul Pry, a Marplot, and a Sneerwell.

How sublime is the passion of Love — the love of woman — when first it springs instinctively within the breast of man ! Self-forgetting, and self-despising ; with a deep and holy reverence, a mysterious devotion to the goddess of its idolatry — sole object of its thoughts, dreams, and aspirations ; in whom, and for whom, it breathes, moves, and has its being. How different when corrupted by worldly associations ; when the intrinsic worth of

the beloved object holds a divided empire in the heart; when man has become a votary of the sensual and the useful, instead of a worshipper of the ideal!

Again, look at Ambition. Oh, that it were possible for some patriot statesman to arise, with half that generous enthusiasm which animates the juvenile poet struggling for the prize at Eton! There have been, and there may be again, Chathams, Erskines, Romillys; friends of mankind — zealous for the instruction and improvement of their species — disdaining the common arts of place-hunting and preferment — persevering, through good report and through evil report, in the righteous and sacred cause of humanity. In such men as these the honest ardour of youth is never extinct. Alas! in the great number of men it is chilled and smothered by the realities of life. Sometimes it is kindled to a fierce and feverish heat, that scorches and consumes all the better feelings of our nature. Such is the spirit of the conqueror — the devastator and destroyer of the earth. Which of the two pictures is the more congenial to the poet and the man of true taste and feeling — yon troop of skaters, or Napoleon upon the battle-field of Eylau? The former, all life and speed, glow and ecstasy, like ships in gallant trim, bounding before the wind; whilst in every eye

*“Ingenuus micat ignis, ab omni fulgurat ore  
Inviolata salus, et gloria prima juventæ.”*

Turn to the emperor, surveying the scene of death and carnage. Mark well his countenance; sad and gloomy, yet full of stern and deep resolve. What does it import? “Cruel sight! So many Frenchmen stiff and cold upon the snow; and yet the Russian is not driven beyond the Niemen!”

The man of pure feeling will prefer the more cheering scene of innocence and happiness. To such a man (hoping that all our readers may be such) we present the following pictures, drawn by Mr. Kennedy, of youthful sport and hope.

“Next, O Youth, to welcome thee,  
Sport prepar’d his jubilee.  
From thickets pearl’d with dew,  
He on impatient tiptoe sprang to view,  
With shrill uplifted horn, and called his sylvan  
crew.

Redoubling shouts before them sent,  
Forth they rush from his greenwood tent,  
With high-flourish’d weapons of merriment,  
Thy circled throne to greet.  
Triumphal in air,  
A standard they bear,  
With many a garland deck’d, the prize of many  
a feat.

At the sight a transport showing,  
From the bosom fresh and glowing,  
Through the bright eye overflowing,

Loose or linked hand in hand,  
Mirth leads up her frolic band,  
With obliquely darted smiles,  
Watching ’gainst invited wiles.

Health is there, that with the dawn  
Climbs the mountain, skims the lawn,  
Oft on nectar feasted high,  
Borne by zephyrs from the sky.  
Wit, that strikes with gay surprise;  
Jollity, that grief defies;  
And, loving every touch to flee,  
The random-footed Liberty.  
With half-shut eyes, extatic Laughter,  
Almost breathless, totters after;  
One hand holds her bending breast,  
While t’ other points at antic jest.  
Leisure, winding here and there,  
Dallies hindmost, heedless where.”

Desire is next introduced, wandering to and fro in pursuit of new and undefined objects; and just when he has begun to feel a momentary pang of disappointment, Hope advances to cheer him.

“But he has lost the quick-forgotten tear;  
For Hope, the beauteous Hope, is near,

Earth-delighting propheetess,  
That only knows to bless

Bright as the morn that rises to behold  
 Ascending vapours turn to clouds of gold,  
 She dances on the plain,  
 As if her listening ear  
 Caught from afar a blythe inviting strain.  
 She courts the Future. Can he aught deny  
 To the simplicity of her bespeaking eye?  
 Between them Fays are on the wing,  
 And ever through the sky  
 To her the pledges of his favour bring.  
 She courts the Future, till successive hours  
 In distant light array'd  
 Look forth from arches open'd through the shade  
 That still is rolling round his misty bowers.  
 This pranked with flowers,

Her notice greets;  
 That seems to sip  
 With rubied lip,  
 A chalice full of sweets.  
 The next with gleaming torch displays  
 Fair blissful scenes, yet most attracts the gaze  
 By signs that fill the mind with more than  
 vision meets.  
 Each is welcom'd, as it lingers,  
 With her kiss'd and beck'ning fingers.  
 If one should haply rise  
 In less alluring guise,  
 Hope does but mark, all cheerily the while,  
 Another, close behind, peeps o'er it with a  
 smile.

We are sorry that we have not room for more extracts. But we cannot leave unnoticed the author's description of Love, which is the most original part of the whole piece. He represents her as trained by Fancy and Pity, and by them prepared for her sojourn upon earth. The conception, as well as the imagery, is exceedingly beautiful.

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### SONNET.

WHEN I survey the annals of Old Time,  
 And trace a nation's progress and decline,  
 I recognise in all the hand divine  
 That bids destruction dog the steps of crime.  
 And my dear country, when I see the scroll  
 Of thy proud deeds, with conquest blazoned o'er,  
 And thy victorious banners steeped in gore,  
 Visions of ruin pass before my soul, —  
 Rome, Greece, and Carthage, great in days of yore :  
 England ! be wise in time ! to Christ return,  
 And hold his everlasting statutes fast.  
 But dark forebodings o'er my heart *will* roll,  
 For this sad truth, from history we learn,  
 Experience, like a lantern from the stern,  
 Serves only to illuminate the past ! — T. P.

## A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "THE DELUGE," "CATILINE," ETC.

OLD, hoary Ocean ! I have stood at night,  
 And watched thee darkly heaving through the gloom,  
 Like the shroud fluctuating o'er the tomb  
 Of cold Futurity's unfathomed grave ;  
 Or that abyss which opened to the sight  
 Of Satan, when the portals of Hell-gate  
 Were touched by Sin's key, but thrown back by Fate\*,  
 Revealing the wild waste where ever rave  
 The anarch Chance, and Chaos' endless wars ;  
 And ever and anon in thunder fit,  
 Thou, like the angels from the infernal pit,  
 Didst raise thy voices to the unanswering stars !

Oh, in the stillness of that solemn hour,  
 When ancient Night and Silence hold their power,  
 What wayward fancies will our thought beguile !  
 Before my mind's eye rose Calypso's isle :  
 I saw Ulysses stand by the sea-cliff ;  
 His eyes turned tearful toward his home † ; his skiff,  
 The toil of many weary day now done,  
 And his dark pilgrimage to be begun !  
 Low bowed the godlike man to the salt Sea,  
 Stretching his hands forth to it, as if he  
 Resigned himself to its mysterious will,  
 His own as steadfast and immutable.

He stept in it — and floated from the Earth !  
 An atom on the world of waves, impelled  
 To seek again the forms so long withheld  
 From his fond heart, that, sunk in apathy  
 Of passionless life, would join his fellow-men,  
 Yea, mingle with humanity again,  
 And bless his wife, and son, and social hearth,  
 Sharing ennobling sorrows !

What a grand  
 Majesty sate on him in that frail boat ! ‡  
 No need had he of any aids remote ;  
 No king could throw o'er self more high command.

———— She opened, but to shut  
 Excelled her power.

ΜΙΛΤΩΝ.

† Πόντον ἐπ' ἀπρόγετον δερκέσκετο δάκρυα λείων. — *Odys.* v. l. 57.‡ Nothing can be more simple than the mere circumstance of Ulysses putting off in his boat.  
 But, when the stars of heaven are named, and, as it were, embodied with his fortunes, and watch-



He watched the stars above him glide through space ;  
 Each journeying to its home, as to a place  
 Expected, where would be a welcome found,  
 With that deep voiceless joy which is profound !  
 He felt himself upon the waters thrown,  
 A single, solitary man ! — alone  
 On the salt, boundless, and eternal Deep !  
 That he, like them, was journeying to keep !  
 His plighted faith, long pledged, and held so late ;  
 To fill the place appointed him by Fate,  
 So long forsaken and left void ; while he  
 Had wasted years, which, though a vacancy  
 Within Time's scroll, were yet too deeply told  
 By her who watching for him had grown old !

His eye was fixed upon the Polar Star,  
 Which through the darkness looked on him from far —  
 His sole companion and his guide — the shrine  
 From which he gathered strength and hope divine,  
 And steadfastness, and most unshaken will,  
 The end of his high purpose to fulfil,  
 Though it might be through shipwreck, and through storm.  
 Calm and sedate, he looked the embodied form  
 Of Virtue fleeing from the realm of sense :  
 Strong in the nerve of holier Innocence !

ing over him on the dark sea, where he is alone — and, when an intelligence is felt between them — the mere stated circumstances assume a character of the sublime, without any collateral aids of language. The genius of Homer is most proved by this his power to draw from the simplest sources the grandest effects. I recall the original passage to the scholar, with Pope's excellent translation for the unclassical reader.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ πηδάλῳ ἰθύνετο τεχνήντας,  
 "ἦμενος. Οὐδέ οἱ ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἔπιπτε,  
 Πληιάδας τ' ἑσποῶντι, καὶ ὃψ' ὄντα Βοώτην,  
 "Ἄρκτον δ', ἣν καὶ ἔμαζαν ἐπὶ κλησὶν καλέουσιν,  
 "Ἡ τ' αὐτοῦ στρέφεται, καὶ Ὀρίωνα δοκεύει.  
 Οἷη δ' ἔμμορός ἐστι λωστῶν Ὀκεανοῖο. — *Odys.* v. l. 270.

Placed at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,  
 Nor closed in sleep his ever watchful eyes.  
 There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,  
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam,  
 To which, around the axle of the sky,  
 The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye. — *Pope.*

# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## NOTES UPON NEW BOOKS.

As various, O reader ! as the leaves of the forest, as the petals of flowers, as the shapes and shadows of the clouds, as the vanities of men, and the joys of the visible universe, are the Books that solicit thy faculty of attention. Here is a book of logic : it will make thee cunning of fence in dialectics ; but, unless thou shalt have gathered solid materials for thought, thou shalt be rendered no more puissant of speech by this treatise than thou shalt be rendered strong by feints of dexterity, or wise by grey hairs. Here is a volume of golden verse — what boots it to thee unless thy sympathies be true and hearty, and thy nature be full of love and a divine relish of beauty ? Here is a book of history ; chapters of the world's travail, of demi-gods and craftsmen, states and policies, mighty structures and crumbling ruins — it is an almanac of experiences, vast, grand, and overwhelming, to be consulted backwards for the guidance of the future, and making such demands upon thine intelligence that thou must be the wisest of men if thy plummet canst sound its depths. Here is a book of voyages and discoveries : within its pages we have new modes and customs, new races delineated, untrodden lands explored, and novelties as marvellous as the singing trees and talking waters of the fairy tale ; but the panorama makes us dissatisfied with our opportunities, carries away our imagination into remote scenes only to make us grieve over our walled-in spot of earth, and, crushing many pre-conceived notions and blindfolded theories, diminishes the sentiment of contentment whereby we made our prison-bounds a sort of world of pleasant deceptions and self-flattering prejudices. Here is a novel, so called — a pretended picture of life, a mere masque of conceits and follies : let it pass ; it is poor brainless work, only fit for the Minerva of Cockaigne, and the worshipful company of cheesemongers. Endless are the varieties of books ; and in proportion as they enlarge our knowledge, or suggest new game to be hunted down by our mental energies, they ruffle and disturb us ; and unless we are zealous in the chase, and come off victorious to the full extent of our powers, the chances are a thousand to one — an English seventy-four to a squadron of Chinese junks — that in the much-neglected item of happiness we shall be no gainers in the end.

Now this is not an argument against books, or against the reading of books. It is only intended as a hint towards the art of acquiring the right method of understanding books. To master any book perfectly, is to learn something entire as far as it goes ; but to read swimmingly and with dizzy indistinctness a multitude of publications, is merely a mechanical operation by which the head may be put into the turmoil of information without being

a jot the better informed. The idleness of a mind that ponders vainly over many books, drawing nothing from them but lethargic influences, resembles the condition of the man who is said to have had the ague, *but was too lazy to shake.*

Fortunately there are some books that make us happier and wiser whether we choose it or not — books framed out of such temperate and healthful delights, that we become unconsciously invigorated by the perusal of them; just as we feel a fresh glow of life when we sweep the summits of mountains, or plunge into the depths of green valleys or greener woods. Such are the books that treat of the out-of-door world, — that exalt nature above art and its pretences, — and that awaken the truest of all sympathies, the most refreshing and universal. What manner of man is he who is incapable of appreciating nature more or less? Let us gaze upon this monster miracle. All his senses are extinct. He has no eyes to see the verdure — no ears to hear the voices of the birds — no scent to catch the perfume of the flowers — no touch to discriminate the fine surfaces of the earth-born velvets and satins — no taste to relish the fruits of a thousand climates. Nor can he have limbs to move abroad in the sunlight, nor hands to pluck the prodigal blossoms, nor brow to be assuaged by the caressing winds, nor any of the faculties of thought or imagination. Moreover, this inconceivable Thing must be lifeless, and incapable of respiration; and the air to him is vacancy, as the colours of the sky and the myriad-tinted leaves are darkness. If there be one who cannot enjoy nature through some inlet, who lacks the grace of feeling her in his soul, such a one must he be — a blank, breathless mass! But there is no such Accident in the creation. Nature, as old Chaucer hath it,

Nature, the vicare of the Almightye Lord!

is an almoner of universal bounties that flow freely to all mankind, glorified alike in the wastes of Arabia Petræa, and in the luscious gardens of Stamboul. The poets understood this matter with a thorough relish of its inward gushing springs of delight; and whatever fantasies may have otherwise darkened their councils, upon this theme there is a common assent amongst them, Hear Father Chaucer celebrating the song of the nightingale sitting “in a fresh grene laurer tree,”

“That gawe so passing a delicious smell,  
According to the eglentere full well.

“Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,  
That as me thought I surely rauished was  
Into Paradise, where my desire  
Was for to be, and no farther passe  
As for that day, and on the softe graspe  
I sat me downe; for as for mine entent,  
The birds’ song was more convenient.

“And more plessaunt to me by manifold,  
Than meat or drinke, or any other thing;  
Thereto the herber was so fresh and colde,  
The wholesome sauours eke so comforting  
That, as I deemed, sith the beginning  
Of the world was neuer seene or than  
So plessaunt a ground of none earthly man.”

Even the obstreperous Skelton, when he describes the heroine of “The Boke of Philip Sparow,” is forced to go to Nature for images wherewith to represent her charms, item by item.

“The Indy saphyre blewē,  
Her vaynes doth ennew;  
The orient pearle so cleare,  
The witnes of her lere;  
The lusty ruby ruddes  
Resemble the rose buddes;  
Her lippes soft and mery,  
Emblomed like the chery;  
It were an heauenly blysee,  
Her sugred mouth to kysee;

Her beauty to augment  
Dame Nature hath her lente  
A warte upon her chake,  
Whoso lyste to seeke;  
In her visage a skar,  
That seemeth from a far,  
Lyke to a radyant star,  
Al with fauour fret,  
So properly it is set;  
She is the violet,

The daisy delectable,  
The columbine commendable,  
This ielofer amiable;  
This most goodly floure,  
This blossom of fresh coloure,  
So Jupiter me succoure,

She flourysheth new and new  
In beauty and vertue;  
Hac claritate gemina,  
O gloriosa femina,  
Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo domina,  
Et ex præcordiis sonant præcordia."

Hawes, the anchorite, apostrophises nature in his own crabbed but zealous way after the following fashion, the lumbering jargon having the direct impress of the gloomy enthusiasm of a monkish age:—

"The right hye power, Nature natyryng  
Naturale made the hodyes above,  
In sundry wise, to take their working  
That about the worlde naturally do moue;  
As by good reason the philosophers proue,  
That the planets and starres instruments be  
To Nature's working, in euery degre.

"God gave great vertue to the planets all,  
And specially unto depured Phœbus,  
To enlumine the worlde, ever in speciall;  
And then the mone, of herselfe tenebrous,  
Made light with the beames, gay and glorious,  
Of the sunne, is fayre resplendishaunt  
In the long nyght, with rayes radiaunt."

And how exquisitely the unfortunate Surrey pourtrays the season of Spring in the following lines!—Surrey, whose execution was one of the manifold crimes of that bloated sensualist and fiendish tyrant Henry VIII.:

"The soote season, that bud and blome forth  
brings,  
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the  
vale:  
The nightingale with fethers new she sings:  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:  
Somer is come, for every spray now springs:  
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;

The buck in brake his winter coate he flings;  
The fishes flete with new repaired scale:  
The adder all her alough-away she flings:  
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;  
The busy bee her hony now she mings:  
Winter is worne, that was the flowers' bale.  
And thus I se among these pleasant things  
Eche care decays; and yet my sorow springs."

Tusser, the practical husbandman and the pious poet, who reasons with equal success upon the arts of tillage and the shortness of life, thinks there is no joy of higher price than the joy of the harvest and the smiling fields.

"Thus think I best,  
As friend doth guest,  
With hand in hand to lead thee forth  
To Ceres' camp, there to behold  
A thousand things, as richly worth  
As any pearl is worthy gold."

But of all descriptions take that of the "Seasons," by Spenser, where we have the whole circle of the year in its various influences brought out before us like a procession.

"So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;  
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of  
flowres  
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did  
beare,  
In which a thousand birds had built their  
bowres,  
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;  
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,  
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)  
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;  
That as some did him love, so others did him  
feare.

"Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyed in his plentiful store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full  
glad  
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:  
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold  
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reap the ripened fruits the which earth had  
yold.

"Then came the jolly Summer, being dight  
In a thick silken cassock, coloured greene,  
That was unlyned all, to be more light:  
And on his head a girlond well besene  
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been  
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore  
A bowl and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,  
And now would bathe his limbes with labour  
heated sore.

"Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him  
chill;  
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,  
As from a limbeck, did adown distill;  
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;  
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,  
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to  
weld."

There, indweller of the town, what think you of that? Come out from your halls of marble and double-breasted doors, your porcelain vases and flaunting ottomans,—come out into the heather, and shaking the cramps out of your hair, exclaim with Thomson —

“ I care not, Fortune ! what you me deny ;  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace, —  
You cannot bar the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her blushing face ! ”

The books that delineate these eternal pleasures speak a universal language, and are accessible to all men, who, be their appreciation of the Beautiful never so feeble, must still find something in them that will touch their hearts. Just such a work is Mr. Hansard's “ *Book of Archery*,” full of pictures of the green wood, of legends of the old times, of forest sanctuaries, and pleasant sports, where the old will find a world of sunny reminiscences, and the young a perfect budget of life-inspiring suggestions. The reader need not be a toxophilite to enjoy this book ; he may be utterly ignorant of cross-bows, braces, shooting gloves, nocking arrows, butt fields, barbs, and thumb-rings, and yet enter with a hearty zest into the poetical associations that are inseparable from the history and uses of archery. Mr. Hansard is thoroughly engrossed in his subject, and treats it with a corresponding comprehensiveness : never was the love of the science so fully sifted ; never did archer discharge such a shaft as this splendid volume, with its historical narratives, its national descriptions, its peeps of scenery, its anecdotes, its strict analyses of the various orders and modes of bowmen, and its charming illustrations. We believe it would be impossible to improve the work by additions, and, massive as it is, we should grudge to lose a single page of the erudite treatise. It is divided into numerous sections, each of which is dedicated to a special topic—such as the early periods of archery in England and elsewhere, foreign archery, societies of archers, yew trees and yew bows, roving or rural archery, &c. ; and the whole is so agreeably enlivened by traditions, and so richly set off by the earnest feeling of the writer, that it will not only delight all those who are already skilful in the exercise, but will tempt thousands to test the strength of their arms in this manly and invigorating sport.

Twelve years ago, says Mr. Hansard, London possessed but two establishments for vending archery tackle : now they amount to a score at least. We believe he underrates the progress of his favourite study. We suspect there cannot be less than forty places where the archer may accommodate himself with the requisite means of taking the field. The spread of toxophilite societies of late years has been remarkable, not only in England, but throughout the Continent ; and targets are to be found in almost every country gentleman's grounds. To be sure we cannot draw the bow to the ear as they used to do in the merry days of Robin Hood ; but we can have pleasant sport for all that. The Seminole Indians are the most skilful and powerful bowmen probably on the face of the earth, and Mr. Hansard relates some curious anecdotes of their wondrous feats against the Spaniards, whose mailed coats were easily pierced by the sinewy and expert foresters. The Spaniards, wondering that a piece of armour worth 150 ducats should prove no defence against a reed arrow headed with a bit of flint, resolved to try whether their own arrows would be equally efficacious, and, placing a coat of mail round a wicker basket, they promised a young Indian captive his freedom if he could pierce the mark at 150 paces.

<sup>1</sup> *The Book of Archery*. By GEORGE AGAR HANSARD, Esq., Gwent Bowman. London : 1840.

"Immediately the barbarian clenched his fists, shook himself violently, and contracted and extended his arms as if to awaken all his force; then, stringing a bow which had been previously delivered to him, he elevated it at the mark; and, loosing his arrow, it drove through both armour and basket, and came out at the opposite side with violence sufficient to have slain a man. The Spaniards, finding a single piece of armour was ineffectual to resist the arrow, threw a second upon the basket, and ordered the Indian to repeat his shot, when he immediately pierced that likewise."

The accuracy of their aim is equal to the vigour of their shot. The skill of the Indians in this respect is almost incredible. A mariner who was shipwrecked on the Isthmus of Darien declared that he had seen them stand a hundred yards from a bird feeding on the ground, and, by shooting directly upwards, cause the arrow to pin it to the earth; and that they would stick a shaft upright, and, shooting perpendicularly as before, split it in two by the descent of the arrow. Extraordinary feats are also recorded in the annals of the bowmen of England, Scotland, and Wales; and, looking back upon the age of the yeomen archers of this country, we are afraid it must be granted that the rural population has much deteriorated since this healthful amusement has fallen into disuse. The cause is ably advocated in the following passage from a curious treatise cited by Mr. Hansard, entitled "The Lament of the Bow."

"And as in fight I give you protection, so in peace I supply you pastime; to your limbs I yield active playnesse, and to your bodies healthful exercise; yea, I provide you food when you are hungry, and help digestion when you are full. Whence then proceedeth this unkinde and unusual strangenesse? Am I heavy for burden? Forsooth, a few sticks of light wood. Am I cumbrous for carriage? I couch a part of me close under your girdle, and the other part serveth for a walking stick in your hand. Am I unhandsome in your sight? Every piece of me is comely, and the whole keepeth an harmonious proportion. I appeal to your valiant princes, Edwards and Henries; to the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, and Flodden; to the regions of Scotland, France, Italy, Spain, Cyprus, Zea, and Jury, to be umpires of the controversie; all of which, I doubt not, will with their evidence plainly prove, that when my adverse party\* was yet scarcely born, or lay in her swathing clouts, through me only your ancestors defended their country, vanquished their enemies, succoured their friends, enlarged their dominions, advanced their religion, and made their names fearful to the present age, and their fame everlasting to those that ensue. Wherefore, my dear friends, seeing I have so substantially evicted the right of my cause, conform your wills to reason, conform your reason by practice, and convert your practice to the good of your countrie. If I be praiseworthy, esteem mee; if necessary, admit mee; if profitable, employ mee; so shall you revoke my death to life, and shew yourself no degenerate issue to such honourable progenitors. And thus much for archery, whose tale, if it be disordered, you must bear withall; for she is a woman, and her minde is passionate."

"There is an energetic spirit," observes Mr. Hansard, "in this passage, sufficient to rouse the sympathies of even the most apathetic. And, indeed, whether the 'meed of the green archer be battled for in the target ground,' accompanied with all the pomp and circumstance of banners, pavilions, and strains of martial music; or whether, in our lonely rambles, we seek to strike the cushat from the tall pine's topmost spray, or transfix the dusky cormorant as, with outstretched neck and flagging wings, she rises from the shingled beach to seek her home in some far-off islet of the sea,—there are few of us, I believe, who, at such moments, do not in imagination antedate existence a century or two, identifying ourselves with those greenwood rovers, as we see them on the title-page."

Turning from Mr. Hansard's fascinating pages, we find another book before us, which deserves to come within the same category,—"*A Treatise on Fishing and Shooting.*"<sup>2</sup> Now, much as may be said on behalf of archery,—partly for its utility in the development and preservation of physical strength, and partly for the legendary and picturesque associations connected with it,—we are not altogether sure but that these more modern amusements—

\* Fire-arms.

<sup>2</sup> *The Rod and the Gun: being two Treatises on Angling and Shooting.* By JAMES WILSON, F.R.S.E.; and by the Author of the "Oakleigh Shooting Code." Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1840.

modern, at least, in their present improved practice — would poll a greater number of votes over the kingdom. Archery demands a certain degree of taste, some inquiry into and knowledge of the usages of antiquity, a somewhat elaborate preparation, and, above all, the formation of an agreeable company of bowmen. Angling and shooting possess at least this advantage, that they may be pursued alone; and that they require the simplest possible materials, which may be obtained ready to your hand. We are free to admit that archery is a nobler pastime, more graceful, exciting, and pleasurable; but sportsmen are such keen lovers of their own particular game, that it would not be very easy to persuade them out of their rods and their guns by any arguments of this nature on behalf of the arbalist or the long bow.

The pursuit of the black cock or the golden trout has many attractions, and appeals in different ways to those who delight in the daylight world, far away from ashes and smoke. He who goes out on the moors with his lusty gun upon his shoulders pities the stealthy angler, who, pacing slowly and silently the banks of the mountain stream, has no need to put his shoulder to the wind, and exert his brawny muscles in the toils of a long day's shooting. He thinks, of course, fairly enough, that the avocation of the angler is a pitiable business, in spite of all the minute and anxious exertions it entails; and that the manly fatigues of his own bracing sport elevate him to a higher rank in the scale of gusty delights. But, have a care, good youth with the shot-belt, and let us investigate a little before we decide. What is the angler thinking about in the solitude of this shaded brook? Do you believe that while he is sauntering through the trees, and watching the flies on the surface of the water, there are no emotions growing up in his mind? Do you believe that his loneliness is destitute of visions thronging through his imagination, — sweet sights and sounds that strike upon his heart, conjuring up memories of sad or happy hours, and transporting him into dreams of the future? Do not suppose he is idling all this time, or merely waiting vacantly for a nibble. He cannot help the suggestions that are constantly floating around him: he cannot be alone with Nature, without being conscious of gushing feelings which, perhaps, he has no great inclination to reveal to every body he meets. The gentle influences of the place are not lost upon him: he has leisure and aptitude to take them in, which the man with the gun has not, for he is too hurried, and fluttered, and occupied, to give a single thought to any object but that for which he came out. And the angler, also, has a touch of philosophy in his amusement, over and above the philosophy pressed upon him by the scene, which the shooter of birds cannot aspire to. Hear Mr. Wilson on this point, and a more competent authority cannot be found from the banks of the Shannon to the rocky stream of Beaulieu.

"When Plato, speaking of painting, says that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So also in regard to fishing; the accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the details of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas that are inherent in universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does not imitate, or, if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle, either in the air or his favourite element, the flight or the motion of a particular species; because he also knows that trout are much less conversant with entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise, with equal eagerness, at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalises — and this is the philosophy of fishing."

We submit to Shotbelt that there is nothing like this in the art of shooting; that it has nothing in it approaching even to the spirit of imitation, which your bunglers suppose to be the secret of fly-making and fly-throwing; and that when a man hits a grouse,

“Whistled down with a slug in his wing,”

he performs a feat, very clever if you please, but remarkable only for steadiness of hand and accuracy of eye. The parallel goes a little farther towards leaving Shotbelt at a discount. Flash! pop! you miss your bird, — the chance is over, and you must load again. Mark the angler in an emergency, where the trout makes play with the line. A single error of judgment and all is lost—but, there! see how the experienced fisher keeps that wary trout in perpetual action—now moving onward, now retreating, —now giving line, now shortening it. Over and over again the prey seems to escape, but anon he is drawn back; and many a pull, and many a tug, and many a scheme of negotiation with the banks, and shadows, and shallows ensues, until after a long and agitating struggle the trout is sprung to the green sward. You have nothing like this in shooting—you have no devices and arts to practise—no tarrying and toying with your game, once the wing is on the air; you must do it all in the wink of an eye, or your sport is at an end.

Shotbelt, however, makes up in excitement what is wanted in tranquil pleasure and profound skill. On the 11th of August, says the author of the “Oakleigh Code,” the sportsman arrives at his shooting quarters; probably some isolated tavern, as old as the hills. Here he meets the keepers, and poachers, and young men of the country side,—the sport for the next day is discussed and arranged: three o’clock in the morning is settled for breakfast, in order that the whole party may be on the moors by day-break; and if the sportsmen be wise, they are all stretched at an early hour on such beds, sofas, chairs, or rugs as they can get. Morning arrives—the landlady is called—breakfast is hastily despatched—the dogs are looked at—all is bustle, confusion, and uproar—the dram-flasks are filled—sandwiches are cut, and the tumult grows louder and louder as ‘the hour of attack approaches.’

“Next is heard the howling and yelping of dogs—the cracking of whips—the snapping of locks—the charging and flashing and firing of guns, and every other note of preparation. The march is sounded, and away they wend; an emulous band, each endeavouring to eclipse the other in the number and size of birds killed. On that day there is an universal scramble for game; almost every person who carries a gun then strives to fill his bird-bag, to the exclusion of every other object, regardless for a while of companionship, or personal comfort, or the ‘savage grandeur’ of the scene before him, and indifferent whether an undeviating level bound his view, or whether

‘Lakes and mountains around him gleam misty and wide!’

It is not until after days of leisure, and when a series of trivial adventures, or recollections of past doings, have made several sites *classical*, if we may be allowed the term, that the stranger-sportsman becomes enamoured of the hills, and shares the feelings of the native hillsman; who bears the same love to his mountain-home and mountain-sports as the Switzer does to his.”

This is excellent sport—fine, rattling, joyous sport; and if the bag be well filled, Shotbelt returns to the old tavern in an enviable state of ecstasy, at the very top of his animal spirits. But is there no bag-filling for the angler? Has he no bounding rapture as he plays some noble rainbow-hued creature through the troubled stream? Let Mr. Wilson answer that question. First, suppose that the angler, instead of dragging a cloud of flies



along the surface, as some anglers whom we have seen bungle are wont to do, has just cast his line as far as he can, and, after allowing it to lie there for a few seconds, has gradually lowered the point of the rod to within a foot or two of the water. The entire tackle is now under water — all disturbance is over, except the gentle *prowling* of the line (this most significant, illustrative, and admirably descriptive word *prowling*, belongs to Mr. Wilson, who writes exactly as a high-bred angler thinks), when, suddenly, a magnificent three-pounder, having faith in the stillness of the place, is attracted by one of the floating flies.

"He rises upwards, — at first sedately, like a king in court; then the broad pectorals are expanded, as quickly closed; the deep rudder is waved from side to side with powerful sway, a rapid dart ensues, a single pectoral is again protruded for a moment; a slight and instantaneous turn takes place; the jagged jaws are closed; he has seized the Professor, [so called, may we advertise thee, good reader, after the stalwart poet of the *Noctes*,] and goes down head foremost, with a most indignant flourish of the tail! Up then with the tip of your rod, which, owing to the dream-like calm already so well described, and for reasons just assigned, is pointing downwards, and almost in a continuous direction with the line — a most dangerous direction, seeing that the tug of war then rests entirely on the latter; so up with your rod, which action also serves to strike the fish, and let the reel ring out as it may. Down he continues to go, — Sam Slick beat by a couple of lengths, the Professor engulfed, and invisible even to Kelpie's eye; and Long Tom also diving downwards, *volens volens*, at a fearful rate, but wondering greatly what to make of such a sudden change from softly shaded light to dingy darkness. Our spotted friend now pauses for a moment; the line slackens, and your heart, though a bold one, beats with fear, for you think him gone for ever; but no, the tightened line and the thrilling reel reassure your doubting grasp, and away he goes again, launching lake-ward as if he really thought of crossing over. Now this freak won't suit you if you are wishing only to wade, have no boat, and can't swim: so (but not ungently) try to check his speed, or wheel him round; and, as one good turn deserves another, he may have his own way on the gridiron towards night. Neatly done, youngster! Now he goes onward, right or left; perhaps comes pretty quickly towards you, as if to inquire by whom has been disturbed his solitary reign (reel up, and keep no slack upon your line); give way again, — for, behold, another burst of virtuous indignation, followed by a sudden spring of at least a yard into the air!"

He now begins visibly to *peck* — works along uneasily close to the shore, — give him his way — lead him gently inwards — he flags, and grows as heavy as lead — his mouth opens, as if he were puffing for breath — he wavers and flickers, and shows a broadside blazoned with gems and flashing a thousand hues — he is now almost upon the pebbles, his dorsal fin dimpling the shallower depths — and now, looking as beautiful as the golden beetle under the influence of a powerful magnifier, he turns on one side. Huzza! his head is out of water — another dexterous jerk (every thing depends upon the strength of the gut), and — as our true professor of the nangle sayeth — *Sic transit gloria truttæ!*

Let Shotbelt go to the moors if he will; give us the rod, a doubtful day, a dark stream, trees with birds in them, a few broken masses of rock, safe banks, and sure shadows; and there, till the twilight melts over the solitude, we would linger, thinking the light too brief for the contemplative sport. Old Chaucer was assuredly an angler. Thus he singeth in his ditty of the "Cuckow and the Nightingale: —"

"There I sate down among the faire flours,  
And saw the birds trip out of hir bours;  
There as they rested them all the night,  
They were so joyfull of the daye's light,  
They began of May for to doue honours.

And the river that I sate vpon,  
It made such a noise as it ron,  
Accordaunt with the bird's armony,  
Me thought it was the best melody,  
That might ben yheard of ony mon."

August, September, October, are coming on; the grouse and the trout will be in perfection; there never was such a season expected on the moors or in the rivers (they always tell you so!). Macintoshes are as cheap as blouses

—blouses are capital wear whenever you anticipate dust or fuss. The sulphur trade is thrown open; and, in spite of the China war and the protest of Lord Ellenborough against the pacification of Canada, gunpowder is to be had upon uncommonly reasonable terms. The best gut is 10 per cent. lower than it used to be; flies are flies; and any flies will do, or any thing that looks half dark or half bright, or whole dark or whole bright, according to the state of the sky and the state of the water—rods are so improved in construction that they will now almost angle of themselves. Then, O reader! procure this book; it is small and portable, and will lie in the folds of your belt or the corner of your bag; give up town for three months, or even one month, if your wife or your affairs can't spare you any longer—go into the remote country; and, with this book in your hand, and resolution in your heart, if you do not bag a multitude of pretty creatures, and come back strengthened and redolent of the free winds of heaven, never believe books or their critics again as long as you live.

Since we are upon country subjects, we may as well deliver ourselves of a little book bound in vernal boards, and entitled "*Sketches of Country Life and Country Matters*; by One of the Old School."<sup>3</sup> We have no great affection for the "old school." We hold it to be a very indifferent school for the cultivation of the human mind. The legacies of old gentlemen it has bequeathed to us are for the most part distinguished only by superficial manners and frumpish conventionalities; and although the "old school" was well enough in the old times, being exactly fitted to the simplicities and easy feudalities of an uninstructed and superstitious age, it is totally—or rather, *tee-totally*,—unsuited to the present day. The little vernal book referred to is an illustration. The intentions of the writer are not only excellent, but in the highest degree praiseworthy; but he mistakes utterly the character of the living generation. He points out the pleasures of a country life, as being superior to the wasteful enjoyments of the town; then he goes on to show that the country gentleman, instead of scampering off to the Continent, or surrendering himself to the attractions of the metropolis, ought to remain quietly at home, setting a good example to the people; and he concludes by urging upon the peasantry the necessity of avoiding all the dangerous conspiracies, social, religious, and political, by which they are beset, of receiving the Holy Spirit into their hearts, and conducting themselves in all respects agreeably to the laws of God. It would be impossible to find fault with such good advice as this; but, however the peasantry may be disposed, we fear the landed gentry are not very likely to bury themselves in the country for the sake of any claims their country may be supposed to have upon their time or their actions. The writer forgets that we are in a state of rapid and somewhat turbulent transition: that the progress of science has made wonderful alterations in the condition and prospects of the labouring classes: and that the increase of population beyond the capacity of the soil no longer renders it possible to attain that repose in the mutual relations of the gentry and the peasantry, which is so benevolently insisted upon in this little book. As for the religious counsel given by our author to the rural population, we have the sum and substance of it in a couplet by the pious, quaint old Tusser, whose chimes seem to be haunting our memory, —

Would'st have a friend, would'st know what friend is best?  
Have God thy friend, who passeth all the rest.

<sup>3</sup> *Sketches of Country Life and Country Matters*. By One of the Old School. London: J. G. F. and J. Rivington. 1840.

We should be glad to hear what our friend of the "old school" would say to Mr. Adolphus Slade, who, instead of vegetating in his "ancestral halls," has made an excursion through Germany and Russia, and written a book about it.<sup>4</sup> Does he think he would have done better to have staid at home, until the weary sun had grown tired of setting upon his white hat and velvet jacket? Why, in one week's travel amongst new scenes, a man picks up more information, receives more useful impressions, and finds his sympathies more widely expanded, than by a twelvemonth's idle loitering in his native fields. And when this practical good is communicated to others, and diffused through the medium of an agreeable book, your country squire, who can boast that he has lived, man and boy, for fifty years in the same parish, cuts a most sorry figure beside the accomplished traveller.

"I am quite positive," observes Dr. James Johnson, in one of his eloquent and admirable books upon health, "that the most inveterate dyspepsia (where no organic disease has taken place) would be greatly mitigated, if not completely removed, with all its multiform sympathetic torments, by a journey of two thousand miles through Switzerland, Germany, or England." The same remedy will apply with equal force to another disease, which we will take the liberty of designating dyspepsia of mind. A more melancholy disease is not to be found in the whole catalogue of human ills. Nothing can cure it but travelling, which is beneficial alike to mind and body. We have known instances, where a single flask of Moselle has made a new man of the hypochondriac, and where the crushing morbid selfishness of a mind at war with the world was dispelled by the joyous chorus of the vine-dressers, wending at sunset up the storied hills of the Rhine. The swift change of scene — the excitement of movement without fatigue — the unconscious diversion of the brooding imagination — and the perpetual activity into which all the faculties of the mind and body are called by the succession of novel objects through which the traveller is whirled, — exert an extraordinary influence upon the general health. The tour described by Mr. Slade is exactly such a tour as might be taken with advantage by those who travel for a fresh lease of their nerves, as well as for those who go abroad in search of intellectual pleasures.

You may travel now from one end of Europe to its opposite extremity, and pursue your route into the East, if you will, in less time and with less trouble than people used to expend upon a journey to the Hebrides. The modes of locomotion are endless, and curiously adapted to the climates, habits, and states of civilisation of the various countries embraced in a six months' excursion. An enumeration of the different kinds of engines and vehicles extant would fill an octavo volume; — steam-boats, railroads, voitures, vigilantes, kibitkas, sledges, mules, camels, eilwagens, treckschuyts, droskies, britchkas (with the help of a *podoroshnaia*), periclodnois, pavosks, and we know not what else — the inventions of necessity for the one common purpose of carrying men, women, children, and merchandize from place to place, according to the exigency of circumstances, or the whims of opulent desire. Mr. Slade's journey lay through Germany to Constantinople, from thence to Odessa, thence to Brody, and home again through Hanover. This route includes a voyage upon the Danube; and we are sorry to learn from so recent an authority, that the navigation of that river is still troublesome and slow, if not occasionally hazardous. What are the authorities doing, that they cannot collect money or energy enough to blast a passage through its

<sup>4</sup> *Travels in Germany and Russia; including a Steam Voyage by the Danube and the Euxine from Vienna to Constantinople, in 1888-39.* By ADOLPHUS SLADE, Esq., R.N., Author of "Records of Travels in the East," &c. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

rocks and shallows? The Danube is becoming, every day, of increasing importance to the intercourse of Europe with the East; and a transit trade of incalculable value to Germany would be immediately established, as soon as a steam-boat could make a direct passage down the stream. It appears that the voyage is divided into five stages: the first, from Vienna to Pest, 200 miles; the second, from Pest to Drenkova, 510 miles; the third, from Drenkova to Skela Cladova, 50 miles; the fourth, from Skela Cladova to Galatz, 620 miles; and the fifth, from Galatz to the mouth of the river, 90 miles. This voyage, amounting altogether to only 1470 miles, occupied fourteen days, during which the travellers were compelled to sleep three nights on shore, besides being exposed to a variety of inconveniences and misfortunes, such as the foundering of the vessel upon the numerous sand-banks that collect in the bed of the river, disappearing again as quickly as the tide rises. Travellers would avoid much of this annoyance by taking the Danube at Pest, instead of Vienna, which, we believe, is the usual course, although Mr. Slade steamed from the capital. The fare from Vienna to Constantinople is less than 13*l.* per head, and the total expense about 19*l.*

The accounts of Odessa and Cracow, of the travelling in Russia, of the state of society, of Constantinople, and the political questions mixed up with its present government, and of the passage through Germany, are written with animation; and the volume, as a whole, is abundantly entertaining. The most salient characteristic of the book is a tendency to superfluous discussions upon subjects which the writer of a work of travels cannot find room enough to investigate below the surface, and which he would, therefore, act wisely to eschew. Mr. Slade has a few crotchets, round which all his notions of the philosophy of legislation seem to revolve; and, notwithstanding the general liberality of his sentiments, he cannot help reverting, every now and then, to some crabbed doctrines of government, to the Procrustean limits of which he attempts to fit the proportions of nations as different from each other as crows and Guinea-hens. But the strangest of all his notions is that which he has taken up concerning constitutions. Wherever there is an aristocracy to balance popular representation, he is of opinion there ought to be a constitution:—we gather this from his observations upon Austria. But when he touches upon Hanover, and the good King Ernest, he asserts that the annihilation of the constitution of that country, which was guaranteed to the Hanoverians in 1833, was one of the most statesmanlike measures that ever was devised. It would be as ridiculous a waste of ink to expose the absurdity of the arguments by which this position is attempted to be defended, as it would be to show that it is distinctly opposed to his own theory. The Hanoverian constitution of 1833 was simply a concession to the people, a recognition and establishment of those popular rights and franchises which had previously been absorbed by the Crown and the nobility. When King Ernest came to the throne, he found that the people had a larger share of power than was quite consonant with his views of absolute government, and that the estates of the Sovereign were curtailed as well as his authority. Of all things in the world, nothing could be so distressing to an individual of his description, as to be required to govern a free people. The first chamber was no longer omnipotent—the middle classes were tolerably well represented—and the King, instead of being raised above all law, was merely the chief magistrate of the executive. We cannot do better than allow Mr. Slade to relate, in his own words, the way King Ernest extricated himself from this painful dilemma. The *naïveté* of this brief passage is really exquisite:—

“ Thus, on ascending the throne, King Ernest found himself fettered by an act, passed

shortly before his accession, which destroyed his individual rights, and materially fettered the exercise of constitutional authority. It would have been useless to discuss the question in parliament, because the Commons of Hanover would not have given up so good a bargain; it would have been still more useless to protest, because there was no one to decide the question. *His only resource was to cut the Gordian Knot.* HE DECLARED THE CONSTITUTION OF 1833 UNFORMAL AND INEXECUTABLE, AND RECURRED TO THE CONSTITUTION OF 1819."

Bravo! King Ernest and Mr. Adolphus Slade. His Majesty, on ascending the throne, found his individual rights destroyed by an act that was passed before he had any rights whatever, and that the exercise of constitutional authority was materially fettered by the only real constitution that ever was bestowed upon the country. Let us ask one question. When King Ernest ascended the throne, did he or did he not accept and subscribe this constitution? If he did, — which, of course, he must have done, — by what name are we to call his subsequent conduct? Jove, they say, laughs at lovers' perfidies; we should like to know whether he laughs at monstrous perfidies such as this. King Ernest had as much right to revoke the constitution, as the worthy bailiff of Westminster has to march at the head of the *posse comitatus* and beat out the brains of every member of the House of Commons in full conclave. As to the assertion that the constitution was inexecutable, it is exactly of the same value as the assertion that the King recurred to the constitution of 1819. The constitution was, at that moment, in full operation, and had been for five or six years before; and the King, so far from recurring to the constitution of 1819, found such a scheme utterly impossible, and, driven to the last extremity, has offered to compromise the matter by adopting a constitution midway between the two. It is, indeed, a marvel past our comprehension, how so intelligent a writer as Mr. Slade could have committed himself to the desperate adventure of attempting to vindicate the treachery and defend the character of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, formerly of St. James's Palace.

That same palace of St. James's has been the scene of many strange stories. A novel before us, entitled "*Timon, but not of Athens*," reminds us that the unfortunate Princess of Wales, the wife of George IV., was received there, upon her arrival in England, in the very apartments which were afterwards occupied by the Duke of Cumberland. Who this novel is written by, or by whose authority the documents it contains are published, we know not; nor can we even pretend to decide whether these documents are authentic or fabricated. The work, however, seems to have been written exclusively as a vehicle for bringing these papers before the public, and for discussing a variety of political problems affecting the past and present state of English parties. There is hardly any attempt at a plot; a few well-marked characters move through the chapters, — chiefly politicians; and Timon, who gives the title to the work, and who is neither Timon of Athens nor Timon of Paris, is apparently intended to represent some individual who enjoyed the confidence of the Princess, or in whose hands, at least, her private papers were ultimately deposited. He is a staunch liberal — a vigorous thinker — an uncompromising enemy to tyranny in all its forms — and, by the force of his associations and his sympathies, a strong hater of George IV.

The documents respecting the intercourse of the Prince and the Princess — the subsequent neglect of that very miserable woman — and the separation that forced her from her child, — consist partly of letters that passed between her and her husband and his family, and partly of a secret diary, which, if this work may be relied upon, she was in the habit of keeping

during her residence in England. It is natural enough that the curiosity of the reader should be excited about such revelations as these; but the perusal of Timon's portfolio will disappoint the expectations of the curious. Timon tells us nothing that was not known before; and all that we can glean from his statements is, a minute exposition of the petty annoyances to which the Princess was exposed, and a few personal details and private letters, which, even if they be new, are not particularly interesting.

The Prince never wrote to the lady before marriage but once; and the letter, says Timon, was not calculated to raise any high expectations of conjugal felicity. "She read it again and again," he continues, "and it did not fail to give birth to most uneasy anticipations; but still there was nothing in it from which to predict the unhappy fate that awaited her. She could not foresee from it that all the purest feelings of her heart would be stung to the quick: she could not contemplate that it was in the nature of man, much less of the heir apparent to the throne of England, to act so unfeelingly towards her as a woman, and so cruelly towards her as a wife, as to make her future life one continued source of bitter agony and painful humiliation." The letter upon which these remarks are founded, is unquestionably a curiosity in the literature of love-making, and eminently characteristic of the heartless individual from whom it proceeded. Here it follows in full.

"C'est la première fois, ma chère Cousine, que j'ose m'adresser à vous pour vous exprimer combien je me sens heureux de l'espoir flatteur de pouvoir peut-être contribuer à votre bonheur. Croyez, chère Princesse, qu'en m'attachant à vous pour le reste de mes jours, et en vous rendant heureuse, je ne ferai que combler les plus doux vœux de mon cœur. C'est avec ces désirs là, en attendant que je puisse vous les exprimer de bouche que j'ai l'honneur de me souscrire,

"Ma très chère Cousine,

"Votre très affectionné Cousin,

"Et futur Epoux,

"GEORGE P."

"Londres, le 23 d'Oct. 1794."

The commentary of Timon and his friend upon this production is highly amusing. "It marks the man," says Timon; "his passions were so sated and worn down, that he could not even muster strength of expression sufficient to conceal his indifference." "It bears," says his friend, "upon the face of it, to be the language of a lover who finds himself obliged to say something, when he has nothing to say; and whose gallantry can just reach far enough to dress up a phrase or two of devotion, in which his heart has no share." The truth is, that it was a mere mechanical epistle written to order, filled up like an invoice or a bill of lading, and, like royal wooing in general, a pure abstract of frigid forms, discharging in cold blood the functions of a state necessity, which, in more cases than this, has crushed the natural affections of the heart.

Passing over the letters that transpired between the Princess and her husband, and which chiefly relate to the gross indignity that was put upon her in forcing her to retain Lady Jersey in her household, notwithstanding the notoriety of that lady's *liaison* with the Prince, we come to the narrative of events which is said to have been written by the Princess. This strange document opens by setting forth that the Princess left her own country in December, 1794; and that a few days before, her mother, the Duchess of Brunswick, received an anonymous letter expressing extreme regret at the appointment of Lady Jersey, alluding to the situation she held in the Prince's favour, and naming her as the individual who had brought about the marriage, for the purpose of raising an insurmountable obstacle to all

reconciliation between his Royal Highness and Mrs. Fitzherbert. This letter was confided to the Princess, that she might show it to the Queen; but on her voyage it was burned by the advice of Lord Malmesbury. When she arrived at St. James's Palace, there was nobody to receive her, and she was left without any female attendant except the dresser she had brought from Germany. The next morning, 6th of April, the Prince visited her, spoke of Mrs. Fitzherbert's temper, complained of her temper, and said that she was so malicious as to have fabricated an accusation against him of having had an intrigue with Lady Jersey, which, she said, had been made the subject of an anonymous letter. In consequence of this allusion, the Princess admitted that such a letter had been received, but that she relied upon the Prince's honour; and that she was sure, if Lady Jersey were such a person as she was reported to be, the Queen would not have suffered her to be chosen as one of the ladies of the bedchamber. But the following history of the honeymoon is the most striking passage in the whole. The wedding day was like a jubilee of fiends.

"The 8th of April, which was the day of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince rode out early in the morning to Parson's Green, where Mrs. Fitzherbert at that time had a villa. He waited the opportunity when her carriage would pass, to stop it, and to have some conversation with her. At length the carriage came; he stopped it, and, addressing her, said, — 'I am still a free man — now or never you must be reconciled to me; I shall not marry, if you yield to my wishes.' Mrs. Fitzherbert did not give any answer, but ordered her postilion to drive on. The Prince then went to the Queen, and assured her that he felt himself the most unhappy being in the world to be obliged to marry; but as matters stood at that time, there could be no appeal. The public are but too well informed as to the state of ebriety in which the rest of that day was passed. After the Princess had been a month at Carlton House, it then being arranged that the ladies were to take their waiting by turns, Lady Jersey asked an audience on the evening before her period of waiting was over; she fell at the Princess's knees, and assured her of her innocence, and trusted that the Princess would not believe a word of the scandalous reports that had been spread against her — that the public had even been so unjust to her as to accuse her of being with child by the Prince of Wales: she cried bitterly; and the Princess assured her in return, that she never should have supposed that either the Queen or the Prince would have placed her about the Princess if there had existed the least foundation for the report she had now informed the Princess of, and that the Princess had till that time been quite unaware of Lady Jersey's situation. Lady Jersey, though not in waiting, was still present at parties, at dinner, and supper, in the country. The Prince had at that time a house in Hampshire, of which the name was Carnshot, where the Prince and Princess and Lady Jersey sometimes were for a week or ten days. The party consisted of Lord Jersey, Lord Cholmondeley, Mr. Poyntz, Sir Willoughby Aston, Colonel Leigh, Mr. Knvett, General Hammond, &c. &c. The chief amusement was long rides on horseback, visiting all the country houses in the vicinity, dining very late, and supping at three o'clock in the morning. The gentlemen were intoxicated day after day: parties were frequently made after some of the field-days of the 10th Hussars, to dine at the Bush, at Staines, with the officers; no other lady present except Lady Jersey. This was the usual train of life, from the month of April till the month of June the same year.

"The 17th of June, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and also Lady Jersey, settled at Brighton till the month of November. They at first lodged at a Mr. Hamilton's house, as the Pavilion was undergoing some reparation, — the plan then being that Lady Jersey should live in the lower apartments at the Pavilion; *a staircase communicating with the Prince's bedroom was then erected!* — the Princess living in the other wing of the Pavilion. Till that time Lady Jersey had been civil and attentive to the Princess; but from the moment she began to take possession of the Pavilion, she began to be so uncivil, arrogant, and impertinent, that every body who witnessed her behaviour in society towards the Princess was shocked, and enraged against her. In October she left the Pavilion, and took a house upon the Steyne for her confinement. The Princess found herself under the necessity to be *God-mother*, on being asked by Lord Jersey for that honour. The Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Leeds were the two other sponsors.

"Lady Jersey's insolent behaviour continued daily to increase, as did the Prince's incivility and cold treatment towards the Princess. The Princess then requested to have an explanation with the Prince, which was at first denied; but Lady Jersey insisted; and at length the interview took place, in the presence of Lord and Lady Cholmondeley. The Princess wished to be informed as to the cause of the Prince's incivility towards her, and who was

the person to whom she owed this alighting treatment. The Prince's answer was, that the Princess did nothing but complain against Lady Jersey — that the ladies of the bedchamber were only the Princess's *companions* — that they should never take the *waiting* except on great occasions — but the bedchamber women were those who should take the waiting constantly — that Lady Jersey was an old friend of the Prince's — that the Princess ought to be very glad that he had chosen a person of such rank and distinction for his society, as otherwise the Prince would be much seldomer in the Princess's society." — Vol. ii.

It will be perceived, that in this statement the Princess of Wales is made to say, that up to the period in June or July, when they went to live at the Pavilion, Lady Jersey had been civil and attentive to the Princess. Now, in a previous part of the work we are informed that Lady Jersey's insolence commenced from the moment when she first came into waiting upon her Royal Highness. This assertion is made on the authority of Timon, in a conversation with his friend.

"The nuptials were solemnised on the 9th of April of the preceding year, 1795; and in this letter of May, 1796, she expresses herself as not being surprised at the purport of his avowed conversation with Lord Cholmondeley, inasmuch as it did but confirm what, in substance, he had intimated to her twelve months before. '*C'étoit me confirmer ce que vous m'avez tacitement insinué depuis une année.*' In fact, she was treated with the most mortifying neglect, even from the very first hour of her arrival in this country. She landed from one of the royal yachts, at Greenwich Hospital, accompanied by Mrs. Harcourt, Lord Malmesbury, and Commodore Payne, and was received on her landing by Hugh Palliser, the governor, and other officers, who conducted her to the governor's house, where she took tea and coffee. Lady Jersey was the person appointed to attend her arrival with a change of dress. During her voyage, the princess wore a muslin gown, and blue satin petticoat, with black beaver hat, and blue and black feathers. The dress brought from town, was a gown of white satin, trimmed with crape, and ornamented with white feathers; but so insolently disrespectful was Lady Jersey, that instead of being in waiting, as she ought to have been, she did not arrive at the governor's till an hour after the Princess had arrived." — Vol. i.

The discrepancy is, probably, of little moment: but authors of such memoirs as these ought to be careful of facts, when they venture into precise specifications calculated to give an air of accuracy to their narratives. Nor is this the only small inconsistency we have detected in these documents. The paper from which we have made the first of these extracts, and which professes to have been written by the Princess of Wales herself, was written, according to the following paragraph, while she was living in the house at Blackheath.

"Owing to the impaired state of health of the Princess of Wales, in consequence of the constant confinement and the state of agitation she had lived in for the last two years, she went to Charlton in April, 1797, to pass occasionally some weeks there for the benefit of the air. The following year the Princess was under the necessity of leaving it, as the house was then to be sold; and she then took a house, *in which she now resides*, at Blackheath; which was in the year 1798."

But, unluckily for the internal consistency of this narrative, it appears by the sentence with which it winds up, at a distance of not more than half a dozen pages from the above passage, that the narrative was not written until after she had left Blackheath.

"At length worn out by every sort of harassment — perceiving that a watch was set upon her most unguarded moments, for the purpose of fabricating charges against her, affecting both her honour and her life — that the domestics about her, having been chosen by the Prince, were every one in league against her — and that her presence in England was not only made a source of constant unhappiness to herself, but to her only daughter, the Princess Charlotte, from whose society she was rigidly excluded, and who was constantly persecuted on her account — her Royal Highness at length determined to adopt the advice given by the most sincere and disinterested of her friends, that she should go abroad; and, in 1814, she quitted England, and departed for the Continent."



These are inconsequential contradictions, regarded simply as matters of fact; but they are of the last importance in reference to the authenticity of the documents. If the Princess really wrote this narrative while she was at Blackheath, and with the recollection of the circumstances it describes fresh upon her, she could not have set down her departure from Blackheath, which occurred sixteen years afterwards, amongst her memorabilia; and if she wrote it after she left Blackheath, she could not have spoken of Blackheath as the place "in which she *now* resides." Timon must harmonise these slight discordancies, before his boudoir MSS. can gain much credence from the public.

The case of the Princess was, no doubt, a very disgraceful business from beginning to end. The separation from her daughter was an act of gratuitous and unmanly cruelty. The memorable Inquiry had cleared her character of the criminality charged upon her; and, although it still left her exposed to the imputation of levity, nothing was proved that could have justified the Prince in prohibiting occasional intercourse between the mother and her child. But it is tolerably clear that the Prince adopted this course in the hope of driving his miserable wife to extremities;—and he succeeded! The world and its bright hopes were closed upon her, and for the rest of her life, however it was passed, he alone was responsible. It would have required more philosophy than the sternest manhood is master of, to bear with patience and without reproach the accumulated wretchedness that was heaped upon that most unfortunate woman. The revival of the subject in the pages of this novel may not, perhaps, do much to redeem her fame; but, whether the documents be true or false, it will increase the odium in which the character of the Prince Regent is held by the people of England.

What a contrast is presented to the human mind by the contemplation of George IV. and George Washington! We acknowledge that such a comparison could never have entered into our thoughts, were it not suggested by the "Essay on Washington," of which an English translation has just been published by Mr. Reeve<sup>6</sup>, executed with all the elegance and fidelity that distinguished his translation of De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." In this single volume, we have not only the best summary that ever was written of the causes, origin, course, and issue of the American revolution, but a perfect portrait of one of the most virtuous men that ever adorned the annals of the world. Guizot, who has transplanted into the language of his country some of the noblest productions of English literature, including Gibbon's "Roman Empire," has recently imposed another obligation of that nature upon France, in a translation of the collected writings of Washington, to which he prefixed this profound and beautiful Introduction. Such a labour comes with peculiar propriety from M. Guizot. There is no man living, perhaps, who sympathises more closely with the character of Washington, as it was developed in the first days of the Federal republic which his valour and constancy had established. Washington belonged to no party: it was his boast, as it was his practice, to be independent of all local ties and party interests—to dedicate himself to the common good of all—and to pursue strictly that just medium, which, having nothing in view but the general prosperity, is never diverted to the right or the left. Need we refer to the public life of M. Guizot, to exhibit the exact parallel of this wise and moderate policy? There is, doubtless, a wide difference in the circumstances of the countries, eras, and individuals,—that difference being wholly in favour of Washington, as M. Guizot would frankly admit himself; and

<sup>6</sup> *Washington*. By M. GUIZOT. Translated by HENRY REEVE, Esq. London: John Murray. 1840.

that line of conduct which was practical in Washington — which he alone, of all the great men that were born of that great occasion, could have carried out — and which was absolutely essential to the salvation of the liberties they had struggled for so long, — is of little real avail in the excited condition of France, in the contest of old interests and new theories, and in the external pressure which the progress of humanity is now making upon the governments of all countries. But the genius of M. Guizot is nevertheless intimately allied to that of Washington, in his capacity of statesman ; and in this essay he shows how justly it enables him to estimate the powers, the magnanimity, and the sacrifices of the great man whose character it developes.

The difficulties against which Washington had to contend in the progress of the war — the firmness with which he sustained himself in the face of the most appalling disasters — the prudence and forethought of his measures — his courage in the fight — his judgment in the council — the simplicity of his life and opinions — the honesty and disinterestedness of his actions — the ability with which he bound up the dishevelled threads of the Federation, at a moment when the smallest error would have annihilated in petty feuds and contemptible jealousies the grand objects upon which so much blood and treasure had been expended — and the mild but fixed justice he breathed into the new-born institutions of his country, are briefly and felicitously delineated in this masterly composition. The hero and the legislator are not drawn in pompous periods, with rhetorical flourishes and artistical embellishments ; but each phase is seized as it rises in the natural order of events, and illuminated by the immediate circumstances that bring it into light. Thus we trace the growth of the man through the camp to the senate, first fighting for the freedom of his country, and then securing that freedom in protective laws.

Washington was not an orator : his greatness consisted in higher qualities of mind. Originally trained to the habits of an agricultural life, he was strong in body and mind, and capable of decisive and solid achievements rather than of dazzling movements. Some of his characteristics are truly mapped out in the following passage : —

“ Washington had none of those brilliant and extraordinary qualities which strike at once upon the human imagination. He was not one of those ardent spirits, eager to explode, driven onwards by the energy of their thoughts, of their passions, and scattering about them the exuberance of their own natures, before either opportunity or necessity has called forth the exercise of their powers. Unacquainted with ought of inward agitation, untormented by the promptings of splendid ambition, Washington anticipated none of the occurrences of his life, and aspired not to win the admiration of mankind. His firm intellect and his high heart were profoundly modest and calm. Capable of rising to the level of the highest greatness, he could, without a pang, have remained ignorant of his own powers, and he would have found in the cultivation of his estate enough to satisfy those vast faculties which were equal to the command of armies and the foundation of a government. But when the opportunity occurred, when the need was, without an effort on his part, and without surprise on that of others, or rather, as has just been shown, in conformity with their expectations, the wise planter shone forth a great man. He had, to a very high degree, the two qualities which, in active life, fit men for great achievements : he trusted firmly in his own thoughts, and dared resolutely to act upon them, without fear of responsibility.”

Washington was, perhaps, the only man filling so prominent a position in the eyes of millions who never had a detractor ; but it appears he had critics — luckily they were military critics, whose commentaries, like their strategies, are generally dark and crooked.

“ His merit as a military commander has been called in question. It is true that he never gave those signal proofs of it which have, in Europe, established the reputation of the greatest warriors. His operations were conducted with a small army, on an immense extent of country, where great displays of strategies and great battles were necessarily unknown to

him. But his acknowledged superiority, declared by his own companions in arms, by nine years of warfare, and by final success, may be admitted as no unworthy proof, and may well serve to justify his fame. His personal bravery was brilliant, and even rash; and he more than once allowed it to master his usual self-command."

Personal bravery, as it is called, is perhaps the lowest quality of a great commander, and, instead of being a help to him, is in truth often an obstacle to his success. The business of a commander is not to go into the thick of the fight, and set an example to his men of recklessness of life; but rather to control the movements of the battle by his superior sagacity, to watch the ebb and flood of the field, and by concentration or diffusion, or such other employment of his resources as the necessities of the day may demand, to insure the triumph, for the accomplishment of which so many lives, each as valuable in its social circle as his own, have been placed at his disposal. If he be a skilful general, he ought to avoid personal danger, since at best his individual heroism could do little, and his death might turn the tide of victory: if he be not, perhaps the more physical courage and rashness he has, and the sooner he is shot, the better. But Washington was not chargeable with this popular headstrong quality. With the heart of a lion, he combined the prudence of a man who was constantly looking to ulterior results. "He knew," says M. Guizot, "a loftier and more difficult art than that of making war—he knew how to control it. War was never to him any thing but a means, constantly subordinate to his general and definite object—success to the cause, independence to the country."

His conduct to the army entirely harmonised with this view of its uses. Every soldier in the States loved him, and when at the close of the war he took his leave of them at the French Tavern in New York, and the officers silently defiled before him for the last time, the whole assembly was melted to tears. Yet he never attempted to shed a false glory over their deeds, to flatter or exalt them, or to encourage them to hope for the slightest favours from the result of their toils, beyond that which they would gain in common with the rest of their fellow-citizens. In his treatment of the soldiery, the serenity of his mind, and the inflexibility of his political sentiments, were strikingly developed.

"He never allowed the army to occupy the highest place, even in its own estimation, and lost no opportunity of inculcating upon it the truth, that subordination and self-sacrifice, not only to the country, but to the civil authorities of the country, are its natural condition and its bounden duty."

When we trace these great principles in the mind and actions of Washington, we cease to be surprised at that wondrous unanimity by which he was borne to the pinnacle of power in the country he delivered from a foreign yoke. And it is due to other countries, and especially to England, to observe that the simple grandeur of his character is universally testified throughout the whole of Europe. It is highly instructive to note how such noble moral qualities, exerted in a just cause, with an unspotted reputation, bear down all mean resistance, and outlive the jealousies of states and the rancours that hang on the trail of defeat. There is no nation in the world, not even excepting America, where the character of Washington is more truly appreciated, or more deeply revered, than in England, the very nation against which he took up arms, after having been employed in her service throughout the Canadian war, and risking his life over and over again in the defence of her possessions on the St. Lawrence. This is fame worthy of his unsullied life. The name of Washington is held up as an example of pure excellence to the people of England, and his life is dwarfed into our school-books as a model for the formation of the ripening

character of our youth. Well may the Americans be proud of their first president — well might the population, as he passed in triumph to the congress, rush out of their houses, and offer up prayers for his welfare. The scene, on that glorious day, was crowded with mingled emotions for him who was the hero of the spectacle. “The flags on the shipping,” says Washington, “the strains of music, the war of cannon, the loud acclamations of the people as I passed, filled my mind with emotions as painful as they were agreeable, for I thought on the scenes of a totally opposite character, which would perhaps occur at some future day, in spite of all my efforts to do good.” M. Guizot contrasts that scene with one of a similar kind, in some respects, which took place at an earlier period in England, and by the force of comparison, shows us more clearly the higher triumph of the former.

“Nearly a century and a half before, on the banks of the Thames, a like crowd, and like demonstrations of joy, attended the procession of Oliver Cromwell, the protector of the commonwealth of England. ‘What crowds! what acclamations!’ said the flatterers of the protector; and Cromwell replied, ‘There would be more to see me hung!’ An analogy how strange, a contrast how glorious, between the feelings and the language of the bad great man, and the man great and good!”

The whole subject is one of infinite importance to the future destinies of the world. When we come clearly to understand the real character of such men as Washington, we acquire an insight into the philosophy of government, which, without illustrations of that order, would require ages of struggle, deformed by guilt, and perpetually retarded by errors, to obtain. Those intellects that are best adapted to rule in seasons of difficulty, are generally reluctant to embark on the troubled waters, because they best know the extent and nature of the dangers to be encountered. Hence the world has the more reason to be grateful for the examples of great minds of this stamp. M. Guizot concludes his essay with a few reflections in reference to this obvious consideration, suggested by the general review of Washington’s career: —

“It is a serious matter, in a free democratic community, to observe the repugnance of the most eminent men, and of the best amongst the most eminent, to assume the conduct of public affairs. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison longed ardently for retirement; as if, in that state of society, the task of government were too severe for those who are able to measure the extent of it, and who are resolved to fulfil it worthily.

“Yet to such only is the task suited, to such ought it to be entrusted. Government will always and everywhere be the greatest employment of the human faculties, and consequently that which demands the loftiest spirits. The honour and the interests of society are alike concerned in drawing and fixing them to the administration of its affairs, for no institutions, no political contrivances, can fill the place they ought to occupy.

“On the other hand, in men who are worthy of this destiny, all weariness, all sadness, though it be warrantable, is weakness. Their mission is toil, their reward the success of their works, but still in toil. Oftentimes they die, bent under the burden, before that meed is vouchsafed to them. Washington obtained it; he deserved and tasted success and repose. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most happy; God has, in this world, no higher favours to bestow.”

This great truth, — that labour is the inheritance of man, — is taking deep root in the living generation, and in course of time will produce results that must ultimately remodify the whole framework of society, when every man shall have become impressed with the responsibility of his mission, and shall have worked onward zealously towards its accomplishment. “Ye sojourn here to attain an end,” — says De Lamennais, in his “Book of the People,” — “to discharge duties, to accomplish a work; repose is beyond, and now is the season of labour.” In another place he observes, “All must

live, all must enjoy a legitimate freedom of action to accomplish the end of their being, by developing their powers, and advancing continually towards perfection. Each, then, ought to respect the rights of others; and this is justice — the beginning of duty." This justice, which can alone constitute the foundation of harmony and happiness, is not to be attained without toil, without investigation, faith, and perseverance. "There is no justice," says George Sand, "without knowledge." Immortal maxims — profound lessons of wisdom and morality, cast at first upon the heedless winds, but destined at no remote day to drop into the fruitful soil, and fructify into glorious luxuriance for the universal sustenance of the human family.

How little the careless reader thinks of the labours of literature and science, by which his mind is informed, his powers of thought exercised, and his leisure hours filled with pleasant and instructive occupation. The smallest treatise on natural history is the result, probably, of many years of anxious experiment; but it is read, discussed, and forgotten in a single evening! Such is the fate of *popular* treatises, which, freed from technical difficulties, and addressed to those who have neither time nor inclination for elaborate researches, can hardly be expected to effect any more extensive benefits than that of impressing a few general principles upon busy or indifferent people, who otherwise would have remained wholly ignorant of the sciences thus briefly outlined. But if the mass of readers could be tempted to explore larger works, if they could be induced to master the apparently troublesome nomenclature that startles them on the threshold, they would find themselves introduced to a world of delights, of which they had previously formed no conception whatever. A slight impediment shuts them out from these treasures of knowledge and intellectual enjoyment, and if they knew how easy it is to vanquish that impediment, which, like the snakes and monsters in the fairy tale guarding the enchanted lady, must vanish before the first show of courage, they would scarcely be content with the fragmentary information to be gleaned from brief abstracts and loose generalisations. Mr. Westwood's "*Introduction to the Classification of Insects*," is a capital work to commence upon. It forms two portly volumes, is crowded with scientific details, distributed with remarkable clearness and accuracy, and contains such a familiar exposition of the entire science of entomology, that a schoolboy can comprehend it with as much facility as an adult. The collection of the materials embraced in this valuable publication, engrossed the author for a long series of years; and in the progress of his task, he not only studied nature in the woods and fields, vigilantly watching insects in their various transformations, but consulted all the existing treatises, and industriously availed himself of every opportunity of investigating the museums of Great Britain, France, and Germany. Mr. Westwood justly observes, that the majority of the numerous entomological works that have appeared during the last quarter of a century, exhibit either generalised views of the subject, or extensive technical details of the genera and species of insects, but that there was no work which the student could take up as a guide to the development of the principles of modern classification, in the distribution of orders and families. To supply this manifest *desideratum*, the present production was undertaken, and the task has been executed with consummate ability. The plan is at once simple and comprehensive. Opening with general entomological observations, Mr. Westwood proceeds to the division of insects into orders; and then, taking each order separately, he divides it into

<sup>1</sup> *An Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects, &c.* By J. O. WESTWOOD, F.L.S., &c. Two Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

families, exhibiting their characters, habits, transformations, and general distribution. The anatomy of these insects is given with great care; the description of their various progressive states is written with the utmost perspicuity, and the whole is richly illustrated with woodcuts. We believe we do not exceed the measure of the intrinsic merits of Mr. Westwood's publication, in adding that, it is the most complete work of its kind that has hitherto appeared in our own or any other language.

Apropos to entomology, here is a small but substantial pamphlet upon China<sup>8</sup>, which will put the reader in possession of every thing he can desire to know, respecting an order of insects that have, for a long period past, inflicted considerable annoyance upon some of our fellow-subjects. Throughout the whole range of Mr. Westwood's researches it may be fairly doubted whether he has discovered or described any insects so troublesome, venomous, or active in mischief as the Chinese. Hitherto our information concerning them has been rather imperfect; but it is to be hoped that the scientific expedition we have sent out to Canton will bring us back a good account of them, perhaps even before this page shall have passed through the press. The pamphlet to which we have drawn attention comprises a complete account of the geography and population of the Celestial Empire, of its political history traced from the earliest times to the present day, of its productions, trade, and revenue, government, religion, language, literature, music, arts, sciences, customs, and character; concluding with a sketch of the British relations with China, of the origin and progress of the opium question, developing the real causes of the war, and a succinct description of Assam and its tea plant; which last feature forms an object of interest, as affording us, within the girth of our own possessions, a resource against any contingency that may arise from the suspension of our trade with China. The history of China is as great a curiosity as a China tea-cup used to be in England; before we discovered the sublime art of making tea-cups for ourselves. As to the opium business, and the war springing out of it, the writer of this pamphlet shows that the pretext of morality is pure hypocrisy, and that the true source of the rage of the Chinese is not the importation of opium but the exportation of specie. If the Chinese could get opium by way of barter, they would deal with us to the full extent of our productions; but they are afraid of the drain of silver; and, after trying in vain to accomplish both objects, that is, to preserve the opium trade, and at the same time prevent the exportation of money, — they at last resolved to put an end to the trade, setting up its immorality as a pretence for the prohibition of the article. The conduct of the Chinese, from the first moment we entered into commercial relations with them to this day, has been invariably distinguished by treachery, fraud, and dastardly cruelty. Yet writers are to be found in England who, for the basest purposes, have not hesitated to undertake the defence of these cowardly knaves. All such pamphleteers are finally disposed of in the following passage, winding up a survey of the English intercourse with China, derived from an examination of a variety of authorities.

*"It is not a little extraordinary that with, we believe, scarcely a single exception, all the writers who have recently undertaken to vindicate the Chinese are opposed to the present government, and that not one of them has ever set his foot in China; while ALL those who have lived in China, or visited it — missionaries, soldiers, seamen, ambassadors, and merchants — looking only to the*

<sup>8</sup> *Outlines of China, Historical — Commercial — Literary — Political.* By ROBERT BELL, Esq., Author of "The History of Russia," "The Lives of the Poets," &c. Reprinted from the *Atlas Weekly Journal*. London: T. H. Brown. 1840.

*national honour, and uninfluenced by factious motives, unanimously agree in representing the conduct of the Chinese to be perfidious and derogatory to the dignity of the British crown, and such as to render the war not only justifiable but unavoidable."*

After clearly tracing the causes of the war, and proving that the first aggression, as wanton as it was base, came from the Chinese, the writer closes this part of the subject with a stirring appeal to the patriotism of his readers.

"These facts are for the people of this great maritime country to remember hereafter. THE CHINESE HAVE MADE WAR UPON US, AND DRIVEN US INTO OUR SHIPS, BECAUSE WE WOULD NOT SIGN AN INIQUITOUS BOND TO SACRIFICE BEFOREHAND, AND WITHOUT TRIAL OR PROOFS OF GUILT, THE LIVES OF OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN WHO SHALL, IN FUTURE YEARS, TRADE AT THEIR PORTS, AND BECAUSE WE REFUSED TO SURRENDER UP AN INNOCENT MAN TO THE VENGEANCE OF A SAVAGE MOB. This, and this alone, is the cause of the war; and the Chinese, and not the English, have begun the war. Opium has nothing to do with it. It is not an opium war—it is a war to obtain redress for the grossest outrages that have ever before been offered to English merchants; for the greatest indignities, covering long years of opprobrium and insult in detail, that were ever before cast upon the honour of Great Britain. Will Englishmen endure this quietly from a race of men enslaved by Tartar tyrants, ignorant, vain, audacious, and deceitful? Will Englishmen creep under the feet of these cowardly, treacherous slaves? No: if their myriads were quadrupled, clouding their shores like locusts, we would not pause to calculate, but, confiding in the justice of our cause, and the traditional glory of a name that has, throughout all time, been proudly associated with the vindication of the rights of man, we would arm for the contest. He who is against this war must be either ignorant of its origin, or a traitor to the honour of his country."

This pamphlet originally appeared in the *Atlas Weekly Journal*, a paper which is adapted in a higher degree than any of its contemporaries to the wants and character of the present age. Moderate in tone, and independent in spirit, its political articles are distinguished by striking ability, and its criticisms upon literature, art, and music by the strictest impartiality. Free from all the sinister influences that too often render the literary and political journal a fallacious guide and one-sided expositor, the *Atlas* possesses this peculiar advantage, that its opinions and its statements are always above suspicion; while a remarkable purity of taste governs the selection and treatment of the intelligence it caters for its readers. To this journal belongs also the tradition and the merit of having introduced into the hebdomadal sheet that combination of criticism and news which has subsequently been adopted with more or less success by other weekly papers. It originally demonstrated the possibility of furnishing in one view a complete panorama of the progress of knowledge and humanity, presenting a rapid survey, from week to week, of the current literature of the country, the acquisitions of science, the history of the arts, and the events of the time; and it has sustained unimpaired throughout a variety of newspaper revolutions the high character it established in the first instance.

Having visited China in the course of our morning ramble amongst the books, let us now drop the reader on the shores of British Guiana, a fair and fertile region in South America. Mr. Schomburgk was appointed by the Geographical Society to traverse this country for scientific purposes, and the result of his inquiries is a work crowded with valuable information, and still more valuable suggestions concerning the future colonisation of this neglected tract.<sup>9</sup> It appears that British Guiana is not exceeded by any part of the world in luxuriance of vegetation, maritime strength, and variety of soil. It possesses extensive savannahs peculiarly adapted for grazing grounds; is capable of growing the vine, the olive, coffee, rice, and cocoa;

<sup>9</sup> *A Description of British Guiana, Geographical and Statistical.* By ROBERT H. SCHOMBURGK, Esq. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1840.

nas clays and sands fit for the manufacture of earthenware, bricks, and glass, building stone for houses, timber for naval architecture and cabinetwork, medicinal plants, wild cinnamon, vegetable oils, and grateful fruits; and its staple productions are sugar, coffee, and cotton. Yet this rich colony, presenting so many temptations to the surplus population of the mother country, has not only been most grievously neglected, but suffered to be made the scene of a calamitous oppression of the natives, which reflects indelible discredit upon the British government. The whole territory is parcelled out amongst different powers, and the divisions are severally known by the titles of the nations that exercise authority in them, as French, Dutch, Brazilian, Venezuelan, and British Guiana; but so carelessly have these divisions been made, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide how much territory belongs to each, British Guiana alone being variously estimated by different persons at a superficies fluctuating between 12,300 and 76,000 square miles. The consequence of this unsettled state of things is, that the Brazilians, taking advantage of our indifference, prosecute their nefarious slave traffic upon our borders, and the defenceless Indians are actually kidnapped and sold under the very shadow of the British flag.

"The system," says Mr. Schomburgk, "of the Brazilians of hunting the Indians for slaves exists to this day in all its atrocities. These slaving expeditions, or descimentos, from political motives, are always directed towards the contested boundaries; and their practice is, when arrived at a populous Indian village, to await the mantle of the night in ambush, and to fall over their unsuspecting victims when enjoying the first sleep. By setting their cabins on fire, and discharging their muskets, they create consternation, and succeed in securing the greater part of the former peaceful inhabitants. I had thus the grief, while at the Brazilian boundary fort San Joaquim on the Rio Branco, in August 1838, to witness the arrival of a similar expedition, who surprised an Indian village near the Ursato mountains, on the eastern bank of the river Takutu, on the contested boundary of British Guiana, and carried forty individuals, namely, eighteen children under twelve years of age, thirteen women, and nine men, of whom only four were under thirty years of age, and two above fifty, into slavery. These abominable proceedings were carried on under the warrant of the district authorities."

The simplest remedy for all this revolting criminality, in so far at least as we are concerned, is to adopt Mr. Schomburgk's advice, and settle the boundary lines forthwith. We are happy to learn that Mr. Schomburgk is about to proceed to Guiana again, and we hope the issue of his useful labours will be the extirpation of slavery, and the introduction of a wiser system of colonisation into that country.

But amidst this waste of life and misdirected energies, and the low struggles of earthly desires, is there nothing to be said about poetry? Hey, presto! — here are some four or five specimens of the divine art, leaping, as it were, out of the void immense of our editorial buck-basket, and clustering round our swan-quill at the first indication of an intention to turn our eyes in that direction. Patience, tiny octavos! until we dismiss this majestic volume, the "*Paradiso of Dante*," translated into a profound resemblance of the original by Ichabod Charles Wright<sup>10</sup>, the translator of the "*Inferno*" and the "*Purgatorio*," and the son-in-law of Lord Denman. His lordship may be proud of his son-in-law, who has herein converted into his lordship's vernacular one of the grandest works of the human imagination, making the English peasant familiar with the loftiest dream of genius that ever swept the eyelids of Italian poet. How that dark Florentine would have gloried in this English mirror where he is reflected so truly in all the splendour and sublime mystery of his spirit. As the "*Inferno*" exhibits the agonies of sin, and the "*Purgatorio*" the purifying process of struggling virtue,

<sup>10</sup> *The Paradiso of Dante, Translated.* By ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M. A. London: Longman & Co. 1840.



so the "Paradiso" depicts the beatitude and crowning happiness of heaven. The three poems constitute an allegory of the onward and upward toils of the human soul towards the last rewards promised in its redemption; and their translations by Mr. Wright — although they do not acquit us of our gratitude to Cary — may be placed high amongst the worthiest efforts of this kind we possess in our language.

Descending from this empyrean height, we have a poem by Charles Mackay, entitled the "Hope of the World"<sup>11</sup>, from which much hope of the poet's future progress may be drawn. Mr. Mackay avows himself a disciple of that "simple, natural, and enduring school of poetry which has produced such writers as Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers, and Campbell." If Mr. Mackay had not written this sentence, we should have indulged ourselves in a higher estimate of his judgment; for who, before this sentence was put upon paper, ever committed the extravagant and gratuitous folly of asserting that Pope belonged to that "simple, natural, and enduring school," at the head of which he is placed by this gentleman? Mr. Mackay appears to have mistaken the regular flow and monotonous propriety of Pope for simplicity, and to have been cheated by his ear into the notion that the *filigree* verses of that exquisite artist were the pure outpourings of nature. Pope would have cracked his jaw with laughter, — laughter being a very unusual exploit with him, — could he have heard his poetry praised for nature and simplicity; for none knew better than Pope himself how thoroughly artificial it was, by what tortuous modes it was worked into form, and how far removed it was from that truthful and healthful spirit which Mr. Mackay really loves and faithfully cultivates. Happily for himself, he flatters Pope only by including him in this hasty catalogue, but no where imitating him in his poems, which are distinguished throughout by a fine sympathy for his fellow-men, a practical tone of Christianity, and a clear comprehension of the true interests of humanity. The general characteristics of the numerous pieces in his volume are the liberality and benevolence of the sentiments, and the correctness of the versification.

In a volume called the "Regrets of Memory"<sup>12</sup>, the reader is treated to a very curious exhibition of the most opposite moods of mind through which even a poet can be supposed to pass. The object of the first poem, written in ambitious heroics, is to show that every thing upon earth teems with sources of disappointment and sorrow, and that there is only one cheering vista for man, — the promises of Christianity. In the minor poems that follow we have some of the most merry-hearted, hand-gallop verses that could have been committed by Pantaloon, such as "The Quill Driver;" "Written for Captain B——, to present to a lady with a worsted kettle-holder;" "A Conversation which took place at the Ordinary during the Dorchester Races," the whole winding up with a gay, sprightly, dashing "Anacreontic." The poetical merits of these productions are of the slenderest kind; but, if we are to choose, give us the grotesque humours of the bagatelle verses, which, trivial as they are, contain more good sense in a single stanza than the whole essence of mawkish misery condensed into the "Regrets of Memory."

"The Vert-Vert" of Gresset<sup>13</sup>, which was certainly not wanted in our tongue, has been translated by Mr. Montagu with much care and vivacity.

<sup>11</sup> *The Hope of the World, and other Poems.* By CHARLES MACKAY. London: Richard Bentley. 1840.

<sup>12</sup> *The Regrets of Memory; a Poem. With Minor Poems, Translations, &c.* London: Henry Wix. 1840.

<sup>13</sup> *Vert-Vert: a Poem.* In Four Cantos. Translated from the French of M. Gresset. With Illustratory Notes. By M. MONTAGU. London: Henry Storie. 1840.

As far as the translation is concerned, we think the translator has done well; but in his choice of a subject he has done ill. Much the same commentary will apply to a metrical tale, apparently executed by the same hand, entitled "*Belfagor*<sup>14</sup>," and founded upon a well-known *novella* in the prose works of Machiavelli. The version is executed with considerable spirit; but we could have dispensed with a production, the looseness of which is but poorly atoned for by brisk versification and broad humour.

May thy lines fall in pleasant places, Moxon, thou angler in the pure well of English undefiled. The sight of the new "*Beaumont and Fletcher*<sup>15</sup>," in two grand volumes, and of D'Israeli's "*Miscellanies of Literature*<sup>16</sup>," restore us to the rejoicing images which surrounded us like rays of light, thickly laden with stars, when we bounded out an hour ago into the sequestered nooks and green depths of the wooded valleys, listening to the trout-streams and the music of birds, and the gushing falls of waters over the unseen rocks in the dells of the mountains. Why, these *are* books to linger over by the brink of a rivulet until the sun goes down and blots out the day, sending us home with a multitude of crowding fancies in our brain that rush between us and sleep. Every leaf is haunted by beauty, by human passion and love in its highest ecstasies; and flowers spring out of the rich margins, like violets peeping through their modest leaves; and the head and the heart, informed, elevated, and improved, gain fresh arguments on behalf of the fair earth, and the marvellous enchantments by which it is thronged, from the old poets and the modern gatherer of curiosities: and here, too, is George Darnley, himself a poet, discoursing of the brother dramatists, and soliciting the reader for indulgence in the task which has fallen to him; but he might have spared himself the superfluous deprecation, for he has discharged his functions with a becoming vigour and a fulness of knowledge and feeling that shed abundant graces over his introduction. We place these books apart from all the rest, to be taken down at still intervals, and reverently perused:— and having concluded our ramble, we shade our brows with both hands, and open the charmed volumes at the "*Noble Gentleman*," where the first line that catches our eyes expresses the whole sense of their merits:—

" 'Tis for tongues  
Of blessed poets, such as Orpheus was,  
To give their worth and praises ! "

<sup>14</sup> *Belfagor : a Tale.* London: Henry Storie. 1840.

<sup>15</sup> *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.* With an Introduction by GEORGE DARNLEY. Two Vols. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

<sup>16</sup> *Miscellanies of Literature.* By the Author of "*Curiosities of Literature.*" A New Edition, revised and corrected. London: Edward Moxon. 1840.

## PROPOSED REMEDY FOR JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

AMONGST the plans lately proposed for checking the rapid increase of juvenile delinquency, we have heard of one which appears to strike at the root of the evil. It is embodied in a bill that has been recently brought before the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor. The chief object of this bill is to place children below fourteen years of age, *on their first conviction*, under the guardianship of the state for seven years; with a proviso, however, for shortening that term in certain circumstances, and by the recommendation of the proper authorities.

We are not aware of the minor details of the bill, if at present decided upon; but having been favoured with the sketch of a plan for the management and disposal of the young delinquents, who will thus be placed under the care of the government, we have been led to regard with much more of hope than apprehension this contemplated and important change in one branch of criminal legislation. From having at first considered the project exceedingly difficult of execution, we have been brought to believe it not only easy of accomplishment, but calculated to operate both as a remedy for and preventive of crime. Those tendencies, if not obvious at first sight, will become evident from a fuller consideration of the subject.

On the evils of sending children to prisons where an association with older offenders is to a certain extent unavoidable, it is hardly necessary to dwell. It is notorious that reformation is so rarely the result of imprisonment, that benevolent persons, who have suffered from the depredations of young thieves, have often been unwilling to prosecute, fearing to confirm the prisoner in his evil habits by a committal to prison, if assured that the offence in question was the first.

If evidence were wanting to establish the fact that criminal habits are frequently confirmed by a first residence in gaol, we find it in the following statement taken from the first report of the Constabulary Force Commission. It is part of a narrative collected by order of Mr. Chesterton, the Governor of Cold-bathfields Prison, from the account of the prisoners themselves.

"When a young thief is sent to prison for the first time, he, either by conversation and intercourse with more experienced thieves, becomes fixed and determined in that pursuit, or, by the discipline experienced, dread and terror are imprinted on his youthful mind, and he is reclaimed. If disposed to follow the pursuits of thieving, by imprisonment he forms so many acquaintances that he is never afterwards at a loss for a companion; he becomes acquainted with thieves more versed in the art than himself, who direct his attention to more lucrative pursuits; his emulation is spurred, and each time his term of imprisonment expires he enters society with a fresh stock of knowledge, and consequently becomes its more dangerous member. Love of fame forms no small proportion of a thief's composition. The estimation in which his character is held by his companions is determined by the number of times he has been in trouble, and the conduct he pursued on these occasions towards his 'pals,' or confederates: if he has once informed against them he is deemed unsafe to trust, and until the stain is removed by his hereafter staunch conduct, he does not rise in his profession."—P. 384.

It would not be difficult to show, from the returns of various prisons, that the proportion of boys "reclaimed" is comparatively small; but as there are no means of obtaining a perfectly accurate estimate of recommittals, we cannot attempt to state the precise number. Whatever it be, if dread

and terror alone are the motives by which reformation is induced, such intimidation might be used without the risk of intercourse with hardened offenders ; but we are not believers in the reforming agency of intimidation, except on the most depraved, in whom its good effects are not more lasting than the immediate cause. The probability is, that those poor children who are termed "reclaimed," have committed crime in ignorance of its nature, or in obedience to the commands of parents, by whom they have been taught evil as sedulously as other parents wish to inculcate virtue. It is certain that many children have not the slightest idea of right and wrong, in connection with thieving, except as far as success ensures triumph. Since, in 1834, several young female criminals have been removed to the Asylum of the Children's Friend Society, at Chiswick, the managers of that institution have had frequent opportunities of discovering by conversation the state of the children's minds, their previous education, and general notions with regard to crime. The following dialogue took place between one of these children and a member of the committee of management. The girl, at the age of eleven, underwent a year's imprisonment at the Millbank Penitentiary, in a solitary cell, relieved by the occasional visits of the governor, of lady visitors, and of the matron : her offence was stealing sovereigns from a till in a shop where she was employed. On the expiration of the term she was received into the female asylum, belonging to the Children's Friend Society. After twelve months she was selected by the head matron to accompany her abroad as servant. Being asked what tempted her to commit the robbery, and whether any one persuaded her to take the money, "No, I did it myself," was her reply. "I do not remember my father or mother ; my grandmother placed me in a shop at North-Shields, I saw a great deal of money in a drawer, and I took seven sovereigns." \*

"How did you spend them?"

"I did not spend *all* — I bought something to eat, and some clothes."

"Were you hungry when you did this?"

"I do not remember."

"How were you found out?"

"A man asked me where I got the money, and I told him."

"What happened afterwards?"

"A policeman came and took me to some place, and then I was put on board a ship and brought to the Penitentiary."

"Is your grandmother alive?"

"I do not know — I have never heard any thing of her since."

"Have you any other friends?"

"No."

It is evident that a child of such a disposition only requires to be placed in circumstances more favourable to the growth of character ; but as children cannot be taken out of a pernicious moral atmosphere until the first commission of crime affords proof that they have suffered from the contagion, the question is, how they should be dealt with on the first conviction. When removed from a possibility of intercourse with hardened offenders, there is a fair chance of reformation for the young delinquent, hitherto but little experienced in the *practice* of crime ; but a lesson is first to be *unlearned* ; and though, from the total change of scene and circumstances, a very marked improvement is frequently soon observed in demeanour, time must be given

\* It is not believed that this child knew the different value of sovereigns and sixpences, or that she was more culpable in taking the one coin than the other. Yet the law judges an infant according to the *relative* value of money, and not according to the dishonesty of the act. A short time ago a young man, under twenty-one, who destroyed himself, was not considered by the law as guilty of *felo de se*, because of his *minority* ; while children under fourteen are treated as adult criminals for acts of theft, of the guilt of which they are scarcely conscious.

to strengthen the newly-acquired habit, and to fix the principle by which subsequent temptation may be resisted. They who are familiar with education under the most favourable auspices, know with what care motives must be instilled, and conduct watched, before the permanent regulation of character can be relied on: how much, then, is the necessity for time and patience increased by the peculiar circumstances of criminal children!

On this consideration, the practice of convicting for a short period is highly objectionable; such convictions are in fact worse than none at all. A child is placed under correction, the justice of which, *even admitting it to be just*, could not be fully apprehended by himself till after he had made some progress towards reform, but which is not persevered in for a sufficient time to allow any such progress to be made; he is then returned to his former temptations and associates, either with feelings of aggravated bitterness towards those who have made him suffer, and an utter unconsciousness of his guilt, or in the not less pitiable condition of having an awakened conscience and a desire to amend, without the power of escape from contamination. In either case the character is deteriorated; for the habit of committing crime, knowing its unlawfulness, is as great an evil as the vindictive disposition generated by a sense of wrong.

We repeat, that before correction can produce its effect on character, its justice must be acknowledged; but how can this be the case, when *retributive* instead of reformatory treatment is pursued? In the great majority of cases, retribution cannot be fairly proportioned to deserts; if it be in any instance so proportioned, its justice cannot, under the circumstances, be appreciated by the criminal.

The new bill on the subject of Juvenile Delinquents proposes that they should be placed under the guardianship of the state for seven years; and the treatment contemplated, as likely to induce reformation, is described in the following sketch of a plan for the management and disposal of the juvenile delinquents, male and female, who may be brought under the care of the state by the proposed enactment.

It is proposed to establish three male and three female penitentiaries, houses of correction, and training schools.

The first to be rather penal in its character and strict in detention. The second, one of greater liberty and more variety of employment. The third, to wear the aspect of a school of industry and agricultural training.

There shall also be two vessels fitted up as transports, but to be organised in school fashion, with carefully selected masters and crews, school-master, matron, school-mistress, and chaplain — one for the males, the other for young females. These ships will be prepared to receive such of the wards, as, from character and circumstances, shall be recommended to be placed as apprentices in the British colonies. Guardian committees and legal commissioners shall be appointed by the governors in the colonies, and under their superintendence, to receive, place out, and watch over the apprentices according to the plan pursued by the Children's Friend Society.

It is also proposed that a governor and inspector of all the establishments, male and female, shall be appointed, with authority to choose his male officers, Parkhurst being his head quarters: — that a lieutenant-governor shall be appointed to take the command there when the governor shall be absent upon tours of inspection.

That the management of the female department shall be vested in a committee of twelve ladies, subject only to the control of the secretary of state, the inspection of the governor, and the occasional visits of a government educational inspector.

The expences of the male establishment to be estimated by the governor.

The ladies to be allowed a sum not exceeding 1000*l.* as outlay for *each* female establishment, to provide fitting up, furniture, books, garden and dairy implements, cows, &c.; and that they shall also be allowed a sum not exceeding 1000*l.* per annum for rent of premises, payment of secretary, &c.; and that the government shall then engage to pay a sum of five shillings weekly for the board and clothing of each girl admitted, in which sum outfit shall be included.

The books, accounts, and reports of the female establishments shall at all times be open to the inspection of Parliament, of the Secretary of State, and of the governor. The ladies to have the selection of all the female officers, both in the houses and on board the vessels. That the vacancies in the ladies' committee shall be filled up by election among themselves, and that no vacancy shall be unsupplied more than three months.

The only privilege asked by the ladies in return for their gratuitous services is, that they shall be allowed to admit orphans and destitute girls under fourteen into the houses, under particular circumstances, for the prevention of crime, upon a payment of five shillings weekly into the government fund; and that the managers of the Children's Friend Society be allowed a free passage for certain children from their institution, provided such privilege does not interfere with the passage of government wards.

A visiting chaplain to be appointed for the houses.

This system may, if necessary, be extended to the local schools of discipline in England, Ireland, and Scotland, but it is recommended that they should be to a certain extent under the guidance of the metropolitan establishment, and that no ladies' committee should be formed without their consent and co-operation, to preserve uniformity of plan and administration.

The testimonies in favour of the good effects of industrial education in promoting moral habits, industry, and mutual good-will among children are numerous and strong. In many continental schools labour is relied on as an efficient instrument of education; and in some of the Maisons Centrales in France it has been employed with marked success, as a reforming agent, on criminals of mature age: its efficacy has lately been tested in England in a few public institutions, and in some schools founded by the liberality of private individuals.\* We have read in the recently published memoir of Sir S. Romilly a letter of the Count Mirabeau, which bears on the subject in question: it is interesting to find the former speculations of a man of unquestionable ability borne out by the growing experience of the present time; we therefore transcribe the letter, though not professing entire concurrence in all its details.

"All hospitals, all institutions for the reception of the infirm, of foundlings, beggars, lunatics, &c. &c., are established within towns. Why are they not removed from towns, which they infect, and which infect them, to the country, and indeed to the most distant parts of the country, to deserts; for all kingdoms, even England, have deserts?"

"First, Children, who are more susceptible to the effects of the atmosphere, take and communicate contagious disorders with extreme readiness, and to their little spongy bodies all diseases may be said to be contagious. In town hospitals, where they are huddled one upon another, contagion is established among them, and it may be almost said that they

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\* Hackney Wick School, one of the first institutions of a purely industrial character in England has been the means of effecting several reforms in characters supposed incurable. Its simple and interesting system is worth attention. Parkhurst Prison, in the Isle of Wight, for boys only, has adopted many similar methods with success. One of the most extensive establishments of the kind is the Colonie Agricole de Jeunes détenus, founded at Mettray, in the Department d'Indre et Loire. A highly interesting account of this admirable institution, with a list of the Société Paternelle of founders, was published in Paris in 1839.

live always in a state of morbid disease. In the country they might be placed at sufficient distances from each other, to cut off easily all communication of infection. From this alone three great benefits would result;—the lives of many more would be preserved; the air of towns would be free from a great hot-bed of corruption; and the funds of the establishment would be relieved from the expence of all those remedies which must be given to children who are frequently suffering.

“Secondly, Is it not strange that in towns, where luxury increases all expence, where even opulence and the most active industry find it so difficult to live, that these establishments, which must subsist on the charity of government or of the people, should be placed? Let them be removed to the country, where every thing is cheaper, the cost of maintaining them will, according to the situation, be one third, one half, two thirds less, and what they consume will be a source of prosperity to the neighbouring country.

“One objection presents itself, and one only, as I believe. It may be said that establishments at a distance from large towns, where are also the large fortunes, would not be so well placed to attract the beneficence of charity; in losing sight of them, compassion might perhaps diminish; they would no longer be enriched by the expiations of crime and the generous gifts of virtue. But, my friend, I do not believe that it is from momentary and fleeting emotions of pity that these institutions derive their benefactions. They are very little known in those large towns, in the midst of which they stand; they are there as much out of sight as they could be in the country. It is the natural and the lasting feeling of humanity which brings offerings to them, and these two feelings go far in search of objects for their liberality. It is commonly by the last dispositions of life, by wills, that property is left to them; and the thoughts of a man who disposes of his fortune for the time when he shall be no more, are not more distant from the unfortunate at fifty leagues off than from those who are by his side. Reflection, intercourse, and intelligence, in spreading far the feelings of humanity, have perhaps weakened them, but have singularly extended them. Fewer tears are shed—more assistance given. Quick and impassioned pity is the generosity of barbarous ages; well considered and combined generosity is the pity of enlightened times. It must not, therefore, be supposed that the source of public or private charity would be dried up in towns, if hospitals for foundlings or beggars were removed from them; it would flow on, fertilising in its course to the most distant spots on which these buildings might be placed. And if these numerous advantages concern the hospitals alone, observe, my friend, that much more important ones result to the whole nation. Complaints have at all times been made, and for half a century they have wonderfully increased in England, as it seems to me, as well as in France, against the blind and fatal inclination, which induces all people to abandon the country for towns, which peoples the workshops of art and manufacture with the men who are wanted for the cultivation of the fields. Charitable establishments in towns tend much to maintain and increase this evil. Children bred there can only be brought up for trade and for towns. The sedentary labour of trade kills children, whose first want is to run, to jump, and to play about; and this is, no doubt, one of the causes of the frightful mortality of these hospitals. If removed into the country, these children, fed there at the expence of the nation, will be fed and brought up for the country. Government, which will always have this source of population at its command, will at pleasure spread and distribute it through the kingdom; and thus, while the vices natural to society draw mankind from the country to towns, the wisdom of government will make the tide flow back from towns to the country. These unhappy children, the produce for the most part of the vice of cities, will at least be brought up in the good and simple morals of the country. The fruits of corruption will themselves serve to arrest its progress; a greater number will be preserved, and this increase, far from being to be dreaded, will be to be desired. The state, which will form for them, and by them, great agricultural establishments, will look upon them in the same light that the labourer looks upon his numerous family, in whom he sees his wealth. I know not, my friend, whether these would be good speculations for England, but I know that it would be one of my main resources in France.

“The government which had adopted these children would have two legitimate kinds of control over them, that of governor and that of father; it would have an absolute right both over their education and the produce of the labour of their early youth. How many experiments, useful to the children themselves and to the whole nation, might not an enlightened government make in the culture, the legislation, and the morals of these infant colonies! How many old customs might they not abolish! How many new ideas, which pass for theories, would there acquire the authority of facts! Prejudices, errors, abuses, become eternal, by being transmitted from father to son. These fatherless children would find themselves adopted by government with less of error and less of prejudice. From the bosom of an antiquated empire there would arise as it were a new people. If, indeed, there are any means of fertilising the waste lands of Normandy and Champagne, the deserts which are between Bayonne and Bourdeaux, I believe these means would be found in turning to this new account children and men now shut up in the national hospitals.”

. These speculations refer chiefly to hospitals, and are made with reference

to a country whose agricultural population is considerably less numerous than our own, but Mirabeau's reasons for the choice of country localities might be applied with advantage to every sort of institution for the youthful poor. For the advantages of agricultural training our colonies instead of our provinces will, in the present case, reap the benefit; and as is stated as its objects by the Children's Friend Society, the three following ends will be accomplished:—

1. "To improve the character and condition of a class of children placed here in situations of nearly hopeless vice, neglect, and misery.

2. "To benefit the colonies by their labour, so turning that to some account which here was worse than useless.

3. "To benefit the mother country, by withdrawing a large amount of incipient crime, or immediate mischief from her towns and villages, while at the same time the local change, and new occupations in themselves, should prove one means of mending the moral habits of the children removed."

Some persons have expressed disapprobation of the design of taking children on their first conviction from their parents for so long a period as seven years. Parents, it is true, *may* be most worthy, and yet have the misfortune to have children of very different characters: it would be a cruelty, then, to separate parents and children, and to deprive the former of all chance of influencing the latter to good. There would be much force in this objection, if the duration of detention proposed were *unconditional* and *absolute*, but it is otherwise. The state proposes to take the guardianship of criminal children, but as its objects are to improve their condition, and save them needless suffering, a power will reside with the Lord Chancellor or the Secretary of State to restore them before the termination of the period to their parents or friends, on the representation of those to whom they are intrusted, that such a proceeding would be desirable. In by far the greater majority of cases the parents of criminal children are either criminal, negligent, weak, or incapable; from parents of either of these classes the young delinquent ought to be removed; and the good and careful parent, whose *own efforts* have been inadequate to preserve a wilful child from crime, is very unlikely to complain of an arrangement which will give a further chance of reformation. It is very important that there should be some tabular form of report in which the managers should, at stated periods, make known the condition of the children under their care: this would prevent the continuance of needless expence for detention in cases where the children are fit to be restored to their parents, and preserve for future reference various other particulars of their previous and present state, progress in reform, and ultimate destination.

There remain two objections, perhaps the most weighty that have been urged against the measure, — the possibility that it may act as a premium on crime, and its very considerable expense. The first of these objections requires careful consideration; the other may be easily shown to be futile.

It is found, from practical experience, that even the worst characters, except in a very few cases, have a sort of affection for their children, resembling that of the animals, which, while it neither leads them to consider their present or future welfare, induces a reluctance to be deprived of them. This has been found to be the case by all persons who have been anxious to relieve poor people of the care of their children, by placing the latter with the Children's Friend Society. Parents of bad character gaining a precarious and insufficient living by begging, selling matches, and often less honest means, and whose wretched children, totally untaught, are running in the



streets in dirt and rags, yet manifest an unwillingness, often insurmountable, to part with them; while the honest and industrious poor, who find that the moral care of their children is too great a charge for them while labouring for the daily support of their families, have cheerfully consented to let them go, in the belief that such a course will be beneficial to their offspring.

On the other hand, it not unfrequently happens that parents who are perfectly indifferent to the moral training of their children, do nevertheless refuse to part with them, merely through love of power and desire of showing their authority, though that has never been exerted except in forcing their children into guilt and misery.\*

We should gladly see inserted in the proposed bill, a clause to the effect that all children whose parents' ill usage has called for the interference of justice, should be placed in the same situation, with reference to the state, as the unfortunate young creatures for whose welfare the enactment will provide. At present there are means of temporarily punishing the parent for misconduct, but no way of protecting his little victim from future suffering.

In addition to the facts above stated, which show that the measure need not be feared as offering a reward to vice and idleness, it must always be remembered that the children of the dishonest poor are valuable instruments in carrying on the occupations of vagrancy and crime. For the first named purpose, beggars who are without children often hire them, from infancy to the age of eight or nine years; for the second, children are notoriously so often made the tools of house-breakers and pick-pockets, that the latter would find considerable difficulty in carrying on their robberies without their young confederates.

The expence of the measure in contemplation will only be startling to persons who are not familiar with the details of outlay now incurred by the nation on account of crime and its remedies. In order fairly to estimate the amount to which the dishonest prey upon the deserving portions of the community, it should be remembered that the convictions bear but a small proportion to the number of offenders. This proportion varies in different places according to local circumstances, activity and number of police, &c. The Constabulary Force Commissioners having caused estimates to be made in different places, obtained as part of the result of their inquiry the following statement and returns.

"The course taken was to endeavour to ascertain the following points:—first, the average duration of the career of common thieves or habitual depredators before their permanent removal from the field of depredation by transportation, death, or other means: secondly, the number of habitual depredators who annually pass through the gaols, and are permanently removed from the field of depredation by such means. Upon the first of these points it was estimated, in 1830, on the information of governors of prisons, attorneys practising in the criminal courts, and other persons conversant with the habits of the criminal population in the metropolis, that the average career of impunity to common thieves was not less than six years. On the second point it was estimated that the total number of habitual depredators annually tried in the Crown Courts of the metropolis was, in round numbers, 1000; hence it followed, that the number of common thieves at large in the metropolis, from which the annual supply of 1000 convicts was made, without apparent diminution, could not be less than 6000. In the year 1834 an estimate was made of the number of common thieves in the metropolis known to the metropolitan police. The total number then known to them was 5210. Upon a more close enumeration made in the year 1837 the number was returned as 6407."

The following table will also throw light on this part of the subject:—

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\* A striking instance in proof of this assertion may be found in an article on the Mendicity Society, published last spring in the *Quarterly Review*.

| District or Place.                   | Number of Depredators, Offenders, and suspected Persons. |               |              |        | Numbers in their Classes migrant. | Average Length of Career. | Proportion of known bad Characters to the Population. |
|--------------------------------------|--|---------------|--------------|--------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|---|
|                                      | First Class.   | Second Class. | Third Class. | Total. |                                   |                           |   |
| Metropolitan Police District - -     | 10,444   | 4353          | 2104         | 16,901 | 2712                              | 4 years.                  | 1 in 89   |
| Borough of Liverpool                 | 3580   | 916           | 215          | 4711   | —                                 | —                         | — 45  |
| City and county of Bristol - -       | 1935   | 1190          | 356          | 8481   | 605                               | —                         | — 31  |
| City of Bath - -                     | 284  | 470           | 847          | 1601   | —                                 | —                         | — 37  |
| Town and county of Kingston-on-Hull  | 487  | 137           | 313          | 937    | 303                               | —                         | — 64  |
| Town and county of Newcastle-on-Tyne | 1730   | 222           | 62           | 2014   | 454                               | 2½ years.                 | — 27  |

P. 13.

In the same Report we also find these facts, taken from the Statement of the Watch Committee of Liverpool : —

“To the list (of female thieves and their companions) must be added nearly 600 employed in or frequenting the docks, and upwards of 1200 thieves under fifteen years of age who are, in general, the tools of the adults. This mass of vice is maintained at an expense to society, the amount of which staggers belief. By the accounts placed in the hands of your committee, it is estimated at upwards of SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS per annum ; and from the information your committee have collected, they must declare their conviction that, immense as this sum is, it is not exaggerated ; on the contrary, it is much understated.” (P. 402.)

When such statements as these are brought before us, and when in addition, we consider the enormous expense incurred by the nation in maintaining the various prisons of the kingdom, with their costly but ineffective machinery for the punishment of crime, we feel that it must be indeed a narrow and short-sighted economy which can object to even a greater outlay than that proposed, the efficacy and excellence of its purpose being once acknowledged.

“The number of criminal commitments to our gaols may be stated in round numbers as 100,000 annually, and the number of prisoners varying from 12,000 to 20,000.” The young vagrant or pickpocket (for the latter is only one step in advance of the former) of the present day will, in all human probability, be the convicted offender of 1846 ; and those who object to incurring the expense of the proposed Schools of Reform will do well to remember that, taking his weekly income at a mean between the average of the sum stated in one of the tables in the above-named report to be that gained by juvenile thieves, viz., 10s. per week, and that of adults, viz., 20s., each individual will cost the community in the six years, which is computed to be the period of a thief's career, the sum of 234l.

In a little paper published by Serjeant Adams, on the Juvenile Offenders Bill, the number of convictions of young delinquents, from seven to twelve years inclusive, is stated to be, by the summary process, 2,299 ; by trial by jury, 169 ; in the county of Middlesex. If children who are thus summarily convicted, as it has been said, “*for want of evidence*,” are not absolutely guilty of the offence for which they are imprisoned, they are for the most part individuals living entirely on the community, either by vagrancy or petty thefts ; while the younger ones serve as tools to facilitate the robberies of more experienced depredators. From whichever condition

therefore these children are taken, it might easily be proved, if necessary, that society loses by their means more than double the sum by which they would be instructed and supported, and ultimately enabled to maintain themselves in respectability. The time they spend in prison is the period during which they cause the least pecuniary loss to the nation; and when it is remembered that, by a process which instead of quickly returning the worst of them confirmed in their evil courses to society, they will be removed to a scene in which their labours will be turned to useful account; the balance of expenditure will be found to preponderate much on the side of the present system. The very great disparity between the number of committals, they having increased from 169 to 2299 since the summary process was adopted in place of trial by jury, shows that either in one method of conviction or the other, or both, there is very great liability to error; this liability to error is a very serious consideration when, as at present, it involves the chance of sending an innocent child into the contamination and suffering of a prison, with all its horrible consequences both mental and bodily; but the evil of a "committal for want of evidence" will be very considerably diminished, if, instead of being summarily despatched to a prison where the merits or demerits of his case are lost and confounded amid a crowd of delinquents, the young culprit is placed in friendly though strict detention, and in circumstances the most favourable for the correction of guilt or the discovery of innocence.

Those who have studied the education of youth, or the effects of the conduct of men on each other, know how much the feelings of the erring are influenced by the spirit which directs the answering actions of the injured party. Repentance for a wrong done is deferred so long and in proportion as it is repaid by revenge; and the justice of the punishment, inflicted on an erring child, is rarely acknowledged while he perceives the impulse of vindictive feeling in the hand that inflicts the blow. "Penal legislation has hitherto resembled what the science of physic must have been when physicians did not know the properties and effects of the medicines they administered," was written in the diary of an eminent lawyer, thirty years ago; and though much has been done to diminish the empiricism of which he complained, and to render criminal law more rational as well as more effective, it still retains the old leaven of retaliation — the idea that suffering should be inflicted in exact proportion to criminality. Were we even able to judge of the extent of guilt or deserts in any case, there would be some foundation for this idea; but a little reflection on the motives of human action, the diversities of character, and varieties of circumstances in which men are placed in this world, all of which elements must enter in every possible degree of combination into an estimate of guilt and innocence, will show that it is impossible to form such a judgment. Man cannot administer the law of God; it is enough for him to obey its spirit in his dealings with his fellows — leaving to the Almighty alone, who sees the secrets of all hearts, to judge of their temptations and deserts.

This consideration, the neglect of which has caused so much confusion in our penal law, is emphatically dwelt on by Dr. Parr in a letter to Sir S. Romilly.

"I at this moment recollect with great pleasure your shyness in the use of the word *deserve*, and upon moral, as well as legal questions, I have often observed the fallacy and ambiguity which lurk under it. Theologians are just as positive, just as mistaken, and just as mischievous in the use of it as the lawyers. Pray let me ask whether you have ever read some admirable remarks of Mr. Hutchison's upon the word *merit*. I remember a controversy I had with Dr. Johnson upon this very term; we began with theology fiercely; I gently carried the conversation onward to philosophy; and, after a dispute of more than

three hours, he lost sight of my heresy, and came over to my opinion on the metaphysical import of the term. Let me beg of you, again and again, to raise and to keep up doubts in the minds of your hearers, by the peculiar, just, and most important hesitation which you, and you among our public speakers only, manifest in the use of this popular and delusive term." — *Memoirs of Sir S. Romilly*, vol. ii. p. 365.

But though the idea of measuring out a portion of suffering, commensurate with the degree of crime, is as erroneous in principle as it is impossible in practice, it by no means follows that the criminal should escape all penalties. He must be restrained from further outrage upon society, and the public, who have suffered by his misdeeds, and who bear the expense of keeping him from farther aggressions, should be put to no needless expense for his maintenance, and should be indemnified, as far as possible, by the produce of his toil. Hard labour and strict detention, both necessary conditions for his reformation, will be a sufficiently severe penalty without *retaliation*; and, even in the case of punishment for the heaviest offences, the same principle will be borne out, and a control of the offender, sufficiently rigid for the security of others, yet admitting the prospect of moral improvement, will, if fairly proportioned to the injury inflicted on society, be quite terrible enough to operate as a deterring agent.

Every penal enactment that is free from that remnant of barbarism, the *lex talionis*, and which contemplates prevention rather than retribution, is a step gained in the reform of our criminal code. The law proposed respecting delinquent children is of this character. We shall look with anxiety for its enactment, and with confidence at its operation, and shall feel that its adoption and success will be an earnest of the general acknowledgment of the principle which it embodies.

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## SONNET.

ON A PORTRAIT OF WORDSWORTH, PAINTED BY MISS M. GILLIES.

We die and pass away: — our very name  
 Goes into silence, as the eloquent air  
 Scatters our voices; and the wearied frame,  
 Shrouded in darkness, pays the grave's stern claim,  
 While the blank eyes are fix'd in death's blind stare!  
 Oh, these were thoughts to plunge us in despair, —  
 But that the Poet and the Painter came.  
 Then living music flows from buried lips,  
 And the dead form bursts through the grave's eclipse!  
 O, blest magician, that can fix for aye  
 The fleeting image! — here I seem to gaze  
 On Wordsworth's honour'd face; for in the cells  
 Of those deep eyes Thought like a wizard dwells,  
 And round those drooping lips Song like a murmur strays!

THOMAS POWELL.

## LORD POWERSCOURT'S PAMPHLET ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

IN our last number we entered at some length into the consideration of "the Sources and Causes of Crime in Ireland," and we adduced upon that occasion a body of evidence, from which no reader could fail to conclude, that all the agrarian outrages committed in that country are the result of the destitution and oppression inflicted by the higher classes upon the lower; that the causes and objects of all the outrages which take place are local, personal, material, animal, territorial; and that the outrages are not in any degree whatever excited or directed by any religious or political inducements. In the present paper we propose to produce additional evidence upon this subject; and we rely upon the good sense and good feeling of the reader to excuse us for treating at so much length a topic which is entitled to hold the very first place in every disquisition upon the character and conduct of the Irish population. We are the more anxious to adopt this course in consequence of believing that "it is incredible how little is known to the people of England concerning the real condition of Ireland." "Let any one," says the writer \* whose words we have just cited, "take a person of average intelligence in England, and ask him which is the finest river in the United Kingdom, he will probably answer, the Thames, the Humber, or the Severn: 'tis ten to one against his naming the Shannon." "We shall venture to say," observes the same writer, "that there are as many individuals in England conversant with the city of New York and the course of the Hudson, as there are who are acquainted with the topography of Limerick and the banks of the Shannon, the largest river in the British empire." Believing, as we do, that the diffusion, in this country, of correct information upon the state of Ireland is one of the most important services which can be rendered to the people of the sister island, we shall now proceed to lay before the reader some further and most important evidence upon the issue which Lord Powerscourt has rather chivalrously tendered upon the conduct and character of the Irish landlords, and upon the condition to which they have reduced the class by which all agrarian outrages are, and always have been, committed in that country.

"The Irish landlord," says Mr. G. C. Lewis, p. 54., "was not only harsh and tyrannical, but reckless and sensual in his habits, profuse in his expenditure, violent in his quarrels, intolerant in his religious opinions, and corrupt and partial in the exercise of his official (magisterial) authority." The following is the description given by Arthur Young of a class who, according to Lord Powerscourt, p. 155., are to be considered as "exemplary in the performance of the various duties which they owe to their dependents," and whose transgressions of former times were "merely sins of omission."—P. 121. "The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics is a sort of despot, who, in whatever concerns the poor, yields obedience to no law but that of his own will. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. *A poor man would have HIS BONES BROKEN if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence.* Knocking them down is spoken of in a way which makes an Englishman stare. Nay, I have heard anecdotes of *the LIVES of people being made free with* † without any apprehension of the justice of a jury."

\* The author of "England, Ireland, and America."

† About a century before Young's visit to Ireland Molière had represented the French landlord

"It must strike the most careless traveller to see *whole strings of cars whipt into a ditch by a gentleman's footman* to make way for his carriage. If they are overturned or broken in pieces it is no matter. *If they were to complain, they would be horsewhipped.* The execution of the law lies in the hands of the magistrates; and if a *poor man* lodges a complaint against a *gentleman*, or any animal that chooses to call itself a gentleman, and the magistrate were to issue a summons for his appearance, it would be *considered as an affront*, and the magistrate would be *called out!* A poor man having a contest with a gentleman must —: but I am talking nonsense. The poor know their situation too well to think of such a thing. They can have no defence except by the means of protection from one gentleman against another; and *the patron protects his vassal as he does the sheep which he intends to eat.*" \* Such, ye "people of England," is the account given by a disinterested and intelligent member of your own body concerning the conduct of the Irish landlords. Hear further, a description of the Irish country gentlemen from one of themselves. "It has not been unusual in Ireland for great landed proprietors to have *regular prisons in their houses* for the summary punishment of the lower orders. Indictments preferred against gentlemen for this and similar exercises of power beyond the law *are always thrown out by grand juries.*"† That is to say, whenever an outrage amounting to manslaughter or perhaps to murder has been committed by a landlord against a farmer, a peasant, or other person of "low degree," the grand jury who had sworn solemnly in open court to "leave no man unrepresented through favour," &c., committed rank notorious perjury, accompanied with the most iniquitous denial of justice, because the culprit was a member of their own body, and the person outraged or put to death was only a member of the humbler classes of society.

The following extracts will show the estimation in which the Irish landlords held the existence of the poor, and the respect which they entertained for their own solemn obligations.

Mr. O'Connor says, "I have been assured by Dr. Warner, that the disorders in Munster have proceeded from throwing that province into pasture enclosures, which excluded the poor, and reduced them to a state of *desperation*, and to that *rage* which *despair* on such occasions will dictate,—*the rich excluding the poorer sort to make room for flocks and herds*, which are easily converted into money, and find a ready market."‡

Speaking of this insurrection, Dr. Curry says, "The landlords had let their lands to cottiers *far above their value*, and to lighten the burden, had allowed commonage to their tenants. Afterwards, *in despite of all equity*, and *contrary to all their compacts*, the landlords enclosed *those very commons*, and *precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable.*"

"The cruel exactions of the tithe-mongers were another cause of the people's discontent. These harpies squeezed out *the very vitals of the people*, and *dragged from them THE LITTLE WHICH THE LANDLORD HAD LEFT THEM.* These are the real causes of the late tumults in Munster." §

as being "unanimous" with the Hibernian lord upon this point, and as claiming an indisputable right to "do what he liked with his own."

LELIE. "Quoi ! châtier mes gens n'est pas en ma puissance.  
Quand j'aurois volonté de le battre à MOURIR.  
Eh bien ! C'est MON VALET.

L'Etourdi, Acte iii. Scène 4.

\* Part ii. p. 29. 4to.

† "Inquiry into the Causes of Popular Discontents in Ireland by an Irish Country Gentleman," London, 1804. p. 29.

‡ History of the Irish Catholics. Part i. pp. 287, 288.

§ Curry, "Civil Wars," vol. ii. pp. 271, 272.

"These disturbances," says Arthur Young (p. 75.), "*began in Tipperary*, and were owing to the enclosures of commons, which (enclosures) the peasantry threw down and levelled; from which circumstances they were then called 'Levellers.'" This statement sufficiently accounts for the pre-eminence which Tipperary has ever maintained in the department of turbulence. The landlords robbed the farmers and peasants of their commonage by enclosure, and the poor creatures, thus openly plundered, attempted to redress the iniquity by force. The administration of "justice" was, however, in the hands of the landlords, and they hanged, transported, and "cleared" the other "contracting parties," until tranquillity was restored for a year or two. The disturbances from the same causes broke out again in 1768 and 1764. — See in Crawford's History of Ireland, vol. ii. pp. 317, 318., a similar account of "*the breach of justice and of positive compact*" on the part of the landlords, and of the "*extravagant rents*" which were exacted from the tenants, and of the "calamities of these unhappy creatures, whose wages, at the period in question, (at the accession of George III., anno 1760,) *did not exceed what they were in the days of Elizabeth.*"

It appears that this propensity to breaking bargains adheres to the landlords to this day; for Mr. Singleton, chief magistrate of police, attributes the disturbances of 1831 to "*oppression, high rents, low wages, and the breach of contract* by the landlords." "Cottagers, who had land without a lease before the assimilation of the currency," are now, says Mr. Singleton, "*called upon to pay the same rent in British currency.*"\* "The fact is," says Mr. Ogle †, "that the landed man of Ireland is the great extortioner."

"It is impossible," says Lord Clare, in 1787, "for the peasantry of Munster to exist any longer in the extreme wretchedness under which they labour. A poor man is obliged to pay 6*l.* for an acre of potato ground, which 6*l.* he is obliged to work out with his landlord for five-pence a day." ‡

In a pamphlet called a "Congratulatory Address from the Irish Peasantry to his Majesty," the condition of the peasantry at that period is set out minutely in a long account; from which it appears that the expenditure of the peasant to obtain a miserable existence amounts to 7*l.* 17*s.* 1*d.*, while his income is only 5*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.*, leaving a deficiency in his earning below his expenses, of 2*l.* 0*s.* 6*d.* "This deficiency," says the Address, "he is left to his own industry to make good, whenever his services are not required by the iron-bound squire." But as he was bound to work for the squire for as many days as, multiplied by five-pence, would produce 120 shillings, it seems obvious enough that his chance of making good the deficiency was nearly as desperate as every other part of his condition.

Mr. Hardy, Life of Charlemont, vol. i. p. 171., says, —

"*Exorbitant rents, low wages, farms of enormous extent let by their rapacious and indolent proprietors to monopolising land jobbers, to be relet by intermediate oppressors for five times their value among the wretched starvers upon potatoes and water; — these were undoubtedly the first and original causes of the disturbances, obvious to the slightest inspection, though resolutely denied, and every public investigation into them impudently frustrated by those whose sordid interest opposed their removal.*"

From the preceding statement it is quite evident that the depth of distress to which the deplorable population of Ireland were reduced by the exorbitant exactions and robberies committed upon them by the landed

\* Evidence, House of Commons. 1832. No. 4100—4104.

† Irish Debates, vol. vi. p. 435.

‡ Ibid. vol. vii. p. 63.

aristocracy was such as to place the "miserable creatures" in the horrible alternative of insurrection or starvation. But the guilt of the landlords was of even a blacker dye, and the "people of England," whose astonishment Lord Powerscourt proposes to excite, will, we suppose, be not a little astonished to hear that the insurrections of the Irish peasantry were originally and *actively instigated by the landlords themselves!!!* Their conduct in this respect presents a compound so diabolical that no evidence less convincing than that which we are now about to adduce could be sufficient to procure a belief in delinquency so enormous.

"The receivers of *rent*," says Mr. Cornwall Lewis (History of Irish Disturbances, page 22.), *encouraged the attempts* which were made by the Whiteboys to withhold the payment of *tithe* — *a payment to which the landlords themselves were subject.*" A similar statement is made by Dr. Campbell (Philosophical Survey, p. 305.). In the debate of the 31st of January, 1787, Mr. Lowther said, "The landlords and magistrates are accused not without reason as being *one cause of the Whiteboy disturbances.*"

And in another debate of the same year Sir James Cotter, whilst defending the magistrates of the county of Cork, admits that "some of them have been *base enough to connive at the excesses*, in hopes of *raising their rents by adding the clergy's share to what they now receive.*"

"I am well acquainted," said Lord Clare in his speech in the Irish House of Commons, 31st of January, 1787, "with the province of Munster. I know that it is *impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry of that province.* I know that the unhappy tenantry are *ground to powder by relentless landlords.*" The landlord grasps the *whole produce*; and, *not satisfied with the present extortion*, some landlords have been so base as to *instigate the insurgents to rob the clergy* of their tithes, *not in order to alleviate the distresses of their tenantry*, but that they might add the share of the clergy to the CRUEL RACKRENTS ALREADY PAID.

But Dr. Woodward, the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, in which diocese the county of Cork is situated, places the matter in a much fuller, clearer, and more extraordinary point of view. "The present proceeding," says his Lordship \*, "is *not a paroxysm of frenzy, originating with rash and ignorant peasants, but a DARK and DEEP SCHEME PLANNED BY MEN SKILLED IN LAW and in the artifices by which it may be evaded.* These *enemies to the public peace, and the Protestant clergy (though nominal Protestants)* suggested to the farmers to enter into a combination, UNDER THE SANCTION OF AN OATH, *not to carry their tithes, or assist any clergyman in drawing them*; and a form of summons to the clergyman to draw, *penned with legal accuracy*, was printed at Cork, *at the expense of a GENTLEMAN OF RANK and FORTUNE*; and many thousand copies of it circulated with diligence through the adjacent counties of Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary." We now can distinctly understand the correctness of the statement of Lord Clare in the speech already adverted to, that the then recent "disturbances had commenced in Kerry, and can with equal certainty ascertain and appreciate the causes and the instigators of the disturbances. We are accordingly not surprised to hear from Dr. Curry (Review, vol. ii. p. 272.), that it was well known that several Protestant GENTLEMEN AND MAGISTRATES of considerable influence in Munster did ALL ALONG for THEIR OWN PRIVATE ENDS connive at, if not foment, these tumults." Of the same nature is the statement of Dr. Campbell, (Phil. Survey, p. 305.) that "in order to divert the attention of the Whiteboys

\* "Present State of the Church of Ireland," p. 79. Similar statements are made in another pamphlet on the same side of the question, published in 1787, entitled "Advice to the Protestant Clergy of Ireland," by a Layman.



from the landlords and graziers, they, the graziers and landlords, thought it their policy to *cherish the spirit of "insurrection,"* for the purpose of "curtailing the church." The inevitable consequences of such profligate iniquity may be easily imagined. Accordingly we find, on the authority of Mr. Mason (*Irish Debates*, vol. vi. p. 444.), that for some time, "whilst the Whiteboys were opposing the tithes, no person gave himself any trouble about them. At last, being *unused to any opposition*, they broke into a gentleman's house and murdered him. People then saw the danger. It approached too near" to the landlords and magistrates, *by whose criminal encouragement it had been instigated and fostered.* "They roused and exerted themselves, and the Whiteboys were suppressed." Hanging, transportation, destitution, "emigration in vessels more crowded and more mortal than slave ships\*," produced a brief return of tranquillity; and after the Irish landlords had caused a return of "peace," through the old Irish medium of "desolation," they effectually and successfully resisted all inquiry into the real causes and remedies of the evils under which the people were labouring; and the motion of Grattan in 1788 for this purpose was opposed by the very Attorney-General, John Fitz-Gibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, from whose speeches, delivered in 1787, the above extracts have been taken. Such, indeed, is the course which the landlords have adopted upon every similar occasion, down to the inquiry before the Roden Committee — "impudently frustrating," as Mr. Hardy said †, "every investigation into the real causes and remedies of the disturbances;" and it was with as much truth as humour that Lord Lurgan, in his excellent speech upon Lord Wharncliffe's motion in the last session, observed in the House of Lords, that the Roden Committee reminded him of an inscription which some wag had placed over the shop door of a rustic apothecary: "*Venditur hic emeticum, catharticum, narcoticum, et omne quod exit in UM—præter REMEDIUM.*" The scandalous hostility or utter indifference of the English government and people to the bulk of the Irish population, left them a prey to the infliction of evils which all writers of all parties, "from the beginning until now," represent as being all but unendurable to humanity. There were no sentimental considerations, no romantic circumstances or melo-dramatical effects, connected with the miseries of the Irish, to call upon the intervention of the humanity-mongers, who go to the ends of the world for the redress of grievances inflicted upon interesting savages, whilst they allow their own fellow-subjects in millions under their eyes to endure for hundreds of years, without redress or mitigation, mountainous calamities, which, from their number and magnitude, are incapable of being adequately described or even conceived, and the perception of which oppresses not only the memory and the judgment, but the imagination itself. "Whilst our diplomatists, fleets, and armies have been put in motion at enormous cost to carry our counsel, or, if needful, our arms, to the assistance of the people of these remote regions, it is an unquestionable fact that the population of a great portion of our own empire has, at the same time, presented a grosser spectacle of moral and physical debasement than is to be met with in the whole civilized world." (*England, Ireland, and America.*)

"Long periods of general suffering," says a late profound and eloquent historian, "make far less impression upon our minds than the short sharp struggle in which a few distinguished individuals perish. No pen can record, no volume could contain the details of the daily and hourly sufferings of a whole people, endured without intermission through the whole life of man from the cradle to the grave. The mind itself can scarcely compre-

\* Sadler, p. 108.

† Life of Charlemont, *ut supra*.

hend the wide range of the mischief: — how constant poverty and insult long endured, as the natural portion of a degraded caste, bear with them to the sufferers something even worse than pain, whether of body or of the feelings — how they dull the understanding and poison the morals! How ignorance and ill-treatment combined are the parents of universal suspicion; and how from continued oppression is produced habitual cowardice, occasionally breaking out into merciless cruelty! — “Evils like these,” adds the same writer, “long working in the heart of a nation, render their own cure impossible.” \*

Whether the evils of Ireland have yet arrived at this desperate point where they are equally incapable of remedy or of aggravation, is a question upon the solution of which must depend the permanence and prosperity of the British empire. For our own parts, we incline in the direction of Hope; and referring to the well-known opinion expressed by Demosthenes upon the probability of curing the evils of his country, we ground our expectation of amendment in the future condition of Ireland upon the certainty that no system can be imagined more distressing or more degrading, more iniquitous or more absurd, than that which has prevailed in the management of every part of the affairs of that country for some centuries up to a very recent period. True it is, and not at all surprising, that “Ireland now presents the spectacle of a country gradually sinking in the scale of nations, whilst it is *supereminently endowed with all those natural advantages* which have elevated in their turn every people who have possessed them, and exhibits the astounding spectacle of a population rapidly increasing in numbers, without, as in all other cases, manifesting any corresponding improvement in its character or condition.”† Equally certain is it that, in whatever direction we look upon the history of Ireland, we continually behold the upper classes of society, who, until a very recent period, were the sole depositaries of every description of power, judicial, political, fiscal, and territorial, using invariably every kind and degree of that power for the purpose of advancing their own most sordid interests, and ministering to the gratification of their lowest and most cruel desires, at the expense of every sort of deterioration, physical and moral, to the whole remainder of the community. The greatest part of the history of Ireland for some centuries consists of an everlasting and disgusting reproduction of this condition of things, modified in the appearance rather than the substance by circumstances of an occasional and temporary nature. Laws “calculated for the meridian of Barbary,” and the express object of which, as Mr. Burke said, was to “reduce the bulk of the population to a miserable populace, without property or education;” these laws, combined with private oppression and spoliation, for which Barbary itself does not furnish a parallel, could not possibly generate any other consequences than those which have actually resulted; and as nothing can be plainer than the causes which have produced such deplorable evils, there appears to be no great difficulty in discovering the appropriate remedy — the application of which is perhaps not quite as difficult as may be generally supposed, whilst the consequences which must follow from success are the noblest kind of reward which in this world can be conferred by Heaven upon the exercise of the sublimest and the most useful of all virtues.

Let us see, in the first place, what are the material resources which are and always have been available for the improvement of that part of the empire. Spencer describes them in the following words: —

“And sure Ireland is yet a most sweet and beautiful country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly,

\* Dr. Arnold's History of Rome, vol. ii.

† Sadler, p. 1.

sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas that will carry even shippes upon their waters ; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and shippes so commodiously, as that, if some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lords of all the seas, and, ere long, of all the world ; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford ; besides, the soyle itselfe most fertile, fit to yeeld all kinde of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east.”

Spencer's book is called by Hallam the most full and authentic account of what was the actual state of Ireland at the period when he wrote. He was at the same time so far from entertaining any feelings in favour of the population of the country, that his disposition to recommend an extreme severity in dealing with the native Irish has excited the regret of Mr. Hallam, who seems not himself to entertain any very great partiality for the people of Ireland.

The following general description of the country is given by Lord Bacon : —

“ For this island, it is *endowed with so many dowries of nature*, considering the *fruitfulness of the soil, the ports, the rivers, the fishings, the quarries, the woods, and other materials*, and especially the *race and generation of men, valiant, hard, and active*, as it is not easy, no, not upon the Continent, to find such *confluence of commodities, if the hand of MAN did join with the hand of NATURE.*”\*

Mr. Malthus gave it as his opinion that Ireland might be made *a more rich and prosperous country than England*, in proportion — in consequence of its *greater natural capabilities*.

“ If an intelligent foreigner,” (says the author of ‘ England, Ireland, and America,’ ) “ after having travelled through England, Scotland, and Wales, and enjoyed the exhibition of wealth, industry, and happiness, afforded every where by the population of these realms, were, when upon the eve of departing for the shores of Ireland, to be warned of the scenes of wretchedness and want that awaited him in that country, he would naturally assume the cause in some such question as this, ‘ The people are no doubt indolent, and destitute of the energy that belongs to the English character.’ ” If it were answered, that, so far from such being the case, the Irish are the *hardest labourers on earth* ; that the *docks and canals of England*, and the *railroads of America*, are the *produce of their toil* ; in short, that they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for other nations ; — then the next inquiry from this stranger would probably be in such form as this, ‘ But their soil no doubt is barren, and their climate inhospitable : nature has, besides, probably denied to them the rivers and harbours which are essential to commerce ? ’ What would be his surprise to be answered, that, *in natural fertility, and in the advantages of navigable streams, lakes, and harbours, Ireland is more favoured than England, Scotland, or Wales ?* ”

Mr. Weale, of the office of Woods and Forests, says (Evid. 1830, No. 1576–8.),

“ There is the *finest possible field in Ireland for the exertion of skill and the employment of capital*. Upon an *Irish estate* there would be a power of investing additional capital with *incomparably greater profit* than upon *property in England*.”

Prince Puckler Muskau, describing the character of the population, says,

“ The Irish people, taken as a body, with all their wildness, unite the frank honesty and poetical temper of the Germans, the vivacity and quickness of the French, and the pliability, naturalness, and submission of the Italians. It may with the fullest justice be said of them that *their faults are to be ascribed to others — their virtues to themselves.*”

“ Their faults,” (says Sadler, p. 457–8.,) “ are mainly attributable to the *condition to which they have been reduced, and the manner in which they have been so long treated*. They perhaps, wonderful to be told, feel no strong affection for those of their superiors whom they rarely see, or see only to be insulted, but whom they are *perpetually feeking* ; nor attachment to a government which they identify with their oppressors. † But let them be treated as they ought to be ; let their natural patrons and protectors return to them, not for a short time as *exactors and drivers*, but permanently as *kind and resident landlords*,” &c.

\* Lord Bacon's Works, vol. iii. p. 321.

† Appendix R. to 1 Rep. 1830. p. 167,

‡ Sadler's book was published in 1828.

Even *Serjeant Jackson* (speech on Mr. Shaw's motion, 7th March, 1839) calls them "*a generous and excellent population*;" whilst Sir Robert Bateson, as decided a Tory as the learned Serjeant himself, characterised them very justly a few nights afterwards as "*warm-hearted, generous, and honest.*"

"In our harvest fields," says Sadler, "or at our furnaces, in the bowels of the earth or upon the tops of our loftiest buildings, *wherever labour can be obtained, no matter how dangerous or severe, there the Irish are to be found*; and the same is the case at the other side of the Atlantic. Upon the authority of official reports we find them equally anxious for employment, and as grateful for it. They are the *most anxious people in the world to get labour.*" \*

"There are many thousands unemployed in my neighbourhood (in the county of Meath) as *able-bodied and fine young men, and as willing to work, as any men living*; and all I wonder at is that we have not more robberies and more destruction in the country. I have often lain down in my bed and wondered at all the creatures around me who were out of employment and could not get work, and were idle all the winter, what would become of them." (Evid. of Mr. Dyas, 2 Rep. 1830, p. 25. No. 223.)

Mr. Weale, of the Irish Land Revenue department of the Woods and Forests, went to Ireland in 1826 for the performance of duties which he himself describes (2 Rep. No. 1569-1571.) as of an inquisitorial character, and as having for their object to ascertain the right of the Crown to certain lands the title to which was disputed by the tenants in possession, gives the following interesting account of the commencement of his operations.

"I appeared in the country as an entire stranger, introducing myself to the parish priest, or any other respectable person whom I discovered in the neighbourhood, with a request to point out some three or four intelligent peasants, most likely to be acquainted with the boundaries of the estates. I then communicated fully to the peasants so selected the objects of my visit, and I invariably found that they rendered me, after that communication, every assistance which I could possibly desire.

"Then you met with no obstruction in the course of your duties, on the part of the peasantry? — Not the slightest, on any occasion.

"Did you live with them, and mix with them? — Except three nights, I have always been able to return to some town or village, where I could obtain tolerable lodging. One night I lodged in a cabin; but the misery I suffered induced me, on two other occasions, to provide a carriage, in which I passed the nights. I spent three days in traversing the mountains which form the heart of Captain Rock's country in the south, and as many in the mountains between the counties of Carlow and Wexford, which were the original seats of Whiteboyism, and, in fact, have continued to be the scene of great outrages down to the present day. I have had a *following* sometimes of 150 people, all of whom were equally well disposed to afford me assistance. I was never asked for a shilling in remuneration of their services; and in those wild districts, they have refused to take one in return for milk or potatoes with which I have been supplied. I always took with me a quantity of pipes, tobacco, and snuff, which I distributed among them; and I have uniformly found, as soon as they felt assured of the truth of my representations, that I was '*an officer of the king, come from London to look after the crown lands,*' that I might rely on the information they gave me.

"Is the result of your own experience such as to induce you to believe that English capitalists, whether dealing in agricultural property or in manufactures, would be likely to meet any obstruction or danger on the part of the peasantry of the country? — If the question allude to the eligibility of English farmers employing their capitals in the occupation of farms in Ireland, I should say, (and I have had frequent occasion to say so to persons who have consulted me,) that I know no speculation in which an English farmer would be more likely to fail, and to lose his property. But, if I had realised a commercial capital, or were otherwise in possession of a considerable sum of money which I desired to invest in landed property, either for the purpose of obtaining a *status* in the country, or as a provision for a younger son, I know no part of the empire in which that object could be more certainly attained, or in which the purchase could be made with greater advantage than in Ireland. I mean, if the purchase be made with the intention of residing on it; but not so, if it be treated as a colonial property, and left to the management of agents.

"Do you consider that such investment would lead to a profitable return? — No question of it; infinitely more profitable as a family provision than a similar investment in England; because in the one case you would purchase a property which is capable of very great im-

provement, while in England, generally speaking, lands which come into the market are so highly improved, there is little prospect, whatever capital may be expended on it, of materially improving the income to be derived from it."

"Then the distinction you draw is, that on the Irish estate there would be a power of investing additional capital with a greater profit than can take place on an English property? — Incomparably greater profit."

"I have never met," says Mr. Weale, "with peasantry who are as well disposed as the Irish peasantry are to exert themselves for the provision of a maintenance." (2 Rep. 1830, p. 148. No. 1699.) Speaking of the chastity of the Irish females the same witness says, "they are much more chaste than our rural population." (Ibid. 151.)

"The moral character of the Irish women is very extraordinary. Colonel Colby, who is directing the survey in Ireland, states to me that he had about 800 men employed all over Ireland, mostly soldiers, who had almost all married in consequence of the chastity of the women." (2 Rep. 1830, p. 65. F. Page, Esq.)

"The repayment of the loans made out of the subscription of 1823 has been uncommonly regular, considering the miserable state of destitution in which these persons are, — a fact which proves their fair and honest disposition." (1 Rep. 1830, p. 17.)

"If the English had to suffer the hardships which the Irish do, you would have ten rogues in England for one that is in Ireland." (Evid. 2 Rep. 1830, p. 31.)

"If I were to speak until the sun went down," says Dr. Doyle, "*I could not convey a just picture of the benevolence prevailing in the minds and hearts of the middling classes in Ireland.*" "Of the two millions now expended upon the support of the Irish poor, nearly the entire falls upon the industrious classes." (1 Rep. 1830, p. 33.) — "You cannot be among them for a single day without witnessing the exercise of their charitable feelings in the most striking manner." (Ibid.)

"Surely," (says Sadler, p. 457.) "Ireland presents a noble field for the exertions of the real patriot. There he may build himself an everlasting monument, — the imperishable materials are at hand. *Its natural capacities are unrivalled, so are those of its people; though both be uncultivated, abandoned, and abused. In the character of its inhabitants are the elements of whatever is elevated and noble.* These, however borne down and hidden are shown whenever their development is not rendered impossible. Their courage in the field, needs no panegyric of mine, and has never been surpassed; their charity, notwithstanding their poverty, never equalled. Even while I am thus writing, I will venture to assert that in many a cabin of that country the godlike act of our immortal Alfred, which will be transmitted down to the lowest generations, — the dividing his last meal with a beggar, — is this instant being repeated. Their gratitude for kindness received from others, is equal to the ready warmth with which kindness is conferred by themselves: whilst in the domestic sphere they are unrivalled for fidelity and affection."

From the Report of Mr. Kelly, one of the assistants of Mr. R. Griffith, it appears that within a circle, whose diameter is twenty miles, and whose centre is a small village called Abbeyfeale, there is an amount of water power which is easily applicable to the purposes of machinery, and which being put into operation upon falls of 100 feet each, would, after all deductions for waste, evaporation, &c., be equal to 12,000 steam-engines of twenty-five horse power each." (2 Rep. H. C. 1830, p. 96. to 98.) The circle in question is composed of portions of the counties of Cork, Limerick, and Kerry. It forms a portion of a group of hills, containing 640 square miles, and is capable, for the most part, of a high degree of cultivation, and offers a boundless field for the operations of a manufacturer; yet we believe that there is not one single mill throughout the whole area of the circle, and that *this power, equal to that of THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND HORSES*, contributes no farther to the convenience or happiness of the country than by rearing some trout, and watering the few herds of diminutive cattle that wander in the neighbourhood. The locality of which we have been speaking was one of the principal retreats of the insurgents who attempted, in 1821, to administer "wild justice" under the command of Captain Rock; and the population at that time, as Mr. Kelly truly states in the Report which we have cited, were moreover in a condition of "wretchedness and poverty which nothing could exceed, — barefooted and ragged, — even felt hats worn only by a few." In the year 1823, the government, in order to render accessible the fastnesses into which it had been found impossible to pursue the

Rockites, commenced a system of road-making, which afforded universal employment to the poor, in a place where "thousands of labourers could be procured for six-pence a day." The effect of this operation was not only to relieve immediately the extreme distress of the poor, but to afford facilities for the improvement of the soil, and the disposal of its produce, which led to a "truly surprising degree of improvement in the comforts, morals, and habits of industry of the people." (Ibid.) Numerous remarkable and interesting instances of this improvement are set out in the Report; but we must content ourselves with referring to the document itself.

[*To be continued in our next Number.*]

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## THE FAIR OF ALMACHARA.

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "COSMO DE' MEDICI," ETC.

"A Delineation of the great Fair of Almachara, in Arabia, which, to avoid the great heat of the sun, is kept in the night, and by the light of the moon."

*Sir THOMAS BROWN'S Museum Clausum.*

### I.

THE intolerant sun sinks down with glaring eye  
Behind the horizontal desert line,  
And upwards casts his robes to float on high,  
Suffusing all the clouds with his decline;  
Till their intense gold doth incarnadine,  
And melt in angry hues, which darken as they die.  
  
Slow rose the naked beauty of the moon  
In broad relief against the gloomy vault:  
Each smouldering field in azure melted soon,  
Before the tenderness of that assault;  
And the pure Image that men's souls exalt,  
Stood high aloof from earth, as in some vision'd swoon.  
  
But now she seem'd, from that clear altitude,  
To gaze below, with a far-sheening smile,  
On Arab tents, gay groups, and gambols rude,  
As in maternal sympathy the while;  
And now, like swarming bees, o'er many a mile  
Rush forth the swarthy forms o' the gilded multitude!

### II.

Hark to the cymbals singing!  
Hark to their hollow quot!  
The sonorous gong is swinging  
At each sharp pistol shot!  
Bells of sweet tone are ringing!  
The Fair begins  
With numerous dins,  
And many a grave-faced plot!

*The Fair of Almachara.*

Trumpets and tympan sound  
 'Neath the moon's brilliant round,  
     Which doth entrance  
     Each passionate dance,  
     And glows or flashes  
     Midst jewell'd sashes,  
 Cap, turban, and tiara,  
 In a tossing sea  
 Of ecstasy,  
 At the Fair of Almachara!

## III.

First came a score of Dervises,  
 Who sang a solemn song,  
 And at each chorus one leapt forth  
     And spun himself full long ;  
 Whereat some gold, and much applause,  
     Were shower'd down by the throng.  
 Then pass'd a long and sad-link'd chain  
     Of foreign Slaves for sale :  
 Some clasp'd their hands and wept like rain,  
     Some with resolve were pale ;  
 By death or fortitude, they vow'd,  
     Deliverance should not fail.  
 And neighing steeds with bloodshot eyes,  
     And tails as black as wind  
 That sweeps the storm-expectant seas,  
     Bare-back'd career'd behind ;  
 Yet, docile to their owner's call,  
     Their steep-arch'd necks inclined.  
 Trumpets and tympan sound  
 'Neath the moon's brilliant round,  
     Which doth entrance  
     Each passionate dance,  
     And glows or flashes  
     Mid cymbal clashes,  
     Rich jewell'd sashes,  
 Cap, turban, and tiara,  
 In a tossing sea  
 Of ecstasy,  
 At the Fair of Almachara !

## IV.

There sat the Serpent-charmers,  
 Enwound with maze on maze  
 Of orby folds, which, working fast,  
 Puzzled the moon-lit gaze.  
     Boas and amphisbænæ gray  
     Flash'd like currents in their play,  
 Hissing and kissing, till the crowd  
 Cried with delight, or prayed aloud !

Now rose a crook-back'd juggler,  
Who clean cut off both legs ;  
Astride on his shoulders set them,  
Then danced on wooden pegs :  
And presently his head dropp'd off,  
Till another juggler came,  
Who took his dancing fragments up  
And stuck them in a frame,—  
From which he issued as at first,  
Continuing thus the game.

Trumpets and tympan sound  
'Neath the moon's brilliant round,  
Which doth entrance  
Each passionate dance,  
And glows or flashes  
Mid cymbal clashes,  
Rich jewell'd sashes,  
Cap, turban, and tiara,  
In a tossing sea  
Of ecstasy,  
At the Fair of Almachara !

## v.

There might you see the Merchants  
With many a deep pretence ;  
There, too, the humble dealers  
In cassia and frankincense ;  
And many a Red-Sea mariner,  
Swept from its weedy waves,  
Who came to sell his coral rough,  
Torn from its rocks and caves,—  
With red clay for the potteries,  
Which careful baking craves.

There, too, the Bedouin Tumblers  
Roll'd round like rapid wheels,  
Or tied their bodies into knots,  
Hiding both head and heels :  
Now, standing on each other's heads,  
They raced about the Fair,  
Or with an energy inspired  
Leap'd high into the air,  
And wanton'd thus above the earth  
In graceful circles rare.

There sat the Opium-eaters,  
Chanting aloud their dreams ;  
While some, with hollow faces,  
Smiled in most ghastly gleams, —  
Dumb, and with fixed grimaces !

Trumpets and tympan sound  
'Neath the moon's brilliant round,  
Which doth entrance  
Each passionate dance,



*The Fair of Almachara.*

And glows or flashes  
 Mid cymbal clashes,  
 Rich jewell'd sashes,  
 Cap, turban, and tiara,  
 In a tossing sea  
 Of ecstasy,  
 At the Fair of Almachara !

## VI.

There, too, the Story-tellers,  
 With long beards and bald pates,  
 Most earnestly romancing  
 Grave follies of the Fates,  
 For which their crowded auditors  
 Give coins and bags of dates.  
 Some of the youths and maidens shed  
 Sweet tears, or turn quite pale ;  
 But silence and the clouded pipe  
 O'er all the rest prevail.  
 Mark the Egyptian Sorcerer,  
 In black and yellow robes !  
 His ragged raven hair he twines  
 Around two golden globes !  
 And now he beats a brazen gong,  
 Whirling about with shriek and song ;  
 Till the globes burst in fire,  
 Which, in a violet spire,  
 Shoots o'er the highest tent-tops there,  
 Then fades away in perfume rare ;  
 With music somewhere in the sky,  
 Whereat the Sorcerer seems to die !

Broad cymbals are clashing,  
 And flying and flashing !  
 The silver bells ringing !  
 Gongs booming and swinging !  
 The Fair 's at its height  
 In the cool brilliant night !  
 While streams the moon's glory  
 On javelins and sabres,  
 And long beards all hoary,  
 Midst trumpets and tabors,—  
 Wild strugglings and trammels  
 Of leaders and camels,  
 And horsemen in masses,  
 Midst droves of wild asses,—  
 The clear gleams entrancing,  
 The passionate dancing,  
 Glaring fixed, or in flashes,  
 From jewels in sashes,  
 Cap, turban, and tiara :  
 'Tis a tossing sea  
 Of ecstasy,  
 At the Fair of Almachara !

## SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

### No. IX. — ZUMALACARRÉGUY.

"Un homme s'est rencontré d'une profondeur d'esprit, qui ne laissait rien à la fortune de ce qu'il pouvait lui ôter par conseil et par prévoyance, mais au reste si vigilant et si prêt à tout, qu'il n'a jamais manqué les occasions qu'elle lui a présentées."—CONDORCET, *Progrès de l'Esprit Humain*.

ON the evening of the 22d of May, 1834, five persons were seated at table in a house in the village of Alsazua, which is situated at the foot of those mountains which separate the kingdom of Navarre from the province of Guipuzcoa. It was about three o'clock, and though the afternoon repast had been concluded, the party still lingered at the table, sipping coffee, and tasting at intervals the small *liqueur* glasses of brandy with which, in Spain, that odoriferous beverage is qualified. The house was one of those old baronial mansions, vast, massive, and gloomy, which are yet to be found in the rich valleys of Navarre, the last relics of Basque feudalism. The apartment in which the party was assembled had been an oratory, and was adorned with niches, in which stood the figures of various saints and martyrs, some of them executed with that exquisite art which conveys the startling and painful reality of the most intense suffering. In a sort of alcove at the lower end of the room was a small altar, on which stood the figure of "Our Lady of Sorrows," wrought with the utmost perfection that mortal hands can bestow upon its own work. It was clothed in the dark habiliments of the convent, and no part was visible except the face, on which was imprinted so death-like and so ghastly a melancholy, increased still more by the unnatural lustre of the black eye, as to present the appearance of a dead body which had been restored for a moment to the living world. Before this shrine burned a small glass lamp encased in silver, the rays from which timidly essayed to penetrate the thick gloom in that corner of the apartment.

The large windows had been thrown open, and the rich and fragrant perfume pervaded the room from the fruits and flowers beneath. The scene without was one of wild beauty : — deep valleys sheltered alike from the cold of winter as from the heat of summer ; gentle slopes basking in the sun ; mountains wooded to the summit ; and here and there a naked and pointed crag cutting the blue sky, on the very edge of which was perched, like an eagle on his eyrie, the Chapel Churri sentinel, who, with bayonet glittering in the sun, was watching the rude telegraph as it sent its signals over a thousand hills, and announced the slightest movement of the enemy at that moment in full retreat. Groups of *guerillas*, divided into outposts and picquets, were seen in glimpses through the drapery of vine leaves which hung in festoons about the balcony ; the snow-white *buina*, or flat cap, with its green tassel contrasting strongly with the sharp but well-formed features, the raven-black hair, and the eagle eye of the Navarrese mountaineer. The persons who for the last quarter of an hour had gazed in silence on the beautiful scene so lavishly spread out before them, were military men. One was a young officer who wore the *galones* of a lieutenant-colonel. His light blue eye and fair complexion announced a more northern descent than that of his companions ; and his countenance bore an expression of gentleness almost incompatible with his profession of arms. He was gazing intently

on the path which led from Segura to Alsazua. Three other individuals were seated at the table, and they conversed in a low and hushed voice amongst themselves; but the conversation seemed to be forced and constrained, and they now and then looked with an air of pity at the young officer near them: they were aides-de-camp; but there was *another* man seated opposite whose every movement was regarded with anxiety by all. In appearance he was low in stature, but his frame was cast in a robust mould. Sternness and impetuosity formed the predominant expressions of his face, and his quick black eye shot forth glances of fire. His brow was large and high; his nose rather long and well formed; his mouth small, the lips thin and compressed, with a character of the most unbending firmness; his chin round and large, whilst an expression of ferocity was added to his features by the large black moustaches which united with his thick whiskers. His bust would have been a model for a sculptor were it not for a slight inequality in his shoulders, one of which was somewhat higher than the other, and which had the effect of making his head appear to incline more to one side than the other. His hands and feet were delicate and small; his dress was simple in the extreme, and presented a strong contrast to the embroidered ornaments on the uniforms of those about him. Red cloth trowsers strapped to his boots, a *sumara*, or sheep's-skin jacket, adorned with silver clasps and chains, left half open at the breast, and which exposed to view a shirt surpassingly white and fine, a black silk neckcloth tied carelessly around his broad and well-formed throat, a white *buina* partially concealing his raven-black hair, formed the whole of his attire. Though thus simply clad, a stranger would at a glance discover that individual to be superior in rank and authority to those around him.

After a silence which lasted some time, the person whose appearance we have just described called, in an abrupt tone of voice, "Montenegro!" "General," answered the aide-de-camp, starting to his feet.

"This messenger has not yet returned from Segura; — send out two lancers with a corporal to meet him. Let them bring his despatches here; this suspense can be no longer borne, — it must be over before sunset: — waste no time — quick! — do as I order." "It shall be done, General," and the aide-de-camp left the room.

"It were better it were over at once, Leopoldo," he resumed, speaking to the young fair-complexioned officer. "I should desire that Quesada complied with your request. I should like to spare you, were it but for your father's sake."

"I should like to live for my mother's sake," said the young man, "but the will of Heaven be done! — I am prepared to die: — I shall die a soldier's death." "Quesada cannot be so great a wretch as to refuse," said the other; "but for your rash and daring conduct two days ago in the valley of Arana, he himself, with his three battalions, might be now where you are. I should like to save you; but if he refuse the exchange, much as I love your father's son, you die before the sun goes down!"

The terrible announcement imparted no terror to the countenance of the young man. He clasped his hands a moment, bent his face to the table, and muttered the words "*mi pobre madre!*" (my poor mother!)

A loud knock was heard at the door: "Come in!" cried the terrible chief. The aide-de-camp entered. "Ha! you have the despatches; — let us see; — let us see." The messenger that had been sent to Quesada's head-quarters entered the room: he was pale and breathless, and handed to the general a slip of paper. He gazed at it, and grew deadly pale: he bit his lip until the blood started from it. The scroll only said, "Let the rob-

ber now at Alsazua demand from the bearer my reply." "What reply!" The messenger told that on communicating the commission of his general, Quesada replied not, but ordered fifteen prisoners, amongst them four officers, to be paraded before him where he stood. They were commanded to kneel down, and an entire company fired on them, and shot them to death. "Tell what you have seen," said Quesada, "to the robber who sent you: that is my reply." "Enough," said the general to the messenger, "be gone! Montenegro, order out a party of twelve men to parade at the back of the house; let their muskets be loaded. Send the chaplain here. Leopoldo, *a confesar!* You die in half an hour!"

The chaplain came. Leopoldo having first written to the queen-regent, accusing Quesada as the cause of his death, on account of his refusal to exchange prisoners, spent the moments that remained in prayer. He was led to the spot supported by two aides-de-camp; he knelt down unbandaged and unpinioned, dressed in his uniform, with his decorations, his spurs, and his sword. The sun had not yet set, — three men fired on him, and in an instant the gallant, intelligent, and beautiful young man was a bleeding corpse!

This brave officer, who had some days before saved Quesada and his battalions from falling into the hands of his ferocious enemy, and who was in return thus abandoned to his fate, was Leopoldo O'Donnel, a lieutenant-colonel in the Cristino army, and the first cousin of the present General O'Donnel: — and the inexorable chieftain whom we have just described was the celebrated ZUMALACARRÉGUY.

TOMAS ZUMALACARRÉGUY was born on the 29th December, 1788, at Ormaistegui, in the province of Guipuzcoa, a village containing about 150 houses, and 600 inhabitants, and situated about a league from Villafranca, on the high road from that town to Tolosa. He received the elements of his education in the place of his birth, and after having resided for some time in the house of a relative, a notary named Idiazabal, he was sent to San Sebastian, where he completed his preliminary studies. Being intended for the bar, he subsequently went to Pamplona, where he studied the civil law until the period of the French invasion. This event interrupted those quiet pursuits which he was never afterwards destined to resume. The voice of MINA was heard amongst the mountains, and the guerilla chieftain unfurled the banner of independence. Zumalacarréguy partook in the universal enthusiasm, and took arms as a simple volunteer in the ranks of Mina. The fact, however, of his being a Guipuzcoan, obliged him, a short time after his enrolment, to enter the division commanded by his own countryman Jauregui, *El Pastor*. His steady demeanour, and his capacity for organisation, soon distinguished him, and at the recommendation of his commander-in-chief, he received his commission as second lieutenant. At the restoration of Ferdinand VII., in 1814, he was promoted to the rank of captain, and was appointed to the command of a company in the *regimiento de Borbon*. When the constitution was proclaimed in 1820, Zumalacarréguy, it is said, was accused by the officer of his regiment of not manifesting sufficient zeal in the cause for which the liberals throughout Spain were up in arms, and the general commanding the division was called upon to procure his dismissal from the ranks of the constitutional army. A temporary suspension took place in consequence, until the wishes of the government should be ascertained on the subject, but no orders to confirm his dismissal ever arriving, Zumalacarréguy was restored to his rank in the service. In 1822 he abandoned the liberal cause, and joined

the Army of the Faith, when he was appointed to the command of two battalions in the division then commanded by Quesada.

At the dissolution of the division of Navarre, a provisional battalion was formed by the Marquis de Laran, in which were incorporated those volunteers who still desired to remain in the service. The organisation of this corps was entrusted to Zumalacarréguy, and he acquitted himself of his duties in so satisfactory a manner, that he was appointed to the temporary command, and ordered to join the army with his regiment. It being afterwards deemed necessary to submit to the king the nomination of the officers, Zumalacarréguy was found to be excluded from the strength of the corps, and he was therefore obliged to retire on half pay; he took up his residence at Pamplona. Whilst at that city, he received his promotion to the grade of lieutenant-colonel effective, having only enjoyed the brevet rank previously. He was soon afterwards named member of the military commission at Pamplona, by his friend the Marquis de Laran; and towards the end of 1825, was appointed to the command of the regiment called *los voluntarios del Rey*, then in garrison at Huesca. There being no colonel attached to that corps, Zumalacarréguy performed the duties during a year and half, when he was transferred to the command of the *Regimiento del Principe*, the third of the line, in which he remained until the year 1829. His promotion to the rank of colonel was conferred on him by Ferdinand himself, at a review, in which he was struck by the soldier-like bearing and high discipline of Zumalacarréguy's regiment. He was then appointed to the volunteers of Jerona, until 1831, and passed from thence to the command of the regiment of Estremadura, the eleventh of the line. In 1832, he was brought to court-martial by Llauder, inspector-general of the infantry, on an accusation of having conspired against the government during the illness of the king, and whilst the reins of power were confided to the queen. He was acquitted on this charge, but being considered as a suspected person, did not succeed in procuring his restoration to active service. We have elsewhere \* detailed the angry conversation which passed between him and Quesada, the result of which was that Zumalacarréguy retired to Pamplona with his family, on a yearly pension of 4,800 reals (about 48*l.* sterling), a discontented man, brooding over the haughty and insolent demeanour of his ancient general, enraged at what he considered the ingratitude manifested towards him, and watchfully vigilant to grasp at the first occasion that might be presented of proclaiming the principles which perhaps then assumed a more pleasing as well as a stronger form, in the bitterness of disappointment, and which were subsequently maintained by ambition, and cherished by a desire for vengeance. He arrived at Pamplona, in August 1833, after having engaged many officers, who were similarly dissatisfied, to retire from the army, and hold themselves in readiness for the explosion which every one knew was at hand.

The moment soon arrived. Ferdinand VII. died the 29th of September, 1833; Zumalacarréguy quitted his family, and before the end of October he was in the midst of the Carlists. We have in former papers detailed the origin of the insurrection in Navarre, under SANTOS LADRON, who organised the first battalion in that province, and who was soon after taken prisoner by Lorenzo, and shot. Ladron was replaced by Benito Eraso, who had been distinguished for his royalist principles in 1822, and for his resistance to the attempt made by Mina, in 1830, to raise the standard of the constitution in Navarre. That chief, however, was unable, through illness, to take an active part in the rebellion, and being forced to retire

\* See "Monthly Chronicle" for July last, art. "Quesada."

into France, to avoid the vengeance of the viceroy of the province, was succeeded by Zumalacarréguy. Eraso subsequently returned, but declined to assume the command in chief, on the ground that, though a colonel in the army, he had never commanded any but *carabineros* (custom-house officers), and relinquished the first place to Zumalacarréguy, whose military talents and skill in discipline he was well acquainted with.

The first few bands, hastily summoned together, soon felt the organising talent of their new chief, and though the entire strength of the army of Navarre did not consist of more than 1000 men and 20 horses, yet this small force became in a short time the basis on which the superstructure of a regular army was soon raised. The numerous battalions which had been formed in Castile by the priest Merino and Cuevillas, were dispersed at the approach of Sarsfield; the Alavese troops had abandoned Vittoria in sight of the Cristino general, who entered there in November, and the insurgents of Biscay, seeing that Sarsfield had encountered no vigorous resistance on his march from Burgos to Bilbao, returned to their homes, and permitted the enemy to take quiet possession of the capital of their province. On Zumalacarréguy alone was imposed the responsibility of forming an army, and of resisting the advance of the queen's general, whose progress up to this point was so unimpeded by resistance from the rebels, as not only to create a certainty of immediately crushing the insurrection, but also to produce the unhappy result of inducing the Cristinos to overlook the necessity for the adoption of more active and energetic measures. An overweening conceit, a childish reliance on their own powers, and an affectation of contempt for the enemy, have been always the characteristic of Spanish generals; and this weakness, on the present occasion, was one of the primary causes of the rapid growth and strength of the rebellion. In order fully to appreciate the character and peculiar talents of Zumalacarréguy as a general, it will be necessary to take a rapid view of the conduct of those chiefs who were opposed to him, from the time of Sarsfield to that of Valdez' second command. In their history we shall find that of Zumalacarréguy; and from their errors, as well as merits, we shall be able to form a fair estimate of the qualities of the rebel chief.

At the death of Ferdinand the queen's government found itself in a state of inability to resist the insurrection, though it had been well known for many months previously that his malady could have no other than a fatal termination; and the plots of the Carlists had been carried on almost without an attempt at concealment. The hesitation of Sarsfield in recognising the young queen occasioned the greatest consternation; and for the first ten days, that general may be said to have held the destinies of Spain in his own hands. After two months of indecision and delay, during which time the faction regarded his movements with anxious hope, and the Cristinos with suspicion, Sarsfield, whilst yet in Bilbao, was removed from his command, and Valdez named as his successor; the former general consequently had no opportunity of encountering Zumalacarréguy on the field. Valdez left Bilbao for Navarre, on the first of December, 1833, and placing himself in communication with Castañón, who commanded at San Sebastian, attacked and dispersed the remnant of the Alavese and Biscayan insurgents, who had rallied their forces at Oñate, and on the 10th he entered Pamplona. Winter is not the season for military operations of any kind, yet the active genius of Zumalacarréguy did not slumber during the inclement months of January and February, whilst the proceedings of Valdez only still more tended to manifest the weakness of his force, and the apathy of his government. With the title of viceroy of Navarre and commander-in-chief of

the army of the North, Valdez could only muster in that kingdom about 4,000 men, including the garrison of Pamplona: in Guipuzcoa Jauregui commanded 1500: a similar force was under the orders of Espartero, then brigadier, at Bilbao: Iriarte had 800 at Santander, and Osma 1000 at Vittoria. The four provinces then contained a force of from 8000 to 9000 men, with six or seven most important places to garrison, whilst numbers were daily and hourly swelling the ranks of the insurrection. Other causes, therefore, besides the unfitness of the season, rendered the two first months of the year 1834 almost a blank, as far as the operations of the Cristino general were concerned.

The public indignation was roused at the rapidity with which the rebellion progressed, and the ministry of Martinez de la Rosa, eager to avoid the odium so richly due to its neglect, threw all the fault on the general. In the beginning of March Valdez was named captain-general of Old Castile, and Quesada received the title of general of the army of the North, viceroy of Navarre, and commander-in-chief of the Basque provinces. The perseverance and audacity of Zumalacarréguy soon obliged the government to look on the insurrection otherwise than as a temporary outbreak which should be regarded with contempt, and they began in some measure to make amends for their past negligence. The army of operations was enlarged, and an additional force was placed at the disposal of the new general. The garrison and the disposable army of Navarre now amounted to more than 10,000 men. Guipuzcoa had four battalions; Biscay four; Santander two; and Vittoria two, with the whole of the artillery, whilst the insurgent troops had increased in a far greater proportion. A Carlist *junta*, composed of extensive landed proprietors, was established in Navarre, Echevaria, the curé of Elisondo, being named president, and it had held its sittings regularly since the month of January in Elisondo, in the valley of the Bastan. It had bestowed on Zumalacarréguy the title of general-in-chief, and Eraso was appointed his second in command. The former had under his own immediate command in Navarre, on the appointment of Quesada, six battalions complete, many companies of guides or skirmishers, and about 150 horses. Guipuzcoa now furnished three battalions, commanded by Guibelalde; Alava four, under Uranga and Villa Real; and Biscay six, under the orders of Zavala, in addition to which several free bands occupied the *incartaciones* and valley of Aratia, under Castor, Luqui, Vellallos, and other petty chiefs.

Such were, at that moment, the relative position and strength of the combatants when Quesada assumed the management. The government, being now really frightened, directed the new general to invite the chiefs of the opposite party to a personal interview, in order to make an attempt to induce them to lay down their arms. Zumalacarréguy and three members of the *junta* represented the Royalists at this conference. If the government had desired to perpetuate, or still more strengthen, the hostility between the contending parties, it could not have selected a better man than Quesada for that purpose. His insolent tone, and haughty, uncompromising, demeanour produced the natural result; and both parties retired, one with his vanity deeply wounded, and the other with their personal and public feelings so outraged as to impart to open and political hostility the bitterness of personal rancour. Quesada left them with threats; and, on the other hand, the members of the *junta*, as well as their military chief, declared that they would neglect nothing to rouse the country to arms, and swore to shed the last drop of their blood in defence of Don Carlos. The insurgents were rendered confident by this public recognition of equality, as belligerents,

by the queen, implied in the invitation to a solemn conference, and acts were soon after committed which utterly destroyed every hope of reconciliation. Zumalacarréguy issued a proclamation which announced that tremendous reprisals should avenge the execution of Santos Ladron. His promise was soon fulfilled. By a rapid movement he surprised, on the 16th of March, exactly a week after the conference, the city of Vittoria, and became, for a time, master of the suburbs, when he took 250 Cristino soldiers prisoners. He shot them naked, at the very gates of the town, in parties of five. The clothes were thus preserved untorn for the use of his own men.

The operations immediately subsequent to this event were limited to skirmishes, in which the insurgents, divided into two bodies, one under Zumalacarréguy, and the other under Eraso, did not allow the Cristinos a moment of repose, and were constantly provoking them to a vain and useless pursuit at a distance of five or six leagues around Pamplona. The entire of the month of April was thus consumed in marches and counter-marches: on one side Quesada followed with his columns the track of his enemy, who seemed to make a sport of enticing him to an unprofitable pursuit, over the most impracticable roads; and, on the other, Zumalacarréguy, whilst executing the plan of warfare so well in accordance with his troops and his resources, skilfully availed himself of those occasions which the separation of Quesada's columns, unavoidable in such a country, as well as his false movements, supplied him with. On the 21st of May, Quesada left Vittoria, whither he had gone to procure money, with about 2000 men and three pieces of artillery. His indefatigable enemy attacked his advanced guard at Alsazua, and put it to rout. Quesada, unable to find the main road, escaped by the mountains on the left, and arrived at Segura in Guipuzcoa, having succeeded in saving his money chest. In this affair, however, his loss amounted to about 200 men killed, and 100 prisoners. Of those Zumalacarréguy shot seven officers and twenty-four soldiers—the remainder enrolled themselves in his ranks. Amongst those officers was Leopold O'Donnel, to whose bravery and fidelity Quesada owed his life on the occasion, and to which incident we have referred in the commencement of this paper. Emboldened by such success he began gradually to assume an offensive form whenever an opportunity was presented, and Quesada became in a short time so dispirited as to shut himself up in Pamplona, without daring to hazard another attempt.

The unfavourable aspect of affairs in the North was, however, somewhat counterbalanced by the junction of Rodil with the Duke of Terçeira in Portugal, and their subsequent combined movements on Santarem. The departure of Don Carlos and Dom Miguel from Portugal, the former to England, and the latter to Italy, placed the army of the South at the disposal of the government. The reverses of Quesada had most seriously compromised matters in the provinces, and his removal from the army was loudly called for. On the 21st of June the army of Rodil was reviewed by the queen-regent at Madrid, and he was named, as Quesada had been before him, general-in-chief of the army of the North, viceroy of Navarre, and commandant of the Basque provinces. He left Madrid on the 22d, and on the 8th of July, occupied Vittoria and Logroño. Both parties were excited by his approach: one entertained the most ardent hopes, whilst the other was struck with terror.

The arrival of Don Carlos in Navarre, an event brought about by the undaunted intrepidity and skill of the Baron de los Valles\*, more than

\* We avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us by this allusion to one of the most active and



equalised those feelings ; and the joy of the Cristinos, caused by the march of the terrible Rodil on Pamplona, was tempered by the fact of the entrance of the

most devoted followers of Don Carlos, to remark on an inadvertence which occurs in the sketch we have given in our June number of the present year, of the *BARON DE LOS VALLES*. Most of the incidents narrated in these *sketches* are gathered from personal observation, and, for the accuracy of those which have not come within our own knowledge, we are equally anxious. The correction we now make is founded on the authority of the *BARON* himself, for whom, though our political feelings on the great question in which he is most interested, are wide as the poles asunder, we entertain that respect which is always due to an honourable, disinterested, and brave man, whatever may be his views on public events. It would appear from what we have stated in that sketch, that the intrigues which were carried on in the palace of San Ildephonso were the cause of the departure of the Baron from France in 1831. It seems that such was not the case. Some months after the revolution of 1830, he was accused of having acted as the principal agent for the Duchesse de Berri, and of having been concerned in a plot for the restoration of the exiled family. He was tried before the court of assize, and acquitted : he defended himself, and in his defence boldly avowed his principles. He left France to free himself from the annoyance of being watched by the police. He arrived at Madrid, with letters of recommendation to the queen, and different members of the royal family of Spain. He was presented by the infant Francisco de Paula to his brother, Don Carlos. With respect to the transactions at Madrid, we shall give the Baron's own words : — " I visited the prince only a few times during the two years I was at Madrid. I was a stranger to all the intrigues of the palace to which you allude, because a French legitimist never attacks the principle of legitimacy, whoever may be the king that represents it. I was expelled from Madrid because I declined the advantageous offers made to me, from regard to my principles ; the pretext for that expulsion was my ancient relations with some friends of Charles V. I left Madrid without even taking leave of that prince. I entered the service of Don Carlos, because I was convinced, as I now am, of his right to the crown of Spain. All the efforts I made, during the life-time of Ferdinand, were for the purpose of preventing civil war ; and the sentiments of the prince were the same as mine, as he considered himself only the first subject of his brother."

With regard to the intended entry of Don Carlos by the Portuguese frontier, we had said that the aspirant to the crown of Spain " was persuaded by the Baron to imitate the example of Napoleon on his departure from Elba, and to present himself, with only fifty men as an escort, at the advanced posts of Rodil." Whatever may have been our impressions, we now think it but fair to hear the Baron on a matter which, he assures us, is of importance to him. " I could not advise the expedition of Almeida, having been then detained in close confinement in the bay of Vigo, from which I made my escape only a few days before the fall of Santarém. I disapproved both of that movement, and of the former one at Marvão. The disposition of Rodil was well known ; and another difficulty existed in the cholera, which impeded the communication. My advice was, that Don Carlos should go, immediately after his brother's death, into Old Castile, and present himself to the troops commanded by Sarafeld, who was waiting for him during five days. Eighteen battalions of Royalist volunteers were also prepared to accompany him to Madrid. In my communications with the principal partisans of Don Carlos in Spain, my advice was, that all their forces should proceed to the capital directly the death of Ferdinand became known, in order to support the volunteers. Had my counsel been followed, there would have been no civil war in Spain. I was at Valladolid when the king's death took place, and I was grieved at hearing that imprudent advisers had induced Don Carlos to proceed to Estremadura, and I said the civil war will last many years. I was also opposed to the plan of entering Spain with the troops of Dom Miguel, being convinced that men so demoralised by late events, and having to contend against larger numbers, could not succeed in such an expedition. I was so convinced of this, that at my return from Vigo, in May, 1834, I immediately proposed to conduct his Majesty to Spain by England and France, and I then formed and explained the plan which was so successfully followed out in two months after. After some hesitation his Majesty authorised me to deliver an autograph letter from him to Admiral Parker, requesting the necessary means to convey him and his family to Holland or England. This was the 12th, and I arrived on board the admiral's vessel the 16th. I rejoined Don Carlos on the 18th, in Evora, where Dom Miguel arrived the 22d, and signed his abdication to the crown of Portugal the 26th. Don Carlos could have embarked the next day if he had thought proper. Had he not adopted the advice I gave him, and applied at the moment he did, or had he waited for the abdication of Dom Miguel, the same conditions would have been imposed on him as on his nephew, and he would have been forced to subscribe to the articles of the Quadruple Treaty, or delivered, in case of refusal, with all his followers, to Rodil, who had actually demanded that he should be given up to him. This request was, however, now too late. The English government were bound by the favourable reply given by Admiral Parker to Don Carlos. When the Bishop of León met Mr. Grant, the British diplomatic agent, in Lisbon, the 26th, and showed him the admiral's letter, the latter gentleman said that he had not been aware of the existence of such a document, but that the obligations contained in it, and by which the English government were bound, were too sacred not to be fulfilled. They then arranged both the day and place of his Majesty's embarkation, the amount of escort to be given by the Portuguese government, and named the depôt where his followers, for the expenses of whose departure no means then existed, should be left."

We regret that our limits do not permit us to add several other interesting facts to our late notice of the Baron de los Valles, or to detail the particulars of the attempt made by him on Bilbao when

Pretender into Elisondo at the same time. The presence of Don Carlos imparted a new spirit to the insurrection, and gave a more regular, and a more organised, aspect to the armed force. A general levy was ordered, and three new battalions were immediately formed in the villages of Erro, Salazar, and San Estevan. Zumalacarréguy was recognised by the prince as commandant of Navarre, lieutenant-general, and chief of the staff, of the army: the other chiefs were also confirmed in their respective commands, and named *Mariscales del campo*, whilst the local authority of the juntas was placed on a firm basis. The levy *en masse* was carried on with untiring energy, and the battalions were soon completed.

Instead of proceeding at once to strike a decisive blow before this new force could be called into existence, and whilst the enemy was in all the hurry and confusion of preparation, Rodil thought it better to wait for some time, in order to judge of the effects of the Pretender's arrival. He advanced from Pamplona only on the 22d of July, and proceeded to encounter Zumalacarréguy in the Borunda, when two affairs took place without any result, because in place of manœuvring so as to entrap his adversary, if possible, he attacked him in front, and while he was in positions almost inaccessible. This inauspicious commencement on the part of Rodil put his crafty enemy quite at his ease, as he had really entertained serious apprehensions that the Cristino general would not have committed the same faults as his predecessors. From that moment Rodil lost the reputation he had brought with him into the provinces. He again left Pamplona on the 6th August, for the purpose of driving the enemy from the Bastan, but Zumalacarréguy by one of his wonderfully rapid movements, placed himself in the rear, after having allowed him to pass, and Rodil was obliged to make a quick retrograde movement, and return to his head-quarters without having succeeded in the attempt. Immediately after this operation, the united forces of the provinces were reviewed by Don Carlos at Oñate, in Guipuzcoa, when the entire disposable strength, fit to take the field, was found to amount to 16,000 men, called together, organised, disciplined, well clothed, and armed within a few months, by the energetic genius of one man, who, when he commenced his career, had neither money nor arms!

Aware of the importance which the presence of the Pretender added to the insurrection, it became the anxious desire of Rodil to make himself master of his person, and for this purpose he followed him into every retreat where terror, or design, might drive him. His crafty opponent, with the quickness of intuition, understood his intentions, and with equal rapidity resolved to take advantage of them. He directed that Don Carlos should keep separate from him, and, with a small division under Benito Eraso, sufficient to protect him against any sudden emergency, affect to fly before the Cristinos, or lead them into the mountains, whilst he himself, with the main force of the army, might hang at one time on his rear, at another on his flank. The advantages produced by this species of warfare to Zumalacarréguy were immense. Informed by the peasantry, and the priests, of every single movement of his adversary, who was labouring with his unwieldy masses through the hills and the valleys, he could, with perfect impunity, harass and cut him off, by offering opportunities for the separation of his divisions, on which he would suddenly fall when they were least able to

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besieged under the orders of Villa Real, when at the head of only 400 men he took possession of the fortress of Maltona, and penetrated into the interior of the city, which he held during an hour, against a garrison of 4000 men, and exposed to all the musketry and grape-shot of the place. We may avail ourselves hereafter of other occasions presented to us, to introduce to our readers several interesting incidents in the career of this enterprising Carlist.

defend themselves. In this manner, whilst Rodil was vainly following in the track of Don Carlos, Eraso was skilfully combining his movements in concert with the general-in-chief. Thus was Rodil baffled for a considerable time; and finding that all his operations depended on chance rather than on any fixed plan, he at length determined to make one bold attempt, on the result of which his reputation should be risked. He resolved to invade the valley of the Bastan on three points. He arrived at Elisondo on the 4th September, from whence the *junta* and its adherents had just fled. Having strongly fortified this point with a garrison of 500 men, he terminated his operation by scouring the valley, but did not succeed in seizing a man, or finding a musket, whilst, on the contrary, Zumalacarréguy, by one of his usually quick movements, had marched on Viana, near Logroño, surprised General Carondelet, cut to pieces two regiments, and retired, after having captured the colours of the Cristinos, and taken eighty prisoners, amongst whom were eight officers.

Such was the situation of affairs under the new general, who was at the head of 44,000 men. The only results produced by the campaign, from which so much was expected, were, that his army was uselessly harassed, and disorganised, by the futility of his attempts, and the insurrection was still more strengthened by the striking advantages obtained by the enemy. The name of Rodil, which had been so terrible to the Carlists, was now become a mockery, and he himself was reduced to inactivity. The nation again became impatient, and the minister could only satisfy the Chamber by the dismissal of the general. Rodil was accordingly removed from the command.

The chiefs who had been heretofore employed against Zumalacarréguy were men who were almost wholly unacquainted with guerilla warfare; but there was one now to come forth against the rebel, whose skill, and whose success, in the battle of the mountain, had made his name immortal—whose reputation alone were worth an army, and whose ancient renown would, amidst those very hills where the Guipuzcoan chief was now ruling with absolute sway, become a sufficient security for the future. The rebellious *junta* trembled in their fear, whilst the exulting Cristinos could even name the very day when the Pretender should be driven across the frontier. On the evening of the 24th September, 1834, a courier brought to MINA, who was then seriously ill at Cambo, near Bayonne, the order to assume the command of the army of Navarre. Though the government so far complied with the wishes of the nation as to employ this celebrated Constitutionalist, yet they rendered it useless from the manner in which the necessary powers were bestowed. The command, which had been previously combined in one person, was now separated. The army of the North was divided into two bodies; that of Navarre was placed at the disposal of Mina, whilst the second, that of the Basque provinces, was entrusted to the management of Osmá, and Armildez Count de Toledo (General Walsh) was named viceroy of Navarre. The departure of Rodil left the army in complete disorder; and numbers of officers were induced to follow him in his retreat, from an affected unwillingness to serve under a chief who had not been in the regular army, and who had never served in their ranks. The temporary command was entrusted to Lorenzo.

Zumalacarréguy did not fail to take advantage of this state of affairs. He passed the Ebro on the 21st, surprised and killed Colonel Amor, took 100 men and 1200 muskets. All the divisions united in vain to pursue him, or cut off his retreat. O'Doyle marched on Peñacerrada, but returned unsuccessful to the Borunda, where he was compelled, by the manœuvres of Zumalacarréguy, to quarter his division, in cantonments, in three

villages at some distance from each other. This was what the Carlist chief wanted. He surrounded two battalions stationed at Alegria with their general. They were cut to pieces, and O'Doyle, with a hundred officers, taken prisoners: they were all shot. On the next morning Osma moved out with four battalions and five pieces of artillery. He was met by Zumalacarréguy at Ulltarri, who attacked his left wing with such impetuosity that the entire force was soon routed. The Cristinos were pursued to the very gates of Vittoria, where they took refuge. The loss of the army in those two affairs amounted to 1500 men, killed and prisoners. Two guns and one standard also fell into the hands of the enemy, whilst the success of Zumalacarréguy, within the last twenty days, procured him 4000 muskets, 200 horses, and a great moral influence. Mina entered Pamplona on the 30th of October, and found the Cristino army in a state of the most complete demoralisation. He had been led to suppose that the army of Navarre about to be placed at his disposal would amount to 24,000, but he found that the force under his command did not exceed 10,000, effective men; 3000 were in hospital, and the rest distributed amongst the different forts. The soldiers were in a state of absolute privation, and having been badly commanded, and suffering from the incapacity, or treachery, of their generals, had no longer any confidence in their superiors. Following the example set them by their own officers, they daily quitted their respective regiments, without even going through the ceremony of asking, or obtaining, leave. The first care and principal object of the new general was the restoration of discipline. With the men he found much difficulty, but with the officers it became almost impossible, as they were every day resigning, until at length the government, yielding to his earnest desire, sent him others.

It would far exceed the limits of our sketch were we to detail the various occasions in which the superiority of Zumalacarréguy was still maintained over his formidable rival, and how the once invincible guerilla chief witnessed his own arts, and his own plans of campaign, turned against him. We shall merely observe that the same causes which had, in former times, given to Mina all his influence, were now in favour of his opponent; and, that in combating against the political sympathies of the country, he lost all his value in the eyes of those rude men who had, on former occasions, been excited to fanaticism by these same sympathies; that his military reputation was, in a great measure, the result of his influence, and of his situation in the country, which he ruled by terror, or by affection, and that the same causes being, at the present moment, in favour of his adversary, should of necessity produce the same or similar results. In addition to which he soon became aware that the population was against him, and, consequently, that he should have neither deserters nor volunteers; whilst the few that *did* present themselves only served to prove the rule. He announced, therefore, to the government that he should require 10,000 additional men to put down the insurrection. Neither was Mina any longer in the flower of his age, or the vigour of his strength. His body was wasting away under the influence of a slow, but incurable, disease, and the decline of his mental faculties and energies followed fast upon the decay of his worn-out frame. On many occasions, when scarcely able to move without assistance, the once terrible destroyer of the legions of Napoleon was stung to madness at beholding the same arts practised, with the same success, against himself, of which he had been so renowned a master, and which he had so well taught to the mountaineers of Navarre; and the disgraced and helpless chieftain mourned in silence over his affliction. He was at length obliged to entrust the army of the North to General Cor-

dova, a young man without experience, and whose political honesty was not of a very pure character. Several months were wasted away in attempts to crush his wary and indefatigable enemy, but without effect: the results were mostly in favour of the Carlist troops; and if any advantages were obtained, they were not of such a kind as to counterbalance the prevailing ill-success which attended the queen's arms. At length matters were brought to a crisis. On his return to Pamplona on the 3d of April, 1835, from an ineffectual expedition in the valley of the Bastan, Mina became so dangerously ill as to be obliged to send a courier in all haste to Madrid, to announce his situation, and to request that he should be immediately replaced in the command. His resignation was accepted by the government, and Valdez, who had become minister of war, once more assumed the direction of the army, and again went forth on that perilous mission, the unhappy issue of which had almost annihilated the physical and moral energies of his celebrated predecessor. It was during the second command of Valdez that a stop was put to the terrible system of extermination heretofore practised by both parties on their respective prisoners, and that the stipulation, or convention, was agreed to by the contending parties, which is known by the name of the Elliot treaty.

The first attempt made by Valdez took place on the 21st of April, at the head of three divisions, commanded by Seoane, Aldama, and Cordova; and, with eighteen battalions, he encountered Zumalacarréguy near Eulate. The battle was so well sustained by the Carlists, that, on the following morning, Valdez was obliged to retreat on *los Arcos*, and thence to Logroño, followed by clouds of skirmishers, who threw his force into great disorder. He arrived at Estella on the 27th, beaten and demoralised. His baggage fell into the hands of Zumalacarréguy, together with 150 prisoners, and 5000 muskets!

In the midst, however, of these advantages, the cause of Don Carlos was soon about to receive a blow, from which, in spite of subsequent temporary triumphs, it never recovered. The city of Bilbao was encompassed on the 10th of June, 1835, by eighteen Carlist battalions, and summoned, on the 12th, to surrender, by Zumalacarréguy himself in person. The capital of Biscay is not a town capable of defence; it is commanded nearly on all sides by heights, and these were at the present moment in possession of the enemy. Its garrison amounted to about 4000 men, formed of the dépôts of ten regiments, and the *urbanos*, or national guards, of the place. It was also badly provisioned, and was sadly deficient in most of the *munitions de guerre*. Its fortifications were of so slight a nature as rather to court an attack, than to protect it from one. Under all these disadvantages, the Count Mirasol, who commanded there, replied to the summons of Zumalacarréguy, as a soldier and a man of honour should answer to such a message. He refused to surrender, and on the 14th the attack was commenced. On the very first day the Carlists became masters of the river Nervion. The town was now in a most helpless condition. Valdez was at Miranda del Ebro with the principal part of the army; the bodies of reserve, under Las Heras, were at Vittoria, and the division of Biscay, under the orders of Espartero, was at Portugalette, about two leagues and a half distant, at the mouth of the river. Jauregui, with the division of Guipuzcoa, was at San Sebastian, and could only send two battalions to Espartero. Zumalacarréguy had made his arrangements well; the greater part of his army was before Bilbao, and the remainder was stationed at Durango and Villara, in order to keep Vittoria and Orduña in check. The attack was continued incessantly till the 15th, and at that moment every thing announced the fall of

the town, when an unforeseen occurrence saved it from destruction. At half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th, a spent musket-ball, fired from an English battery, struck Zumalacarréguy in the right leg, as he stood on a balcony at 1500 feet distant, watching the erection of a battery. The shot took effect a little below the knee, and during the first day no evil consequences, beyond a temporary inconvenience, were dreaded from it. The symptoms, however, soon becoming of a serious character, he was conveyed to the house of his brother, the curate of the village of Segama, at a short distance from Ormaisteguy, his native place. Here he gradually grew worse, and mortification so rapidly set in, that it was found necessary to have recourse to amputation. In order to perform this terrible operation with less anguish to the patient, an unusually large dose of opium was administered; he fell into a deep slumber, from which he never afterwards awoke!

Various opinions have been expressed as to the real cause of his death. No one for a moment thought of assigning it to the wound itself, which was of too slight a character to merit serious attention. The anxiety of mind under which he laboured, his quick and impatient temperament, his robust and sanguine constitution, and his temporary and unwilling prostration, so different from the activity of the last two years, have been accounted for as the causes of the inflammation, and the brain fever which preceded his dissolution, whilst deeper and more criminal reasons have been suggested by others. Immediately after his wound he was conveyed to the interior, contrary to the advice of an English surgeon, who was then serving in the Carlist army, and who pledged himself to his recovery in a few days if left under his care. He had long been regarded with deep hatred and jealousy by the priests, and the other fanatical scum, that surrounded the person of Don Carlos, whose miserable vanity also was often wounded at the very trifling respect paid to his sacred person by his general; and this feeling was carried to such an extreme, that, at the period of the siege of Bilbao, the savage Moreno, he who met retributive justice some months since at the hands of the partisans of that exemplary priest, Echevaria, was privately named to supersede him in the command of the army. It is well known that Don Carlos was congratulated by his confessor and his courtiers on being at length freed by the hand of Providence from the thralldom in which he had been kept. It was also said that Don Carlos was not ignorant of the crime, if crime was indeed committed; and neither his subsequent affectation of sorrow, nor the publication of the royal decree of May, 1836, by which the widow of Zumalacarréguy was created Duchess of Victory, and Countess of Zumalacarréguy, with the perpetuation of the honours and dignities of a grandee of Spain of the first class in her family, whether male or female, nor the announcement of the most solemn funeral obsequies at the exhumation of his ashes, could do away with the belief that the devout prince was an accomplice in the work of assassination. Zumalacarréguy left a wife and three daughters, who, we believe, are still living. Whatever may have been his personal vices, avarice or extortion was not of the number; his entire wealth, at the moment of his death, consisted of twelve ounces of gold, (about 38*l.* sterling) and four horses.

Apart from the cause in which he was engaged, the career of Zumalacarréguy is one which must challenge admiration. That his talents were of a high order cannot, indeed, for a moment be denied.\* The peasants of

\* In a pamphlet, entitled "Policy of England towards Spain," published by Ridgway in 1837, and attributed to Lord Clarendon, at that time our minister at Madrid, it is remarked with rather amusing *naïveté*, "Any man with firmness of character, and with a fixed resolution not to depart

Navarre were organised and disciplined by him without the aid of any of those resources which are supposed to be indispensable to the formation of armed bodies. Out of the rudest materials he constructed a regular force, whose arms, equipments, food, and clothing were, in most cases, taken from the enemy. The moral power of the insurrection was raised, by his enterprising genius, to an amazing point of excellence, when we take into consideration the means at his disposal; and his death occurred at the moment when his reputation was highest, and when his ultimate success was more than probable. His perfect knowledge of the country, which was, for the most part, the theatre of his combats, enabled him to work out with precision the plans of campaign which he had laid down, and from which he rarely departed; but those talents must, indeed, be of a high order which enabled him to vanquish the hero of the guerilla, even on his own ground. Without going so far as to say that Zumalacarréguy was a great general, in the extensive application of the term, it will be only necessary to reflect, for a moment, on what he has done, to arrive at the conclusion that, in the warfare of the mountain, Spain has never produced his superior; and to show that his powers are not even thus limited, we have only to remember that at the head of a force, created by himself, eight times, and not rarely ten times, smaller than that which he had to oppose, he neutralised the efforts of Sarsfield, beat Valdez from the field, utterly vanquished Quesada, routed Rodil, baffled Mina, put to flight Lorenzo, Oráa, Jauregui, Espartero, Osmá, chiefs who had the population of Spain with them, who were favourably regarded, to say the least, by the governments of France and England; and that from the month of April, 1835, until June of the same year, he made more than 4000 prisoners, took 92 horses, and 23 pieces of artillery.

It has been said that Zumalacarréguy was at one time a Constitutionalist, and it is still believed that his political feelings were really not illiberal. The holy hatred borne against him by the apostolical followers of Don Carlos, and his undisguised contempt for their narrow views, and bigoted principles, may be admitted as an argument in his favour. When in temporary command at Ferrol, in 1832, he issued, on the occasion of some popular outbreaks, a proclamation which ended with the expression "*Viva El Rey, viva la Reyna, y viva su descendencia*," thus marking by this unusual addition, that his views were not then, at least, of a hostile nature towards the daughter of Ferdinand. The original proclamation in MS., signed by himself, is still preserved by his youngest brother, one of the most faithful supporters of the queen, for some years past a deputy to the Cortes, and chief judge of a court of appeal in Burgos; and we have reason to believe that, but for the gratuitous insult flung on him by the overbearing Quesada, Zumalacarréguy might never have borne arms against the queen.

We scarcely think it necessary to advert to the acts of cruelty and ferocious severity with which his memory is stained, because a counterpart can easily be found in the conduct of his adversaries. Spaniards possess an instinctive eagerness to shed blood, and, considering the deadly hatreds fostered during civil war in such a country as Spain, it may become difficult to whom to assign a superiority in acts of cold-blooded atrocity.

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from the plan laid down, could have been able to produce the same results as Zumalacarréguy, and by the same means" — that is, any one with the same talents, and the same powers of developing them, would produce the same effects. The writer seems to sneer at the assertion that the Carlist general possessed great talents for war, and he fortifies his dissent by the above remark. We certainly agree with him, as we also should if he had said that *any man*, possessing the same genius, the same resources, and the same opportunities as the great Napoleon, would have gained the battles of Lodi, Marengo, or Austerlitz! Never was the truism of probabilities better enunciated, or the doctrine of ifs more cautiously enforced.

In his private character it is said that Zumalacarréguy was a disinterested and faithful friend.\* His detestation of meanness and religious hypocrisy was fierce and unbounded. He was a fond husband and a tender father; and amidst his engrossing and perilous occupations, his happiest moments were those which he could pass with his family. In his manners he was rather brusque and abrupt, but in his moments of good-humour, became softened down to unaffected familiarity.

Zumalacarréguy is worshipped by his admirers as a perfect hero; by his enemies he is represented as a blood-thirsty monster. He was neither. His talents being of a military nature, an inflexible and severe character was the basis on which they were maintained. But whatever may be the conclusion as to his merits, or demerits, his virtues, or his vices, it must be regretted both for the sake of freedom as well as humanity, that any pretext should have been given to such a man for upholding the cause of despotism and superstition. Had Quesada been less insolent and more honest, the civil war, if commenced at all, might not have lasted three months.

### TRANSPORTATION.

WE are glad to see the waters troubled on any question affecting our systems of Secondary Punishment. In the first place, they are for the most part a crude, demoralising, wicked compound; and in the second, the popular discussion of the general principles of penal management is a promising indication, not only in connection with penal legislation, but the intellect and moral feeling abroad. There are few more difficult questions in agitation at present than how to dispose of our convicts. Their accumulation in home penitentiaries is admitted to be fraught with most trying evils, even by those who abstractedly approve that form of punishment above any other; while the past experiences of transportation are not such as in ordinary circumstances to justify committing our felons to a distant and unchecked discretion. The difficulty is peculiarly a practical one; for it refers not only to penal infliction, and not only to the expense of home and foreign systems as an economical question, but it embraces first the economical, and thence the moral, influence of accumulated criminal-labour competition, in a market whose surplus supply of labour, low wages, and uncertain employment, are the ultimate causes of much of the crime committed.

The suggestion of these remarks is to be found in the last Report of the Transportation Committee; the Report of the Inspectors of Prisons for the Home District; and the Speeches, just published in pamphlet form, of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin and Sir William Molesworth on Transportation. The aim of the archbishop and the honourable member for Leeds in the pamphlets before us, is to prove that transportation, independently of any particular arrangements in working it out, is necessarily and irremediably worse than any other punishment; but in this ultra argument we apprehend both have signally failed. No doubt the peculiar processes under which transportation has been carried out are very bad; but that transportation is any more necessarily identified with those processes than the jails of England are with the crimes and vices of which Howard found them the hot-bed — and of which the Inspectors of Prisons' report shows us, his Grace may still find many of them the nursery, if he will but turn his

\* His friendship for the Baron de los Valles was most disinterested and warm, and only terminated with his life. The very last letter which he wrote, a short time before his death, was addressed to his enterprising and gallant friend.



attention to them—we do not readily comprehend. But, the Government having in the most unequivocal way sanctioned the condemnation pronounced by the Transportation Committee on the system pursued in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land by radically altering that system in every essential principle, detail, and arrangement, we apprehend that the archbishop and the honourable member for Leeds, in order to sustain their proposals, ought to have shown that the specific modifications in question were not calculated to insure an average virtue to transportation; or, by some *general* argument, that transportation could not be, so far, improved. Now this last argument we can scarcely allow to be attempted in either pamphlet before us; for the past processes under which transportation has been worked out are the data for nearly every conclusion against transportation, just as if a writer took the Inspectors of Prisons' account of Giltspur Street Prison, and from it attempted to prove that the *separate* system was a bad one,—the immoral processes of Giltspur Street and the anti-social ones of Millbank being alike wrought in prisons! And in reference to the former question,—that which relates to the new system now being put into operation at Norfolk Island—Sir William Molesworth scarcely notices it save in connection with an unimportant minutia which distinguishes it, but to which Captain Maconochie is not tied; while the honourable baronet overlooks the principles which alone are contended for by Captain Maconochie, to which alone as Commandant of Norfolk Island he is tied, and which are obviously susceptible, like all principles sound in their philosophy, of being variously organised. With the Archbishop of Dublin's preparedness on this question we have less reason to be satisfied than with Sir William Molesworth's; in the latter there are fruits of closer investigation; and, at the same time that we insist in reference to *both* that there is too much dwelling upon the past where it has no necessary relation to the general question, we concede more fairness to Sir William Molesworth in the use of his materials than the archbishop has evinced. Both go on partial premises; but his Grace, with all possible candour we must say it, uses those partial premises in a manner which exposes either his logical pretensions or his argumentative probity; and the former being too well established, we must direct our censure against the latter. His Grace refers to the new system of Captain Maconochie in these words:—

“ But again we are told that the severe system which is henceforward to be carried on at Norfolk Island will reform the convicts, who are to be then carried to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, where they will prove a great advantage to those colonies, in their new character of steady, honest, industrious labourers.” — P. 63.

Now we venture to ask on what principle, detail, authority, does the archbishop ground his designation of the system in question as “ the *severe* system?” We expect something more than words from a man like Archbishop Whately—proof, not rash assertion contradicted by the fact, and notoriously contradicted too, in reference to Captain Maconochie's system, by every line of the work placing that system before the public, and by the testimony alike of those who oppose and approve it. The principle of that system, almost tediously urged, is “ moral influence,” as contradistinguished from physical coercion—*persuasion* instead of *force*—*hope* instead of *fear*. How comes the archbishop to call it the *severe* system, then? The answer involves his Grace either as an inquirer into that “ whereof he affirms,” or as an uncandid and disingenuous antagonist: we are sorry to be obliged to say so; but moral honesty in debate is a pearl of too great price in our estimation to allow us to overlook such striking exhibitions of the want of it as we have before us. However, we have not yet afforded the most obvious

illustrations of that spirit on which this censure is grounded. His Grace having satisfied himself that the system in question is a severe one, and it being to be brought into operation at Norfolk Island, in a subsequent page we find him giving vent to his amazement at the choice of the locale.

"For the sake of retaining a system which to some particular minds, it is supposed, may hold out the additional terror of *distant exile*, we are to send criminals at a heavy cost to a penal establishment which is completely out of the reach of all vigilant inspection, an establishment in which, instead of being reformed, they are debased and degraded, and hardened to the utmost possible degree. It was observed to me lately by Sir Edward Parry, as the result of several years' experience on the spot, that he believed it impossible a convict could be 'sent to Norfolk Island without becoming a double-distilled villain.' Then, after four years (on the average) preparatory training in this university of depravity, they are to be let loose to the amount of 4000 annually,—or perhaps under the proposed mitigation of the system, 2000 or 1000,—on the Australian colonies, as free labourers and settlers. This precious importation is to consist, you will observe, entirely of *men* (of *males* I should rather say, for the other term would be hardly appropriate)—no women, as far as I can understand, being henceforth to be sent out as convicts. So a community, already overwhelmed with such unspeakable horrors from the shocking disproportion of the sexes, is to be annually inundated with a fresh torrent of pollution by the influx of hundreds or thousands of the most abandoned profligates, exclusively males! And it is thus that a new and flourishing nation is to be created and cherished in its growth—a nation flourishing in numbers and in wealth, but already of such a character as to have been described by one of the witnesses before the committee by the concise and emphatic expression of '*Sodom and Gomorrah*.' All sacrifices are to be made—no cost spared—to increase the extent and keep up the odious character of such a community, a conspicuous and lasting monument of England's shame and guilt: a monument such as I suppose was never before erected by any people, Christian or Pagan, of combined absurdity and wickedness."—Pp. 81, 82.

Now, this extravagant and fallacious commentary being got through, let the reader ask himself whether it is from Norfolk Island in itself that a community results corresponding to the description of Sodom and Gomorrah, or from Norfolk Island in relation to peculiar processes of managing criminals established there? Obviously it is not the *island* that is intended, for every authority unites in representing it as a paradise in creation, one of the loveliest spots in the southern hemisphere: it is a system of convict management then that gives rise to the alleged resemblance; and that system of convict management, one in operation several years since when Sir Edward Parry was in New South Wales, *but which is now supplanted by an entirely different system*. Ought not his Grace to have shown the connection between his overwrought apprehensions and this new system, and not rested them upon causes exploded as upon causes now in operation? Ought he not to have shown that the detail and principle of Captain Maconochie's system "debased and degraded, and hardened to the utmost degree"—that "moral influence" produced no effects different from "physical coercion"—that "persuasion" operated like the cat-o'-nine-tails—"hope" the same as terror—the benign spirit of Christianity with the same effects as the capricious and vindictive animosity of an offended tyrant—before he predicted no better things from Norfolk Island in time to come, compared to the past? Surely this was required to make good the conclusion; but his Grace thinks nothing of links omitted in his chain of argument, and appears to delight in the obscure and *very* general. As to the argument assumed for, and referred to, those who vindicate transportation generally, of the "additional terror of *distant exile*," its parentage is questionable, and assuredly we incline to lay no stress on it either way. And as to the other point of female transportation, until we are better informed on it than his Grace appears to be in its relation to New South Wales, we shall say nothing of it.

But the main objection which discovers itself throughout the archbishop's speech is to a system of association. Now, we would perfectly sympathise

with his Grace, were we not led to conclude that this association is only to be by day, and did we not see a most material difference between association under severe coercion from association regulated by humane principles. We cannot discover the necessity so much assumed of analogous results springing from association governed by a rod of serpents, with no moral influences relieving it, no kindly sympathies, no benevolent interest in the convict, but characterized by harsh constraint and purposed degradation, and association under opposite circumstances. Before we admit the correspondence, we must learn to think that convicts are dead to the principles of our common humanity; that they have no traces of good surviving the corruptions of the world; and that it is the same thing to appeal to their hopes as their fears, to degrade as to encourage them to virtue, to lacerate their backs as to move upon their hearts. It will be time enough when this conclusion is *argued* to oppose it; as yet it ranks among assumptions only, and therefore we give it only this casual notice.

Sir William Molesworth, showing a great deal of industry on his part, brings forward some calculations of the relative expense of a home and a foreign system. In these calculations, against transportation are placed expences — military expences and some others — which we apprehend would not be materially altered by doing away with the convict system in the penal colonies; they, therefore, fall to the ground; and, expences on the penitentiary side are overlooked, or only partially contemplated, which we apprehend would be found necessary for the disposal of the convict after his release from a home punishment.

We observe the archbishop says a great deal in reply to those who allege the objection of the "difficulties, &c. of the question," and asks what is legislation but a choice of difficulties? "No one," he says, "who is disposed to remain inactive, and to let all abuses take their course, need be at a loss for an excuse if difficulties are a sufficient plea. 'The slothful man saith there is a lion in the way! a lion in the path!' But is such a man fit to legislate or to govern?" We agree with his Grace in the principle; but we dispute the wisdom of his application of it, which would be the cure of a distant evil to the aggravation of a proximate one, — the cure of an influenza at the expence of fostering a pestilence; for, surely, an accumulation of convicts in our Giltspur Street prisons, by stopping the exportation to the Antipodes, were no wise step. We are aware his Grace does not propose this; but we apprehend it would be an effect of over-refining in respect to New South Wales, while scarcely any thing is being done for the correction of our home seminaries of vice; in the idea of which, beside, there appears to us a very great inconsistency. There was much reason in the objection put in by Mr. Hawes, when Sir William Molesworth's motion was before the House, — "Look at the hulks." The honourable member for Lambeth is an opponent of transportation generally, and we might almost say *the* parliamentary advocate of the separate system; the objection then comes with more force from him, while it reflects credit upon his upright and practical mind. But by this suggestion he has only afforded a pledge of duty to his country, not discharged it, and we shall anxiously wait its fulfilment. In the mean time our remarks have been confined to the reasonings of the pamphlets before us, to the spirit of the whole of which remarks we are not tied any farther than as they refer to the reasonings against which they have been offered. For instance, rejecting the archbishop of Dublin's objections to Norfolk Island as fallacious in their premises, we still reserve to ourselves the liberty of objecting to the choice of that island as a penal establishment on other grounds, when we come on a future occasion to discuss the arrangements now in operation there.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF NAPOLEON.

## I.

## NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA;

*Suggested by Haydon's Picture.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "CATILINE," "DRAMA OF A LIFE," ETC.

HE sate upon the savage crag where Fear  
 Had banished him, a captive, but the lord  
 Of his own mind. He looked out on the waves,  
 And thought when men as blindly followed him  
 As they the Moon through her untrodden paths.  
 But now he was eclipsed: his light gone from him,  
 Darkened; and he, a shadow and a wreck  
 Of mightiness departed. He was given  
 (Boon for which fate doth compensate for evil)  
 The eye to look into futurity,  
 And read the hopes of nations. He became  
 A prophet, and earth's destinies foretold;  
 And saw how Freedom with earthquake convulsion  
 Would shake the world at last; and knew how men  
 Would then remember him as the Day-Star  
 That heralded its dawn. Thus he endured  
 Life, to prove that he triumphed o'er despair.  
 A monument of Stoic pride; — a mind  
 The universe could not move from its base.  
 But the Will, though indomitable, wears  
 Away this mortal fragment, hastening  
 To join its kindred elements. Nothing now  
 Drew him from self: his rocky walls closed round him,  
 The burning sun — the sky — the lurid waves —  
 Time — life — light — space — one blank monotony!  
 He watched his heart corrode away beneath  
 His sleepless spirit's edge; he sate and counted  
 His life-sands, as they slowly move away!  
 And then, perchance, despair, — for hope was dead, —  
 Ate like the iron in his soul. He was  
 A thing of nerves, and nakedly alive  
 To each base insect's sting, which now was felt  
 By Mind, whose self-restraint was a sharp chain  
 That goaded it to madness.

Thus he stood,  
 Watching the setting Sun that threw on him  
 Its glory, unsubstantial as the fame  
 That settled on his name! He watched, and felt  
 That Blessing followed not *his* track, nor went  
 Before him; yet was it decreed his path,  
 The life of his necessity by fate,

By the inscrutable Destiny that marks  
 The rise and fall of empire ; in whose faith  
 He acted, — glorying to be its slave.  
*He* rose — a hurricane — a moral storm —  
 Shaking the fixed foundations of the world.  
 Kings fearing him descended from their thrones,  
 Or driven, or by ascendant mind compelled ;  
 Whom he crushed not, because he could not stoop  
 To their unworthiness, the petty art  
 That wove the meshes of their strength allied,  
 Then, when Convulsion swept even him away.

Yet o'er his devastating course Good shone :  
 And truths, forgot 'midst buried ages, rose  
 Again to light and memory. Kings felt  
 Their weakness manifold in the Titan's fall ;  
 The insecurity of Tyranny,  
 When such as he succumbed. Hero of evil,  
 Yet harbinger of good was that wild name :  
 A tyrant, — he yet taught the oppressed their strength ;  
 Nations enslaved awakened to his call,  
 And, foiled awhile, yet treasured in their hearts  
 Inestimable memories of deeds  
 They dared, and did : to be remembered then,  
 When Fate and Time unroll the Future's page,  
 Emblazoned by their heaven-stamped liberties. \*  
 He proved the hollowness of the clay Idol,  
 The Power to which they slavishly had knelt ;  
 That the innate divinity of Kings  
 Should emanate from kingly mind alone :  
 That one alone should arbitrate on earth †,  
 Even as the One in heaven : the elect of Fate,  
 Who in the one hand held the unconjured sword,  
 The Code, the other, hallowing his name  
 With an enduring Glory to Time's end. ‡

And then his battle fields arose before him :  
 Those thunderbolts that marked each nation's fall,  
 Until astounded armies cast their arms  
 To earth without a stroke. § Even thus he stood  
 Immovable 'midst triumph or reverse,

\* "His gigantic success and double fall taught absolute princes their weakness, and injure nations their strength : such men as he are the avengers of great evils, and harbingers of good : even now we have seen only the beginning of the end." — *Life of Napoleon*.

† "My destiny is not yet accomplished : the picture as yet exists only in outline. There must be one code, one court of appeal, and one coinage for all Europe. The states of Europe must be melted into one nation, and Paris must be its capital." — *Life of Napoleon. Family Library*.

‡ "'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with a just pride, 'with my Code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of law which the French monarchy had ever possessed ; and being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, under the Emperor's personal superintendence, at this day it forms not only the Code of France, but of a great portion of Europe also." — *Ibid*.

§ "At the capitulation of Ulm, thirty thousand men laid down their arms without striking a stroke, and twenty-seven generals surrendered their swords." Napoleon stood on a rising eminence : the expression of his countenance was that of "indifference, or rather, it had no expression — it was impassive." — *Communication from a General Officer present*.

Till Fortune blinded his all-seeing eyes  
 With her too dazzling glories. He became  
 A god unto himself, while Flattery  
 Echoed the falsehood back to him. He deemed  
 The Elements subjected to his will ;  
 That Polar snows would, like the waves, subside  
 At voice of sovereign command.

Then rose  
 Deathless Borodino before his eye,  
 Where single handed Russia dared the fight,  
 And fell, back reeling, looking to the skies  
 For refuge ; that the Gates of Snow should open  
 To hide themselves behind them. But behold  
 Blazing from far their glorious sacrifice,  
 Sublime atonement of a nation's sins,  
 The abandoned Capitol, a reddening hell  
 Of demon light amidst the Polar snows !  
 Ocean of flame, whose roaring billows drowned  
 The shouts of rage — the curses of despair ! \*  
 Altar, and beacon fire of Hope — the Cross,  
 Speaking from high — " In this thou overcom'st ! " †  
 Then came the mad retreat — the whirlwind snows —  
 Sweeping around them merciless as man :  
 The stiffening hand, the pulseless heart and eye,  
 The frozen standard, and the palsied arm :  
 The unfrequent watch-fires rising like red sparks  
 Amidst the illimitable snows ; the crowds  
 Of spectral myriads shuddering around them —  
 Frozen to statues ; scathed by the red flames,  
 Or spared by howling savages, until  
 Winter, less merciless than they, threw o'er them  
 Her winding sheet of snows, deep burying  
 Armies whose presence vanished like a dream !  
 There fell the man who against Nature warred ;  
 Amid his councils Treachery took her seat,  
 Or openly raised her visor in the field : ‡  
 Fortune had left him — never to return.  
 Time's truths were taught, and fate's decree revealed.  
 His race was run — he vanished from the world,  
 Forgot like a departed thunderstorm.  
 The infinite Spirit that had filled the earth  
 Evaporated in a barren isle,

\* " Moscow was one vast ocean of flame which emitted a roaring sound like the breakers in a tempest — it was a visible Hell. Napoleon persisted in remaining in the Kremlin until it was enveloped, when to ride through the flames was a matter of danger and difficulty." — *Count Dumas' Memoirs*.

† The Cross supposed to have been seen in the sky by Constantine previous to the decisive victory which gained him the Western empire — *εν τούτω νεικα*. The circumstance is recorded by contemporary historians.

‡ The disastrous battle of Leipsic, hazarded with immense inferiority of numbers by Napoleon against the allied powers, and more immediately lost by the open desertion of thirty-five thousand Saxons. Talleyrand, and others, were in early communication with his enemies. " I felt," said Napoleon, " the reins slipping from my hands."

Mingling with the Infinity around him.  
 The world heard when he died, and smiled, or sighed,  
 And then — forgot. Fame defied in life,  
 Giving his deeds and words to Time to live  
 Enduring through a future without end.  
 O let no more the idle moralist  
 Weigh in his petty scale the dust of heroes! \*  
 But pause until his mind becomes so vast,  
 That he can weigh the immeasurable spirit  
 Fled from that dust for ever! then when reached  
 The eagle's height — the world beneath him laid,  
 Subjected to his swoop — the eagle's gaze  
 Daring the sun in its meridian power!  
 The fierce ascent — the giddy height when proved —  
 The sleepless aspirations of a spirit  
 Conscious of fixing an immortal stamp †  
 Upon its every thought — the feverish hope  
 Of infinite effort — and the stormy joy,  
 The whirlwind pulse of triumph, yet calm eye  
 Preserved, and coldest dignity of mien,  
 Conscious of millions watching from below  
 Heights they could never gain; when these are proved,  
 Faint moralist! of calm and temperate pulse,  
 Then sit in judgment; then, in language vast  
 As thy magnificent conceptions, tell  
 Of thoughts and deeds eternal as thy words  
 Shall be recording them: but oh! till then,  
 Sink not the mighty to thy narrow span;  
 Prate not of passions thou hast never proved: ‡  
 Walk humbly in thy charitable path;  
 Nor deem that Star inferior, which sublime  
 In infinite distance little seems to thee.

## II.

## NAPOLEON, IN HIS FALL, TO CAIUS MARIUS.

He stood among  
 The wrecks of buried power — of what *was*:  
 And did contemplate them till his mind drew  
 The resolution that doth hope survive;  
 That hath no root to cling to save itself,  
 No hold — no subterfuge; but which is born,

\* *Expende Annibalem!* &c. — *Juvenal*.

† "What is this immortality? — remembrance left in the memory of man. That idea elevates to great deeds. Better never to have lived, than to leave no trace of one's existence." — *Bourriens's Life*.

‡ A passage in a French author, illustrating also these reflections, cannot be too often quoted: it is as just as it is forcibly expressed: — "Mais, en le condamnant, ne le méprisez pas, petites organisations qui n'êtes capables ni de bien ni de mal: ne mesurez qu'avec effroi le colosse de volonté qui lutte ainsi sur une mer fouguse pour le seul plaisir d'exercer sa vigueur et de la jeter en dehors de lui. Son égoïsme le pousse au milieu des fatigues et des dangers, comme le votre vous enchaîne à de patientes et laborieuses professions. Que son fatal exemple serve seulement à vous consoler de votre inoffensive nullité!"

Yea thrown up from the ashes of despair.  
 Even thus he stood, sedate, and calm, yet firm,  
 Like him, the noble Roman, who was found  
 Kingly reclining, midst the solitudes  
 Of Carthage' ruins — silent, motionless,  
 Looking himself the ruin he bestrode !—  
 Who chose the seat to suit his desolation ;  
 To show how mind can triumph over ruin,  
 Subjecting fate and fortune to its sway.  
 So the slave found him : the pale, cringing slave,  
 Who was sent forth to count his agonies,  
 To pry into the secrets of the soul,  
 The inner man, when he pours forth to Nature  
 The passion which then bursts the bonds of pride  
 And finds a struggling language.

All alone,

Alone against the solitary sky  
 He sate — bare-headed, with the gathering storm  
 Around him in the distance ! then, he turned  
 And gave the slave the answer \* : rather say,  
 The warning Oracle that taught his foe  
 The fleeting reign of empire and of man.

### III.

#### NAPOLEON AT AUSTERLITZ.

##### I.

THEY do not die— they do not die—  
 Souls of the brave and just !  
 Is 't not a coward's thought to say  
 Ye pass again to dust !  
 Ye live through every age — y' are given  
 To breathe in hearts of slaves  
 The patriot flame ye drew from heaven :  
 That sleeps not in your graves !  
 Your shapes blind Homer's eyes beheld,  
 His harp ye strung — his soul ye swelled.

##### II.

I tell thee, yet on Marathon  
 The shade of Theseus treads ! †  
 And the slave that walks Thermopylæ  
 The Spartan's spirit dreads.  
 And hast thou stood by Uri's lake  
 When tempests o'er it sweep,  
 The shade of Tell from his misty cloud  
 Looks downward from the steep ;  
 And, frowning, points with angry eye  
 To Altorf's tower, and days gone by !

\* " Go, tell him thou hast seen the exiled Marius,  
 Sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage." *Plutarch's Life of Marius.*

† Plutarch relates that, during the battle of Marathon, the Athenian army thought they saw the apparition of Theseus completely armed, and bearing down before them upon the Barbarians.



## III.

Go — stand on Austerlitz : but not  
 In the garish eye of day ;  
 The thin, cold Dead are only seen  
 By the pale Moon's watery ray !  
 But at the solemn hour of Night,  
 When the world in sleep is drowned,  
 The rush of troops — of an army's throng —  
 Tramps o'er that marshalled ground,  
 While to lead again the shadowy brave,  
 Napoleon comes from his sea-girt grave.

## IV.

O, then he stands as he stood in life,  
 His arms crossed o'er his breast ;  
 With his eagle eye, and lip of pride,  
 And his foot half forward pressed ;  
 A monument, by nature stamped,  
 Of resolution there ! \*  
 With a soul that felt all it could do,  
 And knew what it would dare ;  
 While he looks unmoved, as he looked in life,  
 When matched against the world in strife.

## V.

Their drums are heard like the muffled note  
 Of winds when their strength is gone,  
 And proudly in air the banners float,  
 As the shadowy hosts move on !  
 A pale gleam from their helms is cast,  
 From battle blade and spear ;  
 And faintly sheds on the sumless ranks  
 That darken in the rear ;  
 In front, the Chiefs in martial ring  
 Are crowding round their Phantom King !

## VI.

His arm is raised to the clouded sky  
 Where the Moon is struggling through ;  
 A moment more — the mist flits by,  
 A light gleams from his lambent eye,  
 As she breaks forth full in view.—  
 Thus " the Sun of Austerlitz " broke out !  
 He points to the conscious throng,  
 While with joyous tread, and soundless shout,  
 The armies charge along !  
 And thus, when the world in sleep is drowned,  
 Napoleon walks on his hallowed ground.

\* The well-known attitude of Napoleon — in the court — the camp — and on the field of battle.

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

## No. VII.

No event occurred to interrupt the happiness of Greenford, which the birth of the two children had greatly increased; they grew and improved rapidly, and were the objects of general interest and attention. Nothing was to be apprehended from the want of care, the only risk was from its excess. All were devoted; but the affectionate solicitude of aunt Bertha shone conspicuous, like the moon amongst the stars. Bertha was the sister of Leofric, whom she greatly resembled; but was far less handsome than her brother. She was in truth and absolutely very good-looking, but comparatively plain, for she was much less comely than her neighbours; she considered herself, however, quite equal in attractions to any of them. This opinion was not manifested in an unpleasant manner, by making a vain display of her charms, or by slighting and undervaluing the beauty of others; but it was an intimate, deep-rooted, and unalterable conviction. Being perfectly at her ease, therefore, and having no doubt on this head, she did not take the trouble to assert her claims; and the only effect this conviction produced upon her conduct was, that it induced her to spend more time in dressing and adorning herself — with good taste, it is true, and perfect simplicity — than was necessary or usual. She had refused several advantageous offers, — as many as three or four, it was said: they were such as it would not have been imprudent or discreditable to have accepted, nor was it considered very unwise to refuse them. In every case she had asked for a few days to think of it; in every case it seemed that she had endeavoured to bring herself to consent, but in every case she had kindly, but frankly and firmly, declined, and for the same reason, — she could not bear to leave her brother. They had been brought up together, having lost both parents at an early age: their mother died of a short illness, and the father within a fortnight afterwards, as it was generally believed, of grief; and Bertha, being ten years older than Leofric, had been, as it were, his mother or his aunt, rather than his sister. She looked upon her brother as the wisest, the best, and the handsomest of mankind; and she loved him with an entire affection, which he returned, although not with equal warmth, because her heart was undivided, and there were several other claims upon his. She firmly believed that every thing connected with her brother and with his family was absolutely perfect, and that every thing in the village and the immediate neighbourhood was most admirable. As this feeling did not induce her to despise others, but was consistent with great liberality, and seemed to proceed merely from contentment and an inward joy, it was a source of much happiness; and if it exists in its utmost force, as it did in her, it is, without doubt, the best gift that the indulgent gods can bestow on suffering mortals.

It is hardly necessary to say that her health was excellent; that she was very cheerful, and even merry; and that she was a general favourite with all ages and all ranks. She was not illiterate, but her literary attainments were moderate, somewhat below those of her equals; but she was well skilled in all domestic and feminine labours and accomplishments, — fond of all household occupations, and indefatigable in the exercise of her talents in that line. Nothing being toilsome or troublesome, and finding all she desired at home, she was unwilling to leave it, and anxious to return.

There was only one thing that at all disquieted her, or of which she used ever to complain, or desired to alter ; and it was this, — she had invented one theory, and it was all the worthy woman had ever invented. Even aunt Bertha had once been imaginative, and she had devised a scheme for human improvement, — a plan for mending the world, that was very simple, and perhaps would be quite as effectual as any other that has been proposed since. She was undoubtedly extremely sanguine, and believed that as soon as it was adopted sin and sorrow would cease, and the halcyon days of peace would begin and never end. The project was this, — that throughout the realm of England, every male should be named Ethelbert, and every female Bertha. It was under King Ethelbert, and by his gracious permission and edifying example, she used to say, that we were converted from paganism, which after all is the great thing ; and we ought surely to recognise the importance of this change, and to acknowledge our gratitude by bearing one and all that glorious name. It was urged, that many other persons co-operated in our happy conversion, especially St. Gregory the Great, St. Augustine, and Mellitus ; and that, on the same principle, their names ought to be given to boys. She answered, that they were not English words, and therefore their adoption could not reasonably be required ; but, she added, such matters are perhaps above my sex : I ought not to presume to know what names are suitable for men ; but sure I am, and I may safely say, that there would be no inconvenience, and many advantages, in calling all women Bertha, after our first Christian queen, the wife of Ethelbert. It was objected, that if all females were called Bertha, the name would not be of any use ; it would not signify any one in particular, but would be the name of all, and therefore no name, since no one would be known by means of it from the rest. She suggested immediately various expedients to make distinctions. In a family, the eldest would still be the eldest, and the baby would be called the baby in virtue of its office, and the youngest but one might be the poppet ; the cook would be called the cook then as now, and the dairymaid the dairymaid. One woman, she continued, might be described as Bertha the wife of Ethelbert, another as Bertha the daughter of Ethelbert, and so on. If, however, the enemies of human improvement obstinately maintained every man was Ethelbert, and every woman Bertha, every woman would be Bertha the daughter of Ethelbert, Bertha the sister of Ethelbert, Bertha the wife of Ethelbert, and Bertha the mother of Ethelbert ; so there would be no distinguishing them, and that would never do ; there would be nothing but confusion. “Oh !” she exclaimed, if “that was all, I should not care.” Then turning to the female who sat next to her, she gave her a hearty kiss, saying, “Oh, my dear ! how much pleasure it would give me to be able to address you by my own name of Bertha.”

As to our good aunt's project, the experiment was never fairly tried ; consequently, as all projectors declare, it would be unjust to form an opinion. Her temper, however, was often tried ; and being never found wanting, we may safely pronounce it excellent : every thing that happened was, in her opinion, right, and indeed the best that could possibly be.

Edilberga was sufficiently gentle ; but she had something of the vivacity of little people, and of the impatience of youth, and of an acknowledged beauty : she was never weary of wondering at her friend's cheerful equanimity, and took pleasure in relating many little instances of it. One of these will suffice. Bebbha had let fall a vessel that she valued, an ancient and curious jug, and was much chagrined at it ; and whilst she was lamenting over the fragments, and blaming her own carelessness, “Let us hear what Bertha will say,” cried Edilberga ; “she is coming.” — “Oh, she will

declare it was very fortunate," answered Bebb, still looking mournfully at the pieces which lay on the pavement. Aunt Bertha entered, and observing the accident, cried, "Well, you have broken that old thing at last; that is right. Bless me, how lucky you are! It is truly lucky you did not break it yesterday, for my brother wanted it last night. Well, that is lucky, — that is what I call luck."

Bebba was patient and amiable; but she was serious, and she frequently saw important and unpleasant results in trifling matters: she wanted the uninterrupted cheerfulness of Bertha, with whom all was bright and sunshine, and life uniformly passed smoothly and speedily along. In the children she of course found every thing she could possibly wish. Not only did the due growth and the gradual unfolding of life, which are sufficiently cheering to all, appear to be delightful to her; but even the little disorders and inconveniences, and the ordinary untoward accidents which befel even the most fortunate, were gratefully and happily welcomed as providential and singularly felicitous incidents in the unbroken run of good luck that her destiny presented. Her cheerful and contented humour was visible, even to the infants; and it was duly appreciated by them as soon as they learned to value any thing besides milk. They soon began to stretch out their little arms towards her, and to prefer her to their mothers; and she might commonly be seen with one on each arm, eloquently praising them in turns, and assisting at actively and usefully superintending a score of domestic occupations.

No event of any importance occurred at Greenford, except that at the beginning of the year 1074 the boys learned to read, until the 24th of May in the following year, — when, a little before six on a fine May morning, Edilberga brought a fine girl into the world, which was smiling so cheerfully around her. As this joyful accession happened without any other visit to St. Anne's Hill, Bebb was not included in the arrangement; and the whole of the female force being entirely at her disposal, she was so well nursed that, to borrow the expression of some of her neighbours of her own sex, she was well again and walking about before they had heard of her being ill. At first it was proposed to call the baby Anne; but it was considered that if that name had been acceptable, the first child would doubtless have been a girl according to the prediction. It was resolved, therefore, to give the preference to Emma, although aunt Bertha strove hard for the glory of the first Christian queen, in honour of the mother of the blessed King Edward, and of many other Saxon ladies; but chiefly in memory of her maternal grandmother, the mother of Edilberga, who had borne that name, which was then so common. It was resolved, however, to christen her on St. Anne's day, and large preparations were made to do her honour. It would be impossible to tell how often the boys went with aunt Bertha to the store closet to look at the cakes that were to be presented at that festival, or how often, on the day preceding it, they tasted of the component parts of all the good things that were in progress.

The appointed day at last arrived: it was a Sunday — the better day, the better deed; and it was as lovely as the babe herself, or the Sunday on which she was born. It was warm; but a fine soft west wind gently waved the long locks of our ancestors, and the branches of the trees that shaded them. The monk of Westminster said a few words in behalf of his little wooden church, — it would be more regular; but all declared it was too small a temple for such an august ceremony. "Besides," said Edilberga, "we do not read that Noah christened his sons in the ark." This extension of his own favourite joke so greatly delighted the good father, that he withdrew his

opposition. After the services of the church both families and their friends dined in Leofric's Hall, and in the afternoon went down to Master Peter's church. It is hardly necessary to state that Bebbu and aunt Bertha were the godmothers, and Leofric the godfather. The cradle was superb: it had no rival to contend with, and was required to submit to no superior; it was, moreover, the season of flowers, and Nature seemed to have decorated it with a lavish hand. There were choice samples of all her gifts; but white roses and white lilies greatly predominated: it drew from every one an exclamation of admiration, and the witch predicted on beholding it that the beauty of the babe would one day far surpass it; and as she was christened on the feast of St. Anne's, the patroness of mothers, she would doubtless be herself the mother of a numerous and handsome progeny. Master Peter performed the ceremony. When Emma was laid upon the ground, it appeared as if the tranquil child would have taken it quietly to the disappointment of all present; but when he began to exorcise her, she raised her voice; and being now two months and two days old, and very strong, she announced most audibly her disapprobation of the malignity of evil spirits. When the parson of the parish had concluded, the monk of Westminster ascended the pulpit, it being Sunday, and moreover a saint's day, and delivered a short discourse: he was an able and zealous preacher, and commanded the attention of all present, whilst he spoke of baptism,—a rite first practised in the river Jordan, and afterwards in many other places; at first secretly and by stealth, with much peril, but now publicly, triumphantly, and securely, in the face of the whole vicinage. Emma had been restored to her cradle; and being fatigued with having been kissed and admired during the day, she slept under her fragrant bower in the cool church until the sermon was ended.

As they were returning slowly through the churchyard, Master Peter, having laid aside his sacerdotal vestments, hastened after them, and laughing and stumbling over a grave as he spoke, said,—for he had heard of the jest which had given him jurisdiction,—“How I should like to see old Noah christening his children in the ark!” They then retired to Leofric's gardens; and under the shade of the old trees, and amongst the venerable topiary, the horn was handed about, and the two boys ran about most officiously with baskets piled high with slices of the much-admired cakes. They spoke of the silent musician, who had appeared at the former christening, and Edilberga proposed that Leofric should sound the horn that he might return; he answered, that it would not avail, as he was now no longer a stranger. She urged him, however, to sound the horn; he promised to do so in the course of the evening. It should seem, nevertheless, that he forgot his promise, for he did not blow it. Edilberga forgot it likewise, for she did not remind him; but the next morning she recollected it, and was displeased. She was gentle and good, but had always been accustomed to require the homage that is due to a beauty; and she exacted it more rigidly now, because she began to suspect that her charms were already in the wane. She imagined that he had slighted her and her daughter, and was somewhat offended. She complained first to Bertha, who declared that it was a most fortunate omission. “Who knows, my dear, what might have happened; the sound might have brought some great ugly fellow who would have been rude to you in the garden.” “No, Bertha,” she answered, “I trust there is no man who would presume to approach me too familiarly.” With these words, accompanied by a slight elevation of the voice and head, she went to seek Leofric. He was digging in his garden: the calm man smiled at her animated complaints, and answered that he had forgotten his

promise. "The past, you know," he added, "is irremediable, even in such a serious matter; but as to the present, shall I fetch the horn and blow it now?" He then stuck his spade in the ground, and seemed ready to go. The sensible practical offer amused even an indignant and a fading beauty. "You need not blow it now," she said. "Then as to the future, I promise you to sound it instantly, whenever and wherever you shall require: will that do?" She nodded assent. "And, Edilberga," he added after a pause, "if I could suppose that foolish horn was likely to offend you again, I would immediately bury it in the hole I am now digging." That is spoken like himself, thought the lady; and she became so sociable that she sullied her white hands, and defiled her rings and her delicate nails with earth, in assisting him to extract the roots which he was digging up.

The careful Bertha supposed, from Edilberga's manner, that her brother's eyes were in some danger of being plucked out; accordingly she deemed it expedient to hover about, that she might render him assistance, if necessary. She had sallied out, her fingers covered with paste, and the rolling-pin in her hand; but perceiving how affectionate their intercourse was, she returned unnoticed.

It is probable that the horn had been forgotten on the preceding evening in this manner. They had gone to sup in the hall; and when supper was over, the evening being so charming, and indeed absolutely perfect, for the west wind had died away, and the air was still and serene, it was proposed to return to the garden. Festivities were accordingly resumed in the open air, and the musical instruments and the songs were active beneath the trees; for our pious ancestors held that all amusements that were lawful and innocent at other times, might be pursued on a Sunday evening after six o'clock. The horn had been filled and handed to Bebbá. Whilst she was drinking, Edilberga said to her, "Leofric has promised to sound it to-night; I must remind him." Then, taking the horn from Bebbá, she said, "I hope that he may live to sound it again on Emma's wedding-day." She drank and passed the vessel, and the two ladies went to seek Leofric. They found him seated on a bank with Master Peter and Adhelm: the latter was conversing with a talkative old woman of the village, and several persons were standing around. "You will have enough to do to take care of her," said the old woman; "if the child grows up as lovely as she is whilst I now speak, and there is no doubt she will, you will have enough to do to take care of her; all the young men will be fighting for her. You had better repair the old Roman tower yonder, and keep her in that. But it is not good for a young woman to keep herself up too long. There was our poor Margaret: no man ever saw such a pretty girl as poor Margaret, yet what did she come to? — no man ever saw such a pretty girl as Margaret." — "That is not true," interrupted Master Peter; "some men have seen prettier girls." "No man ever saw such a pretty girl as poor Margaret," the old woman repeated. "Oh! my good woman," exclaimed Master Peter, "that is absurd — that is quite monstrous!" — "I know who I am, and I know who you are," rejoined the old woman: "you are our worthy parson, and I am nobody. I know that; and although you may accuse me for being wanting in respect, I must say, saving my duty, that no man ever saw such a pretty girl as our Margaret." — "Poh, poh!" vociferated Master Peter, "I do not bring any such charge against you; but what you say is ridiculous. Do you pretend to tell us, you silly old woman, that the Abbot of Westminster never saw as pretty a girl as your Margaret? Do you believe that a man who has read so many books, and is always studying, day and night, like Abbot Geoffrey, has not learned how to choose and where to find

a pretty girl?" — "Who was Margaret?" said Edilberga to Bebbä. "I have heard, but I do not well remember; let us ask the old woman. Who was Margaret?" said Bebbä aloud. To this question the old woman replied at length, and she was assisted in her narrative by many other persons. This is the substance of it: —

In an old farm-house on the edge of the parish, at the border of the forest, which she described, and every one immediately recognised, there had formerly dwelt, as a servant, a poor orphan, named Margaret: her parentage was unknown; some said she was a foundling. Her singular and peculiar beauty began to attract attention at the age of seventeen. Her features were regular and well formed; her eyes blue; her hair brown and somewhat dark; her complexion fair, or rather pale; her stature of the ordinary height; she was slight, but not thin; and the expression of her countenance was calm, meek, and intelligent, and some remarked a certain wildness in her eye; but it had always been agreed that it was impossible by words to give a just notion of her, and no one had ever seen the female with whom she could be compared. Her dress was perhaps a little more simple and plain than that of her companions, but her neatness was remarkable; and her extreme cleanliness, her frequent ablutions in an age when personal purity was very general, were noticed by her female friends: they used to tell her, that she ought to have been a water fowl, as she was always dabbling in water. She took no pleasure in the labours of the loom, or in needle-work, except so far as such employments were necessary to maintain her own apparel, which was always in perfect order; indeed, she shunned as much as possible all occupations within doors, and if there were any that she disliked less than the rest, they were the cares of the dairy. But she was never weary of being out of doors. She was most industrious in field labour in all weathers; and although she was not sufficiently strong to lift great weights, or to undergo severe toil, she could be actively and usefully employed in light works much longer than her delicate frame would seem to promise. Milking was her favourite occupation; of this she was never weary; and when she was alone in the corner of a remote field with a large herd about her, seated on her three-legged stool, resting her head against the side of the cow, milking and singing a simple ballad in a sweet and clear but somewhat faint voice, she was, as she often declared, perfectly happy. Whether it was a bright morning, or a calm lovely evening in the sweet summer, or whether the cold, the wet, the fogs, and the darkness of gloomy winter brooded over the swampy ground, she seemed to be quite indifferent. As there is much unpleasant weather in the year, her young companions did not enter into competition with her; they were glad to sit in the warm corner of the chimney, carding wool, or spinning, whilst she was chanting her merry ditties in the wet fields, and they heartily wished that her taste was less uncommon. She never wanted employment, therefore, in her favourite line; and although her bodily strength was less than that of other girls of her age, and her appearance delicate, her health was entire, and she was never indisposed; she was moreover cheerful, good-tempered, and obliging.

She soon attracted attention in the narrow sphere in which she moved, and acquired the name of the pretty milkmaid. Numerous suitors presented themselves; and this was not wonderful, for her beauty was striking at first sight, and it gained greatly upon those who saw her often. The solicitations of her lovers disturbed her felicity, and in her favourite employment she was peculiarly exposed to them. On all other subjects it was impossible to offend her, and she was herself so harmless and inoffensive that no one could desire it; but at the slightest approach to an amorous proposal,

however distant, honourable, and respectful, she instantly showed dislike, aversion, and even anger. Her impracticability, of which the fame spread, piqued the swains, and they strove the more to gain her good will. The corner of the field in which she used to milk was no longer a solitude; for it was peopled with her admirers, especially on a fine day and a holiday. One was actually offending her by preferring his suit; others were waiting for an opportunity; and those who had suffered a repulse, having received at the same time a fresh wound, were loitering about, being unwilling, or unable, to go away. The shamefaced might be seen slinking behind the hedges; and the politic took their posts on the road, that they might waylay her on her return home.

These flattering assiduities made her life a burthen to her, and she often vowed and declared that she would remain in the house and forsake the fields and milking; but she could not keep her resolutions, and early the next morning she was on her way to the pastures with her pail to expose herself to renewed persecutions.

The general courtship was the more constant and unremitting, because there was no jealousy: her disdain was so manifest that no suitor had the least ground to fear that any rival was preferred; and a vain hope that he might possibly succeed at last to the maiden's vacant heart, tempted each to persevere. She tried various expedients to free herself from solicitations, that were so odious to her; for example, she used to take the great mastiff that guarded the house, in the hope that he would prove a protector, but every lover found means to gain his favour. He lay on the grass whilst she was milking, apparently asleep; but, in fact, enough of the corner of the eye that was next her was open to observe all her motions. Had actual violence been offered, he would have defended her effectually; of that, however, there was no fear: there was no memory of such an offence having been ever committed in the neighbourhood. The rustics were addicted to fair courtship, it is true, so much that the parsons often complained of them bitterly; but not only was extreme violence unknown, but any act of positive rudeness, even if the laws neglected to avenge it, would have been punished by universal indignation, and most probably by exile from the offended district. The good mastiff was aware of the honest gentleness of the rural lovers; and although he was powerful and ferocious, he was a dog of too much humanity to impede the exercise of legitimate courtship. The rejected suitors and their friends often told Margaret in jest that she ought to be shorn a nun; but she was scarcely less offended at this remark than at their offers of marriage.

At this period of the narrative there was a long discussion concerning the religious feelings of Margaret; of which the result seemed to be, that it was agreed that although she was not wanting in the due performance of the usual offices, she was not of a religious turn of mind; and if her omissions were not remarkable, she certainly was not distinguished by an excess of observance. If she was at all singular in this respect, it was that in a very pious age she was moderate in devotion, being below the average of her own sex, and about equal to the male standard, which, it was acknowledged, is in all countries and times considerably lower than that of females. "Why do they make a vow and promise solemnly to keep their single state, if they do not expect some day to wish to change it? and why should you suppose that I shall every harbour such a wish?" she used to ask with more anger than it would have seemed possible to throw into her soft voice and sweet face.

One Sunday, as the congregation were returning from church, a young mother, holding up her smiling infant to her as she passed the door, ex-



claimed, "Ah, my pretty Margaret! if we were all of your way of thinking, we should have none of these dear things." The women directed penetrating glances to observe how she was affected, and the men murmured in chorus, "No, no, we should not!" She reddened with anger, but returned no answer before the people. This argument was not calculated to persuade her, for she paid no attention whatever to babies, and never noticed them: if by chance one was put into her hands, which, however, she commonly contrived to avoid, she held it as if she was evidently looking for the first opportunity to get rid of it, and she never failed to avail herself of it the moment it offered. She wanted entirely the rudiments of maternal tenderness; and although she treated children of seven or eight years and upwards with affectionate kindness, her behaviour towards them was altogether that of an elder sister.

The persecutions she underwent began to produce injurious effects on her health, her appearance, and her spirits, and, so far as it was possible, even on her sweet temper; she was almost cross during the whole day when there was a wedding in the village or the vicinity. Her lovers at last began to despair; they fell off by degrees; and even the most persevering and the most deeply smitten renounced the fruitless pursuit, and after a time the greater part of them were married to less cruel maidens. They still retained, however, a kind of reverence for her, and observed towards her a sort of worship. They visited her whilst she was milking, and commonly brought an offering,—some flowers or fruit, nuts, a bird's nest, a leveret, a squirrel, a bird, and such trifling presents as rustics can procure. At first she refused them; but when it was plain that they were only the tokens of respect and friendship, proofs that they bore her no ill-will on account of her former scorn, she received them graciously and gracefully, but usually gave them away on her way homewards to children or to old persons. She heard patiently, and returned courteously, the greetings of her worshippers, and meekly answered their inquiries; but it was evident that she not only desired their homage should be as brief as possible, but, notwithstanding her amenity of manners and countenance whenever she was not provoked by allusions to the one forbidden subject, had far rather that her darling solitude was not interrupted.

The influence of her beauty was so universal, that the clergy used to accost her with something of the reverence which the country people felt,—to salute her respectfully, and to stop to discourse with her: she treated them with unbounded deference, because she feared to show the secret wish of her heart, which was always to terminate the conference as speedily as possible. Her shyness increased, and rose to such a pitch that when she was introduced into the presence of a distinguished dignitary of the church, who, having heard of her fame, desired to see her (here there was some controversy as to who this personage was; several were named, but it was not clearly ascertained), she instantly burst into tears: he understood the cause of her distress, and with tact and delicacy commended her diligence in rural pursuits, and immediately dismissed her.

In the evergreen meadows of Greenford the fairies had ample scope, and they exercised there unrestrained liberty and unbounded sway. Many late examples were cited of their interference; and they spoke especially of a bull of an enormous size and of a great age, who then ranged that large pasture in the corner of which Margaret had formerly been accustomed to milk. It was fearful to think of the sights that this venerable animal must have witnessed. It was manifest that he was the possessor of important secrets, for he always grazed apart from the herd; and it was deemed imprudent for men,

and still more for women, whose curiosity is proverbial, to approach him ; and the brawling intrusion of a vociferous dog into any part of his field could disquiet for a whole day a creature that appeared to be quite imperturbable. His loud shrill bellowing in the middle of the night, which was heard so continually in the month of August, — it was not yet August and he had begun his fearful note, — seemed to indicate that the nightly gambols were going on. It was plain that the powerful animal had never known fear : his piety and his sense of propriety were wounded, and his rest was disturbed ; hence his reiterated complaints, which in the calm still nights might be heard at a prodigious distance. If he pleased, he could relate adventures that would startle the most experienced milkmaid. The bull had witnessed much ; but had fair Margaret seen nothing ? Did not the fairies preside peculiarly, and almost exclusively, over milch cattle,—over milking, and all the labours of the dairy ? Whence, then, her singular fondness for such pursuits ? Was not the patronage of cleanliness entirely theirs ? Did they not richly reward that virtue, and severely avenge the want of it ? Why, then, was Margaret so scrupulously, so religiously, so painfully cleanly ? Why so pure, so nice, so neat ? She was in the fields alone night and morning, early and late, and commonly in the very field which they most frequented. She must have been present at and partaken of their sports ; and if she did not relish them why did she repair thither so often ? and above all, why was she so averse to company, and to the company of young men, with the meanest of whom her equals would have delighted to converse ? Many had seen fairy-gifts in her hands : in the dusk they seemed to be bright coins of gold, but when brought to the light they were horse-beans, or the round seeds of the mallow. In the twilight she would wear a ring of pearls or emeralds ; and when she approached the blazing fire, it appeared that she had twisted a lock of wool or a blade of grass round her finger. The most discreet matrons, whose veracity no one could doubt, had affirmed, that they had sometimes seen her in dreams in gorgeous apparel, her head heavy with jewels, and uncounted wealth strewn at her feet. Some said that Horsington Hill had once opened, and that she entered and beheld the court of Fairy and its surpassing glory. Others told that at the late evening and early morning, and especially in the winter season, when the external world is dreary and cold, the rent ground would at once receive her into a genial clime, where she would feast on dainties, being caressed by the fairies ; whilst their prince, who languished for her love, would woo her on his knee, and humbly place his crown of gold and his ivory sceptre on the earth to be trampled upon by the poor milkmaid. It was generally considered that she would not marry, lest she should be induced to disclose to her husband some of the secrets of the fairies, and thereby provoke their vengeance.

At twenty-four her health had declined and her beauty ; she had become pale and wan, and her countenance was at times ghastly. Her shyness increased ; she became absent and silent, and would rarely eat. She imagined that she heard voices and saw lights which she was obliged to follow, for she supposed that, like the three kings of old, she was star-led for some great good ; and she used to go out at nights and wander, no one knew whither. Her master spoke of restraining the poor moon-struck maiden, but she was so harmless that he was unwilling ; besides, he hoped that she would cease of her own accord, and people were awed by the solemnity of her manner.

One night during the hay harvest she disappeared, and did not return ; every one became anxious, and they sought her far and near, and made every inquiry, but could hear no tidings, nor discover any traces of her, for

three days. Early in the morning of the fourth day an old man was mowing a small meadow adjoining the Brent, a short distance above the spot where the little wooden church stands, which every person there present recognised and named, when, in the progress of his work, he came to the bank of the river; and in one of the many pools which the river makes in its course, which was somewhat larger and deeper than the rest, and darkened by the shade of ancient and overhanging willows, he observed something unusual, which seemed, on inspection, to be the body of a female. He alarmed his neighbours: they drew it out carefully; and it proved to be, as they had suspected, the body of poor Margaret. It seemed that the ill-fated girl had fallen into the pool in her nightly wanderings, and the body having lain in the river for three days had been much gnawed by the water rats. Some persons described the condition in which it was found with a terrible particularity.

One so innocent could have no motive to commit suicide; it was adjudged at once that her death was accidental, and that her corpse was to be received into the consecrated ground. All the maidens of the village and the neighbourhood, attired in white, with dishevelled hair, bearing garlands and baskets of white flowers and lighted tapers, and sadly singing the *requiem* as they slowly moved along, attended her to her last home. They alone, in honour of her virgin state, were admitted within the walls of the church; the married women and the men and children thronged the churchyard.

On the north side of the church at Greenford was a hillock larger than an ordinary grave; this was known as poor Margaret's tomb. The grass that covered it was more fresh and green than elsewhere: no weed ever grew there; no spider, no slug or snail dared to approach; but gay butterflies were often seen to alight upon it. The bat and the owl wheeled round at a distance; but he who advanced softly commonly found there some beloved household bird,—a brave robin, or a goodly wren; and the first swallow always brought its early greeting, and the last bade it a swift and shrill farewell. An old sexton used to declare that he had observed marks on the hillock as if little hands had gently patted it, and round about were innumerable prints of tiny feet. When he has been engaged in the churchyard, either early or late, he has sometimes heard, although he was deaf to other sounds, thrilling music hanging over it in the air, which he compared to the voices of the monks chaunting in the choir at Westminster, or rather to those of the boys when they sing there alone. Whenever he drew near, that he might gather the sweet sounds more fully, it appeared as if water rushed violently into his ears, and he heard the harmony no longer. Flowers were often found strewed there — violets and jasmine, and heart's-ease at her head, and cowslips and primroses; but the coarser flowers and sweet herbs were laid at her feet: if any one removed these from the sacred spot he found that they were fairy gifts, and that he grasped no flower, but a wisp of straw, or a withered leaf.

An aged man, who had been one of her suitors, passed through the churchyard one morning a few weeks before he died: he stopped by the hillock. It was not the season of flowers, and the ground was white with the hoar frost; but on the chilly grass, and just where it covered her once lovely bosom, lay a delicate rosebud: he reverently picked it up, and with trembling hands fixed it in the front of his cap, and repaired home; — when he took it from his head to show the flower to his grandchildren it was gone, and a huge burdock stood in its place.

The fantastic tales of these simple people took possession of Edilberga's imagination; she applied Margaret's sad story to her own daughter, and hoped that a less unhappy destiny awaited Emma: amidst these thoughts the horn was forgotten.

## INFLUENCE OF ELOQUENCE ON ENGLISH FREEDOM.

## No. VI.

EDMUND BURKE CONTINUED — HIS SPEECHES AT BRISTOL — ON INDIA —  
ON THE SLAVE TRADE — CONCLUDED.

THE next period in the life of Burke was marked by a lamentable exhibition of the intolerance and narrow and selfish views of the day — we refer of course to the unpopularity with his constituents at Bristol, which his noble and independent conduct on several then recent occasions in parliament drew down upon him. It appears from the speech which he delivered in vindication of the course which he had pursued, that his wise and disinterested constituents objected very warmly to his advocacy of the cause of the Americans and of the claims of the Roman Catholics, and to his votes in favour of Lord Beauchamp's bill to abolish imprisonment for debt\*, and in support of the government proposals for the removal of restrictions on Irish commerce: the last of which measures were supposed to interfere with the commercial interests of Bristol. Burke, to his great honour, undeterred by the almost certain consequence of his support given to these various projects in the displeasure of his constituents, afforded them his powerful aid; and when called to account for this use of his stewardship, delivered a speech which, if nothing else were extant to attest the grandeur and variety of his powers, would of itself secure him the highest place among orators and statesmen. A recent writer, whom we have before referred to, justly says of it, "that it is at once so eloquent and so full of moral and political truths, so bold and independent, and yet respectful to the assembly he was addressing, that it never can be read without admiration; and that all should attentively peruse it who desire to see in what manner Edmund Burke thought that a public assembly of his countrymen should be addressed, satisfied that they are well able to feel and appreciate the excellence they can never reach, and may even be unable critically to explain."† We add, that this popularity, alike with learned and unlearned, with the critic who reads and the multitudes who hear, is laid down by a great orator, whose own splendid speeches were delivered in the forum, and himself a striking example of the position, as the true test of eloquence. We refer to Cicero, who says, that though the style of certain orators might please a critic or scholar, yet it was not of that sublime kind, whose end is not only to instruct but to move an audience, — an eloquence born for the multitude, whose merit is always shown by its effects in exciting admiration, and on which there never is any difference of judgment between the learned and the populace. And a great orator and critic of our day has remarked, that "a speaker who thinks to lower his composition in order to accommodate himself to the habits and taste of his audience, will find that he commits a grievous mistake."‡ This hustings' speech of Burke, as it may be called, contains some of the finest specimens not only of striking oratory but of philosophical statesmanship extant in our language; and we shall

\* This humane and really politic object, thus prepared "sixty years since!" was only effected two years ago. Such is the slow but certain course of political truth.

† Lecture on Burke, by Mr. Fry, p. 24.

‡ Lord Brougham. *Diss. on Eloq. of Anc. Speeches*, vol. iv. p. 424.

present a few of them to our readers, as we do not think they are so well known as they deserve to be.

He thus makes his firm and manly stand : —

"The part I have acted has been in open day; and, to hold out to a conduct which stands in that clear and steady light for all its good and all its evil, to hold out to that conduct the paltry winking tapers of excuses and promises, I never will do it. They may obscure with their smoke, but they never can illumine sunshine by such a flame as theirs.

"I am sensible that no endeavours have been left untried to injure me in your opinion. *But the use of character is to be a shield against calumny.* I could wish undoubtedly (if idle wishes were not the most idle of all things) to make every part of my conduct agreeable to every one of my constituents. But in so great a city, and so greatly divided as this, it is weak to expect it.

"In such a discordancy of sentiments, it is better to look to the nature of things than to the humours of men. The very attempt towards pleasing every body discovers a temper always flashy, and often false and insincere. Therefore, as I have proceeded straight onward in my conduct, so I will proceed in my account of those parts of it which have been most excepted to. . . . *Gentlemen, we must not be peevish with those who serve the people;* for none will serve us whilst there is a court to serve, but those who are of a nice and jealous honour. They who think every thing, in comparison of that honour, to be dust and ashes, will not bear to have it soiled and impaired by those for whose sake they make a thousand sacrifices to preserve it immaculate and whole. We shall either drive such men from the public stage, or we shall send them to the court for protection, where, if they must sacrifice their reputation, they will at least secure their interest. *Depend upon it, that the lovers of freedom will be free.*

"None will violate their conscience to please us, in order afterwards to discharge that conscience, which they have violated, by doing us faithful and affectionate service. If we degrade and deprave their minds by servility, it will be absurd to expect that they, who are creeping and abject towards us, will ever be bold and incorruptible assertors of our freedom, against the most seducing and the most formidable of all powers. No! human nature is not so formed. Nor shall we improve the faculties or better the morals of public men, by our possession of the most infallible receipt in the world for making cheats and hypocrites."

He then proceeds to answer the charges against him; and first, of not more frequently visiting his constituents. His reply to this is courageous and convincing, and puts the position of a representative in parliament on its true basis.

"To pass from the toils of a session to the toils of a canvass is the furthest thing in the world from repose. *I could hardly serve you as I have done, and court you too.* Most of you have heard that I do not very remarkably spare myself in public business; and in the private business of my constituents I have done very nearly as much as those who have nothing else to do. My canvass of you was not on the change, nor in the county meetings, nor in the clubs of this city; *it was in the House of Commons;* it was at the custom-house; it was at the council; it was at the treasury; it was at the admiralty. *I canvassed you through your affairs and not your persons.* I was not only your representative as a body, I was the agent, the solicitor of individuals; I ran about wherever your affairs could call me; and in acting for you I often appeared rather as a ship-broker than as a member of parliament. There was nothing too laborious or too low for me to undertake. *The meanness of the business was raised by the dignity of the object.* If some lesser matters have slipped through my fingers, it was because I filled my hands too full; and, in my eagerness to serve you, took more than my hands could grasp."

He proceeds to the second charge, of taking off the shackles of Irish commerce : —

"It has been said, and it is the second charge, that in the question of the Irish trade I did not consult the interests of my constituents; or, to speak out strongly, that I rather acted as a native of Ireland than as an English member of parliament.

"I certainly have very warm good wishes for the place of my birth. *But the sphere of my duties is my true country.* It was as a man attached to your interests, and zealous for the conservation of your power and dignity, that I acted on that occasion, and on all occasions. You were involved in the American war. A new world of policy was opened, to which it was necessary we should conform, whether we would or not; and my only thought was how to conform to our situation in such a manner as to unite to this kingdom,

in prosperity and in affection, whatever remained of the empire. I was true to my old-standing, invariable principle, that all things which came from Great Britain should issue as a gift of her bounty and beneficence, rather than as claims recovered against a struggling litigant; or at least, that if your beneficence obtained no credit in your concessions, yet that they should appear the salutary provisions of your wisdom and foresight; not as things wrung from you with your blood, by the cruel gripe of a rigid necessity. . . . For, gentlemen, it is not your fond desires or mine that can alter the nature of things; by contending against which, what have we got, or ever shall get, but defeat and shame? *I did not obey your instructions. No; I conformed to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest against your opinions with a constancy that became me.* A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look, indeed, to your opinions, but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day. I knew that you chose me, in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of the state, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale.

"Would to God the value of my sentiments on Ireland and on America had been at this day a subject of doubt and discussion! No matter what my sufferings had been, so that this kingdom had kept the authority I wished it to maintain, by a grave foresight, and by an equitable temperance in the use of its power."

In his reply to the charge founded on his vote in favour of the abolition of the power of arrest for debt is a splendid sketch of Howard the philanthropist, which we do not quote because it is well known.

He proceeds to the last charge, of advocating the removal of the restrictions then laid on Roman Catholics — giving a masterly summary of the history of the penal acts, pointing out their monstrous injustice, and contending for those enlarged principles of toleration which have since his time gradually become more and more understood and established, and which have secured the passing of the great measure of Roman Catholic relief. The subject has been so thoroughly discussed since Burke's time that we think it unnecessary to quote from him, on this branch of his speech.

He thus fearlessly, yet respectfully, nobly, and wisely concludes his address: —

"But if I profess all this impolitic stubbornness, I may chance never to be elected into parliament. It is certainly not pleasing to be put out of the public service. But I wish to be a member of parliament, to have my share of doing good and resisting evil. It would therefore be absurd to renounce my objects in order to obtain my seat. I deceive myself indeed most grossly, if I had not much rather pass the remainder of my life in the recesses of the deepest obscurity, feeding my mind even with the visions and imaginations of such things, than to be placed on the most splendid throne of the universe, tantalised with a denial of the practice of all which can make the greatest situation any other than the greatest curse. Gentlemen, I have had my day. I can never sufficiently express my gratitude to you for having set me in a place, wherein I could lend the slightest help to great and laudable designs. If I have had my share in any measure giving quiet to private property and private conscience; if by my vote I have aided in securing to families the best possession, peace; if I have joined in reconciling kings to their subjects, and subjects to their prince; if I have assisted to loosen the foreign holdings of the citizen, and taught him to look for his protection to the laws of his country, and for his comfort to the good will of his countrymen; if I have thus taken my part with the best of men in the best of their actions, I can shut the book; — I might wish to read a page or two more — but this is enough for my measure. *I have not lived in vain.*"

The slave-trade found in Burke, as might be expected, one of its most energetic opponents. The natural temper of his mind led him to reject all notions of immediate abolition either of that trade or indeed of any abuse. *Compromise* was the grand pivot of his conduct. Accordingly he endeavoured materially to mitigate the evils he thought it impossible to cure, by the substitution of a Negro Code. "Taking for my basis," he says, "that I had an incurable evil to deal with, I cast about how I should make it as small an evil as possible, and draw out of it some collateral good." His code consisted of regulations, with respect to the ships employed in the African trade,

and the mode of carrying it on in Africa, including a plan for introducing civilisation in that part of the world\*, and for the improvement, protection, and gradual emancipation of the West Indian slaves. His eloquence, however, in the senate was always employed on behalf of the principles of humanity. Whenever Wilberforce introduced his motion Burke supported him with ardour, and of course with great ability. When Mr. Fox had the gratification of proposing, as minister, in 1806, the famous bill which abolished the slave-trade, he touchingly and gratefully alluded to Burke's eloquence on former occasions. "I would refer gentlemen to perhaps the most brilliant and convincing speech that ever was, I believe, delivered in this or any other place, by that consummate master of eloquence, of which it would be impossible to report the manner — for the voice, the gesture, the manner, are not to be described. *Oh ! si illum vidisses, si illum audivisses !*"

The next subject which engaged him was one which quite absorbed him, and to which he devoted years of toil, and an almost unremitting attention by day and night — the wrongs of India. This was a subject peculiarly calculated for his powers. The vast extent of information requisite for the developement of the oppression of millions of men separated from us by thousands of miles, and every possible diversity of climate, religion, and manners, — the scope for imagination to play in, and for eloquence to exert its utmost powers, to display its loftiest flights, in relation to a country identified with such strong associations of romantic interest to mankind — the cradle of the human race — the luxuriant, "the gorgeous East" — the gigantic nature of the oppressions exercised on the nations, both in extent and degree, — all combined to excite the mind of Burke in the strongest manner, and to provoke it to the display of efforts which astounded his contemporaries, and yet can only be examined with the highest admiration for the boundless fertility of the intellectual resources they exhibit. Historical lore — the principles of political science — legal information — classic learning — are successively displayed throughout all his speeches, whether on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, on Mr. Fox's bill, or on the nabob of Arcot's debts, with a profusion characteristic of acquisitions as marvellous as the genius they adorned. But he had a precedent: Cicero had impeached Verres, as Burke impeached Warren Hastings: — be it so; the distinction between the two is great, and has been pointed out by a writer to whom we have before referred. "It is in vain," says Mr. Fry, "to look in the whole compass of history for a spectacle more imposing (the impeachment of Warren Hastings). The prosecution of Verres, on the complaint of the people of Sicily, like that of Lord Strafford, for his government in Ireland, referred to tyrannies of a much less extensive kind, — to misconduct of delegated rulers over neighbouring islands of the mother-state, and over a people whose complaints could easily reach the seat of imperial government. The prosecution of Verres was soon discontinued; and the orations of Cicero, which remain for the pleasure of mankind, are full of invectives which were never pronounced, and may be regarded as merely rhetorical compositions. The impeachment of Lord Strafford, indeed, was carried to a complete and successful termination, and the great Wentworth expiated his apostasy on the scaffold, while affording an additional proof of the little faith that 'should be placed in princes.' But the charges against him, though weighty, were few; the evidence was not complicated or multitudinous, and the trial was of manageable extent, and was concluded in a reasonable

\* We would recommend our friends of the General Convention for the Abolition of Slavery and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to peruse this. See Childs's ed. of Burke, vol. ii. p. 421.

period: and it will be admitted by many of those who think him justly condemned, that his prosecution was instituted and carried on as much from feelings of personal malice and party spirit as of public justice. The impeachment of Warren Hastings stands distinguished in all these particulars. It referred to the alleged tyranny of a viceroy over a country almost as extensive as Europe, and over a people whose cries had to traverse half the globe before they could reach the ears of British justice. The prosecution has certainly been alleged to have had its origin in vindictive motives on the part of some of the managers, like Lord Strafford's; but I do not see any sufficient evidence to warrant the suggestion; and it certainly cannot apply to the House of Commons, who were the prosecutors: indeed I think this charge against the individual managers has obtained credit from what seems to me the great error committed by them, viz. the distracting multiplicity and overwhelming extent of the articles of accusation. Nothing can be more mistaken than the idea that such an accumulation of apparent difficulties is disadvantageous to the party impeached; on the contrary, they who are experienced in judicial proceedings know well that it rather operates in his favour. The truth is, that the limited nature of human powers, and the perpetual accidents that interfere in human affairs, and divert them from their otherwise natural course, render it a matter of certainty that many of such charges must remain unproved, even if there be evidence in existence sufficient to have established them. The tide of feeling turned from against the accused to his accusers; and as the crimes alleged against him were those of a ruler, which, if successful, will always secure the admiration of the vulgar-minded, whether rich or poor, high or low, the natural prejudice to which I have just before referred was seconded by the additional one arising from the nature of his character. Unfortunately the conduct of rulers must be very bad or very foolish indeed if it ever subjects them to any serious public disapprobation. The managers should have limited themselves to two or three of Hastings's weightiest alleged offences, and thereon concentrated the public attention: they might then have concluded the trial in a reasonable time, and have called for judgment, if he had been convicted, before the public feeling had cooled or turned." \*

The energy with which Burke entered into his long, laborious, discouraging, and, to most men, overwhelming task, is well known. At the conclusion of his splendid speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, he says, "Let who will shrink back I shall be found at my post. Baffled, discountenanced, subdued, discredited, as the cause of justice and humanity is, it will only be the dearer to me. Whoever, therefore, shall, at any time, bring before you any thing towards the relief of our distressed fellow-citizens in India, and towards a subversion of the present most corrupt and oppressive system of its government, in me shall find a weak, I am afraid, but a steady, earnest, and faithful assistant." The striking passages in Burke's speeches on India have been often reprinted, and have stamped themselves on the memory of his countrymen. The noble peroration to his speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings; the awful description of the devastation of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali, in his speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, — which Mr. Moore† justly calls "one of the greatest efforts of oratory, ancient or modern, of which the world can boast;" the beautiful sketch of Mr. Fox at the conclusion of his speech in support of Mr. Fox's

\* Mr. Fry's Lecture on Burke, pp. 36, 37.

† Life of Sheridan, c. 11.



East India Bill (which so unjustly and absurdly drove that great man from office), are too familiar, we feel sure, to our readers, to warrant us in particularly calling their attention to specimens of eloquence which, however splendid, are so well known and justly appreciated. We pass on to the remaining subject which exercised such a strong influence upon Burke—the French Revolution.

On this point we own we are not satisfied with Burke's proceedings. The desertion of his party and his government pension were so nearly contemporaneous as to expose him to strong suspicion, at any rate. Many of the doctrines maintained with such beauty of style in the celebrated "*Reflections*," are completely contrary to those in his earlier works, as the "*Thoughts on the Discontents*," &c.; and although the horrors of the French Revolution were certainly calculated to excite indignation in every heart, yet we are surprised that such a mind as Burke's would not allow itself to enter into any discussion of the *causes* which produced such unparalleled atrocities. We own ourselves ardent Whigs,—but we are not therefore, we trust, blind to nor indisposed to admit the merits of great men, however hostile they may have proved to that party, whether through their whole life or at its close, after having proved its brightest ornaments. But Burke's conduct is so open to suspicion that we cannot wonder at the charges of his enemies. We regret, too, that we are unable to quote from his speeches or works on this subject: his great talents and wonderful eloquence were here employed in opposition to the liberties of mankind. We, therefore, draw a veil over what we are unwilling to dwell upon, and leave the illustrious orator with an admiration mingled with regret.

We have now closed what may be called the First Series of our *Essays* on this interesting subject: the great men who succeeded were formed in the school of those whom we have examined. Pitt was educated by Lord Chatham, Fox by Edmund Burke. To those men we next turn; but we cannot conclude this present department of our agreeable task without cordially adopting the panegyric lately passed on the senatorial glory of this country, by a great living historian\*,—who as justly as eloquently says, "The military glory of England may be outshone by the exploits of future states,—her literary renown may be overshadowed by the greatness of subsequent genius; but the moral interest of her social contests, mirrored in the Debates of Parliament, will never be surpassed; and to the end of time the speeches of her illustrious statesmen will be referred to, as the faithful image of those antagonist powers which alternately obtain the mastery in human affairs, and on the due equipoise of which the present happiness as well as future advancement of the species is mainly dependent."

\* Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. viii. p. 143. c. lx. — A noble work; an honour to the age but disfigured by strong partisanship. The historian of Europe should forget his Toryism.

## NOTES OF A TOUR IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

## PART THE FOURTH.

IN regard to the means of obtaining information by personal communication we had, however, no just cause of complaint, as our vessel had, on almost each day of the voyage, a succession and variety of passengers, of sufficient intelligence to satisfy the curiosity of the most general inquirer.

These fellow travellers consisted in a considerable proportion of officers of the army and navy, as well as nobles, merchants, and pleasure-seeking idlers, and of these, several were familiar with both the English and French languages, though German is in this quarter confessedly the more usual acquirement. The Swedish people appear to me to be mild and amiable in their manners, and generally accessible to conversation, so that an opportunity is thus readily afforded of acquiring information in regard to the country, as well as the state of public opinion, which I regret not having made use of to the full extent that might have been practicable.

By comparing the various statements and opinions thus to be met with among natives of the country, a moderately correct knowledge of public affairs and national habits might no doubt be acquired. Indeed, so frank and unaffected do Swedish travellers appear to be, particularly as addressed while walking the quarter-deck of a steam-packet, that I am disposed to think, as much useful information might be obtained in this manner by a person conversant with the language of the country, as in the more restrained saloons of city society.

I beg to be understood as speaking thus, only of what it might be possible for a person, possessed of the necessary qualifications, to do, freely confessing, that the trifling information which a limited industry, and a still more limited knowledge of languages, enabled me to acquire, is quite unworthy of the many favourable opportunities that daily presented themselves.

To commence, however, with a brief digest of the political sentiments thus received, it would appear that his present majesty, Charles John, is fully as popular as an elected sovereign, who has latterly had few opportunities of distinguishing himself, could reasonably expect to be after a long lapse of years in the kingdom of the stranger; and that his public career has been more useful in civil and in economical improvements than might have been anticipated from a purely military ruler.

Many Swedes, of course, profess, that his majesty's ameliorations in the system of government, being more in detail than in principle, are to be considered insignificant, and blame him more especially for continuing to support a larger military establishment than the defence of the kingdom requires, or her pecuniary means authorise. This objection, in regard to the unnecessary extent of military preparation, though perhaps strictly speaking correct, is one which it might have proved difficult for the king's government to avoid; indeed, I believe the principal apology for the present extent of the civil, as well as the military establishment of so poor a kingdom, is the necessity of conciliating, by means of lucrative appointments, a nobility which might otherwise have proved sufficiently disposed to discontent. I believe it may with truth be stated, that Prince Oscar's popularity exceeds even that of his father; his manners and disposition being so popular and amiable, that he is a personal favourite with all who have

had access to him, and is, in fact, regarded as the future hope of the kingdom. He fortunately speaks the language of the country with entire fluency, which his father, like a true Frenchman, has never learned to do : it is therefore reasonable to expect, that when the period shall arrive for Prince Oscar to ascend the Scandinavian throne, his succession will be tranquil, and it may be hoped, his reign popular. His princess, who is a daughter of Prince Eugene of Leuchtenberg, is much esteemed, and is, in fact, the adored of all Swedish adorers.

The deliberative institutions of Sweden consist of no less than four representative chambers, which, if either number or variety constituted freedom, ought to be sufficient to satisfy, in that respect, the most zealous of liberals. I fear, however, though wisdom has been sagely said to consist in the multitude of counsellors, that practical good government does not invariably follow in a measure at all proportionate to the aggregate number which form the deliberative assemblies of a kingdom. Each of the nobles of Sweden, and they amount to about 2000 male heads of families, is entitled to a seat in the Chamber of Peers, though a greater number than 300 members is rarely found to attend. This chamber forms one branch of the legislature. The clergy are, in like manner, represented by a chamber of about sixty members, elected from their body ; and the agricultural and town interests are similarly represented, each having a chamber, the former consisting of about 130, and the latter of about 90 members, devoted to its own interests. As might be anticipated, it sometimes proves impracticable to induce these various assemblies to arrive at harmonious decisions in matters of business, and thus the good intentions of the king's government on one hand, or the intelligence and liberality of the Borough Chamber on the other, are so frequently nullified by the other branches, that the progress of legislation is frequently much impeded.

It might therefore, I conceive, prove extremely desirable in the first place, to grant the reverend representatives of the clergy a perpetual leave of absence from such unseemly political contentions as they are at present subject to ; and, in the second place, to give to the chamber of the nobles a more disinterested character, by excluding from it all those holding appointments or pensions from the government.

It is stated, that at present more than three fourths of the members of this chamber are so circumstanced, that in effect the collective opinion of the chamber is merely an echo to the wishes of the government.

The present state of political bias is, according to my informants, such, that while the votes of the chambers of the nobles and clergy are invariably at the service of the king's government, those of the two more democratic chambers are very frequently adverse to it, — the one from its greater enlightenment and liberalism, and the other from the rustic ignorance of its members.

Small Swedish landholders, like great English country squires, find it impossible to carry their mental optics beyond the interests of the soil and number one. Did England, happily for her welfare, like Sweden, possess a chamber composed purely of town and city members, that ingenious method of starvation, the corn-laws, inflicted by her landowners on the people, could never have existed in her statute-book.

The members of both the chambers, which represent the people, as well as of that representing the clergy, receive from their constituents a daily pecuniary allowance, to cover their probable expenditure, from the time of leaving their homes on public duty, till their return to them.

Sweden is so cheap a country, that ten dollars rix gilt, which is little

more than as many shillings of our money, is considered so amply sufficient for this purpose, that these appointments are often sought for, as much on account of their pecuniary rewards as the political power they confer.

The exercise of the constitutional privilege of sending representatives to those chambers, is, I believe, compulsory, and the expense attending it is considered not a little burthensome by some of the poorer constituencies of both town and country. As a means, however, of realising greater economy in this respect to the less wealthy districts, it has been permitted that one deputy may represent either several towns, or several counties (*Harads*), as the case may be; and jobbing legislators have thus been enabled to do the political business of a variety of constituencies, by competition and contract, and on more economical conditions than those alluded to as being generally paid. But a legislator of this description, however many towns or counties he may represent, has nevertheless only one vote in his chamber, and the system has latterly been carried to such a ludicrous extent, that it has been found necessary considerably to narrow its limits. For instance, during a late session, one clever monopolising deputy represented, I was informed, no fewer than twenty-seven different districts, and was thus enabled to maintain a bureau of clerks, and conduct an extent of political business equal to that of a minister of state.

The members of the Swedish Chamber of Peers receive, it appears, no pecuniary allowance during the period of attendance to their legislative duties; but all accounts agree in stating, that, were poverty the rule on this point, they are by no means so circumstanced generally as to be beyond the necessity of such an allowance.

This ignoble state of penury, and the want of any stipend from the body they represent, is no doubt a main cause of the subserviency of the chamber of the nobles to the king's government, which possesses certain means of making amends for that deficiency, by pensions and the emoluments of place.

The diet of the kingdom must, it appears, according to the fundamental laws of the constitution, be assembled at least once in each five years, and should then continue sitting for three months; but its actual duration is generally much longer. The king likewise possesses the power of assembling a special diet in the event of war or any other great public emergency.

Sweden is one of the most exclusively Protestant countries of Europe, and the clergy are stated to be an esteemed and estimable body of men, holding a deservedly high place in the affections of their parishioners. The emoluments of the parish clergy, according to the information we received, vary from about 1000 up to 4000 dollars Banco per annum — that is, from 80% to 920% sterling. In like manner the revenues of the bishops were reported to us, to range from 5000 to 10,000 dollars Banco, which is equal to from 400% to 800% English.

It may not be improper, however, to hint a suspicion, that the Swedish gentlemen, who furnished me with these details, seemed aware that the incomes of their clergy and ecclesiastical dignitaries must appear small in English eyes, and were therefore possibly disposed to make them appear as considerable as the stubbornness of facts would permit. It may be added, that these gentlemen, without any exception, spoke of their clergy with entire respect, and without any of that soreness of feeling which is frequently met with in England, in regard particularly to the more wealthy members of the profession, from an impression that the over-abundant temporalities of a wealthy church are occasionally as much the objects of their ambition

as the cure of souls. By the old laws of Sweden each clergyman is entitled to a tenth part of the rents of his parish; but of late years this regulation has in point of practice met with considerable modifications.

That greatest of blessings for a people, the diffusion of elementary education among them, seems to be here very generally realised, inasmuch that the inhabitants at large are, with scarcely any exceptions, capable of reading, while the younger members of the community generally aspire to the honours of penmanship as well as the equally useful mysteries of arithmetical lore.

Among the passengers who performed with us the entire voyage to Stockholm, was a Captain Lillyehok, of the Swedish navy, who purposes next season to assume the command of a new steam-packet, which is to voyage across these lakes. Captain Lillyehok speaks excellent English, is a highly intelligent man, and a member of one of the oldest noble families of Sweden, added to which, we found him at all times ready to be communicative and obliging; indeed, from our experience of this gentleman's urbanity, it might be regarded as an object of some importance for English travellers to perform, when practicable, this voyage across Sweden under his auspices. In other vessels it might no doubt frequently happen that no person could be found on board capable of understanding either English or French, and from this considerable inconvenience might arise.

We had also a fellow passenger to Stockholm, an English half-pay officer, who has, for shooting purposes, been living in Mr. Lloyd's neighbourhood, near Trollhättan, for several years. This gentleman being considerably less ambitious than his friend, the great Nimrod of the north, appears to have limited his sporting attention to the feathered tribe.

Indeed, so exclusive in this respect does his devotion to the game-bag appear to have been, that, in reference to other subjects of more general interest, his information was occasionally not so minute as we could have desired it to be. From our fellow travellers' statements in reference to the all-important objects of his sojourn, it would appear that Sweden is not quite so much the paradise of sportsmen as it has sometimes been reported; for, though permission to shoot is everywhere readily obtained, yet the result of a day's sporting is seldom very considerable. For example, after much watching and creeping, three or four capercaillie would be considered sufficient success by even a first-rate sportsman. Many English gentlemen have of late years visited this country on shooting excursions, but, according to our informant, to kill six or eight brace of black grouse in a day would be considered as a great result on any of the best moors in Sweden. Partridges likewise are here much less abundant than they are in either England or Scotland. That disagreeable crawling pursuit, duck-shooting, no doubt often leads to greater sporting results in Sweden than with us, but as an amusement it is altogether unworthy of being compared to the excitement of the moors, even when considered apart from that buoyancy of spirit which bounding over an elastic heath never fails to produce. A little *jeu de mots* which occurred the other day on board our vessel, between a German and a Swede, may possibly in the absence of any thing better be deemed not altogether unworthy of repetition. It appears that the German presumed to banter the Swede, on a circumstance which, until within the last few years, is reported to have been general in the naval service of this country, namely, that of officers wearing long brass spurs on their quarter decks. In reference to these the German not unnaturally asked *cui bono*, as naval officers could, while at sea, have no opportunity of riding. From this the Swede ventured to dissent, adding in apparent simplicity, and a happy unconsciousness that he was perpetrating so vile an

offence as a pun, that they had often occasion to ride at anchor. On hearing this defence of the old national practice, all those present were naturally disposed to merriment, unless indeed the innocent, and apparently unconscious cause of it.

We had likewise as fellow passengers several Swedish ladies, and if it be permitted to judge from them of their country-women at large, they would appear to be blessed with peculiarly mild dispositions, and manners at once natural and elegant. Among their number was a native belle of no inconsiderable attractions, with flaxen hair, soft blue eyes, and an almost alabaster purity of complexion.

To her all the more gallant men of our steam-boat party were of course busy offering homage, and fluttering around the most attractive flower of our floating garden; but, as the beauty's list of languages did not extend beyond Swedish and German, we were compelled to rest satisfied with a quiet admiration of those soft tones, and softer glances, with which she favoured the circle of her more immediate worshippers.

The most interesting portion of the scenery through which we passed, was without question that on the Mälär lake during the last day of our voyage. Some of the more narrow arms of this lake, having their banks densely covered with the usual, and never ending, pine trees, reminded me of the exuberant forest vegetation which adorns the river banks of Western Africa, and this resemblance was further increased by the general absence of either villages or cultivation: indeed, so unfrequent was the sight of either, that at times we might have fancied ourselves voyaging among the yet undiscovered northern wilds of nature. On arriving at the quay of Stockholm we unexpectedly found ourselves surrounded by a little fleet of six or eight steam-boats, which are daily employed in the navigation of the Mälär and other lakes. What particular object the Custom-house officers of the port of Stockholm may have in minutely examining the luggage of passengers arriving from the interior of the kingdom, we could not divine, but of course submitted, as was our duty, to the powers and laws that be. In many of the more frequented cities of Europe the honour of carrying a traveller's baggage becomes the subject of such violent competition, as frequently amounts to a scramble, among rival porters, and we were soon doomed to discover, that the comparatively quiet city of Stockholm was no exception to this general law of rivalry in the carrying profession.

Another difficulty, and certainly a very unusual one, likewise occurred to us in regard to procuring accommodation; for, there seems to be only two hotels properly so called in Stockholm, and one of these is named *par excellence*, the Hôtel Garni. These, and several of the best known lodging houses happening to be full, we had just begun to despair of finding for ourselves any place of rest, when Andrew Bergland, who usually acts as *valet de place* to English travellers, happily came to our rescue, and was the means of speedily installing us in a set of the best apartments in the city, namely, those belonging to Madam Forsall, in the Drottning Garden.

The general system pursued here by travellers is that of hiring private apartments from week to week, and dining at one of the public restaurants. There are perhaps few things more tantalising than for a traveller on arriving in a strange city, in the hope of having all his fatigue and discomfort speedily atoned for, to be buffeted about from one lodging house to another, in the manner that we and nearly all the other steam-boat passengers were. Some of our companions, we were indeed informed, being unable to procure any accommodation on shore, found themselves under the necessity of returning to the steam-boat for the night, and there the good-natured "*Lilla flickas*"

(female attendants) readily permitted them again to swing in their former cots.

Our first morning in Stockholm was devoted to ascending the dome of the handsome St. Catherine Church, which, being situated on very high ground, commands a magnificent view of the city, and all the beauties of its noble position. Several of the islands, on which various portions of the capital are built, could from this position be distinctly seen, separated from each other by inlets of the sea; and the smaller of these channels are occasionally spanned by bridges, thrown across from one island to the other. We likewise beheld in the port, immediately below where we were situated, a considerable number of merchant vessels employed in loading and unloading their cargoes: farther to the East appeared some Swedish men-of-war, the more elegant forms of which were seen to advantage, reflected in the smooth water of the Baltic: the beautiful Mälars sea lay to the West, and a vast number of passage-boats were to be seen moving about in all directions. Many of these boats were rowed by sturdy Dalecarbian women, and, though it may be highly ungallant to cast any reflection on the charms of a whole tribe of females, yet must I presume to say, that their power over the oar is evidently much greater than any they could ever hope to exercise over the sentiments of the heart. Stockholm as thus beheld, with all the advantages of the verdure, tranquillity, and sunshine of summer, forms, certainly, one of the most beautiful *coups-d'œil* that is to be met with, and the occasion of this beautiful panoramic view is recorded by me as a red-letter day, which time cannot readily efface from memory's tablet. In walking round the dome of the St. Catherine Church, we got into conversation with the sentinel, whose business it is here, and in all the wood-built towns of the north, to watch incessantly for the first indication of fire, and to communicate an alarm by means of bells. It appears that such wooden buildings as fall a sacrifice to either fire or time, are now no longer permitted to be rebuilt of the same material in Stockholm, and in consequence of this regulation the duties of these guardian angels of the city are yearly becoming less onerous. Before returning home we were conducted by our *valet de place* to a jetty which projects into the Baltic sea, and around which we found a curious description of floating-market for fish, butter, cheese, milk, vegetables, fruit, &c. The country market-boats, which bring these various articles from a distance, lie alongside of the quay, and are, in effect, so many shops, where weights and measures are in much greater requisition than they appear to be in the provision shops of the city. The *well*-boats which, being half full of water, contain living fish, floating in their native element, are, however, the chief curiosities of the place, and the women in charge of two or three of these, mistaking us no doubt for housekeeping purchasers, proceeded to drag, by means of a little net attached to a pole, a variety of their scaly prisoners out of the water, and caused them to exhibit their various points of plumpness and agility immediately before our eyes. Not happening to be learned in ichthyology I shall not attempt to repeat the names of those that were thus introduced to us, but it may be permitted to remark that on being taken out of their proper element, the twist of one sort, the leap of another, and the quiver of a third, were, no doubt, all meant to express their various emotions on the occasion, according to the most polite manner of the deep. I am not aware whether it be orthodox to sympathise with the sufferings of the natives of another element, but, if it be so, the ladies of Stockholm, in resorting to this market, must, no doubt, feel some difficulty in ordering so many executions as must be necessary for the daily supply of their tables.

It might perhaps seem hypercritical to object to this realisation of "fish all

alive," by which venders so often falsely endeavour to tempt our palates at home; but the Swedish mode is not, in point of practice, either so convenient or agreeable as might be imagined in regard to the facility of selection, besides which it occasionally results in a piscatory cannibalism, by leaving the prisoners in these floating receptacles, in the absence of other food, to prey upon each other.

In the evening we proceeded to that pleasant evening resort, the Djurgard, or Park, which is well wooded, and presents an agreeable variety of surface and scenery. This pretty drive, being bounded on more than one side by arms of the Baltic, possesses all the advantage which an abundance of water can bestow upon its verdant attractions, besides which, of comfortable *cafés*, and ornamental country-houses, there are here not a few. We were fortunate enough to meet her majesty the queen, taking her usual evening drive through the park, and though it might now be difficult to discover its remains, yet a Swedish gentleman, who made one of our party, assured us that she has been very beautiful. Her majesty was, we were informed, with some difficulty persuaded to follow her husband to Sweden, and long deplored, and still regrets, the loss of that refined and congenial society with which she was long familiar in the gay saloons of Paris. It thus appears, that even an elevation to a throne is incapable of atoning for the loss of those social enjoyments and friendly sympathies, which, while possessed, are often but too lightly regarded. On another occasion we had the honour of saluting, in his drive, old Bernadotte himself, as Charles XIV. of Sweden. His majesty's appearance is exceedingly hale for a veteran of seventy-three years of age, and he is still possessed of a quickness of eye, which in his more youthful days may readily be supposed to have often proved formidable to his enemies on the battle-field. The king's present subjects appear to feel particularly proud of his achievements in war, and love to record for him a long and very brilliant list of victories. Indeed, one gentleman with whom we met went so far as to say, that the military career of Bernadotte had been more brilliant than even that of Napoleon, inasmuch, as having commanded in half a hundred battles, he had never been once unsuccessful. The emperor, it is well known, had begun to entertain a feeling of jealousy and dislike towards Bernadotte before his acceptance of that regency by which he was destined within a few years to ascend the throne of Sweden.

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## NEW THEORY OF COLONISATION.

AN article bearing this title, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, contains the following passage in reference to the new colony of South Australia :—

"It is honourable to all parties concerned in this enterprise, that the protection of the *aborigines* has, from the first, formed a main feature of the scheme, — and it may be regarded as a fair experiment, not only to test the practical working of the new theory of colonisation, — but to try whether the decline and rapid extermination, either by violence or by disease of the native races, be an unavoidable, as it has hitherto been an unvariable, consequence of white men settling upon their shores. Unless it can be shown that these races are already in decay; that their business on earth has already been accomplished, and that they were destined, from the beginning, to die out in these times, and leave room for a superior people, — we may well doubt whether civilisation carries with it any divine commission to undertake so awful a responsibility; and we could have wished to see the results of this experiment before we proceeded further in the course. On this account we cannot but regret the measures which have forced us into the colonisation of New Zealand, before the success



of the precautions taken in South Australia has been fairly proved; neither can we regard without apprehension, the example which has been thus set of a few private speculators compelling the authorities of the country to undertake one of two responsibilities,—either to assume the control of an enterprise which they disapprove; or, by refusing, to leave the undertakers of it without any control whatever,—a course which certainly might, and probably would, lead to disorders and aggressions, against which the good intentions of the projectors are no security. In this case, however (whatever measures may be taken against a repetition of it), the decision appears to have been inevitable; and the colony of New Zealand is already planted, with every prospect, we trust, of advantage to Great Britain; though, too probably, to the destruction of the finest of the aboriginal races that has yet been discovered.”

We rejoice to find this subject making way at last amidst the multitude of topics, political and commercial, that absorb the attention of the people of this country. It is a remarkable fact, that while Great Britain has been the greatest coloniser on the face of the earth—her flag being planted in so many various climates, that, according to the familiar boast, the sun never sets upon her possessions—she derived, notwithstanding, so little wisdom from her long experience, that it is only very recently she has made any approach towards sound principles in the establishment and government of new colonies. South Australia is, in fact, the first instance of a methodical attempt to carry out a colonial undertaking with a due regard to the interests of the settlers and the natives; but it remains yet to be seen whether the model colony is destined to realise the theory upon which it was projected.

But we specially direct attention to the passage above cited for the sake of the strong reference it makes to the *aborigines*. Whatever else was thought of in the formation of new settlements, whatever pains might have been taken to found cities, create markets, and force the resources of the soil to the utmost point of profit, the *aborigines* in every case have been defrauded and abused, and in some cases wholly extirpated. Legislation has never reached them, and the progress of colonisation has, consequently, been a history of cruelty, spoliation, and slaughter. Even in New Zealand, it is much to be feared the work of destruction has already begun. The settlers are pressing fast upon the retreating footsteps of the natives; and unless the government speedily interpose to preserve them, there is hardly any doubt that they must ultimately perish by disease and famine. The New Zealander at this moment exclaims to the white settlers, “You may be very good men, — *but you have got all our lands.*”

We maintain that no act of colonisation is justifiable unless it respects the lives and properties of the native inhabitants; and that in all such proceedings protective measures ought to be adopted with sincerity and carried out with vigour, for the purpose not only of shielding the aborigines from aggression and demoralisation, but for ensuring to them all the rights of British subjects. This is the great principle to be acted upon in our colonial administration, affording to the colonists the best guarantee for their own security, by satisfying the just demands, improving the circumstances, and elevating the character of the natives with whom they are brought into connection. The Aborigines' Protection Society, instituted for the purpose of watching the interests of the native races, is labouring zealously to diffuse information on this subject, and to obtain the correction of existing evils, as well as to prevent their recurrence. The proceedings of this excellent society are of the deepest interest to the friends of humanity; and, contenting ourselves for the present with a brief allusion to the general question, we hope next month to enter upon it at a length proportionate to its importance.

# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## TO THE QUEEN.

UPON THE STRANGE ATTEMPT MADE ON THE LIVES OF HER MAJESTY AND  
PRINCE ALBERT.

[It may be proper to state, that the following verses were written at the time of the event, but withheld from publication, in consequence of certain doubts expressed relative to the criminal before his trial.]

RECOVERING with one breath, one joy, one prayer,  
From sudden horror, such as lifts the hair,  
Three kingdoms bless thee, lady, and thy life ;  
Bless thee as queen ; bless thee as child and wife ;  
Bless thee as their own kin. Thy consort too,  
Him as thyself ; for both in one they view ;  
Yet thee the most, as theirs. Fathers and mothers,  
As daughter, bless thee ; as a sister, brothers ;  
Bridegrooms as bride, — oh ! with what thoughts the last !  
With what embraces, trembling for the past !  
Shuddering to think how madness might have torn  
The dearest burden which on earth is borne.  
Every least class, and every time of life,  
Thrill'd for the gentle prince and the young wife,—  
Themselves not childless now. The driest cheek  
Of daily sorrow felt its eyes grow weak ;  
The poor (Oh Madam ! *you* can think of those)  
For her forgot the scorers of their woes ;  
And Madness self, with twice bewilder'd eye,  
Star'd at the light fantastic prodigy,  
That with no cheek made pale, nor spirit stung,  
Lay lurking to destroy two hearts as young.

Great God ! to picture what a pass was there !  
How but that moment, to the gladsome air  
Issuing for health and pleasure from her door,  
Home at her back, and homage all before,

Taking possession, with her happy eyes,  
 Of all the world with all its sympathies, —  
 The husband at her side, — he, too, a heart  
 Loving and just, that takes the poor man's part,  
 Full of all impulses of good and true, —  
 To picture them, I say, thus borne, those two,  
 The few months' wife, and mild and manly spouse,  
 Bending to those who bend, with pleasant brows,  
 Through avenues of hearts, and paths of green;  
 And suddenly, when not a cloud was seen  
 In heaven above, or human face below,  
 Thus to be dash'd at with a deadly blow!  
 To have harsh bullets horribly displace  
 Their summer air, and see a murderous face,  
 And feel their gentle foreheads, in despite  
 Of their brave hearts, bow'd downward in affright,  
 Dark, as though noon had stumbled into night!  
 Not long. The bravest well may start to see,  
 For the first time, the face of Enmity  
 And earnest Death : but to be brave indeed  
 Is to *fling* horror, when he leaps strong-kneed  
 On the blind neck ; and rising, like those two,  
 One's honest path with nobler will pursue ;  
 To go, as they did, and forestall the fears  
 Of a good mother, and kiss down her tears !  
 And then that same day, and the next, and next,  
 With sweet audacity, and unperplex'd,  
 Resume the world, and know themselves twice strong  
 For the tried gold and the detested wrong.

Poor and strange madman ! boy ! the very child  
 Of moodiness, in sorrow " laughing wild ! "  
 A baby, playing with machines more dire  
 Than potencies, let loose, of steam and fire ;  
 With impulses of massacre, and groans  
 Of realms, and black vicissitudes of thrones !  
 Vanity of all vanities, that fain  
 Into t'be staring shallows of its brain  
 Would cram the talk and wonder of the earth,  
 To give the void a business and a mirth !  
 Poor wretch, how camst thou, and for what ? Misbred  
 From veins as mad, or a discordant bed ?  
 To give the world a lesson, and a fear,  
 So loud, that custom's deafest blocks may hear ?

Did drink, or opium, send thee? or old age  
And barter'd youth? or very hate and rage?  
Didst plunge for blood, out of thy very fright,  
Like the poor moth that seeks the candle-light?  
Or wert thou indeed a wildfire and a tool  
In the dark hands of some as senseless fool,  
Who hoped the fear, if not the fact, might slay  
A blossom, growing in a bigot's way?  
Whate'er thy monstrous origin, be known  
This truth, that mad and violent are one: —  
For oh! — and hear it, all you fops that babble  
Of blood and force, you "high" or you "low" rabble,  
As surely as this poor mad soul had made  
A brutal king, had empire been his trade,  
So surely, born in drugget, had the king  
Been as vain, vulgar, and accurs'd a thing;  
Albeit he aspired, from drunken scenes  
In taps and booths, to drink the blood of queens.  
Send both, ye gods, wherever they appear,  
To some still jail, some safe, yet busy sphere,  
Where use may comfort what restraint began,  
Till man himself blush for one misborn man.

But thou, dear lady, brave good heart, glad face,  
Fit to be mother of a happy race,  
Make peril shame to harm thee; as thou must,  
With thy bright bearing and delightful trust;  
And meet thou still the time. Be still the queen  
Of peace, and promise, and all growth serene  
Of wisdom, and the soft sweet force of right,  
As walls by flowers are pierc'd with gentlest might;  
Till some great day, help'd by thy happy race,  
This earth, which also holds etherial place,  
And is a globe in heav'n, — this yet crude earth,  
Show men and angels what its orb is worth;  
And, like a perfect fruit, hang on the tree  
Of ever-blooming, starry eternity.

LEIGH HUNT.

## LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

BY A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

PARIS—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE—MILITARY—POLITICAL SYSTEM—MONARCHY OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES—STABILITY OF THE ORLEANS DYNASTY—DECLINE OF THE MILITARY MANIA—CHEAP LIVING—ARCHITECTURE—THEATRE FRANÇAIS—FRENCH LITERATURE—SPIRIT OF THE PRESENT TIME—SPANISH GALLERY—MURILLO—REVOLUTION OF 1830.

*Paris, March, 1839.*

DEAR M—,

When we parted on board the Boulogne steamer—I to explore new regions in search of health and amusement—you to return to the dust and cobwebs of Lincoln's Inn, I promised to do all in my power to alleviate the monotony of your learned leisure, by writing to you frequently, and keeping notes of all I saw worthy of remark in foreign lands for your amusement and edification. I have not forgotten my promise; and having now a few leisure moments for the first time since I arrived in Paris, I sit down to write you a few observations on what I have seen since I left England. In the first place, however, I must tell you, what I know you will be glad to hear, that the fatigue of travelling, and the excitement of seeing new sights, have, as I always predicted they would, done me more good than all the doctors and medicine in the world; and I am already so much better as to be able to walk about, see sights, dine at table d'hôtes, and go to plays and concerts in the evening.

The journey from Boulogne here over the wide tree-less plains of Picardy, is as uninteresting as can well be conceived. The absence of the green fields and hedge rows to which the eye is accustomed in England, and the want of country seats and farm houses, scattered over the face of the country, give it a bare, uncomfortable appearance. The population here, as indeed generally throughout the Continent, live almost entirely concentrated in towns and villages. Not enjoying the same security as in England, whose happy soil no hostile armies ever invade, they have not ventured to spread themselves over the country, and have flocked together for mutual protection. Independently of the other disadvantages which must result from this concentration of the population in particular spots, it must occasion a great loss of time in agricultural labour, the peasants having often as far as three or four miles to go to their work.

The towns and villages through which we pass appear slovenly and unfinished, after the neatness and cleanliness of England; but there are no signs of poverty. On the contrary, things have a thriving, substantial appearance: new houses are building in every direction; and the people seem well fed and comfortably clothed. There is no waste land; the country is all cultivated, and almost all under the plough; the fields are generally large; and unless in the immediate vicinity of some villages, I saw no trace of garden cultivation, or of the excessive subdivision of landed property, which the law of equal succession among the children is said to have brought about.

Paris seems as if it had dropped from the air into the midst of the surrounding country. As you approach it, you see no signs of the vicinity of a large city; no long lines of suburbs, as in London, running far out into the country; no crowd of carriages and carts, no stir of people; up to the

very barriers all is as silent and solitary as if it was a hundred miles from any town. All at once, and without any preparation, you find yourself in the midst of a brilliant capital, gay, splendid, and picturesque beyond any thing which can be conceived by those who have formed their ideas of a great city from dull, dingy, smoky London. The stranger on entering Paris hardly knows what to admire most, the magnificence of the public buildings, the architectural beauty of the churches and palaces, the spacious quays, the splendid and stately gardens, or the brilliant shops and cafés, the lively picturesque streets, the gay Boulevards, and the swarm of well-dressed, well-behaved, intelligent population. I was in Paris for a few days about ten years ago; but since that period improvement has been going on so rapidly I should hardly have recognised it as the same place. It is incredible how much has been done since the Revolution of 1830, and the establishment of the Orleans dynasty on the throne. The finest architectural ornaments of the city have been erected or completed; streets widened and new paved; old houses pulled down, and new and splendid ones built in every direction; foot pavements laid down; galleries and museums opened to the public; and, what is of more consequence than all, want and beggary have disappeared; and the entire population, down to the very lowest classes, have an air of comfort and independence. When I was last in Paris, the streets swarmed with beggars; now not a beggar is to be seen. Literally, I have only been asked for charity once since I landed in France, and that was by an old blind man. Nor does this disappearance of mendicancy seem to be the result merely of police regulations, for I see absolutely no signs of want or destitution. Policemen may prevent people from begging, but they cannot prevent them from looking cold and hungry and wretched if they really are so. Now I see nothing of the sort in the streets of Paris; and yet my researches have not been confined to the Palais Royal, the Garden of the Tuileries, and what may be called the West End. I have dived into the labyrinth of old-fashioned narrow streets in the centre of the city, the seat of every insurrection, and therefore, I presume, the principal abode of the working classes. I have traversed the Faubourg St. Antoine, the strong-hold of the Jacobins in the first Revolution; I have walked at all hours along the Boulevards, the great thoroughfare of the city, and the favourite lounge of the idle population; and every where I have been struck by the same fact — the comfortable condition of the people, and the total absence of those wretched objects of vice and misery whom we meet at every step in the streets of London and our large manufacturing towns. It struck me also that the working classes here have not the same anxious, careworn look, nor the same sallow, squalid, unhealthy appearance which we are accustomed to see among the artisans and labourers of our large towns. They look as if they had more amusement, more opportunities of enjoying life, and less suffering from overwork, confinement, and anxiety. The respectable citizens also appear to have more time for amusement than with us. The street passengers do not hurry along with an air of resolute, business-like determination, as in London; but stop often to look at book stalls or print shops, to listen to itinerant musicians, or to chat for a few minutes with an acquaintance.

The superior condition of the lower classes is owing, no doubt, in a great degree to the comparative absence of drunkenness. There may be a good deal of merry-making over cheap wine outside the barrier, among the Parisian operatives on a Sunday or holyday, but drunkenness, brutal, degrading, and habitual drunkenness, the besetting vice of our lower orders, would appear to be almost unknown. I have not, since I entered France,

seen a single person in a state of intoxication. We are apt in England to give ourselves airs, and speak with affected horror of French infidelity and immorality; we should do well to look to our own gin palaces, and the condition of the lower classes in our great towns, before we thank God that we are not like our neighbours, publicans and sinners.

One of the first things which strikes an Englishman, on arriving in Paris, is the great display of military force. The red trousers and worsted epaulettes of the soldiers of the line meet him at every turn. The men are undersized, compared to our British troops, but are generally stout, sturdy; thick-set little fellows, heavy and clownish, however, in their appearance, and with no trace of the smartness and intelligence which distinguish, or used to distinguish, the French militaire. On the contrary, I think I never saw a set of men whose countenances betokened such hopeless and vacant stupidity as these French common soldiers. It is clear, from the contrast between their appearance and that of the lowest class of workmen and artisans to be seen in the streets of Paris, that education and intelligence are as yet very much confined to the capital and large towns, and not generally diffused throughout the provinces. I believe, however, that the inferior appearance of the common soldiers may partly be accounted for, from the fact that the practice of purchasing substitutes for military service is becoming very general in France. As the country is growing rich, and the attention of the upper and middle classes more and more diverted every day from the dazzling prospects of military glory to the peaceful pursuits of industry, the respectable classes are no longer willing to serve as common soldiers when drawn by the conscription, and their places are supplied by hired substitutes, drawn, of course, from the very poorest and lowest classes of society. I am confirmed in this opinion by the multitude of advertisements which I see posted up in every direction, of Mutual Assurance Societies, against the risk of being drawn by the conscription. The price paid for a substitute for the period of seven years' service affords no bad criterion of the flourishing condition of the middle classes in France, and of the decline among them of the military mania. The sum commonly paid varies, I am told, from 60*l.* to 80*l.*

The discipline of the French troops appears extremely loose; the men have evidently very little drilling, and want altogether the martial, erect bearing of the English soldier; and their manœuvres are gone through in a slovenly manner, which would not be tolerated in any other service. I saw a regiment turning the corner of a street, the other day, and the confusion among them was quite ludicrous; they had more the appearance of a rabble of disorderly schoolboys, than of a body of organised and disciplined soldiers. The experience of the last war has proved, however, that the importance of the strict martial discipline of the old German school has been vastly over-rated, and, in the case of French soldiers at any rate, may be safely dispensed with.

With the exception, however, of the common soldiers of the line, the lower classes have almost universally a smart, intelligent look, and a degree of polish and refinement in their manners and intercourse with each other, which we should look for in vain in the same rank of life in England. French politeness is proverbial; and although it is said, and I believe truly, that the extreme and artificial refinement which characterised the higher circles of French society has been swept away, along with so many things of greater importance, by the storms of the Revolution, it is certain that the decencies and humanities of civilised society are diffused over a much wider surface in France than elsewhere. Whatever may be the vices of the lower orders

in France, they are free from coarseness and brutality, and in their intercourse with one another preserve the appearance, at least, of amiability and good nature. It would be wrong, perhaps, to attach much importance to this mere outward, superficial refinement, which, as we have frequently seen, may co-exist with inward depravity and corruption; and yet, as a matter of taste, it is certainly better that the scavenger should take off his hat to the dustman than damn his eyes. The habit also of treating one another, and being treated, with courtesy and politeness, must contribute to support the feeling of self-respect which is the main-spring of all improvement among the lower classes.

The French are commonly considered a more gay, mercurial race than the English, and so they are in one sense, namely, that they are more fond of amusement and more easily amused. But their gaiety is by no means of a lively, uproarious kind. Among the crowds who throng the Boulevards, the Gardens of the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysées, in search of amusement, I observe no fun or frolic going on, no larking and practical jokes, such as we see in Greenwich Park on a Sunday, or wherever the Londoners go a pleasuring. The Cockney is, on the whole, a more voracious animal than the Parisian; indeed I am often quite astonished at the extreme order and decorum of a Parisian mob. Last Sunday I followed the crowd into the Tuileries, where the museums are thrown open to the public on that day. The great Picture Gallery was closed on account of preparations making for an exhibition of the works of modern French artists, but the Gallery of Spanish Paintings and a museum full of drawings and engravings, models of naval architecture, and other curiosities, were filled completely with a dense crowd of working men, common soldiers, national guardsmen, citizens with their wives and families, and people of the middle and lower classes, wedged together so closely, that it was scarcely possible to move, and yet no pushing or quarrelling, no scolding or swearing, such as we see among our aristocratic mobs at the pit door of the Opera, but all behaving with the most perfect order, propriety, and decorum. To judge from the number of people who throng to see the public galleries every Sunday, and also from the abundance of excellent print shops, the Parisian public must be imbued with a considerable taste for the fine arts. Music also appears in great demand, and music of a very superior description. The walls are covered with programmes of cheap concerts, where for a franc or two the symphonies of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, and other classical pieces of the highest class, may be heard.

There is a much greater mixture of the different ranks and classes of society here than in England. It is impossible to stir a step without being practically reminded that you are in a land where equality is the order of the day: an Englishman is astonished to find, on leaving his native land, how the social distinctions and gradations which he has been accustomed to see so strongly marked and clearly defined gradually melt away and disappear; how the gentleman becomes less gentlemanlike, and the shopkeeper more so, till the distinction between them is almost lost. It is evident the middle classes in Paris feel their own importance; they feel that they are the ruling class; that the government is one of their making, and rests on them for support, and they are proportionally elevated in their own opinion. The political condition of France is but little understood in England. It is so different from anything we are accustomed to at home, that we have great difficulty in bringing our minds to understand it; and judging it by our own maxims and preconceived opinions, we fall into the strangest errors. According to one, France is almost a pure democracy; according to another, she is little better than a despotism: the truth is, she is neither one nor the



other, but a monarchy of the middle classes. Democracy is a word which is used in a very vague, indefinite sense: properly speaking, it means the supremacy of the people; the system which proclaims the essential, inalienable, indestructible rights of every human being, and, as a consequence, vests the ultimate power of the state and the right of representation in *men* and not in *property*. But it is commonly used to denote any thing opposed to aristocracy, any thing which tends to subvert the reign of privileged classes and artificial institutions. In this sense France is undoubtedly democratic: the principle of aristocracy is rooted out; feudal distinctions and privileges have ceased to exist; the upper chamber is a mere shadow; the principle of an exclusive church establishment is abandoned. But, on the other hand, can we call the country democratic in which the working classes have absolutely no political rights, no political influence; in which the suffrage is confined to 200,000 electors, and the remaining 30,000,000 show not the slightest desire to obtain it? The shopkeepers, the small landed proprietors, the National Guard, in a word, the middle classes, these are the true rulers of France. The Revolution was their victory, the government is their government, and although nominally unrepresented, both king and chamber know very well that they can only stand by representing their wishes, and opinions, and prejudices. Just consider for an instant what the state of France is, and you will see how preponderant must be the power of the middle class. The first revolution destroyed the old feudal aristocracy, and the abolition of the law of primogeniture has completed their annihilation. The same law has diffused property to an extent quite unknown in countries where the feudal succession prevails, and made the middle class, that is to say, the class possessed of small portions of property and capital, not only morally, but actually numerically the strongest class in the empire. The army is in a great measure recruited and officered from their ranks, and the National Guard, a second army stronger than the first, is their own peculiar force. The revolution of 1830 was the necessary result of the madness and infatuated folly of the Bourbons, in attempting to govern contrary to the feelings and wishes and interests of this all-powerful class, and that event placed their supremacy in the clearest and most distinct point of view. In the downfall of the Bourbons, the instalment on the throne of a new family, and the organisation of the National Guard, they have secure pledges that no government will again dare to dispute their sovereignty; and as long as such is the case they are naturally enough careless about obtaining a direct share of the representation. They view the disputes between the King and Thiers, and all the squabbles for place among the politicians of the chamber, with indifference, knowing very well that whoever prevails there will be no change of system.

The middle classes of France, like all bodies of men who have got power in their hands, are essentially conservative. They wish to keep things as they are, and are as much opposed to democratic and republican movements on the one hand, as they are to Carlist and aristocratic re-actions on the other. During the reign of the Bourbons, they had more to fear from the latter, and were kept in a perpetual state of alarm, by the ill-judged attempts of the court to tamper with the law of succession, to create an hereditary noblesse, and to re-establish a political church. But since their apprehensions on this score have been set at rest by the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, they have found a new subject for alarm in the danger to be apprehended from the republican party. The republic is at this moment the bugbear of the Paris shopkeepers, and of the middle classes generally throughout France; and there is no sacrifice they are not prepared to make,

no arbitrary measures on the part of the government they are not prepared to support, rather than see the republican party in possession of power. The horrors of the first revolution have left a profound impression on the public mind, and brought the name of republic into discredit, as associated with ideas of anarchy, bloodshed, and terror. The doctrines also of the republicans of the present day are not likely to find much favour in the eyes of the middle classes. Their aim avowedly is to bring about a social, and not a mere political revolution—their object not so much to obtain a share of the representation, as to put in practice some of the new-fangled and visionary theories of a community of goods. The abolition of the institution of private property as the source of all selfishness, inequality, misery, and crime, is at the bottom of all their systems, and openly avowed by Lammenais and other eloquent writers of the party, as the great end and object of all their labours. The republican party in France is, in fact, nearly identical with the Chartist party in our own country. The language of Oastler and Stephens comes very near that of Lammenais, and the engine by which the working classes are to be moved is the same in both cases; namely, the prospect of a political and social millennium, to be brought about by a different distribution of the products of industry. The Chartist movement in England may serve to give us a clearer idea of the state of parties in France, and of the distinction between the systems of the monarchy of the middle class and pure democracy. Suppose our aristocracy swept away, a race of small freeholders, rural ten-pounders in fact, created in their place, and these united with the parliamentary constituencies of the cities, in possession of undisputed political supremacy, armed and organised as a national guard, and supporting a strong central government as a security against the attempts of the Chartists;—suppose this, and you will have no bad idea of the state of things in France. From all I can learn, I am not disposed to rate the strength of the republican party in France very high—not so high even as that of our own Chartists. There is not the same inflammable mass of manufacturing population; in the rural districts more than half the inhabitants are proprietors of land; the *bourgeoisie* in the towns are interested in upholding the present order of things, and the lower orders generally take little interest in political discussions; so that with the exception of a few discontented old soldiers, visionary men of talent, ambitious *littérateurs*, and a small fraction of the working classes in the metropolis and manufacturing towns, the present system can count on the support of the entire French nation. Some of our English journalists, who know nothing about the real state of France, indulge very liberally in predictions of the speedy downfall of Louis Philippe and his dynasty. Depend upon it, this is all nonsense. The middle class is absolute master of France at this moment; and there are just two things which this class especially dreads—the return of the Bourbons, and a republic. Now what, I should like to know, can save them from one or other of these except the maintenance of the present system? Be assured they see this; and however they may dislike Louis Philippe personally, and grumble at his measures, they will stand by his government on any emergency. Constitutional ideas are making a rapid progress in France; I hear but one opinion from men of all shades of political party, viz. that the time for violent changes has gone by, and that France will see no more revolutions, unless she should again find a government mad enough to cast aside the protection of the law, and draw the sword on the people. There are 30,000 National Guards in Paris at this moment, much finer troops in appearance than the soldiers of the line, and all of them have a direct pecuniary stake in upholding the present system, and saving their shops from

plunder. In addition to these, there are from 20,000 to 30,000 regular troops in Paris and its vicinity, who most assuredly will fight, as they have fought before, in support of the government, against any republican insurrection. It is idle to talk of a handful of unemployed workmen and mischievous boys effecting a revolution in the face of a force like this. They may get up an insurrection from time to time, for the republican leaders are fanatics whose conduct cannot be measured by any ordinary calculations of prudence; and the practice of erecting barricades has become such a habit with the *gamins* of Paris that they cannot relinquish it all at once, but the attempt will be instantly crushed. The bullet of some second Ali-baud may find its way to the heart of the king, though he seems, like Macbeth, to bear a charmed life; but his death will not now, whatever it might have done some years ago, occasion any change in the system, and his son and heir will succeed to the throne as quietly as the descendant of a long line of legitimate monarchs. Indeed I am not sure but that such an event would add to the stability of the present system; for Louis Philippe is certainly not popular personally, even among the classes who are determined supporters of his throne. There is a general feeling that he has played false to the men who placed the crown on his head, and broken a great many promises, if not express, yet certainly implied. There is a good deal of discontent, also, at finding that their citizen-king costs the country as much as a monarch of the old *régime*: the *bourgeoisie* are very sensitive where their pockets are concerned, and grumble pretty loudly at the king's fondness for money. It is not for me to give an opinion how far there is any foundation for these charges; I merely give you the fact, that Louis Philippe is not personally popular, and that, as far as I can collect, these are the chief causes of his unpopularity. There is also a good deal of dissatisfaction just now, owing to the sudden and unexpected dissolution of the chamber, and the belief that it is owing to the king's reluctance to submit to a parliamentary majority, and fall back into the part of a constitutional monarch.

From all I can see and hear, the military mania which made France such a dangerous neighbour to the rest of Europe is fast subsiding. I have already mentioned the growing disinclination of the respectable classes to serve in the army. Another proof is to be found in the altered tone of the press. A few years ago the popular subjects of declamation were, the necessity of retrieving the honour of France sullied by the defeats of Leipsic and Waterloo, and carrying back the frontier to the natural boundary of the Rhine. Now, on the eve of an election, the great object of the journals and pamphlets on each side seems to be, to persuade the electors that the system of their opponents will inevitably lead to war. Even in trifles such as dress, we may see traces of the decline of the military spirit. The *moustache à la militaire*, the braided surtout, and stiff stock have gone out of fashion since I was here last, and in their place we see nothing but long flowing hair, open shirt collars, and beards after the fashion of the artists of the 16th century. Raffaele has supplanted the corporal of the old guard as a model for the Parisian youth. Like feathers thrown up to show how the wind sits, these absurdities and affectations are not without their use, as indications of the spirit of the times. To judge from the figures I see in the Gardens of the Tuileries and Champs Elysées, I should say that the bent of "young France" just now is more towards romanticism and mysticism than military glory. Napoleon also seems to be going fast out of fashion. I was astonished to see so few busts and prints of him in the shop windows — they are certainly not so common here as in London.

I begin to understand now why Paris is called the capital of the civilised world, and why 60,000 strangers flock there from all parts of Europe for amusement. There is certainly no place where so many of the pleasures and excitements of civilisation can be procured at such a cheap rate. I have heard it asserted that a man can live as well on a small income in London as in Paris. Live perhaps he may ; but as for enjoying life, that is to say, supposing him a single man in search of pleasure and amusement, there can be no comparison in point of cheapness. For instance, I can dine here sumptuously in the Palais Royal, choosing four dishes at pleasure from a list of 100, with a half bottle of good wine, and every thing served in the best style, for the same price I should pay for a steak and pot of porter in a dingy chop-house in Fleet Street. I can hear the finest music of Haydn and Beethoven well performed for a franc. I can get a cup of coffee, and see the newspapers and periodical publications of the day, for six sous. For 2*d*. I can go into a *cabinet de lecture*, and read all day in a library of 50,000 volumes—and, to crown all, I have galleries, museums, public libraries, gardens, and palaces without end, open to me for nothing at all. Then everything has a bright, cheerful appearance—the air is not obscured by smoke, the houses not blackened by soot as in London—the shops are more gay, the streets more lively, the houses more picturesque, and the public buildings more beautiful. The Bourse is a noble structure in a style of massive and majestic simplicity, and the Madeleine church, which is just completed, surpasses any thing I have seen in the way of architectural beauty. It is a perfect Greek temple with a noble peristyle of Corinthian columns. I passed it last night by moonlight as I was returning to my hotel along the Boulevard, and I was so charmed with its beauty I stood for nearly an hour admiring it. I shall not soon forget the impression of that glorious temple standing up in pure tranquil beauty against the starry sky. I never felt so vividly before the extreme beauty of the Grecian architecture, so simple, so harmonious, and so majestic. These and the gloomy and venerable old cathedral of Nôtre Dame are the finest buildings, but there are a multitude of others—palaces, churches, bridges, triumphal arches and private houses—larger and more magnificent than any of our clubs. I was astonished at the size and splendour of many of the private houses, especially those which have been lately erected, but I believe that one house here often contains many families, as in Edinburgh. The Louvre and Tuileries, and indeed all the structures of the age of Louis XIV. are very inferior in point of taste and architectural merit to the buildings of the present day. Nothing but their vast extent prevents them from looking mean and paltry. The Gardens of the Tuileries, however, with their fountains and statues, their broad gravel walks and shady alleys, have a stately magnificence of the old school which pleases me. I like this style better than the attempt to transplant nature into the midst of a city where she always has an exotic, melancholy look. These gardens and the adjoining Champs Elysées are the favourite resort of the citizens and fashionable world of Paris. There is no great display, however, of wealth—the number of carriages is not a tenth of what may be seen any Sunday in Hyde Park, and the crowd of fashionables is not great. It is evident at a glance that the disproportion of fortunes is not so great here as in England. Paris, indeed, is quite a city of small shopkeepers and *rentiers*, government *employes*, officers, artists, literary men, and others living on small incomes. Hence every thing appears to be arranged here much more for the convenience of moderate fortunes than in London. The equalisation of fortunes and multiplication of small properties occasioned by the law of equal succession, seem to extend to the towns as well

as the country. Thus, for example, in Paris, the shops appear on a much smaller scale than with us. There are few large establishments employing numerous shopmen and requiring a large capital to conduct, but an immense number of small shops, on a scale just large enough to afford employment for a single family.

I went one night to the Theatre Français, to see Racine's *Bajazet* and *Mademoiselle Rachel*, a young tragic actress, who is making a great sensation at present. I never was so tired in my life of anything, as of this masterpiece, as the French call it, of the classical drama; from beginning to end the performance appeared to me hopelessly dull, a tissue of pompous inflated eloquence, forced unnatural sentiment, and cold artificial declamation. This regular French drama has always been a mystery to me. I can understand how in a stately artificial court, like that of Louis XIV., where everything was pompous, hollow, and theatrical, such a drama sprung up — how genius, breathing the unwholesome atmosphere of such a court, became narrow and perverted, and deserted the language of nature and the heart, for the dazzling fence of rhetoric, the play of words, and the expression of artificial and conventional sentiments. I can understand also that Racine and Corneille have overcome great difficulties, have effected wonders, considering the trammels under which they wrote, have carried their system to the highest polish and perfection, and even mixed up with it occasionally flashes of something higher and nobler. But what I cannot understand is, how the modern French, the French of the revolution, men who have played a stirring part in the great drama of actual life, can continue to find pleasure in the glittering antithesis, the starched declamation, and all the petty pedantry of male and female rhymes, which amused the frivolous court of a pompous theatrical monarch. The beauties of *Æschylus*, of *Shakspeare*, of *Schiller*, of *Calderon*, of the master spirits of the Greek, the English, the Spanish, and the German drama, lie open to the whole world — they are read and enjoyed in every country — their language finds an echo in every heart — for their immortal works represent no conventional code of manners, no temporary changes of fashion, but are based on the eternal principles of human nature. But as for this French drama, it is a sealed book to all except the French themselves. Who but a Frenchman can read Racine through, except as a mere matter of duty and curiosity? What audience out of France ever tolerated a play written on his principles?

It is a misnomer to call these productions dramas; there is nothing dramatic about them but the name. The story is told not by action but by narration; there is no attempt to hold up a mirror to nature — to represent the progress of events bodily and visibly before the eyes of the audience as they actually occurred. A French tragedy is much nearer *Pope's Essay on Man* than *Shylock* or *Othello*. Indeed, the best way to form a clear idea of the French classical drama, is, to conceive one of *Pope's* poems thrown into the form of dialogue, and declaimed on the stage with emphasis and dignity. We should find in each the same characteristics — polished versification, point, and striking expression, occasional eloquence, good sense, and knowledge of the world — and the one would be almost as dramatic in form, and true as a representation of nature, as the other.

In fact, the rigid adherence to the rule of the unities of itself destroys all possibility of illusion. So much has been said and written of these famous writers, that I was glad to have the opportunity of testing the theories of rival critics by an appeal to practice, and seeing with my own eyes what effect an adherence to them produced on the stage. Having done so, I can safely say, that the most glaring violation of the unities of time and place

does not bring home to the mind the sense of impossibility half so strongly as the attempt to observe them. In point of fact they never can be observed. The dramatist can no more bring the whole circumstances of an action on the stage, than the painter can transfer every line and every shade of nature to his canvass. In each case the artist must content himself with seizing a certain few characteristic lines and features of his subject, and the only question is, which he shall select, in order to convey to the mind the best image or idea of the whole. The painter may spoil his picture by making it too minute in parts, and actually make it less like by introducing more points of resemblance. And so also the dramatist, by an over care to avoid all improbabilities, may bring them more forcibly before the mind, and destroy the illusion. A change of scene reconciles the imagination to a change of tone; but to have the same chamber made the scene of public receptions, conspiracies, declarations of love, and secret interviews; to see an actor walk off the stage at one door and come in at another, to announce that he has been effecting a revolution, or deposing a monarch; carries with it a sense of impossibility, which is almost ludicrous, and destroys the illusion, infinitely more than shifting the scene from India to Peru, and passing over months and years.

As for Mademoiselle Rachel, it would be unfair to give an opinion of her from seeing her in a representation so utterly unlike anything we are accustomed to on the English stage. The Parisians, who ought to be the best judges, are in raptures; the newspapers teem with eulogies on her genius — and, in fact, she is quite the wonder of the day. All I can say is, her part afforded no scope for acting in our sense of the word, but she declaimed with great clearness, spirit, and energy.

To judge from the enthusiasm for Mademoiselle Rachel, and the crowds who throng nightly to the Theatre Français, to see the plays of Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, the taste of the French for their old classical drama must still be very strong. Artificial and tiresome as it appears to all other nations, there evidently must be something in this drama, adapted to the spirit of the French nation, and the peculiar turn of the French mind. National vanity is no doubt one cause, and a drama, which none but themselves can understand, is clung to fondly as a distinction and mark of superior refinement. Still I think there must be something deeper than this, to account for the continued popularity of the old drama, at a time when new schools are starting up in literature and philosophy, and German ideas exercising an increasing influence over the public mind. The cause appears to me to be this — in no other country do words stand so much in the place of things as in France — in no other country has language grown up so much, from a mere instrument of thought, into an independent power. The French language has much of the clearness and precision of a system of algebraical symbols. It is unrivalled for the purposes of abstract science, as all must feel who have read any of the works of the great French mathematicians, and it is also admirably adapted for the intercourse of polite society, from the precision with which it enables a man to convey or conceal just as much or as little of his meaning as he pleases. But it purchases these advantages dearly, by being the least picturesque, the least forcible, and the worst adapted for the purposes of poetry of all European languages. It labours also under this disadvantage, that, from its abstract and scientific nature, it is apt, like the symbolical language of pure science, to master the mind, and stand between it and the operations it represents. The literature, the philosophy, and the history of France are full of proofs of this tendency. It was said of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*, that it ought to have

been called *De l'Esprit sur les Lois*—and the same might be said with justice of nine tenths of the French classical authors: their works are a collection of smart sayings about politics, religion, philosophy, and poetry. What, for instance, can be more entirely *verbal*, than their materialist and atheistic systems of philosophy? When Condillac wished to reduce everything to sensation, finding some ideas in the human mind which bore no resemblance to those derived through the medium of the senses, he coined for them the name of “Sensations transformées,” and went on perfectly satisfied, that by manufacturing this word “transformed,” he had solved the problem. Helvetius and others followed in his steps, and man was reduced to a mere thinking machine, and the wildest systems of atheism installed as philosophy, all because no one thought of asking whether those words “transformed sensations,” really meant anything at all. Poetry, properly speaking, the French never had. Rousseau is the only one of their great writers who approaches to it, and even he does not so much paint passion and sentiment to the life, as declaim about them in accents of the most fervent and exciting eloquence. Look also at the form of a phrase—the wonders effected by a *bon-mot*. Napoleon electrified his soldiers by bombastic proclamations, at which an English army would have laughed. Talleyrand decided the restoration of the Bourbons, by the saying, “Il n’y a qu’un Français de plus,” which he put into the mouth of the Comte d’Artois—Lafayette’s “Voici le meilleur des republiques,” seated Louis Philippe on the throne. It is useless to multiply instances—no one who knows anything of French literature, and of the French people, will dispute the truth of this tendency, to accept of words in the place of things; and this I believe is the real reason why the old classical drama has still so many admirers. There has been however, of late years, a formidable insurrection against its authority, and the modern drama, as indeed the imaginative literature of modern France, generally, has shown a disposition to run into the opposite extreme, and seek for strong excitement, at the expense not only of all rules of criticism, but of all considerations of decency and morality. The Theatre de Renaissance has been established by the partisans of the new school, in avowed opposition to the Theatre Français, and at this moment, as a set-off against the success of Mademoiselle Rachel and the classical drama, a play called *Diane de Chivry* is having a great run, in which a seduction and two or three murders are perpetrated on the stage, for the edification of the audience. With all their excesses, however, it must I think be admitted, that the modern school of French writers has broken down the very barrier which separated the imaginative literature of France from that of the rest of Europe. They have deserted the barren regions of verbiage, and come back to nature, and the consequence is, they have produced works which, with all their faults, are amusing, and often deeply interesting. No one can deny that Victor Hugo has a powerful imagination, or that he has written scenes of the most thrilling and absorbing interest. Whatever we may be disposed to think of Lammennai’s philosophical and religious theories, there can be but one opinion as to the extraordinary force and sublimity, the prophet-like inspiration of his writings;—nor will any one who is acquainted with the works of a still more extraordinary writer, George Sands, differ from me, when I say that in her writings we may find, mixed up with the wildest opinions, the most exaggerated views, and the most outrageous bad taste, more fine and profound remarks, more breathing and life-like description, more exquisite feeling for the beautiful in art and nature, more insight into the mysteries of the human heart, in a word more of the elements of true poetry, than in all other French writers put together.

This celebrated woman is little understood in England. By many she is confounded with the common herd of impure and licentious writers, who disgrace the lower walks of French literature — by others she is looked on as a propagandist, whose object is to effect a revolution in society, to destroy all the most sacred ties of family, and to annihilate the institution of marriage. Few see her in her true light, as a woman of strong passions, quick sensibility, and rare genius — thrown early in life into the midst of a society, without creed, without settled conviction, wounded in her affections, stung by injustice, exasperated by oppression, and hastily on the impulse of the moment embodying her keen sense of the hollowness and falsehood of things around her, in a series of passionate fictions, and revenging herself on society, by flying in the face of its decencies and decorums. Such is George Sands, or such rather was she in the first phase of her character, for her genius has since, in a great measure, worked itself clear of the troubled elements among which it had its birth, and emerged from the chaos of turbid and impure ideas, in which it so long struggled, into a loftier, and calmer, and serener region. Her "*Lettres d'un Voyageur*," which every one should read who wishes to understand and do justice to one of the most gifted geniuses of the age, is free from the deformities which disfigure her early novels, and full of beauties of the very highest description.

The present is evidently a period of transition in the French mind. The old systems of philosophy and literature are disappearing, but as yet no new system has succeeded, no new empire of thought has been founded. Not on the stage alone, but everywhere in society and literature we see the same anarchy and confusion; ideas the most dissimilar, tendencies the most opposite, fighting and jostling with one another, and struggling for the ascendancy. On the one hand, German ideas are evidently exercising great influence over the reading and thinking classes of the community, and especially among literary men; their influence shows itself among the better class of writers, in a reaction against the dogmatic scepticism of the Voltaire school, and the installation of a more profound and generous philosophy; — among the common herd of scribblers, in an inordinate love of theory and contempt of facts, a passion for what the illustrious Bacon so well calls "barren generalisations," and a tendency to out-Germanise Germany in mysticism and obscurity; — and among the rising generation generally, in a bias towards Romanticism, and an affectation of poetical and artistical enthusiasm. On the other hand, a large party, including as I believe most of the upper classes, laugh at all this German illumination and idealogy, adhere to the old classical drama, look down with contempt on the modern school as barbarous and vulgar, and consider Racine a model in poetry, and Voltaire a master in philosophy. In addition to these influences, the strong tide which is setting towards commerce, manufactures, and the pursuits of industry, is exciting a marked effect in giving the public mind a practical material turn, like that which we see prevailing in England, and directing its attention more and more to political economy, statistics, and investigations connected with the immediate wants and interests of society.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the present condition of France, is the great reaction which has taken place towards religion since the revolution of 1830. I find it stated on the authority of statistical returns, that the number of persons regularly attending divine worship in France, is four times greater than it was immediately before that period. The reason clearly is, that under the Bourbons religion was made a political engine, and connected in the minds of the people with Jesuitism, intoler-



ance, anti-national policy, and everything most distasteful to their feelings and prejudices. The man who attended mass was looked on as a partisan of Charles X., of Polignac, and the ponti-prêtre; whereas now religion is left to itself, it is neither encouraged nor discouraged by government; all sects are on a footing of equality, and Catholicism has, by the charter of 1830, no advantage beyond that of a simple declaration of its being the religion of a majority of Frenchmen. The history of religion in France during the last half century might afford us a valuable lesson, if we knew how to profit by it. A powerful, numerous, wealthy, and on the whole learned and respectable church, and the total suppression of outward dissent, did not prevent France from becoming so entirely infidel, that one of the first acts of the people when they got power into their hands was to abolish even the very name and semblance of religion. A few years of the age of reason, when there was neither priest nor church in the land, produced such a reaction towards religion, that when Napoleon re-established Catholicism, it was a popular measure. The Bourbons succeeded, and exerted their whole power and influence of government in patronising and supporting the church, and the result was, that in fifteen years France had again become almost as irreligious as she was in 1792. For the last eight years religion has been left to itself, and the people are flocking back to the churches. Surely this teaches a lesson with regard to Ireland, which he who runs may read; but, alas! a phrase has only too much power with us as well as with our neighbours, and those who give themselves out as the exclusive friends and champions of Protestantism, are pretty sure to be considered so, although their measures have inflicted on it the most vital injury.

The great picture and sculpture galleries in the Louvre have been closed ever since I came to Paris, in order to make preparations for an exhibition of paltry modern paintings. It is tantalising to be so near so many treasures of art without being able to see them. I hardly think it fair in the French government to close these noble collections against the public for half the year. It is very proper no doubt that the government should afford every encouragement to native talent, but this is not the way to do it. To hang up wretched daubs before the immortal works of Leonardo, Raffaele, and Correggio, may flatter national vanity, but is not the way to promote a true feeling and reverence for art. Fortunately, however, the newly formed gallery of Spanish pictures is not closed, and I console myself by paying it a visit every day, and studying attentively the different schools and masters. This interesting collection has been saved to the world by the munificence of Louis Philippe. Hearing that many valuable pictures were perishing in Spain amidst the dissolution of the monasteries and the ravages of the civil war, he sent Baron Taylor, a French gentleman of fine taste in the arts, into Spain, with 100,000*l.* from his own purse to make purchases. Many noble pictures were thus rescued from inevitable destruction, and a collection formed, which, as illustrating the style and spirit of a great and almost unknown province of art, and as bringing together in one gallery specimens of all the principal schools which flourished in Spain, is invaluable for the critic, the artist, and the historian. This collection, purchased out of his own private fortune, Louis Philippe has placed in a public gallery, and thrown open to the world without reserve or exception. I call this a noble and truly liberal act. It silences all the imputations which have been cast on him of sordidness and parsimony. Politically, I am no great admirer of Louis Philippe, but personally I honour and respect him. I honour him for the unalterable firmness of his nature, proof alike against prosperous

and adverse fortune. I honour him for his enlightened patronage of art and literature; for his domestic virtues; for the numerous family of gallant manly sons whom he has reared about him, and though last not least, for the sake of his daughter, the sculptor-princess; too soon, alas! snatched away from a world which had just begun to appreciate her genius.

It has long appeared to me that the Spanish school of painting was underrated. Spain for the last century and a half has been so completely isolated from the rest of Europe, that even her literature was almost forgotten. When Herder and other great German critics revealed to the world the beauties of the Spanish drama, their accounts were received with almost as much astonishment as if they had told of the discovery of a drama in Mexico or Peru. The names of Calderon, Lope de Vega, were as little known as those of the minstrels of the Middle Ages. And if the literary world were thus ignorant of a poetry and drama which form one of the brightest pages in modern literature, and which flourished while the name of Spain still stood high among the nations of Europe, can we wonder that the great school of painting, which did not spring up till a later period, when Spain had already fallen from the rank of a first-rate power, should have remained disregarded and unknown? The French invasion, which revived the interest of Europe in the national character and literature of Spain, brought her pictures also into more notice. Many were carried off by the French, many sold and transported to foreign countries, till by degrees the works of Murillo and Velasquez found their way into most galleries, and the existence of a great school of painting in Spain was generally recognised. But although its existence is recognised, its true character seems to be little understood. Connoisseurs, whose taste was formed entirely from Italian models, and who knew nothing of the distinctive character of Spanish art as shown in its poetry and literature, judged of the great painter of Spain, Murillo, in principles applicable only to Italian art, and allowed him no merit in the higher departments of painting, because it was a merit different from that which they had been accustomed to admire. It seems to be an admitted axiom with all who profess to enlighten the world on the subject of painting, that Murillo is unequal to the treatment of several subjects, and is only great in the subordinate line of beggar boys, and the delineation of a coarse unelevated unideal nature. I deny it. I think it an error arising from a total misconception of his genius. I appeal to his Madonna in the Louvre Gallery (a picture whose loveliness still glances at intervals across my mind, though I have not seen it for more than ten years), to the sweet Dulwich Madonna with her calm and innocent beauty, to the Virgin's deep intense expression of maternal tenderness, and the celestial loveliness of the infant Jesus, in the noble picture which adorns our National Gallery, and I ask confidently, whether Murillo's genius was not adequate to paint sacred subjects? True, their excellence is not of the same character as that of the great Italian masters; they are less ideal, less intellectual, less angelic, perhaps, but more natural, more touching, and more tender. I do not say they are equal to the divine works of Raffaele, but I do maintain they have a peculiar and distinctive character of their own, and that that character is most purely and sweetly poetical. I have long entertained this high opinion of Murillo's genius, and it made me anxious to learn something more of the school to which he belonged, and ascertain whether Spanish art was a mere second-hand copy of Italian, or had a peculiar type and character of its own. I gladly availed myself therefore of the opportunity of studying this collection of Spanish pictures in the Louvre, and, assisted by the excellent catalogue

and arrangement, soon formed a general idea of the different schools and masters.

As a general statement, we may say that the art of painting in Spain bears a close analogy to its literature; each is the offspring of an Italian shoot, engrafted on a stock of national character and feeling. Taking the Seville school, and especially Murillo, who is at the same time the greatest and the most national of Spanish painters, as the type, we may trace the same influence of this national character, in modifying the Italian style in the painting, as in the poetry and drama, of Spain. There is something more warm and glowing, a richness and harmony of colour, which seems to have caught a tinge from the burning sun of Andalusia, and to reflect something of the oriental splendour which once peopled the towers of the Alhambra; the balmy breath of a summer evening amidst the orange groves of Granada: the last glow of departing day on the waters of the Guadalquivir; the low sigh of a Moorish maiden: such are the images which suggest themselves to the mind, when we wish to convey an idea of the delicious warmth and softness of Murillo's best colouring. Truth to nature is another characteristic of the Spanish school. It is not so ideal as the Italian, not so lofty and intellectual in conception, and seeks its models more in actual life, and less in the soarings of the imagination. The nature which it imitates is not, however, a gross vulgar nature, like that of the Dutch and Flemish schools; but although often rich and forcible, is generally romantic and picturesque, and sometimes truly beautiful and poetical. The strong doctrinal tendency and firm unshaken adherence to the Catholic faith, which formed such a prominent feature of the Spanish character, are not without their influence on the painting, as well as the literature, of Spain. In the great predominance of sacred subjects, of saints, hermits, monks, miracles, and martyrdoms, we trace the influence of the same spirit which dictated the Autos of Calderon, and made so many of the poets and dramatists of Spain retire into monasteries.

Another and very different trait of the Spanish character is not without its representation in their painting, I mean their fondness for humour, buffoonery, and pictures of low life. Murillo's beggar boys are the very counterpart of Lazarillo de Tormes, Gusman d'Alfarache, and the school of Picaresco, novels which furnish the materials for Gil Blas. To the same painter we must look for a representation of the tender feeling, the delicacy, the pathos and gentle pastoral spirit, which breathes in the poetry of Spain, and gives such a charm to her ancient ballads, and to the lyrics of Garcilasso, Boscan, and Luis de Leon. This spirit overflows in his young Madonnas, with their sunny hair, soft eyes, and mild serious looks, and in his Holy Families so full of the purest feeling and sweetest domestic affection. The great inferiority of the Spanish to the Italian painters, seems to be in their want of genius for composition. They seldom venture on a great subject involving a number of actors and a variety of character and expression; when they do, they generally fail most conspicuously. Even Murillo's genius seems, if I may so express it, rather lyrical than epic: it is in single figures only, or, at most, in small and simple groups, that he shows himself a great and original genius.

The history of painting in Spain is somewhat remarkable. Although she was intimately connected with Italy by war and conquest, throughout the greater part of the sixteenth century; and although the Italian taste was all powerful in her literature throughout that period, it is not until its close that we find any trace of the influence of Italy in painting. The seventeenth century, when the art had fallen into the deepest decline in Italy, is the bright

period of Spanish painting. All the most eminent painters whom Spain has produced, Murillo, Velasquez, Ribera, Zurbaran, Alonso, Cano, and a host of others, were born within a period of thirty years, from 1588, the date of Ribera's birth, to 1618, that of Murillo's. Throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, Spain seems to have swarmed with painters; every little town had its painter, just as was the case in Italy in the preceding century. Andalusia alone had three great schools, those of Seville, Cordova, and Granada, and Valentia produced an astonishing number of artists. Murillo alone is said to have had eighty pupils constantly working under him in his house at Seville. All at once this mass of painters disappear. The art blazes up suddenly, attains its height in Murillo, and dies away even more rapidly than it rose. Ten years after Murillo's death in 1682, there is not a name of any eminence left in Spain. These sudden fluctuations in the history of art are difficult to account for. Why did all the greatest painters of Italy spring up at once at the end of the fifteenth century? those of Spain at the beginning of the seventeenth? or why has the lyrical drama, the pride and glory of Italy, sunk in a few years from the level of Pergolesi, Jemelli, and Cimarosa, to that of Denizitti, Regei, Mercadanti, while music seems to have deserted her native land, to take refuge in Germany? These are questions which it is easier to ask than answer. From the late period at which painting flourished in Spain, the Italian influence most perceptible is not that of the best masters. Caravaggio has had more imitators and exerted a greater influence than Raffaello. This artist, who appeared towards the close of the sixteenth century, at a time when painting had fallen everywhere in Italy into the most tame, insipid mannerism, produced a prodigious sensation by his powerful effects of light and shade, his forcible, ferocious style, and vigorous imitation of a coarse, rude nature; either dazzled by his reputation, or finding in his style something more analogous to the Spanish character, than in the faint, sentimental idealism of the unworthy successors of Raffaello, the Spanish painters who visited Italy about this period seem almost universally to have taken Caravaggio as their model. Ribera, or Spagnoletto, to give him the name by which he is more generally known, became a pupil of Caravaggio's, and carried his style to great perfection. Zurbaran, also, and other distinguished painters of this period, studied under Caravaggio. The school of Valentia, probably on account of the greater proximity and closer connection of that city with Italy, is the one in which we find this influence most perceptible. The works of Ribera, Ribalta, Orienti, Espinosa, and other artists of this school, are scarcely distinguishable from those of the Italian followers of Caravaggio. The Seville school, on the other hand, is that in which the Italian influence is least perceptible; Murillo, the glory of this school and of Spain, was never out of his native country. When a mere lad, without friends or money, he set out from his native Seville, resolved at all hazards to visit Italy and study the works of the great masters. He worked his way to Madrid, supporting himself by his pencil; and here some of his pictures falling under the eye of Velasquez, who was then in the height of his reputation, that artist, struck by the genius they displayed, took the young man by the hand, and, with a generosity which does him the highest honour, gave him lessons himself, and brought him into public notice. By his advice Murillo, instead of going to Italy, remained at Madrid and studied the works of Titian, Correggio, and other great painters, in the Escorial. After three years' absence, he returned to Seville, which he never afterwards left, and, living to the age of sixty-four, constantly employed in painting, and latterly assisted by a whole regiment of pupils, he produced the astonishing multitude of works which filled the

cathedrals and convents of his native land, and are to be found in all the principal collections of Europe. This Gallery alone has a room more than half full of them, some very beautiful, and all I may say without a single exception, bearing some traces of genius. Those which pleased me most were a Conception, one of those poetical visions, in which the Madonna is represented in the first bloom of youthful innocence and beauty, floating in an atmosphere of light and glory, amidst a surrounding choir of cherubs; a picture of the Virgin and Child, in which two angels of the most enchanting and celestial beauty are introduced; a Magdalene conceived in a spirit of deep religious feeling, and painted with the most striking force and truth; an *Ecce Homo*, unequalled for the expression of mild, gentle, uncomplaining resignation, and a picture of St. Bonaventure raised from the grave, to finish his memoirs, which had been interrupted by death: this last is a most powerful picture, full of ghastly, supernatural horror; it is not a living thing, but a corpse, which sits before you guiding its pen with a busy mechanical assiduity; the horror of the grave is on it; there is no speculation in its glassy eyes. The portrait of the man whose genius produced these wonders hangs there also, painted by himself, and one of the finest specimens of portrait painting the world can show: the clear olive complexion, long flowing black hair, slight silky moustache, and dark hazel eye, bespeak the son of the warm south; but the expression is hardly that of an artist, it is more that of a soldier or statesman. Something there is of Spanish pride, and of the warmth and fire of Andalusian passion on his lip and brow; but the keen piercing eye seems to see through you, and baffle all attempts to read its meaning.

Velasquez, also of the Seville school, is clearly next to Murillo the greatest of Spanish painters. There are some fine works of his here, among which I noticed, especially, the head of a man full of life and fire, and a magnificent landscape. His fault is, that he painted in too great a hurry, and his style, the bold and masterly, is often deformed by carelessness. Juan Castillo, Murillo's first master, born in 1584, who is said to have died of despair, at the sight of his pupil's productions, is the earliest of this school, whose works are to be seen in this collection: the elements of Murillo's style, of his peculiar warm and glowing colouring, and his innocent Madonnas with their sweet angel faces, may be seen in an Assumption of Castillo's, which bears about the same relation to the perfect works of Murillo, as those of Perugino do to the master-pieces of his pupil Raffaele. The few pictures in this collection of an earlier date, those of Pedro de Cordova, who flourished about 1520, and Correa, of whom nothing is known, but that he was alive in 1550, are very much in the stiff, old-fashioned style of the Italian painters of the fourteenth century. Like them also they are conceived in a high tone of religious feeling, and the expression is often ideal and elevated.

And now farewell to Paris. I leave it to-morrow, so I went this morning on a pilgrimage to the Pont d'Arcole, the Place de Grève, with its quaint old-fashioned Hôtel de Ville, and other scenes consecrated by the glorious recollections of the revolution of July. I would not go two steps out of my way to see a common carnage plain like Austerlitz or Marengo, but the very stones which witnessed that memorable triumph of civic virtue, that glorious burst of popular enthusiasm, are sacred to me. It is the brightest page in modern history, the only one, perhaps, upon which the moralist, who, amidst the selfishness and corruption which every where surround him, seeks anxiously for proofs to strengthen his faith in the progressiveness of the human race, can look back with unmingled satisfaction. The populace of a great city rising in arms to defend the law, when the infatuated monarch threw aside the protection of the constitution, and appealed to force, meeting him in the contest he pro-

voked; making their streets and squares, nay their very housetops and family firesides, the field of battle and of victory, and in the moment of triumph showing a generosity, a forbearance, a respect for life and property, which did them more honour than the heroism displayed in the hour of danger. Contrast this with the scenes which these same streets witnessed during the past revolution, and tell me if I am wrong in hoping and believing every thing from the ennobling influence of free institutions. I have no patience with the petty, contracted spirit, which, to suit its own party purposes, seeks to carp and cavil at this glorious triumph, and bring it down to its own standard of selfish littleness. No, while

“Morat with Marathon twin names shall stand,”

the Revolution of July will be remembered with them as one of “true glory’s stainless victories,” won by a “proud brotherly and civic band” of unbought champions.

MARSEILLES — JOURNEY FROM PARIS — LYONS — THE RHONE — FRENCH STEAMER —  
PROSPERITY OF FRANCE — LAW OF PRIMOGENITURE.

*Marseilles.*

It is wonderful how far the French are behind us in the means of internal communication. The journey from Paris to Châlons-sur-Saône occupied fifty-four hours for a distance of about 220 miles. The diligence is in fact little better than a stage waggon; and the roads in a state inconceivably bad for the communication between the capital and the principal manufacturing city of the kingdom. Four times in one night the diligence sunk so deeply in the mud that the efforts of the horses were unable to disengage it, and the passengers had to get out and put their shoulders to the wheel. This certainly does not say much for the principle of centralisation as applied to road-making. And if this is the state of one of the principal lines of road in the country, the cross-roads must, during the winter months, be absolutely impassable.

For the first two days the country through which we travelled was very poor and uninteresting, the soil thin and chalky, with a great deal of forest and waste land, and the population scanty, and confined to a few small towns and villages. But on coming down upon the great plain of Burgundy, the scene changes entirely, and from Beaune to Châlons the country is like a garden, covered with vineyards, and studded with towns, villages, and country houses, as in the richest parts of England.

We passed through this district on a Sunday, and the whole population were out of doors enjoying the fine day. I was much struck by the general appearance of comfort and respectability of the labouring classes. Among the thousands whom we met, I did not observe one who was dressed in his common every-day working clothes — they had all their decent Sunday suit. We hear much of the desecration of the Sabbath in France: no doubt the day is spent much more in amusement than with us, as it is in all Catholic and indeed all Lutheran countries, and the shops also are more generally open in the afternoon after mass is over; but as for regular labour I never saw anything of the sort, and I believe it is quite as uncommon as in England.

From Châlons, a populous thriving place with a great trade in wine, we embarked in a steamer on the Saône for Lyons. The distance is sixty

miles, and the country on each side of the river presents every where the same fertile and thriving appearance. Low hills covered with vineyards which produce the choicest Burgundy wines, and studded with innumerable country houses and villages, between which the Saône winds through a rich plain, now one sheet of water, with trees and houses rising up like islands — such is the landscape which every where meets the eye. The steamer was crowded to excess, and at every town we passed we put out and took in a great many passengers. The number of new suspension bridges which we passed showed clearly that the population along the river must be very dense, and the country in a flourishing condition. As we approached Lyons the banks closed in and became higher and more rocky, affording many picturesque views. Lyons itself is a very picturesque city: it stands on the tongue of land between the Rhone and Saône, and is perched on the hill tops, and huddled together in the narrow space between the rivers and their steep rocky banks. Lyons has very little the look of one of our large manufacturing towns: there are few large factories to be seen, and no lofty chimneys vomiting forth clouds of smoke day and night over the city. The approach to Lyons by the Saône, where for miles together we see every projecting rock and eminence crowned with its neat white low-roofed villa, and the first view of the city with its multitude of bridges and crowd of barges, water-mills, and floating-rafts, on which people are busily engaged washing yarns and performing other processes connected with manufacturing industry, give a favourable impression of the prosperity of the place. But on entering the town, and walking through the streets, this impression is a good deal altered. There is not much bustle: few well-dressed people are to be seen, and few good shops; and every thing has a dull, dingy look, forming the strongest possible contrast to the brilliancy of Paris. The houses are, for the most part, very large, and the streets excessively narrow; and, on the whole, the appearance of Lyons reminded me of the Flesh Market, and other low parts of the old town of Edinburgh. The quay towards the Rhone, however, is an exception; and is spacious and splendid. Here I had my first view of the Alps: at first I could see nothing but what I took for white clouds lying low in the horizon; but after straining my eyes for a short time, I made out distinctly the outline of a snowy peak against the sky, and then all at once the whole range flashed upon me, towering up in masses of the purest white above a lower range of mountains striped and streaked with snow. Even at this distance they looked enormous, and came up to or even surpassed my expectation. The Rhine is here a noble stream, not much less than the Thames at London; its waters, however, by no means correspond to the poet's description of the "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," but are thick and turbid, and have a peculiar greenish tinge from flowing over limestone rock.

From all I can learn, the manufacturing industry of Lyons is not in a very flourishing condition. The competition of England, where the silk manufacture has increased enormously since Huskisson threw the trade open in 1825, has injured Lyons considerably, and driven her coarser and cheaper fabrics almost entirely out of the market. Zurich, also, has of late years become a formidable rival; and the silk manufacture has been introduced in many parts of Germany, Belgium, and Italy. Still, however, Lyons, from the skill of her workmen, and the superiority of her schools of design, kept the lead in all the finer departments of the manufacture where taste and ingenuity were the principal requisites, and retained a tolerable degree of prosperity down to the fatal period of the insurrection of the workmen in 1834. The history of this insurrection, which arose out of an

attempt to fix the rate of wages by legislative enactment, is most instructive, especially at the present time when projects of a similar nature are frequently agitated in England. The experiment was tried here under the most favourable circumstances, and most entirely and signally failed. Wages having been gradually declining, competition increasing, and profits diminishing for several years, a committee of manufacturers and workmen met in October, 1833, and drew up a tariff of wages, calculated on the average rate of existing wages, which they agreed to fix upon as a minimum, with a view to prevent any further reduction. The scheme was no less popular with the principal manufacturers than with the workmen, as they hoped it would prove the means of checking inordinate competition, keeping up prices, and compelling the less respectable manufacturers to pay as high wages as the more respectable and humane. Under these favourable circumstances, the tariff, popular with all classes, and recommended by the local boards of trade, was sanctioned by the préfet and government, and published by authority. The result was what might have been expected — no additional employment was created — the natural tendency of wages continued downwards — workmen came to ask for work, and the answer was “ We can’t afford to employ you : we should lose money on your work at the tariff wages : ” — the workman said, “ I must work, or starve ; I will work for less than the tariff rate, and promise to tell nobody : ” the more needy manufacturers found the temptation too strong to resist : — their goods competing in the market with those of the respectable manufacturers compelled them to do the same, and in the course of a few months the tariff became a dead letter ; and the government, after some fruitless attempts to enforce it, found themselves compelled to recall the préfet and refuse to sanction it any longer. The mischief, however, was done ; and it was not so easy to go back to the old state. Confidence between the masters and men was destroyed ; mutual complaints and exasperation arose ; and at length the workmen, finding their hopes disappointed, and the rights guaranteed them by government broken through with impunity, became outrageous, and broke out into open revolt. They obtained possession of the town, and held it for several days against an overwhelming military force. At last 30,000 men were collected against the town, and it was taken by assault and order restored. But its prosperity had received a fatal blow ; capital to a large amount had been destroyed ; the spirit of the workmen was broken, and for several years the manufactures of Lyons sunk to less than half their former amount. An extensive emigration of workmen ensued, which relieved the condition of those who remained behind, and in the course of the last year or two the trade of the place has revived considerably ; but it will be long before it entirely recovers from the shock given it by the rash attempt to fix the wages of labour by statutory enactment. The manufactures of Lyons are conducted entirely on the domestic system : there are no large factories, and every web is given out to a master workman, who weaves it in his own house with the assistance of his family and hired journeymen. This system has many moral advantages ; but when once improvements in machinery are carried so far that the power of steam is brought into direct competition with human labour, it is incapable of competing with the factory system, where capital and machinery are applied on a large scale, and the economy of time and subdivision of labour carried to the highest perfection. So much has been already done, that it seems impossible to assign any limits to the improvement of machinery ; and if once the power-loom is brought into direct competition with the industry of Lyons, she must change her system, and cause frightful misery



among her present race of workmen, or submit to be ruined. The boast of the present age is to have vanquished the elements, and made them slaves to do our bidding : more truly might it be said that they have vanquished us, and that the power of mechanism is hurrying society along a path beset by dangers, where no one can foresee the issue.

From Lyons we descended the Rhone, by steam, to Avignon, performing the distance of one hundred and sixty miles in twelve hours, with the assistance of the rapid current. The scenery is magnificent ; and even at this season, when every thing is bare and brown, I thought it, historical and poetical associations apart, very superior to that of the far-famed Rhine. For here, as there, you have the mighty river rushing between high rocks, wooded slopes, and terraced vineyards, and sweeping you past an endless succession of castled crags, and ruined convents, and picturesque villages grouped about their old church towers. But here there is also, what the Rhine wants — high chains of barren mountains rising behind the rocks, among which the river winds its course, and beyond them again, white snowy Alps towering up in the extreme distance : every thing here is on a grander scale than on the Rhine, and there is more variety. Sometimes you sail on for miles between bare rugged rocks, and mountains ploughed by Alpine torrents, amidst scenery as stern and savage as that of the wildest parts of Scotland, and then, after bursting through some narrow pass where the river foams along between steep overhanging precipices, and rocks worn by the weather into a thousand fantastic shapes, you come out on an extensive plain bounded by a vast amphitheatre of distant mountains, and glide smoothly along amidst orchards, vineyards, and corn fields. Every where, indeed, along the river, where ten square feet of soil can be found, there is a garden, or a vineyard, and every where the same appearance of rapidly advancing prosperity presents itself. The suspension bridges which have been thrown across the Rhone within the last ten or fifteen years are quite innumerable, and all, I am told, were erected by private enterprise, and for no other reason than because they were found profitable speculations : steam navigation, only introduced in 1830, has given a great impulse to every thing along the Rhone, and now new steam boats are building, and new companies starting up every day. The head engineers are all, I am told, English, and receive twelve pounds a month wages, beside other advantages. The production of silk is a great and increasing branch of industry in this part of France. In several small villages among the mountains I saw immense buildings newly erected, which, from their appearance, I took for convents, but was told they were intended for the culture of the silk worm. As we approach Avignon, the olive makes its appearance ; but I am told it is not much cultivated in this neighbourhood, as the vine and mulberry are found more profitable. Here also we met the first indications of a southern climate, in the mildness of the air, and advanced state of vegetation.

Avignon is a curious old town, containing a good many relics of the papal dominion. We visited the old castle in which the popes lived during their residence in Avignon, and which was afterwards converted into the chief seat of the Inquisition in the south of France. The secret staircases, the places of concealment for overhearing the conversation of the prisoners, the gloomy dungeons, with their walls scrawled over with sentences from Scripture, and the names of unfortunate Huguenots who had been confined there, and the horrible torture-chamber with its grates and furnaces, and roof built so as to deaden the cries of the miserable sufferers, brought before my mind more forcibly than all I ever read, the true nature of this infernal institution. Such horrid excesses of persecuting cruelty are, thank God,

so opposed to the spirit of the age in which we live, that there is some difficulty in even conceiving their reality. We half suspect there must be some exaggeration in the accounts, and class the cowl and rack of the inquisitor with the poisoned bowl, the midnight apparition, and other established articles of the stock in trade of romance writers. The sight of a place like this at Avignon brings the truth of all we read of the Inquisition home to the mind with more force than a thousand descriptions. This is one of the chief advantages of travelling; for nowadays we read and read, till we almost lose the power of realising to ourselves the truth of what we read, or at best give it a faint assent with our understandings, while it makes no impression on our lives and conduct. How else should we see so many persons condemning the Inquisition, and yet holding principles which make persecution for religion's sake a duty? How else should we see free-born Britons and Protestants offering up vows for the success of a cause in Spain, whose avowed object is the re-establishment of the Inquisition, and priestly tyranny, in their worst forms? The sight of these monuments of by-gone bigotry at Avignon, strengthened a thousand times my abhorrence of every principle which leads, however remotely or indirectly, to sanction religious persecution, and impose fetters on the freedom of thought, and made me bless the spirit of modern philosophy which has converted these terrific chambers into what they now are—the clean, comfortable barracks of a French regiment.

From Avignon to Marseilles we travelled by night in the diligence, in company with a Spaniard, who appeared to be a Carlist officer carrying despatches, for he was plainly dressed, evidently in a sort of half disguise, and had a small carpet bag which he carried in his hand, and never lost sight of it. He was a fine handsome young man, but with a countenance and manner expressive of the most resolute, ferocious energy. He looked the very man to have a hundred prisoners shot with as little scruple as if they were so many dogs, and I dare say, if the truth were known, may have done so before now. Once when the conversation turned on Spain, he burst out, in his bad French, into a furious invective against France and England, for keeping Carlos from the throne of his ancestors. When I looked at his flashing eye, and frame trembling with passion, I thought to myself I was just as well among the mountains of Provence as in those of Valentia or Aragon. Talking of Maroto's wholesale murders, which are the general topic of conversation just now, he said Maroto was quite right; that the Navarrese were a parcel of scoundrels, who cared more for their privileges than for their king, or religion, and were always hatching conspiracies to set up an independent republic. Our other companions were, a Marseilles shopkeeper, and a small landed proprietor in the neighbourhood: their talk was all of cotton, sugar, railroads, and manufactures, and the commerce of Mexico, Buenos Ayres, China, and every country under the sun, which they discussed without a moment's intermission, and with an extent of knowledge and information which quite surprised me. I thought, as I listened to them, how curiously national character; and different stages of civilisation were contrasted in these intelligent, good natured fat, utilitarian Frenchmen, and the fierce, half civilised Spaniard, with his proud, resolute air, and military bearing.

Marseilles is a large and thriving seaport town, finely situated at the bottom of a great sweep of the Mediterranean. The country around is bare and rocky, with bold cliffs of white limestone, plunging down into the deep blue sea. But the hills, bare as they are, are studded over with villas and vineyards, and the suburbs extend far back into the country. The port,

which is a fine natural harbour among the rocks, was crowded with ships of every nation, and every thing had the bustling appearance of a thriving commercial town. The trade of Marseilles, I am told, has increased fully one third since 1830, and the intercourse with Algiers contributes a good deal to its present prosperity. The town itself is dirty and disagreeable.

To-morrow I embark for Naples; but before I take leave of France and plunge into the new world of art and poetry which awaits me in Italy, I wish to call your attention to a few facts relative to the social condition, the moral and economical state of this country which have forced themselves on my attention since I entered it. I have traversed France now from north to south, from the English Channel to the Mediterranean, and still wherever I have gone I have been struck by the uniform appearance of ease and comfort among the mass of the population, and the total absence of any thing like poverty and distress. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have not seen in France three beggars, three persons in torn or shabby clothes, or one in a state of intoxication. With the exception of Lyons, where the workmen have something of the squalid, emaciated look which characterises a great manufacturing town, the people whom I have seen both in town and country appear remarkably healthy and cheerful, and have every appearance of being well fed, well clothed, well lodged, and in comparatively easy circumstances. A traveller of course passing hastily through a country is liable to be deceived, and form a false estimate of the true condition of its inhabitants; although it is not easy to see how he can be very greatly mistaken in his general impression if he uses his eyes, travels by the common conveyances, converses freely with all the people whom he meets, and, above all, is not under the dominion of any theory on the subject to begin with. However in this case I can refer you to better testimony than the result of my own observation, in proof of the prosperous condition of the great bulk of the population of France at the present moment. The concurrent testimony of men of all political parties—the notorious facts that the peasantry of France are, and for many years past have been, purchasers of land to a great extent—that the revenue has increased, although many old taxes have been repealed—that manufacturing industry is extending itself daily, internal communication being opened up by private enterprise—that mendicity has almost disappeared—that a substitute for seven years' military service cannot be procured under 1500 or 2000 francs; and in fine, that the people are quiet and contented, political agitation confined to a few large towns, and complaints of ruin and distress never heard, unless when the interests of some great monopoly created by the restrictive commercial system are attacked. Coupling these notorious and recognised facts with the result of my own observation, I think I am justified in assuming that the condition of France at the present moment is one of great and enviable prosperity. Travelling as I have done by diligences and steam-boats I had a good many opportunities of hearing the opinions of persons of different ranks and professions, and to my astonishment I found them all unanimously agreed in attributing the prosperity of the country, and the improved condition of the people, to the same cause, namely, the subdivision of landed property consequent on the abolition of primogeniture. It startled me not a little to find such an universal accord of opinion among all classes and especially among practical men, speaking from what they had themselves seen, and what had taken place in their own neighbourhood, in favour of a system which our most eminent political economists denounce as ruinous and destructive. Macculloch, the greatest living authority in the science, has always maintained that the custom of primogeniture has been the mainspring of modern civilisation;

that the law of equal succession adopted by France was a suicidal measure, blindly taken up to serve a political purpose, and directly contrary to every sound maxim of political economy, and that if not immediately repealed, the result would inevitably be to banish industry and capital, and convert France into one great pauper warren. Now compare theory with facts. Is France a pauper warren? Has her condition deteriorated with the increasing subdivision of the soil? Is she worse off now that two thirds of her population belong to the class of proprietors, than she was in 1816, when their number did not exceed one half, or in 1790, when the law of primogeniture was still in existence? Is not capital accumulating, and manufacturing industry rapidly extending, notwithstanding the shackles thrown upon it by an absurd system of monopolies and restrictions? There can be but one answer to all these questions, and that is, that the predictions of theory have been completely and notoriously falsified by the event.

There has been a good deal of bigotry in political economy of late, a disposition to make facts give way to dogmas, and to apply universal conclusions drawn from narrow and imperfect premises. The science has become too abstract, too much a dry theory of the laws which regulate the production of wealth in an ideal community, where man is considered as a sort of money-making unit. It has thus attained a show of mathematical precision at the expense too often of truth and practical utility. Another weighty objection to the prevalent political economy of the present day is that it attends exclusively to the production of capital, overlooking almost entirely the far more difficult and important question of its distribution. It is owing mainly to this latter cause that such an able writer as Macculloch has fallen into such a gross and palpable *reductio ad absurdum* as the assertion that France must inevitably be ruined by the law of equal succession. His argument is, that primogeniture, by keeping up a high scale of fortune, and throwing a number of unprovided younger brothers on society, creates intense competition, and gives a powerful impulse to the accumulation of capital. And so no doubt it does. It would be hard for the wit of man to devise a system better adapted for directing the whole energies of a community towards money making, and for promoting the rapid accumulation of capital in large masses, than that which prevails in England; a system, in which the law of primogeniture, and the practice of settling all considerable estates on the eldest son, secures the existence of a wealthy landed aristocracy, sufficiently exclusive to make it the great object of every man's ambition to become one of them, without being so inaccessible as entirely to exclude any member of the community from the hope of raising himself into their ranks. Any one at all acquainted with the spirit of society in England must see what a powerful spur to exertion is supplied by this intense desire of rising in the scale of social distinction. If you analyse the motives which urge on men, who have already a competency, to "scorn delight, and live laborious days," you will find that, in nine cases out of ten, the fear of losing, or the hope of gaining, a place in society, is the object for which they sacrifice present ease and enjoyment. It is not so much the desire of fame, or power, or even of money, for its own sake, as of money as a stepping-stone to rank and standing in society, which urges them on in the career of accumulation. The merchant, the manufacturer, will not stop till he has realised a fortune sufficient to found a family, and take his place among the lords of the land. But with a landed aristocracy, among whom estates of ten, twenty thousand a year, and even upwards, are not uncommon, to do this thousands do not suffice — to found a great family he must be a *millionaire*. And therefore, instead of retiring when he has

realised his ten or twenty thousand pounds, he puts on more sail, extends his operations, urges on the productive power of machinery, and, although every now and then a great crash takes place and thousands fail, on the whole, the accumulation of wealth goes on at an accelerated rate, and the number of enormous capitals increases daily. But granting all this, what does it prove? How far does it go towards solving the great problem which agitates the minds of all thinking men, namely, what institutions, and, more especially, what institutions relative to the tenure and distribution of private property, are on the whole best, most suited to the wants of modern society, and most calculated to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number? Political economists, indeed, assume that this problem is reducible into the much simpler one of discovering the laws which regulate the maximum production of capital. The current doctrine of the English school of economists is, that the one thing needful to insure the welfare of society is the rapid accumulation of capital. They hold, that provided capital accumulates at a more rapid rate than population advances, the condition of the working classes must necessarily improve. Is this conclusion borne out by facts? Is it not evident that if it were correct, the condition of the labouring classes in England ought to be infinitely superior to that of the mass of the community in any country of the Continent? that their condition ought to be progressively improving, and want and misery rapidly disappearing? Can any one who knows any thing of the state of our manufacturing districts, who is acquainted with the sufferings of the million of miserable beings dependent for their existence on hand-loom weaving, who has inquired into the condition of the thousands who inhabit the cellars of St. Giles's and Manchester, who has attended to the facts brought to light by the different Poor Law inquiries, and compared the state of the agricultural labourer with that of the peasant proprietor on the Continent—can any one, I say, at all acquainted with the true state of England at the present moment, venture to assert that the accumulation of capital is of itself sufficient to insure the happiness and well-being of a people?

The truth is, that political economy, taken in the limited sense in which it is now generally used, has failed signally in solving the great problem of social arrangements. It is impossible that a science which is in its nature partial and limited, and deals with one faculty alone of human nature, namely the passion for accumulation, should do otherwise. The fault is not in the science, which, within its proper limits, is one of the most useful and valuable in the range of human knowledge, but in the professors of it, who have attempted to found a complete theory of society on too narrow a basis. When a science is first discovered, we always find people disposed to push its principles to an unreasonable length, and subject all other departments of knowledge to their new dogmas. When philosophy began to turn its attention to the science of government, and expose the errors and absurdities of the old systems which prevailed in Europe, there was quite a craze for a time in favour of political reform, and quacks were found on all hands ready to cure society of its evils with their nostrums of charters and constitutions. There has been something of a similar craze of late years for political economy, and a disposition on the part of its professors to make conclusions drawn from other and higher considerations, and even facts themselves, give way to their theories. Morality and religion both say that the passion for wealth, when indulged in excess, becomes a crime, and that it is one of our first duties not to sacrifice the great end of our existence, moral and intellectual improvement, to the acquisition of riches. Political economy says, If you wish to benefit society, accumulate capital, and solves the problem of

social arrangements by adopting the system of primogeniture, on the express ground of the stimulus given by it to the passion for accumulation. That the mere accumulation of capital is not of itself sufficient to insure the happiness of society is a truth now beginning to be universally recognised. The *distribution* of wealth is felt to be a more important point than its absolute amount; and the impossibility of dispensing with moral considerations is generally admitted. Considered in this enlarged point of view, it is very doubtful whether the system of primogeniture deserves the praise which Macculloch has given it; and whether the opinion of Adam Smith, who denounced it as an unnatural and artificial system for making a few rich and many poor, be not after all the correct one. Certain it is that the great movement of modern society seems to be towards the opposite system. I recollect being much struck by a remark of Niebuhr's in his *Roman History*, — "that all the great legislators of antiquity, without a single exception, made the possession of a property in the soil by the greatest possible number of citizens the basis of all their institutions for the promotion of private virtue and national prosperity." The same system prevailed among the free Germanic nations who overthrew the Roman empire. The feudal system, or system of military colonisation, introduced primogeniture, which gradually swallowed up the old Udal tenure, and became the prevailing system throughout Europe. It would seem now as if the world was returning to the old system. In the new quarters of the globe which are rising so rapidly in importance, primogeniture is unknown, and the whole structure of society is based on the subdivision of the soil, and the principles of equality. In Europe, also, the old system is fast losing ground. France has already abandoned it; Prussia has in a great measure followed her example; and England is now almost the only country left in which a powerful aristocracy maintains itself in the possession of the soil.

The question of primogeniture is so mixed up with political considerations, and bears so directly on all the agitating topics of party warfare, that it is difficult to get people, in the present excited state of men's minds in England, to view it coolly and impartially. The danger of change is so great, that most men are afraid to look at any thing which tells against the present system. They have a latent suspicion that something is unsound, a vague fear some great convulsion is threatening in the womb of time, and this fear they try to drown by shutting their ears to the sounds of impending danger. A far wiser plan would be to face it boldly, and take measures for meeting it while it is still remote. It is of no use to oppose a system which can appeal to facts by mere theories. It is idle to say that the system of equal succession must lead to such an increase of population, as to reduce the country which adopts it to the condition of a great pauper warren, when its advocates can turn to France, to Norway, and to Switzerland, and say that the rate of increase and the average number of marriages to the population, are lower in those countries than in England, and that the country most over-run by pauperism, and in which population increases most rapidly, is feudally constituted Ireland. It is useless to try to ward off the fact, that France is prospering under her present system, by appealing to the dogmas of political economy, and saying that she requires two thirds of her inhabitants to raise her food, while in England one third suffice. The answer of course is that this is just the great advantage of the system, that it enables two thirds instead of one third of the population to support themselves by the employment, which is admitted on all hands to be the most favourable for happiness, health, and morals. The French say that it is no advantage to turn land into a machine for the production of capital, and

throw a third of the population out of employment by improved methods of agriculture. They say, also, that although capital is not so productively applied in the system of small farming, yet the stimulus given to industry by making the peasant proprietor of the soil he cultivates is so great, as to insure on the whole a higher state of cultivation, and keep the price of food as low as it could be under a different system. The truth of their assertion may be tested by an appeal to facts. The price of agricultural produce has not risen in France with the subdivision of landed property, but has remained steady at an average of from 30 to 40 per cent. lower than the same produce raised in England, by half the number of hands. I had some conversation on this point with a very intelligent Frenchman, a commercial traveller, well acquainted with all parts of France. I urged on him the objection that the subdivision of the soil would in time prevent the application of the most profitable means of husbandry, and that thus food would rise in price. His reply was, "You have travelled now some hundreds of miles through a corn country, have you seen a single acre in spade husbandry where the plough might have been more profitably employed?" I acknowledged I had not. "The fact is," he continued, "we find in practice that the extent to which subdivision is carried adapts itself to the nature of the soil and climate. Here, in Provence, where the vine and mulberry are the staple products, and nature herself seems to have pointed out a system of garden husbandry, subdivision is already carried to a great extent, and is daily increasing. The further it is carried the richer we always find the district become, and the more prosperous the condition of the peasantry. On the one hand they have the strongest excitement to industry in the hope of becoming proprietors, or, if they are so, of extending their property, so that their children may not be obliged to part with it on their death — on the other, they cannot easily be reduced to want or driven to work for insufficient wages. In the corn-growing and grazing districts of the north, however, we find, by experience, that subdivision seldom passes a certain limit, because children who succeed to portions too small to admit of profitable cultivation generally make family arrangements, or bring their lots to sale." Such was the statement of my informant. I cannot of course vouch for its accuracy; but in confirmation of it I may mention, what I before observed, the very marked and striking improvement in the condition of the people on entering the vine-growing districts of the south. Arthur Young, who travelled in France in 1782, says, that he always found the inhabitants of vine-growing districts the most miserable portion of the population. Now the case is entirely the reverse. The peasantry of Burgundy and Provence are obviously better off than those of the north.

Another objection to the system of subdividing the soil among a number of small proprietors is, that all other branches of industry will languish for want of enterprise and capital, and society will become stationary, and cease to advance. Here again the answer is an appeal to facts. No doubt competition is not so intense as with us, large capitals are much scarcer, the means of living much easier, and every thing is on a smaller scale, and if I may so express it, more in a retail way than in England. But it is altogether false to say that France is standing still. On the contrary, internal improvement and manufacturing industry are going on rapidly, and with an accelerated progress, since the revolution of 1830. In proof of this I may refer to the fact I have already mentioned, of the number of new bridges thrown across the Rhone and Saône by private enterprise, the general introduction of steam on all the principal rivers, and the vast

increase in the number of stationary steam engines employed in the kingdom. In 1820, there were only 60 steam engines of 1021 horse power in all France; and from this time up to 1830 the number was not greatly increased. In 1837, the number of engines amounted to 1969, and their united horse power to 26,186.

Switzerland, also, where the systems of primogeniture and large estates are unknown, has, in spite of natural disadvantages, become a great manufacturing country. These facts are surely conclusive to show, that the system of subdivision is not necessarily a stationary system, or hostile to improvement. That it does not urge accumulation forward so rapidly, or favour the heaping up of capital in large masses, I distinctly admit, and this perhaps may be a sufficient reason against its adoption in a country like England, where such a large proportion of the people already depend on manufactures for their support. At any rate it is impossible to change the whole frame-work of society; the whole structure of our agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing industry is based on the opposite system — we are wedded to it, and have no other course but to go on with it for better or for worse. Do not think, therefore, that I am mad enough to hope or wish for a revolution in England in order to see the experiment of a totally new structure of society tried; all I contend for is, that in France, where it has been tried, it has succeeded; and that there is no reason for supposing that the great movement, which is evidently taking place throughout the civilised world towards a system of property, founded on the principles of equality proclaimed by modern philosophy and by the Gospel, is necessarily a retrograde or destructive movement.

The moral effects of a system of equality like that which now prevails in France, and its influence on the spirit of society and manners, are a subject of inquiry no less interesting than its economical consequences. I can do little more than call your attention to a few of the most striking results which forced themselves on my notice in passing through the country. The gentlemen are not so gentlemanlike as with us. It is rare, indeed, to see any thing like the polished manner, the finished high breeding, and air of simple unostentatious dignity which characterise the true English gentleman. On the other hand, there is less vulgarity, less of the affectation which apes a rank to which it is unaccustomed, and less of the loathsome lackey spirit so common with us, which gapes open mouthed after a coronet, and prostrates itself before wealth, rank, and fashion. The intercourse between man and man is much freer. In England we may almost say that there is no such thing as free intercourse between persons in very different stations of life. Either there is arrogance on the one hand, and servility on the other, or more frequently mutual reserve, arising from the knowledge that they do not meet on equal terms. This last is peculiarly the case in Scotland, where pride and self-respect form the basis of the national character, down even to the poorest peasant; and hence it is, and not from any rude or churlish spirit, that the Scottish labourer will rarely take off his hat to one of the upper classes, or be the first to wish him good day. Hence, also, there is no country in the world in which servants are treated with so much *hauteur*, and kept at such a distance, as in England. Here in France all this seems to be on a very different footing, and a freer intercourse, founded on the sentiment of the essential equality of mankind, universally prevails. I constantly see persons of the most different rank and station conversing freely together on the ordinary topics of the day. On the deck of a French steamer, the passengers do not crystallise, if I may so express it, into different sets, under the influence of some force of mutual repulsion, but groups



are formed, in which you may see the smart surtout of the young dandy, and the broad-cloth coat of the substantial burgher side by side with the artisan's jacket, the peasant's blue smock frock, and the red trousers and worsted epaulettes of the common soldier—and all talking as if they had just escaped from a winter's confinement in the back woods of Canada, and were eager to enjoy once more the use of their tongues. For the Frenchman is essentially a talking animal—his great delight is to talk—his chief means of educating himself is conversation. Hence, also, from constant practice, he talks much better than the Englishman. The superiority of foreigners generally in conversation, and in the sort of intelligence and information which pass current in society, is one of the first things which strikes an Englishman on leaving his country. The chief cause of this I take to be, the reserve and embarrassment arising out of the structure of English society, which prevents men who are not sure of one another's rank and station from communicating their ideas freely; partly, also, the superior force and earnestness of the English character, and the greater depth of their prejudices, which make them more tenacious of their own views, and less able to skim lightly over the surface of a great many departments of knowledge. The educated Frenchman of the present day seems to me generally remarkable for the absence of prejudice, and the sound, practical, common sense of his views; and this I attribute in great measure to his practice of always conversing, which imposes on him the necessity of knowing something of all sides of a question, and advancing nothing which may expose him to ridicule. I do not believe that the old national prejudice against England exists now to any extent, at least I saw no traces of it; on the contrary, they seem to take great interest in her affairs; and wherever I go, I hear anxious inquiries about O'Connell and the Duke of Wellington, who are universally looked on as two of the greatest men of the age. I was amused at the curiosity of a party of Lyons' artisans, with whom I got into conversation on the deck of the steamer going down the Rhone, to know something of the personal appearance and outward aspect of "*le grand O'Connell*," as they called him. This extreme readiness of the French to converse, and their politeness and willingness to oblige, make it very pleasant for a stranger travelling in the country. You may always ask a question in perfect certainty that the person whom you address will be obliged to you for giving him the opportunity of talking. I should not exactly like to live in such a Babel of tongues; but for a stranger merely passing through it is very pleasant. There is no country where you can see so much of the real habits and manners of the people, and pick up so much information in so short a time, and with so little trouble.

Farewell; I embark for Naples to-morrow.

[To be continued.]

### ON A WITHERED FLOWER.

WHAT, dead! thou that hast on *her* bosom lain!  
Thou that hast tasted *her* most fragrant  
breath!

Will not that recollection stir again  
The pulse of life, and fling back misty death?

Or did that moment, in its ecstasy,  
Pluck out all sense, and leave the world a mist?  
Or dost thou pine on the fond memory  
Of having once that heaving bosom kissed?

Methinks, had I but on that bosom lain  
I should have been immortal in my joy;  
Or else have died from the o'ermastering pain,  
The shock of pleasure-thrilling agony!

My tears shall water thee, thou withered  
flower!

I kiss thee, dreaming that I drink her breath.  
Oh! could I live to call her mine one hour,  
How gladly would I droop like thee to death!

# INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

## PART I.

"POETRY is the child of nature," says Shirley in his Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, "which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other composition; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which is of itself but a cold, contemplative knowledge); there being required in him *a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind*, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition — nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes."

Yes, truly, this is the great fulness of knowledge demanded by the Drama in its matured ripeness and giant-like grasp; obtained, however, only in the sacred volumes of William Shakspeare in this satisfying completeness, though glimmering imperfectly, with more or less power, in the works of his contemporaries! The Drama includes all human sympathies, and expresses them with more or less distinctness, — it is the highest form of intellectual production, and the rarest in its excellence. The Epic *tells* us of the *deeds* of men — the Lyric *sings* to us the *emotions* of men; but the Drama *does* the deeds, and *feels* the emotions, of men. And therefore is it that, in some imperfect shape or other, every nation has had its Drama; and every human being, giving way to his natural impulses and sympathies (not checked, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," as in Quakers or Puritans), is intensely delighted with its representation — from the child to the reflecting man "honoured with pangs austere," there is an uninterrupted link of sympathy with the Drama. How could it be otherwise? Have we not all — even the happiest of us — suffered? Have we not all loved, hoped, been defeated, wronged, trampled on, or cherished, fondled, struggled, and been successful? Have we not all "stood too much i' the sun" — had our day-dreams shattered, our faiths undermined, our friendships sundered? Have we not all *acted* a part in this Drama of life, wherein, as Bacon grandly says, "Gods alone are *spectators*?" \* Have we not all an irresistible desire to *do* — to realize the faintest of our conceptions, and thereby equally impelled to witness things *done*? In the Drama, as Schlegel observes, "*we see important actions when we cannot act importantly ourselves*;" and this is one secret source of delight. Therefore in a critical age like the present, we cannot be indifferent to any attempt to open wider this vast field of enjoyment, or to point out its productiveness, and the best manner of perfecting it; besides which, there is

\* How strongly men have been impressed with the simile of life and the stage may be seen by every nation having some such allusion in their poetry. Our Shakspeare's "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," might otherwise be almost supposed to have been literally taken from Calderon.

"En el teatro del mundo,  
Todos son representantes  
Cual hace un Rey soberano,  
Cual un principe, un grande  
A quien obedecen todos." — *Saber del Mal y del Bien*.

so strong and unmistakeable a tendency towards a reaction and *re-creation* of a new dramatic literature, both in the endeavours of poets themselves and of critics also, that we feel it a sort of duty to direct the attention of our readers to the rich well-head of our Dramatists, the republication of whose works by Messrs. Pickering and Moxon demands our warmest gratitude. But, while these vast treasures are thus placed within our reach, the nearer we are to their possession, the more imperative becomes an earnest and *initiative* criticism, that we may not mistake their true value, either in depreciation or over-appreciation. There are so many contending influences, there is so much difference between the modes of thought, of feeling, of life, of stage conditions, &c. between this age and that of Elizabeth, that unless we be first initiated into the deeper spirit of that age, — unless we fulfil that first grand law of criticism laid down by Schlegel, of “throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enabling us to transport ourselves into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, and to *feel them as it were from their proper central point*” — the saddest waste, extravagance, and error must perforce ensue.

The appearance of a new edition of Hazlitt’s “Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth” seems to call forth some remarks by way of introduction to the study of these writers; and although we only presume to afford a few hints, we think a work on the subject would be peculiarly adapted to the wants of the age. One of the bad features in the present state of literature is the necessity for so much second-hand information: amidst the prodigious mass of really valuable works (especially when a knowledge of various languages is so general) which are still currently read, or talked about, it is a matter of impossibility for any man who passes his days otherwise than in incessant reading, to have more than a very slight or second-hand acquaintance with more than a few; but this would be no great matter, were there not, strangely enough, such a supposed necessity of *judgment* on these works which contents itself with the first opinion it meets with rather than have none at all. A person, for example, has never read Ariosto; he gets a judgment by some critic who has read him, or who in default thereof “has read a man wot has;” — this rests not here; for he in his turn diligently hands that opinion abroad, stamped with his own seal of ignorance and presumption: hence our hebdomadal and popular literature is infected with a certain amount of *traditionary judgments* (for in time they become so current as to be sacred), such as the “dreaminess of Plato,” the “quaintness of Webster,” the “correctness of Pope,” the “sentimentality of Kotzebue,” the “*vielseitigkeit* of Göthe,” the “Atheism of Shelley,” &c.; so that you take up every author with some previous prejudice, which turning out to be altogether false, or partly so, you either conclude that it has escaped your penetration, or at least hold your tongue, because “every body says it.”\* Now one thing it is always necessary to bear in mind, — that owing to the want of any system of æsthetics, however faint — owing to the ignorance of all the fundamental philosophy of art, and to judgments being almost always delivered from parts, not from the whole, coupled with a vague loose way of praising and condemning, it is not always easy definitely to understand in *what sense* the critic means his praise or blame. The critics, for example, of the last age are eternally talking about the “elegance of Homer” — every person with them is “elegant” or “inelegant;” “elegant and sublime” are common juxtapositions: we must charitably suppose that they attached some idea to this word — but what was that idea? The same

\* “Je veux m'appuyer de l'autorité, parceque la Verité est si peu de chose quand elle est seule,” was the sarcastic remark of Des Cartes in dedicating his *Meditations* to the Sorbonne.

observation applies to the criticisms of our old Dramatists. Does the reader definitely understand the eulogiums? No; we are convinced that he cannot understand them precisely, because the critic has no principle of reference beyond his admiration, real or affected; and *for what* he admires them we are mostly in the dark. We are sorry to include Hazlitt in this list: he praises warmly, and with a fine sense and appreciation; but he forgets that the reader does not know always the plays of which he is speaking.

The critic who would be understood must distinctly demarcate his opinions according to the three modes of judgment which works of a past era demand: these are,—

I. Historically; *i. e.* its merit in relation to time, predecessors, necessities of the stage, &c.

II. Absolutely; *i. e.* its intrinsic merit unaffected by any such *nimbus*, and merely viewed in relation to the delight and instruction flowing from its perusal.

III. As models for others to study and profit by.

According to this the merits of the old dramatists are in a descending scale, "small by degrees and beautifully less." Their historical worth is prodigious, for they were a band of real poets; their absolute worth is less; and their worth as models is considerably so, for they were not *artists* in any sense of the word, and this without much fault on their side, for what could even a Phidias make with the flint knife of a wild Indian? The dramatic art—that which shall please at all times—they certainly did not understand; and in proof of it may be taken the very slight number of their plays which can now be acted, without reference to indelicacy of subjects. Scenes of tremendous passion—touches of the deepest pathos—subtlest eagle-eyed glances into the perplexed heart, or complex intellect of man, with the most eternal and refreshing poetry, are all to be found in their volumes—in Shakspeare's most luxuriantly; but in *construction*, that harmonious-linked unity of incident and dialogue, that *narrowing intensity* demanded by the drama as differing from the epic, that æsthetic regulation (whether forethought and forecast, or the result of a secret feeling of its propriety which guides the unconscious artist)—in a word, that mighty problem, dramatic art, cannot be learnt from their works. "Macbeth," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rollo," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," and a few others, by the possession, in some measure, of this virtue, would always remain effective performances, though even these must be lopped of some excrescences. Let us not be thought irreverently speaking when we say this,—with all our love and intense admiration of Shakspeare, we must insist on his being regarded as a man, not as a god; and as this dramatic art must be the result of a long experience, which in the infant state of the drama in his day no mortal could have obtained, it is this, therefore, with some others, which peculiarly demands our attention, that we may separate the temporal from the eternal, and by looking into the necessary conditions of the time and of the stage, not commit the same blunder as the French and Italians, who, unable to separate what was choice, and what necessity (of the religious rites and peculiarities of the stage) in the Greek drama, set the whole thing up as a model. "We are always talking about study of the ancients," said Göthe; "but what else is meant by it than to gaze steadily at Nature, and endeavour to reproduce her; for that is what the ancients themselves did." \*

\* "Man spricht immer von Studium der Alten; allein was will das anders sagen als: richte dich auf die wirkliche Welt, und suche sie auszusprechen; denn das thaten die Alten auch, da sie lebten."—*Gespräche mit Eckermann.*

They were a band of real poets these old dramatists; and, rightly considered, this is the greatest praise that can be given to any one: this is their immortality: this is the light that blazes forth through the mists of error or inexperience, and hurries us onwards with them in spite of all: this it is which makes us love them, and think so lightly of their faults. "The minds of these old authors," says Barry Cornwall, "were, it may be, rugged, erratic, perverse, or even savage; but at the same time they had *strength* and stature; oftentimes magnificence and beauty. They were not free from the faults of an age struggling out of barbarism; but they were free from feebleness, and mimicry, and pretence, and had little or nothing of the meanness and hypocrisy, the squalid or penurious intellect of some of their successors. In regard to the supposed antiquity of their style, it is more imaginary than real. Their *thoughts* are never antique: their *images* have never grown old: there is the same vigour, the same freshness and beauty, and diversity of colour within and upon them, as on the morning in which they were born." \* Truly English, with all the English strength and weakness, and with all its island originality — before it became infected with French notions — these dramatists,

"Tearing the passions with rough strife  
Through the iron gates of life,"

remain as peculiarly valuable studies, were they only considered as expressing the spirit of their age. Their originality, their independence of the ancients, whose works were familiar to them all, being scholars, and their keeping to the spirit of the romantic rather than following blindly the classic, was one of their happy *instincts*. Energy and action are their grand characteristics, as they are the great demands of an English audience, — too cold a people to be touched with fanciful sportings of imagination, or the more refined pleasures of art, and requiring something to *stir* them — something to be *doing*; they wanted a strong sensation. † Art was nothing to them; they never had a notion of it; and have not even now, even in these days of criticism, and with so long a dramatic celebrity, — they are very few who understand and relish the art, and what is more (an assertion perfectly staggering), there are *no works on the subject!* Compare the Greeks and the French. An Athenian citizen, it may safely be asserted, had a finer relish and taste than any English R. A.; and the pit of a French theatre tolerates no violation of those confined but established principles of art which it has considered perfection; and the violent war between the Classicists and Romanticists, when Victor Hugo dared to strike out a new path in dramatic literature, is a tolerable evidence of their demand for certain fulfilments of art, however bigoted and short-sighted we may please to call it.

Let this not be supposed to militate against what was said above, touching their not being artists. If the audience do not relish the art *as* art, they must nevertheless be necessarily more affected by a play artistically constructed than one which is not so; for what is art but the "conclusions which critics have come to respecting the means adopted by the best poets for giving the greatest amount of pleasure."

It is at first a matter of extreme surprise that such unrivalled excellence and grovelling nonsense should be so abundantly united in the works of these poets; that scenes of the most empassioned beauty, of the most

\* Life of Ben Jonson, p. 30.

† Hence their peculiar susceptibility to *Tom and Jerry*s and *Jack Sheppards*: hence that "innate tendency to the gallows" which has always characterized the English.

dramatic skill, should be mixed up with the most laborious dulness and impertinence; that dignity should walk side by side with

"Conceits which Clownage kept in pay;"

and the large mixture of the veriest clay with the purest gold sets the reader "thinking how such things could be:" nor can we satisfactorily reconcile such things otherwise than by supposing that it was *intentional* on their part, and done to please the pit, to tickle "the ears of the *groundlings*." To suppose that men, who knew so well what was grand and noble, did not equally know what was ignoble; who knew what wit was,

"So nimble and so full of subtle flame,"

did not distinguish it from the senseless folly of their "right merrie and conceited comedies," is really drawing too large a draught on our credulity. Nor can we wholly agree with Hazlitt, that "any kind of activity of mind might seem to the writers better than none; any nonsense might serve to amuse their hearers; any cant phrase, any coarse allusion, any pompous absurdity, was taken for wit and drollery; nothing could be too mean, too foolish, too improbable, or too offensive, to be a proper subject for laughter;" for though the "groundlings" must have been then as now\* "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," and ready to laugh at any "Jim Crow," "What a shocking bad hat," "Who are you?" &c.; yet this does not account for the poets taking a delight in such things, it being their office to elevate the audience, not descend to them.

Here, as indeed every where, we are struck with the fact, that the significance of every thing lies enrolled in its *history*; there it lies for whoever shall trace its growth: if we would know what it is, we must endeavour to know how it *became* what it is; and it is therefore in the history of the English drama that we must seek the peculiar spirit of its works, whereby we shall be able to separate somewhat the temporal which invests all things from the enduring which can alone interest us. It is to this portion of the inquiry, therefore, that we would earnestly direct our readers, the various works of Collier, Hawkins, Drake, Dyce, affording ample data; in the meanwhile some hints may be found in our lucubrations.

All the European nations have had their "mystery plays and moralities" devised by the priests for the mingled instruction and entertainment of the mob; and this universal origin of the theatre meets with a remarkable coincidence in the history of the Greek drama. What are the "mysteries," those strange compounds of the sacred and profane, of fiery earnestness and extravagant buffooneries and mummeries, but the wild Dithyramb, with its mummeries of the satyr and fawn, — rude, wild, grotesque, and obscene, yet delighting and awe-inspiring? Here we see the soul of art destitute of form; but whenever there is a soul it will soon develop for itself a form, even as a spirit breathing upon chaos. Thespis was the first in Greece who gave to these rude elements some more definite outline and form; and John Heywood is the English Thespis. In 1520 he first appeared as a dramatist, and, as the titles of his plays evince, had boldly broken through the trammels of "mysteries" — "*The merrie playe between Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir Johan the priest*," and the "*Pardoner, Fryar, Curate, and Neighbour Pratte*," which met with universal applause. Popular wit,

\* Compare Trinculo's Account of John Bull (*Tempest*, Act ii. sc. ii.): — "Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; where they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

not of the most refined ; family interests ; every-day characters, &c. ; these demarcate Heywood from his predecessors, and we cannot, therefore, wonder at their success. David Lyndsay, Radcliffe, and others quickly followed. Translations of Plautus and Terence (the admirable *Andria* of the latter) were represented, thus giving them a taste of a higher quality ; and thus were the "mysteries" shelved.

About this time we remark the prodigious fermentation of intellect from various causes which threw up from its darkest depths the most glorious band of poets, philosophers, and men of science that England has to boast of. In the sixteenth century, of all European states England was the most important, and Elizabeth's reign the most favourable to intellectual inquiry ; to poetry in particular. The fierce struggles we had so long maintained against France ; the still more turbulent and exciting struggles of the White and Red Roses, when civil war tore asunder loves, interests, and hopes, dividing the hearts of the people ; and infuriate bigotry with its staggering and icing of men's creeds shook all Europe, and the blatant fire-breathing demon, cloaking himself under the cant and guise of religion, sent forth its faith and fury to destroy ; and "bloody Mary," with her bonfires of Protestant flesh, which sent up their savour unto the Almighty, Catholic brothers looking grimly through the smoke, and grasping each other's hands, saying, "The true faith prospers — the Lord's enemies are destroyed : " these and other scenes had passed away, and the people arose, as from a night of fearful dreams, to work in the clear day, the remembrance of those dreams haunting and directing them ! Hazlitt has, with his usual eloquence, pointed out the effect of the Reformation : —

"The first cause I shall mention, as contributing to this general effect, was the Reformation, which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general, but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow ; heaved the ground from under the feet of bigoted faith and slavish obedience ; and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accustomed hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watchword ; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back with her island voice from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores in a longer and a louder strain. With that cry the genius of Great Britain rose and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation : the waters were out ; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy ; their spirits stirring ; their hearts full ; and their hands not idle. Their eyes were open to expect the greatest things, and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy loosened their tongues, and made the talismans and love-tokens of Popish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

"The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers (such they were thought) to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burnt within them as they read. It gave a *mind* to the people, by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment : it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it. Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and braces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference ; or if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety ; a seriousness of impression ; a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervour and enthusiasm in their mode of handling almost every subject. The debates of the schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough ; but they wanted

interest and grandeur, and were, besides, confined to a few : they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions, 'to run and read,' with its wonderful table of contents, from Genesis to the Revelations. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of a people, and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age."

Dr. Ulrici, in his work on Shakspeare's *Dramatische Kunst*, notices in detail the effect of the Reformation, and particularly that whilst it rose against the despotism of popery, against the rigid objectivity, and protested against the dead formalism and sensual externality (*äusserlichkeit*) of the Catholic Church, and leaned for support on the might of a living faith, and the pure Evangile, it appeared as the first and greatest sign of the awakened consciousness of Christianity. The epic clinging to tradition and the past, the lyric dreams and hopes of an ideal future of church and state, as uttered in the glowing poetry and extravagant expectations of the religionists — both of these tendencies were conformable: the age had of itself become dramatic; for the drama is the poetry of the present, in which the past and future unite. Also at this time was the rich flood of classic and foreign literature poured into the English channels: the Greek and Roman mythology — the romantic chivalry of Spain and Italy — the adventurous spirit of *El Campeador Cid* and his followers, with the stern condemnation and tremendous imagery of Danté — the tenderness of Petrarch — the grace and animal spirits of Ariosto — the earnestness of Tasso — the inimitable Boccaccio — the witty Aretine, Montaigne, &c., were all eagerly devoured by the men of letters. "Of the time we are considering," says Hazlitt, "it might be said, without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrafted on the national genius."

Nor must we omit to mention the discovery of the New World.

"What also gave an unusual *impetus* to the mind of man at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity or wing the imagination of the dreaming speculator. Fairy land was realized in new and unknown worlds. 'Fortunate fields and groves and flowery vales, thrice happy isles,' were found floating, 'like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,' beyond Atlantic seas, as dropt from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, every thing gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other manners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet."

And the stirring nature of ordinary events —

"Midnight and secret murders too, from the imperfect state of the police, were more common; and the ferocious and brutal manners that would stamp the brow of the hardened ruffian or hired assassin, (more incorrigible and undisguised. The portraits of Tyrrel and Forrest were, no doubt, done from the life. We find that the ravages of the plague, the destructive rage of fire, the poisoned chalice, lean famine, the serpent's mortal sting, and the fury of wild beasts, were the common topics of their poetry, as they were common occurrences in more remote periods of history. They were the strong ingredients thrown into the cauldron of tragedy to make it 'thick and slab.' Man's life was (as it appears to me) more full of traps and pit-falls; of hair-breadth accidents by flood and field; more waylaid by sudden and startling evils: it trod on the brink of hope and fear; stumbled upon fate unawares; while the imagination, close behind it, caught at and clung to the shape of danger, or 'snatched a wild and fearful joy' from its escape. The accidents of nature were less provided against; the excesses of the passions and of lawless power were less regulated, and produced more strange and desperate catastrophes. The tales of Boccaccio are founded on the great pestilence of Florence. Fletcher the poet died of the plague, and Marlowe was stabbed in a tavern quarrel. The strict authority of parents, the inequality of ranks, or the hereditary feuds between different families, made more unhappy loves or matches: —

'The course of true love never did run smooth,'



"Again, the heroic and martial spirit which breathes in our elder writers was yet in considerable activity in the reign of Elizabeth. 'The age of chivalry was not then quite gone, nor the glory of Europe extinguished for ever.' Jousts and tournaments were still common with the nobility in England and in foreign countries. Sir Philip Sidney was particularly distinguished for his proficiency in these exercises (and indeed fell a martyr to his ambition as a soldier) — and the gentle Surrey was still more famous, on the same account, just before him. It is true, the general use of fire-arms gradually superseded the necessity of skill in the sword, or bravery in the person: and we find many symptoms of the rapid degeneracy in this respect. It was comparatively an age of peace,

'Like strength reposing on his own right arm;'

but the sound of civil combat might still be heard in the distance, the spear glittered to the eye of memory, or the clashing of armour struck on the imagination of the ardent and the young. They were borderers on the savage state, on the times of war and bigotry, though in the lap of arts, of luxury, and knowledge. They stood on the shore and saw the billows rolling after the storm: 'they heard the tumult and were still.' The manners and out-of-door amusements were more tinctured with a spirit of adventure and romance. The war with wild beasts, &c. was more strenuously kept up in country sports. I do not think we could get from sedentary poets, who had never mingled in the vicissitudes, the dangers, or excitements of the chase, such descriptions of hunting and other athletic games as are to be found in Shakspeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' or Fletcher's 'Noble Kinsman.'

We must also never lose sight of the rakehelly, wild, adventurous life led by these dramatists. Most of them had travelled, and imbibed the taste of dissipation and intrigue. "Among the town wits of those days," says Mr. Dyce, "habits of debauchery were too prevalent. Not a few of them seem to have hung loose upon society, now struggling with poverty, and 'driven to extreme shifts;' and now, when any successful plays or poems had put money in their purses, revelling in the pleasures of taverns and ordinaries."\* And the necessity they were under to write rapidly and *successfully* in order sometimes to subsist, is a sufficient reason for the inequality of their works, and the pandering to public taste, or rather want of taste: add to this that they were either actors themselves (as Jonson, Shakspeare, Peele, &c.), or intimately connected with the theatre; and, moreover, that they wrote *for the theatre*, not for posterity or closet criticism — a fact self-evident, but strangely overlooked, yet proved by the very carelessness about the publishing and printing of their works: when out of money, and they thought to make a few shillings by having them printed, and a few pounds by a dedication, they consented to their publication; but the number of those which, though successful, were never out of MS., and the fact of the admired Shakspeare neglecting his own popular works, cannot be blinked.†

That they endeavoured to please the cultivated and curry favour with the learned is natural enough, and to it we owe those immortal passages which never will grow old, and the pedantic display of their acquirements both in allusion and quotation. Ben Jonson has been abused for his pedantry in an unjust degree; they were all equally pedantic, but he had the greater learning to show. To pass by the impertinent scraps of Spanish and Italian (which remind one of the nauseous interpolation of bad French and Italian in our fashionable novels) not always the most correct, but pedant-

\* Life of Peele, Works, p. iv. "But let us not forget the remark of Gifford. Domestic entertainments were at that time rare; the accommodations of a private house were ill calculated for the purposes of a social meeting; and taverns and ordinaries are therefore almost the only places in which we hear of such assemblies. This undoubtedly gives an appearance of licentiousness to the age which, in strictness, does not belong to it."—*Memoir of Ben Jonson*. The same remark applies to the numerous cafés of Paris, Vienna, Italy, &c. and the *out-door life* of the people.

† We do not wish to lay more stress on this conjecture than it is worth; and should it not be admitted, we may suggest as another cause that the manuscript might have been deemed theatre property, and therefore kept exclusive; if so, Shakspeare's negligence is explained by his interest as a shareholder.

ically thrust in to show that they could quote them, what does the reader think of *George Peele*, in his *Arraignment of Paris*, making *Venus* call up a show?

"Here *Helen* entereth in her bravery, with four *Cupids* attending on her, each having his fan (!) in his hand, to fan fresh air in her face. She singeth as followeth:—

"Si *Diana* nel cielo è una stella  
Chiara e lucente, piena di splendore," &c.

And so on for twelve lines of Italian! *Helen made to sing Italian!* is not the absurdity of this outrageous? And *Greene* in his *Orlando Furioso*:—*Orlando* begins a speech with "*Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum*;" then continues in English railing at women; and suddenly, without any note of preparation or intimation of a quotation, he proceeds in eight lines of *Ariosto*! The mixture of three languages in one speech!

But, beyond these incidental appeals to the more cultivated audience, we find no care for art or criticism: writing, as they did, solely for the theatres, we must not demand of them any close adherence to ideal excellences; and *Barry Cornwall* is in error when he says, that "ignorant of the unities, and unintimidated by critics, they built up their dramas to a towering height." Ignorant of the unities they were not, — and, as scholars, *could* not be; but the "preservation of the unities" was not the demand of the audience; and *Ben Jonson*, who adhered closer to critical models than any of his contemporaries, had to bully the public into a right judgment of them. We must steadily keep the *history* before our eyes — the drama sprang out of the moralities by gradual improvements; it was an entertainment not designed for the cultivated alone, who were few, but for the many, who, knowing nothing, caring nothing for any classic rule, would not give up their clowns, and adventures, and conceits. All improvement must be gradual. Had *Marlowe* attempted to have placed upon the stage a tragedy on Greek principles, the disappointment of the audience would have damned the play.\* The theatre was a very different thing in those days. People then amused themselves between the acts with cards, smoking, eating, romping, &c.; they were more at their ease; the nobility sitting on the stage, and the jokes of the clowns with the pit, rendered the whole affair more familiar than with us; and what we would particularly insist on is, the final judgment of the audience — to them was the poet obliged to look for success. In our times we have luminous critics elaborately proving how such a play should *not* have been damned; we have plays "dragging their weary length along" through a whole season, in spite of the silence and yawns of audiences, because they have been "praised" by a cabal of critics! — nay, more, should an audience damn a play, the indignant author can print it, and so perpetuate their want of taste! In those days things were different; and, of a consequence, the poet could indulge in no critical excellence, apart from the demands of a theatre, and in spite of them; he was not, like my Lord *Byron*, or the authors of at-every-theatre-rejected plays, able to "write without reference to the stage," and so indulge in his own notions of right and wrong, but obliged to adapt himself to the wants of the age, and pander to them. Hence we may see why *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were preferred to *Shakspeare* and *Ben Jonson*, although the two latter are also full of temporary matter; and it is worth noticing that, in spite of *Ben's* scholarship and arrogant defiance to the public not to object to his plays, yet his

\* As a proof of this *Gorbuduc*, the first tragedy in the English language, and which resembles the Greek as the Italian dramas resemble it, with long dialogues and chorus, had no imitators; the people gratefully went back to their former style.

contemporaries estimated him very correctly — as when Webster, in one of his prefaces, speaks of the “*laboured and understanding* works of Master Jonson.”

In the above are contained the germs of their faults and excellences: their faults are mostly temporal, their excellences eternal: to it we owe the life, the freshness, the originality and strong feeling of their works; they are not cold imitators — they are not critical elaborators, but men — poets pouring forth intemperately and with little judgment the most prodigious utterances; and in this light consider the life they lead! Cervantes, in his *prologo* to “*Don Quixote*,” apologises for its imperfections, and blames his mode of life as the principal cause; saying that solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, and peace of mind, so help to develop the intellect, that the most barren muse will produce works which will be the admiration and delight of the world when thus assisted.\* But this is a mistake, and he who secludes himself from the world loses all power over it. The so-called *learned* poets have been mere grubs; it is not paper experience, but passion experience that is needed by the poet; it is into the great world whirlpool — which far and wide lashes and roars, rushes and engulphs, that the poet must plunge; not into the murmuring stream stealing along in the sunshine — and into this whirlpool were the old dramatists hurried; and it is a point worthy of philosophical investigation, how far the peculiar circumstances of their lives influenced their works: the net result is obvious; Shakspeare could not have gained that wonderful insight into human nature, under its most various and fantastic phase, except under great advantages of observation, which his chequered life must have afforded. Consider the infinite variety of persons with whom he must have jostled! It is in the hush of the heart that we learn enjoyment, calm and satisfying; but it is in the din and infinite hubbub of the world that we meet with and learn passion. To the former we may yield ourselves up, when having no high mission to fulfil, — it is permitted us to turn aside from the rough-hewn granite path of life to dwell upon

“ The starlight smile of children, the sweet looks  
Of women, \* \* \* \* \*  
The murmur of the unrepousing brooks,  
And the green light which, shifting overhead,  
Some tangled bower of vines around us shed ; ”

and idly saunter to the

“ Murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.”

But to the poet it is *not* permitted to dream by the way-side; he must gird up his loins for the struggle, —

“ The poet’s heart must bleed before it ripens.”

Well, these men saw life and *felt* it, and the result is in their works.

Another point, which has been entirely omitted, is the affinity of the English drama to the Spanish in its form and externals, upon which, singularly enough, Schlegel, so conversant with the Spanish and English theatres, is quite vague and unsatisfactory. He says, “The formation of the two stages is equally independent of each other. The Spanish poets were altogether unacquainted with the English; and in the older and most important period of the English theatre, I could discover no trace of any

\* “ El sosiego al lugar apacible, la amenidad de los campos, la serenidad de los cielos, el murmurar de las fuentes, la quietud del espíritu, son grande parte para que las musas mas estériles se muestren fecundas, y ofrezcan partos al mundo que le colmen de maravilla y de contento.”

knowledge of Spanish plays (though their novels and romances were certainly known), and it was not till the time of Charles II. that translations of Calderon made their appearance." \* In this passage there are two points to be mentioned. To say that the English dramatic poets were unknown to the Spanish dramatists is rather superfluous, as the Spanish theatre had arrived to its pitch of excellence in Lopez de Vega and Calderon long before we had escaped from the most puerile attempts; and secondly, which Schlegel did not know, Greene, who was the first to fix the form of the English drama, visited Spain between the years 1578 and 1583, where, as he was raking about, and living in a very dissolute manner, he must have been a frequent visitor to their theatre, and from them learned the improvements in the art, which, we may presume, he made liberal use of on his return, when he was forced to write for his subsistence. Peele, Kyd, Nash, Marlowe, and his friends, naturally availed themselves of this knowledge; and so, without any translation from the Spanish theatre, we have a satisfactory reason for their formal resemblance. We offer this as a conjecture, which the reader may compare with Schlegel's account. "When in two nations, differing in physical and moral and political and religious aspects so widely as the Spanish and English, the stages, which arose at the same time [by no means] *without being known to each other*, possess, along with external and internal diversities, the most striking feature of affinity, the attention of the most thoughtless must be directed to the phenomenon, and the conjecture will naturally occur to him, that the same, or at least a *kindred principle*, must have prevailed in the development of both." This "kindred principle" he concludes to be the "romantic spirit," as different from the "classic." Now, as we have shown in a former article \*, the resemblance is purely that of form, — the internal spirit being totally opposed, we cannot see how this "romantic spirit" can account for it.

Lastly, it was not a *critical age*, — they were too much delighted with the performance, had too few intellectual amusements to be easily *ennuyé*, and listened therefore to the most inflated long-winded speeches, or scenes of low drollery and obscenity, which interrupt the progress of the action, with a nerve and a gusto quite astounding to our fastidious audiences. Then too, as Schlegel observes, it was the peculiarity of the age to be delighted with quick and unexpected answers, and sally followed sally until it was fairly run down. Such a disposition will naturally induce the most tiresome and absurd attempts at wit, which to readers are perfectly puerile; yet we can readily conceive the delight of the audience from some specimens of "wit combats," between Leigh Hunt and the late Egerton Webbe, when the two would pile joke upon joke, pun upon pun, twisting and torturing the languages into such shapes, that each new one came on us as a fresh surprise, we having vainly believed that the last was the ultimate possibility of a pun, and we were rolling with "unextinguishable laughter." Yet to have put these upon paper would have been a thankless office, for such humour needs the presence of animal spirits to make out its case; and, as Shakspeare well knew, "half the prosperity of a jest lies in the hearer's ear."

We now return from this discursive view to the point whence we started, viz. the mixture of noble poetry and low buffoonery; and we think that our hints on the way cannot have failed to have rescued them from the contempt with which they have been regarded by showing how they were necessitated by the circumstances of the age and theatre. We are very much

\* Lectures on Dram. Lit. vol. ii., p. 95.

† On Leigh Hunt's *Legend of Florence*.

accustomed to regard Shakspeare as a divinity, and his plays as inspiration ; but as truth, however unrheterical, is a much better thing than the most pointed eulogy or extravagant admiration, it becomes us to inquire into Shakspeare's contemporaries, and the state of dramatic art in his age, that we may estimate his " means and appliances."

" We affect to wonder at Shakspeare, and one or two more of that period, as solitary instances upon record, whereas it is our own dearth of information that makes the waste ; for there is no time more populous of intellect, or more prolific of intellectual wealth, than the one we are speaking of. Shakspeare did not look upon himself in this light, as a sort of monster of poetical genius, or on his contemporaries as ' less than smallest dwarfs,' when he speaks with true not false modesty of himself and them, and of his wayward thoughts, ' desiring this man's art, and that man's scope.' We fancy that there were no such men that could either add to or take any thing away from him ; but such there were. He indeed overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity ; but he does it from the *sable-land* of the age in which he lived. He towered above his fellows, ' in shape and gesture proudly eminent ;' but he was one of a race of giants, — the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful, and beautiful of them ; but it was a common and a noble brood. He was not something sacred and aloof from the vulgar herd of men, but shook hands with nature and the circumstances of the time ; and is distinguished from his immediate contemporaries, not in kind, but in degree and greater variety of excellence. He did not form a class or species by himself, but belonged to a class or species. His age was necessary to him ; nor could he have been wrenched from his place in the edifice of which he was so conspicuous a part, without equal injury to 'himself and it. Mr. Wordsworth says of Milton, that 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' This cannot be said with any propriety of Shakspeare, who certainly moved in a constellation of bright luminaries, and 'drew after him a third part of the heavens.' If we allow, for argument's sake (or for truth's, which is better), that he was in himself equal to all his competitors put together, yet there was more dramatic excellence in that age than in the whole of the period that has elapsed since. If his contemporaries with their united strength would hardly make one Shakspeare, certain it is that all his successors would not make half a one. With the exception of a single writer, Otway, and of a single play of his (' Venice Preserved'), there is nobody in tragedy and dramatic poetry (I do not here speak of comedy) to be compared to the great men of the age of Shakspeare, and immediately after. They are a mighty phalanx of kindred spirits closing round him, moving in the same orbit, and impelled by the same causes in their whirling and eccentric career. They had the same faults and the same excellences ; the same strength, and depth, and richness ; the same truth of character, passion, imagination, thought, and language, thrown, heaped, massed together, without careful polishing or exact method, but poured out in unconcerned profusion from the lap of nature and genius in boundless and unrivalled magnificence. The sweetness of Decker, the thought of Marston, the gravity of Chapman, the grace of Fletcher and his young-eyed wit, Jonson's learned sock, the flowing vein of Middleton, Heywood's ease, the pathos of Webster, and Marlowe's deep designs, add a double lustre to the sweetness, thought, gravity, grace, wit, artless nature, copiousness, ease, pathos, and sublime conceptions of Shakspeare's muse. They are indeed the scale by which we can best ascend to the true knowledge and love of him. Our admiration of them does not lessen our relish for him ; but, on the contrary, increases and confirms it."

We called Heywood the Thespis of the English stage — pursuing the parallel, we should call Greene the Phrynicus. Heywood, we have seen, rescued the stage from "moralities" by introducing mere family interests and every-day persons ; so Thespis did much to create a stage, but little towards the creation of TRAGEDY. His performances were still of a *homely* ludicrous character — the poetry and passion were wanting. But Phrynicus was a poet, as was Greene ; and the drama as well as the stage rose under his hands, until (his contemporary, as Æschylus was that of Phrynicus) Marlowe, the Æschylus of the English, appeared, and by the introduction of blank verse, the overpowering enthusiasm and depth of passion, " the lust of power, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination unhalloed by any thing but its own energies," fixed the first root of that glorious tree under whose branches thousands have sat entranced with the thrilling warbling of birds seated amidst its foliage — the English drama ! In that hardness of outline in his characters, who want the many glancing play of

light and shade, of contending emotions, of mixture of good and evil, which they require to become *dramatic*; in the powerful energy and uncontrollable will, ever treading upon the confines of bombast, and often falling into it; in that love of the terrible and uncommon, — Marlowe and Æschylus are very similar. In this view Shakspeare is the Sophocles — ‘alike and yet how different!’ They have many points of resemblance and many of difference (or they would be the same, not parallels), both historically and mentally. Sophocles is the glorious apex, the fruit in its fulness and ripeness of the Greek drama — so Shakspeare; and Sophocles has this in common with Shakspeare, that he was the first to paint *character*. In the sweetness and roundness — in that larger sympathy with things — and in exceeding grace and wisdom, they resemble. But Shakspeare distances him, both as a poet and a dramatist, directly you compare their excellences. Beaumont and Fletcher are the Euripides of the English stage, in the overgrown luxuriance degenerating into effeminacy — the subjection to popular taste — the sacrifice of truth to effect, of harmony to glare and overwrought imagery, and the want of depth in character, which in both were the precursors of the decline of the drama.

Ben Jonson may be called the Aristophanes in the diligent flagellation of temporary follies and humours; but in no other respect like him. However fanciful the whole of this parallel may appear to some, we cannot help regarding it as something more than a coincidence, and that it lies in the very nature of poetry, and especially dramatic poetry.

In our next we shall conclude these hints with a separate view of these poets, and specimens of their excellences and faults.

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## THE PRESENT AND FUTURE.

O HEART o' man! that in the crowning thrill  
 Of thy delight heaves the unconscious sigh,  
 Right well thou feelest there is something still  
 Wanting, to fill the soul's immensity: —  
 And thy now folded and immortal wings  
 Yearn for the silver stars that sing on high!  
 Be quiet for awhile — for even here,  
 In the dim twilight of earth's atmosphere,  
 Thou hast most glorious and large domains  
 And great pursuits! — calm thoughts, and conquer'd pains,  
 And faithful ministers! The cherub Love,  
 Whose wings are all besprent with silver dew,  
 Gather'd while lingering in the heavens above;  
 Faith, whose meek heart to her dear Lord is true,  
 Albeit dwelling in a realm afar;  
 Bright Joy, who trembles with the song she sings;  
 And Poesie, the soul's serenest star!

THOMAS POWELL.

## CAUSES OF THE EXISTENCE OF OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.

### LORD POWERSCOURT'S PAMPHLET.

A WRITER whose thoughts were suggested by the Spirit of unerring Truth has declared, that "affliction cometh not forth from the dust, neither doth sorrow spring out of the ground."\* The proposition is presented as an instance included under a much more extensive truth; and the object of the sacred author is to intimate that, as the advent of affliction is the consequence of some adequate antecedent causation, and as the "stream of sorrow," like every other stream, invariably flows from a source; so every other "effect defective" which befalls humanity "comes by cause," and is neither propagated *ex nihilo*, nor springs accidentally out of the earth.

The truth of this proposition is so extremely obvious, that the promulgation of it in so formal a manner may seem to be a matter of total superfluity. And yet, if we may be allowed to infer the opinions of mankind from their conduct, we should be disposed to conclude that a large portion of our fellow-subjects, in this part of the empire, consider the existence of outrages in Ireland to be either a sort of moral exhalation which arises from the soil of that country, or the result of some organical malformation inseparable from the animal composition of the people; — that this evil is for *some* reason or other a necessary and inseparable incident to that portion of the realm, and that the Irish peasantry take up the very laborious, very perilous, and very expensive occupation of committing battery, burglary, and homicide, without the previous existence of any adequate provocation, or the expectation of any consequent advantage. The simplest process of reasoning, even an appeal to the experience of the least experienced amongst mankind, would seem to be sufficient to explode so absurd an opinion. The sacred writer whom we have already quoted exclaims, "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? or loweth the ox over his fodder?"† We apprehend not; we believe that those animals would, in the given circumstances, make a different and a much better use of their time, than by "agitating" the forest or the farm with complaints of their "disabilities," whilst they were actually revelling in satiety; and we should accordingly conclude, whenever there appeared any "agrarian disturbances" in either of the above-mentioned quarters, that there existed some substantial "grievances" in the department of the animal *ménage*. Is it too much to request our readers to believe that the peasantry of Ireland are not inferior to the beasts of the field in sagacity; that the desperate qualities which occasionally characterize their conduct must be the result of something equally desperate in the nature of their actual situation; and that all the calamities which they suffer and all the calamities which they inflict are the inevitable consequences of causes the removal of which would remove the calamities themselves? Mr. Burke has observed, that all the excesses committed by the multitude in all countries are to be attributed remotely, if not immediately, to the government under which they live. And the Duke of Sully has still more distinctly and positively declared‡ that the insurrections of the populace are never the consequence either of their caprice or their desire for aggression, but are purely and universally the result of the impossibility of their any longer enduring with patience

\* Job, v. 6.

† Ibid. vi. 5.

‡ Mem. tom. i. p. 133.

the evils under which they labour. Nobody who pretends to take a part in the discussion of such a subject, can be so ignorant of history or of humanity as to deny the correctness of those general positions; and our object upon the present occasion is to show that the people of Ireland constitute no exception to a rule which every body admits to be applicable to the rest of mankind. Whatever may be said about antecedent periods, we believe that the permitted existence of the wrongs inflicted in modern times upon the bulk of the people of Ireland is, in a great degree, the consequence of the want of information upon that subject amongst the bulk of the people of England. It is the purpose of the present article, as it has been of some preceding, and will be of some subsequent articles, to supply this defect.

Before we proceed any further, let us for one moment recall the attention of the reader to the character which we have already shown as being given of this population by men of all parties, of all religions, and of all countries; and in doing so we shall principally rely, as we have hitherto relied, upon the testimony of men who differ in their politics from ourselves, and from the great mass of the people of whose character they speak. *Mr. Sergeant Jackson*, the present leader of the Irish Tory party in the House of Commons, calls the Irish people "*a generous and excellent population.*" *Sir Robert Bateson*, one of the most ardent supporters of the learned Sergeant, calls them "*warm-hearted, generous, and honest.*" The late *Mr. Sadler*, member for Leeds, who was selected by the present Duke of Newcastle to represent the borough of Newark in Parliament, says that "*their natural capacities are unrivalled; that their characters contain the elements of every thing great and noble; that such characteristics are exhibited wherever their development is not rendered absolutely impossible; that their courage in the field has never been surpassed, and their charity never equalled; that their gratitude is equal to their generosity, and that in the sphere of domestic life their fidelity and affection are altogether unrivalled.*" The late *Dr. Doyle* says, that "*one can't be amongst them for one day without witnessing the operation of their feelings of charity in the most touching manner.*" He then proceeds to give several affecting instances of the exercise of this virtue; and concludes by saying that if he "*were to speak until the sun went down, he could not convey a just picture of the benevolence prevailing in the minds and hearts of the industrious classes in Ireland;*"—a statement rendered sufficiently probable by the fact that these classes defrayed almost exclusively the whole of the two millions sterling which were voluntarily contributed for the support of the Irish poor. *Prince Puckler Muskau* says that "*the Irish people unite the frank, honest, and poetical temper of the Germans, the vivacity and quickness of the French, and the pliability, naturalness, and submissiveness of the Italians;* and that it may, with the fullest justice, be said of them that *their faults are to be ascribed to others, and their virtues to themselves.*"

Upon the subject of "honesty" in pecuniary transactions it is unnecessary to say much. A destitute agricultural population will of course receive but very little credit, and the integrity of such persons must be principally decided by a reference to the commission of larceny and the payment of rent. In the Parliamentary Report upon their condition, published in 1830\*, it is stated that even the loans made them out of the charitable subscription of 1823 were "*repaid with uncommon regularity, considering the miserable destitution of the borrowers;*" although such a debt



was one of the very last in the repayment of which much punctuality could be expected, and although, as Sadler very truly observes (page 9.), "*a large proportion \* of the loan found its way into the pockets of the landlords (!)*" from the hands of the poor wretches for the alleviation of whose miseries it had been advanced. Those landlords in general contributed nothing to this very subscription. It ought, however, to be admitted that one bundle of them who "squeeze, in the shape of rack-rent, about 83,000*l.* a year out of the blood, vitals, clothes, and dwellings of their miserable tenants," exhibited the astounding generosity of subscribing 83*l.*, being at the rate of *one pound in the thousand*, contributed in the course of perhaps fifty years, to alleviate the calamities of "a population whom they impoverished by extravagant rents and total neglect." †

With regard to the payment of rent, we believe the fact to be that rents are, generally speaking, better paid in Ireland than in any other part of the empire. Mr. Smith O'Brien, member for the county of Limerick, asserted lately in the House of Commons, in his speech upon moving resolutions relative to Emigration ‡, that *the rents were paid "with the utmost punctuality," in the great majority of even those cases where, as the hon. member feelingly observed, the poor tenant is converted by ejectment "from an occupant of land into a forlorn outcast, without employment or provision."* Mr. O'Brien is a large land proprietor; and as all his numerous connexions, in this country and in Ireland, belong exclusively to the same class, and as he has devoted his whole life to the study of the state of his native country with a view to its improvement, his authority may be considered to be perfectly conclusive upon the point in question.

In the department of larceny the view which is presented in Ireland is perfectly miraculous; but as no doubt exists upon this part of the subject amongst those who know any thing of the country, we shall confine ourselves to a very few pieces of evidence upon this point. Among the witnesses whom Lord Roden summoned from Ireland to give evidence before the committee upon the state of crime in that country from 1835 to 1839, was Mr. Rowan, who indeed was the grand Coryphæus of the troop. This gentleman, who was to make out a case of impeachment against Lord Normanby, and to prove the absurd falsehoods which composed the raw-head-and-bloody-bones oration of Lord Roden about the alleged increase of crime in Ireland during the noble marquis's administration;—this very witness informed the Committee (No. 1855.), that, "*considering how very poor the people are, and how many temptations there are to rob, it is very extraordinary how unfrequently offences of that kind are committed.*" The language of another witness who was examined upon the same subject before the Committee of 1830 is still more affecting:—

"There are many thousands," says Mr. Dyas, "in my neighbourhood (in the county of Meath), *wholly unemployed, as able-bodied, and as fine young men, and as willing to work, as any men living; and all I wonder at is, that we have not more robberies, and more destruction in the county. I have often lain down in my bed and wondered at all the creatures around me who were out of employment, and could not get work, and were idle all the winter: what would become of them.*" §

It is, we think, difficult to read with dry eyes these natural expressions of the sympathy of the witness with the distress by which he was surrounded. In the same report || it is truly stated "that if the English had to suffer what the Irish do, there *would be ten rogues in England for one that is to be*

\* About 260,000*l.* out of the whole amount of 305,000*l.*

† 2 Rep. 1830, p. 52.

‡ 2 Rep. 1830, p. 25. No. 223.

§ June 2. 1840.

|| 2 Rep. 1830, p. 31.

*found in Ireland.*"\* Whilst in another part of the same document is announced the wonderful fact, that after the failure of the crop of 1821, and at a time when out of the whole number of 230,000 persons who compose the population of Kerry, *no less than 170,000 were "destitute of the means of existence, not A SINGLE DEPREDACTION upon property took place!"*†

In the important subject of a *capacity* and a *disposition to labour*, the evidence in favour of the Irish people is equally decisive in its tone, and equally unexceptionable in the sources from which it is derived. The valour, *hardihood*, and *activity* of the people are commemorated by the glorious genius of Bacon. Sadler, with his usual warmth of indignation against those who impute idleness to the Irish people, exclaims‡, "It is false. *In our harvest fields or before our furnaces, in the bowels of the earth or on the loftiest buildings, wherever labour can be obtained, NO MATTER HOW DANGEROUS OR SEVERE, there are the Irish to be found:* and the same is precisely the fact across the Atlantic.§ Upon the authority of official reports we find that they are as *anxious for employment as they are grateful when they obtain it. No people in the world are so anxious to procure employment.*" Mr. Weale, of the Office of Woods and Forests, declares||, after personal experience and investigation, that he "*had never met a peasantry so well disposed as the Irish were to exert themselves for providing a maintenance.*" The author of "*England, Ireland, and America*" truly observes, that "*they are the hardiest labourers upon the face of the earth; and that the docks, canals, and railroads of England and America are the produce of their labour.*" The Bishop of Norwich lately declared with great truth, at a public meeting, that "*the Irish labourers had had the half of London upon their backs.*" It is well known that in several parts of this country the crops could not be saved without their assistance; and that in pursuit of the employment which is to be had upon those occasions they travel, in a state of destitution, from the western coasts of Ireland to the eastern and northern counties of England, carrying back to their landlords the undiminished amount of the wages which they have earned by such a distressful industry, and of which wages they do not, generally speaking, expend a shilling upon themselves, or even upon their miserable families. It is unnecessary to adduce any further evidence upon this part of the case. Indeed, one has only in London to keep one's eyes open as one passes along the streets, or along the river, to be convinced of the indomitable industry of the Irish labourers, and of the truth of Mr. Cobden's declaration, that they are the hardiest upon the face of the earth; and of the opinion of Sadler, that in order to obtain an honest livelihood they reject no employment, however laborious, dangerous, or disgusting it may be. Their condition at home, both negative and positive, together with the existence of that predisposition to industry which breaks out wherever, as Sadler says, "*its development is not rendered absolutely impossible,*" will be very clearly seen from the following piece of evidence given by the celebrated Government engineer, Mr. Griffith, whose name is so intimately connected with some of the greatest improvements which have taken place in Ireland for the last thirty years. Speaking

\* The agent of an English earl having large estates in Ireland stated some time ago, at a dinner table where we were present, that he was in the habit of travelling *alone at night*, through a *solitary part* of that country, in a *hired one-horse jingle*, at the mercy of a driver *who knew that his passenger's trunk was full of money.* The gentleman in question is, we think, *over seventy years of age*; and he added that, in similar circumstances, *he would not venture a yard beyond his own gate in Yorkshire.*

† Evidence of Lord Headley's agent, an English gentleman. Question 4061.

‡ P. 21.

§ For some most interesting details upon this subject, see Mr. Tyrone Power's "*Impressions on America.*"

|| 2 Rep. 1830, p. 148. No. 1699.

of some works of a public nature which he completed in 1829, he says, "At the commencement of the works the people *flocked* in, seeking employment *at any wages*; their looks haggard, their clothing wretched: *they rarely possessed any implements except a small ill-shapen spade*; and nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved. Since the completion of the roads (which were the works in question) "*rapid strides have been made; upwards of sixty lime-kilns have been built, new inclosures made, and the country (which at the commencement of the works was the headquarters of Captain Rock) is now become perfectly tranquil, and exhibits a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable. A large portion of the money received for labour has been husbanded with care, laid out in building substantial houses, and in the purchase of stock and agricultural implements; and numerous instances might be given of poor labourers who, when first employed, possessed neither land, houses, or money, and who, in the past year have taken farms, built houses, and stocked lands out of the produce of their previous wages.*"\* To this most important and unquestionable evidence we shall only for the present subjoin that of a gentleman, a native of Essex, and a resident in London, who for twenty-five years has had the management of the important estates of Lord Headley in Ireland. This gentleman says †, "There can be no doubt of the fact that one of the greatest bars to the industry of the Irish peasant is *the want of security for the enjoyment of the proceeds of his industry.*" One would suppose from the nature of the statement that the evidence related to the condition of the tenantry in Turkey; and that throughout the Report the term Landlord had been substituted by mistake instead of Sangiac Bey. In the South of Ireland when a tenant improves his farm, the frequent result is either an increase of the rack-rent, or a notice to quit! When the tenant has been expelled in such circumstances, he is said, with a whimsical combination of melancholy and jocularly, to have "*improved himself out of the land!*" To return to the witness. He goes on to say ‡, "that they are most energetic and industrious whenever they see *any prospect* that their industry will tend to their own comfort. That their efforts, under his own inspection, were absolutely extraordinary§, *bringing manure from the sea upon their backs! up EXTRAORDINARY CLIFFS, such as an Englishman would not fancy to be ACCESSIBLE!*" He adds in the same place, that he had seen pieces of land *cultivated*, which, *if they were in this country, it would be considered impossible TO GET AT THEM AT ALL!*" We were ourselves informed upon the spot to which this evidence relates, that, in many instances, the peasantry were obliged to bring from a considerable distance, in their hats, the earth which was necessary to sustain the plantations which they made in the sides of the naked rocks. The marvellous industry which they exhibited arose from the fact that the tenantry in question lived under an enlightened and benevolent landlord, and that the tree so planted upon the "*inaccessible*" cliff was allowed, by the landlord, to grow for the benefit of the peasant planter himself: the same witness states, as the result of his thirty years' experience, "that in no part of these islands can capital be so profitably employed as in Ireland. Certainly not in either England or Wales."||

Their mental capacity and intelligence are notorious to all the world. Respectable mathematicians are frequently found in the very lowest classes of society; and Mr. Bicheno could not restrain the expression of his astonishment¶, upon perceiving that the ordnance surveyors found in Ireland *abundance of peasants* of the lowest class, who were able to *calculate*

\* 1 Rep. House of Com. 1830, p. 8.

† Question 3998.

‡ Question 3993.

§ Question 3994.

|| Question 3984.

¶ Rep. Poor Law, p. 41.

the sides and areas of their triangles at one halfpenny a triangle! "Where in England," says Mr. Bicheno, "could such peasants be found?" Where indeed? Echo answers — "where?" and we suspect that it will be some time before she has any other answer to give. The same gentleman states, in his evidence before the House of Commons \*, that the desire of the peasantry for knowledge is equal to their capacity for acquiring it; that "they have a VORACIOUS APPETITE for education, such as he never witnessed in England, and that they carry it on there to a greater extent and with more spirit than is done here."

Upon the subject of the character of the Irish people we shall only adduce one other citation, and that from an authority at least as unexceptionable as any of the foregoing. Sir John Davis, after alluding to an act of grace of rather a limited nature, which passed in the reign of James I., says, "This bred such comfort and security in the hearts of all men that thereupon ensued the calmest and most universal peace that ever was seen in Ireland." He observes, in the same place, that "*the Irish were more fearful to offend the law, in time of peace, THAN THE ENGLISH, or any other nation whatever;*" and subsequently he says, "*There is no nation of people under the sun that doth love EQUAL AND INDIFFERENT JUSTICE better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, though it be against themselves, so as they may have the benefit and protection of the law when upon just cause they do desire it.*"

Such are the qualities and such the character of the Irish peasant, whose hideous destiny it has been, for some centuries of his history, throughout his whole existence, and amidst the advancing improvement and civilisation of all the rest of mankind, to exemplify the savage privations and equally savage aggressions which are only sometimes exhibited in the most unfavourable condition of a state of nature. He is either

"Fix'd like a plant to one peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;  
Or, meteor-like, flames lawless through the void,  
Destroying others, by himself destroyed." POPE.

Can any mortal imagine for one second that this is the *natural* condition of this population, — the condition to which they are destined by the Divine Providence of God? It would be the rankest combination of absurdity and blasphemy to give one moment's deliberate entertainment to such a supposition. Who can believe that the richest soil in the world was "filled," as Bacon says, "with such a confluence of commodities, and endowed with so many dowries of nature," in order that it may be the scene of perpetual destitution and periodical famine? That in a genial climate, and under "heavens the most mild and temperate †," a malignant fever, which is often scarcely inferior in fatality to the plague ‡, should, for the last 200 years, have been almost endemical, sweeping away "hundreds of thousands of the population at a time §," — exterminating, upon one occasion, one fifth of the whole people ||, and sometimes no less than three fourths of the poor? ¶ Who can suppose that "a race of men, valiant, active, and hardy \*\*, " "the most powerful, the most industrious, and most indefatigable labourers upon the face of the earth ††;" "who reject no labour, however dangerous,

\* May, 1830, Question 4272.

† Spenser.

‡ Dr. Short, History of the Air and Seasons, vol. ii. p. 268.

§ Sir W. Temple's Works, vol. iii. p. 7.

|| Dr. Rutty, Hist. Weather, p. 91.

¶ Inglis's Ireland. "In Dublin, out of 200,000 inhabitants, no less than 60,000 passed through the hospitals in the single year of 1825." (Appendix A. to Rep. 1830, p. 165.) From the form of expression it would appear that the 60,000 were exclusive of those who died.

\*\* Bacon.

†† Cobden.

distressing, or disgusting \*;” who are “the most anxious in the world for employment †; who for the purpose of procuring an honest subsistence, and of obtaining the means of discharging a legal though oppressive obligation, traverse twice in a year the whole breadth of the domestic empire of Great Britain, to accumulate, out of moderate wages, the amount of an exorbitant rack-rent; who travel in their own country sixty miles for the chance of getting work at the rate of three pence a day ‡; and who, when they have been hunted from their homes by the light of their own burning cabins, even cross the wide Atlantic, with their deplorable families, and in the exercise of honest industry devote themselves to speedy and certain death, whilst they construct, upon the swamps and marshes of an aboriginal continent, those magnificent works which constitute one of the principal foundations of the future greatness of America §; — can any man suppose that such a people, possessing perhaps greater natural abilities than any other peasantry in the world, — animated in all their domestic and social relations by an intensity of sensibility which is not easily credible elsewhere, — and, in short, “exhibiting in their character,” to use the language of an Englishman, a Protestant and a Tory ||, “the elements of every thing that is great and noble;” can any man believe that such a people were placed in “a most sweet and beautiful country as any that is under the heavens ¶,” in order that they may show forth, in their calamitous existence, what an incredible quantity of human misery may be there extracted out of the materials which, in every other part of the world, are considered as indispensable elements in producing the felicity of mankind?

Can any man who finds this population occasionally idle, turbulent, or outrageous, believe that the cause of this condition of affairs is not to be sought in some other quarter — in the conduct of the upper classes, who have always been the masters of their destiny, and by whom they have been starved, expatriated, or executed, “for time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary?” We have already, in our Numbers for July and August, produced abundant evidence of this truth. We could easily produce as much or twenty times as much more. We shall not, however, at present enter at much greater length into the conduct of the Irish landlords; adopting, as an apology, for our brevity the excuse made by Montesquieu for shortening the enumeration of the calamities inflicted upon the Mexicans by the Spaniards. “I never,” says he, “should come to a conclusion if I were to recount all the good which they left undone, or all the evil which they perpetrated.” \*\*

Those who have done us the honour of looking into the preceding papers upon the subject, will not believe that the language which we have applied to the principal culprits in this case was more severe than they deserved. To any persons who may be of a different opinion, we submit the following statements from sources which, bearing the sort of testimony which they do, and against the parties whom they accuse, must be considered as entirely above exception.

Mr. Sadler exclaims —

“Is a system which can *only be supported by brute force*, and which is *kept up by constant blood-shedding*, to be perpetuated for ever? Are we still to garrison a country to protect the property of those *whose conduct occasions all the evils under which the country has groaned*

\* Sadler.

† Mr. Weale.

‡ Evidence of Mr. Butler Bryan, 2 Rep. 1830, p. 44.

§ See the interesting and instructive work of Mr. Power, already referred to.

|| The late Mr. Sadler.

¶ Spenser.

\*\* Montesq. de l'Esprit des Lois, liv. x. ch. 4.

for centuries — property which HAS BEEN TREATED IN SUCH A MANNER that it would not be WORTH A DAY'S PURCHASE were the proprietors its sole protectors? But the presence of a large body of military and police enables them to conduct themselves with as little apprehension as REMORSE. The possessions of the whole empire would be lost to their owners were such conduct general. And, are these so meritorious a class that they are to be protected in the AUDACIOUS OUTRAGE OF ALL THOSE DUTIES upon the direct and reciprocal discharge of which the WHOLE FRAME OF THE SOCIAL SYSTEM IS FOUNDED? If they persist in this course, let them do so AT THEIR OWN PERIL. The British soldier is too noble a being to be degraded into the exactor of enormous rents \*," &c.

The "Quarterly Review" for December, 1835, says —

"In Ireland alone is to be found a population abandoned to the mercy of the elements, — of chance, or rather of the legal owners of the soil, who are protected by an armed police and a strong MILITARY GARRISON in the exaction of UNHEARD-OF PECUNIARY RENTS from a destitute tenantry — rents which are only paid by the exportation of the great bulk of the food raised in the country, leaving to those who grow it a bare subsistence upon potatoes EKED OUT WITH WEEDS! We fearlessly assert that there rests not so FOUL A BLOT upon the character of any other government. The wretchedness of the mass of the people has NO PARALLEL ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE in any nation, SAVAGE or CIVILISED. A population of eight millions LEFT TO LIVE OR DIE, as it may happen! — The people starved, dispirited, naked and beggarly, the produce of whose industry is swept off to other lands to be sold for the exclusive benefit of men whom the law invests with the unconditional ownership of this fair portion of God's earth, and with the power of ABSOLUTELY STARVING ITS INHABITANTS! And this law we expect this unhappy population to cherish, venerate, and implicitly obey. Shame! shame! we repeat," &c.

As an appropriate illustration of part of this extract, it may be stated that

"In 1821, 1822, and 1823, Ireland exported articles of subsistence to the amount of upwards of sixteen millions, excluding probably the provisions furnished for the army and navy; while the remaining exports, to the amount of upwards of ten millions, were composed of the products of the soil. In 1822, the population of Ireland were afflicted with a dreadful famine, for the alleviation of which a subscription, amounting to 304,181*l.*, was raised in England. Of this sum about one-ninth was applied to the purchase of oatmeal and potatoes. The remainder was distributed in money, of which doubtless A LARGE PORTION FOUND ITS WAY INTO THE POCKETS OF THE LANDLORD."†

It has been already seen to what extent the landlords themselves contributed to the subscription here mentioned.

In *The Times* of October 25. 1839, some very important and interesting extracts are given from what the editor very justly characterizes as "a very valuable book," called "Principles of Finance," by Mr. Richard Page. Amongst these extracts are the following passages: —

"More misery is crowded into one single province in Ireland than in ALL THE REST OF EUROPE PUT TOGETHER."

And, subsequently, —

"To this pass are things come, that in order to benefit a small knot of HAUGHTY, UNFEELING, RAPACIOUS LANDLORDS, the wellbeing OF MILLIONS is disregarded; famine and misery stalk through the land; and all good government in Ireland is rendered impossible, and GOVERNMENT OF ANY KIND impracticable, except through the medium of A MILITARY FORCE," &c.

In order to understand exactly the situation of the Irish peasant, it ought never to be even for one moment forgotten that as there are not any manufactures in that country, the possession of land, as Mr. Blackburne, late Attorney-General for Ireland, says most truly, "is to the Irish peasant a necessary of life. The alternative of not getting it is starvation."‡ Mr. Blackburne was appointed to administer the Insurrection Act as a judge, in the counties of Clare and Limerick, in 1823, and his politics are nearer to Toryism than to those of any other party. Mr. Matthew Barrington

\* Sadler, 161-2.

† Sadler, p. 9.  
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‡ Lewis, p. 78.  
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stated before the Roden Committee (Question 7641.), that "there being no manufactures in Ireland, *the actual existence of the peasantry depends upon their having land*; and the whole disturbances of the country are produced by a desire to possess it." The fact is out of all controversy; and even if there were any doubt about it, the testimony of Mr. Barrington would be enough to settle the question, as he is the very best authority in Ireland upon the subject. He has been for six-and-twenty years the Crown Solicitor of the Munster Circuit, which includes the whole scene of Captain Rock's operations; and he has, we believe, been personally present at the prosecution of every individual convicted of any outrages in those five counties during the whole period of his being in office. It is a fact very significant in its nature that Mr. Barrington has invested in the purchase of land every shilling of the very large fortune which he has realized in his profession as a solicitor, and that the whole of the purchases made by him, as well as by his brother, have, we believe, been confined to the districts where disturbance has most usually prevailed. But Mr. Barrington well knew, and had stated to a former committee, that in his long and intimate intercourse with even the worst portions of the population, he had never "known an instance of the people being inclined to disturbance where there was sufficient employment; the people, where that was the case, being generally very peaceable." It may be added here, that Major Wilcox, a chief magistrate of police, has become the purchaser of land in the County of Tipperary\*, after having in his evidence before the House of Commons attributed the disturbances to the condition of the peasantry, which he describes as "most wretched, — really shocking;" which condition he ascribes in a great degree to the landlords, "who proceeded to distress [distrain] their tenants, in order to get those high rents which *the produce of the land did not enable them to pay.*"† Here is disclosed the immediate source of the whole calamity —

"Hoc fonte derivata clades."

The landowners, who, for the purpose of maintaining a profligate expenditure, were accustomed during the war to "squeeze (according to the expression of Swift,) their enormous rack-rents out of the clothes, blood, and vitals of their miserable tenants," found upon the return of peace, and the depression of the price of agricultural produce, that the utmost squeezing of the clothes, cabins, carcasses, blood and vitals of the miserable tenants, would not be sufficient to meet the demands of those "Jews, agents, and speculating attorneys," in respect of whom the *soi disant* landlords were (according to Lord Powerscourt) little better than mortgagors in possession.‡

It happened about the same time that the genius of the unhappy Fulton had introduced the application of steam power to the purposes of navigation, and that a market which may be called entirely new was opened in this country for the sale of Irish provisions. The Irish landlords, therefore, who regarded men and oxen merely with regard to the quantity of money which may be squeezed respectively out of those two species of animals, came to the conclusion that the quadruped was the more profitable beast of the two,

\* Evidence of Mr. W. Simpson before the Roden Committee, No. 14,732.

† Evid. House of Commons, p. 99. 101. 119. Lewis, 67.

‡ "The proprietors in many instances have nothing to do with their own estates." — (Evidence of the Marquis of Westmeath, House of Lords, 1824, p. 229. Lewis, 72.) This is certainly a very Irish way of owning an estate, although a very general sort of tenure in that country. A noble earl who, up to a recent period, was considered the head of the Irish Tory party, is in the habit, we believe, of paying to the Israelites on the east of St. Paul's Church-yard a scantling of 13,500*l.* pr *so*, out of a nominal income of about 16,000*l.*

and called upon the human cattle to make way for their four-footed brethren. We are told by Mr. Pope that, even in the original state of nature,

“Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade.”

In the present case, however, it was decreed by the Irish landlords that the beast should have all the shade entirely to himself; and as the peasant considered the division rather inequitable, he refused to quit except upon compulsion. The possession of the land was to him indispensable to the maintenance of his life, and the lives of his poor wife and little family. To expel him from his holding was, therefore, to sentence him to die the most horrible of all deaths,—a death by protracted hunger, aggravated—if such horror admitted of aggravation—by every sort of collateral evil, physical and moral, of which his condition was susceptible. There was no public provision for his support, even to the smallest extent. His condition, in the most plentiful season and in the prime of his health and strength, was inferior to that of any other peasant in Europe. His capacity for labour, the only substance which he possessed, was utterly useless in a country where the mere superabundance of labour in the market is one of the most immediate causes of destitution; he was, therefore, utterly unprovided with any little reserved stock of any kind to which he might have recourse upon his expulsion, and saw before him no prospect, in that event, except that of perishing with his family in all the unutterable agonies of hunger and pestilence combined.

The committee of 1830 state in their First Report (p. 8.), that “*The condition of the tenantry who are ejected in order to promote the consolidation of farms is most deplorable. It would be IMPOSSIBLE FOR LANGUAGE TO CONVEY AN IDEA of the state of distress to which they have been reduced, or of the disease, misery, and vice which they have propagated in the towns where they have settled. They are obliged to resort to theft and all manner of vice and iniquity to procure subsistence, and A VAST NUMBER OF THEM PERISH OF WANT*” (H. C. 1830): after having “undergone,” as is stated in the same Report (p. 4.), “*misery and suffering such as no language can describe, and of which NO CONCEPTION can be formed without actually beholding it!*” —misery and suffering the remembrance of which prevented Van Raumer from going to sleep, even after his departure from Ireland, and which compelled Mr. Curwen to declare that “all the waters of oblivion could never wash out the traces which the scenes of woe that he had witnessed in Ireland had impressed upon his mind.”\*

Such is the prospect which the Irish tenant has upon ejection. What then is he to do in so horrible a conjuncture? Let us hear the indignant eloquence of the late learned, upright, and independent Judge Fletcher, upon an occasion when one of those wretches was brought before him to be tried for some outrage committed in defence of his own or his family's lives:—

“What,” exclaimed this noble-hearted patriot,—“what is the wretched peasant to do? Hunted from the spot where he had first drawn his breath—where he had first seen the light of heaven,—incapable of procuring any other means of subsistence,—can we be surprised that, being of unenlightened and uneducated habits, he should rush upon the perpetration of crimes followed by the punishment of the rope and the gibbet? Nothing remains for them THUS HARASSED, THUS DESTITUTE, BUT WITH A STRONG HAND TO DETER THE STRANGER from intruding upon their farms, and to extort from the weakness of their landlords—from whose GRATITUDE and GOOD FEELINGS THEY HAVE FAILED TO WIN IT—a sort of a preference for the ancient tenantry.”

\* Observations, vol. ii. p. 255.



The peasantry are of course well aware that the sentiments of the landlord cannot be influenced by any instrument more delicate than an insurrection.\* "In such circumstances, therefore," says Mr. Lewis, "the desolate wretch is driven to desperation, and, associating with others similarly circumstanced, proceeds to those acts of violence which occur so frequently in Ireland."† The same writer truly observes ‡, that this system of combination

"Is not the *banding together of a few outcasts*, who betake themselves to illegal courses, and prey on the rest of the community; but the *deliberate association of the peasantry, seeking by cruel outrage to insure themselves against the risk of UTTER DESTITUTION and ABANDONMENT.*" — "We have proved, by unimpeachable evidence" (says the same writer), "that these disturbances arise from the peculiar condition of the peasantry, which makes the possession of land a necessary of life. In these disturbances it is not a question of more or less gain: THE VERY EXISTENCE OF THE POPULATION is at stake.

' Neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur  
Præmia, sed Turni de vitâ et sanguine certant.'

"It is the impossibility of living upon wages that throws the peasant upon the land, and it is the liability of being ejected from the land, and the consciousness that he has no other resource, which makes him a Whiteboy. If every labourer in Ireland could earn eight pence a day (four shillings a week), for 310 days in the year, we should probably never hear of Whiteboy disturbances."§

But there is no such thing in the south of Ireland, generally speaking, as an agricultural labourer living upon wages alone. Land, therefore, to some little extent, is indispensable to the subsistence of the peasant. It is his plank in the social shipwreck, and he clings to it with a tenacity of the most desperate nature. The landlords, in the meantime, having a large force of police and military at their command, proceed on their diabolical course in this desperate death-struggle.

"The principle of dispeopling estates," says Mr. Baron Foster ||, "is going on in Ireland wherever it can be effected. If your Lordships should ask me *what becomes of the surplus stock of population, it is a matter upon which I have in my late journeys through Ireland ENDEAVoured TO FORM AN OPINION, and conceive that in many instances they wander about the country as mere mendicants; but that more frequently they betake themselves to the nearest large towns, and there occupy the most wretched hovels in the most miserable outlets, in the vain hope of getting occasionally a day's work. Though this expectation too often is unfounded, it is the only course possible for them to take. Their resort to these towns produces such misery as it is impossible to describe.*"

Was there ever in the world such a state of affairs? *The DISPEOPLING of estates is going on WHEREVER it can be effected!* That is to say, the people, who have committed no offence except that of coming into existence at the command of nature, are put to death wherever it can be done, — obliged, in the language of a committee of the legislature, above quoted, "*to die of want!*" And the functionary who makes this statement, — one of the

\* "The insurrection of 1821 forced the landlords to make a reduction of their rents, which reduction they very reluctantly made." (2 Rep. No. 42.)

† Sadler, 158.

‡ P. 306.

§ The speech of Mr. Smith O'Brien, already referred to, contains the following passage: — "Now, I state, with confidence, to the House, as well from my own personal observation as from INNUMERABLE SOURCES which cannot be questioned, that the average wages of the Irish labourer, throughout the greater part of that kingdom, do not amount, throughout the year, to 3s. per week. I ought, perhaps, rather to say, to 2s. 6d. My assertion cannot be contested, when I state that the industrious labourer, often as estimable in all the moral relations of life as any of his superiors, is frequently compelled to live, with his family, upon a diet of potatoes, without milk, *unprovided with such clothing as decency requires*, and sheltered in a hovel wholly unfit for the residence of man. If the crop of potatoes which he has sown upon his morsel of conacre ground should fail in any degree, he is reduced to that absolute extremity of want which may be properly designated as starvation." The residence, connections, occupations, and opportunities of Mr. O'Brien render him one of the very best authorities in Ireland upon the subject.

|| Evid. before Lords' Committee, 1825.

Queen's judges, — a man deeply imbued in the statistics of Ireland, who has been for the greatest part of his life employed in different public capacities, which afforded him the best means of becoming acquainted with the state of the population; — this man, so circumstanced, *does not know how or where the ejected population perishes*. He has been endeavouring to form an opinion as to the situation of the national *morgue*; and at last he conceives that they perish principally in the towns, after having "*suffered such misery as it is impossible to describe*."

The offences for which this "indescribable misery" is inflicted upon the Irish population are two. First, and principally, the crime of being at all in existence upon the soil of which their ancestors had been robbed by confiscations, the enormous infamy of which cannot be paralleled any where out of Ireland itself. Their second offence was, that they were not able to do what was physically impossible. The price of agricultural produce had been reduced by the return of peace; and the wages of labour, the only other commodity which the peasant could command, had not advanced from the days of Elizabeth to the accession of George III.; and are now, according to Mr. Smith O'Brien, two shillings and sixpence a week, upon an average of the whole year; or, according to Inglis and Cobbett, about four pence a day. The rapacity of the landlord sets all such trifling considerations out of the question, and calls for the same rent which he used to receive when butter was 7*l.* 10*s.* a hundred in the market of Cork. The wretched peasant was always, and is now, content to retain for his own use the most miserable subsistence by which his body and soul can be kept in present partnership, and gives the landlord all the rest. But the generous landlord is not content with such an arrangement. His cry, like that of the horse-leech's daughter, is, "Give, give." Mr. Blackburne, a witness not unfriendly to the landed *Kakistocracy*\* of Ireland, and who is not without the hope, and not perhaps without the chance, of being some day or other the Tory lord chancellor of that country; — this gentleman informs us in the evidence given by him before the House of Commons in 1824 (page 58.), that the disturbances of 1823, for the punishment of which he himself presided as judge, were the consequence of the fact that the *landlords and clergy* (of the established church) continued to *exact in peace*, and after *the fall of every sort of produce*, the rent and tithes which had been *promised during the war*, and which, of course, were as usual enormous and extravagant even under a system of war prices. Elsewhere in the same Report† the same gentleman says, "The spirit of insurrection which broke out in 1823 proceeded from local causes, and *the condition of the lower orders, which is more MISERABLE THAN CAN BE DESCRIBED*, in consequence, along with other causes, of the *rents, which are PERFECTLY EXORBITANT*." In adding one more extract here let us carry the evidence a little higher, and proceed from an expectant judge to an actual one. Mr. Baron Foster tells us‡, that "the proximate cause of *all the disturbances* which have existed in Ireland of late years has been the *extreme physical misery of the peasantry*, coupled with their being called upon for the *payment of different charges* (the first and principal of which is rent) *which it is often PERFECTLY IMPOSSIBLE for them to meet*."

The landlords, without having in all probability ever perused a verse of the Book of Exodus, have fallen, by a sort of instinct of iniquity, into a perfect coincidence with the worst feature of the tyranny inflicted by Pharaoh upon the chosen people of God: — "And Pharaoh commanded the

\* Such of our readers as are Greek scholars will excuse this *travestie*, and will have no doubt of its being justified by the character of the parties to whom it is applied.

† Pp. 5. and 6.

‡ Evid. House of Lords, p. 53.

taskmasters" (the drivers and agents of the Egyptian territory), "saying, *Ye shall no more give the (Hebrew) people straw to make bricks as heretofore, but the SAME QUANTITY of bricks which you did exact from them before you shall continue to EXACT FROM THEM STILL \**," and "even" (v. 9.) "increase the amount of the work;" and because the compliance is impossible, the people are subjected to a punishment which, as Sadler very justly observes†, is, in fact, *a severer form of that which is in most cases awarded as a sentence upon felony*. "The population," says he, "are expelled from their native fields like a drove of oxen, driven they know not where, and withstood wherever they attempt to take refuge." This comparison, however, manifestly understates the real nature of the case. The landlord who drives out a herd of oxen only causes them either to be removed into

"Fresh fields and pastures new;"

or, if their destination be the shambles, their fate is pronounced after they have been left for a long time in the enjoyment of all the happiness of which their nature is susceptible, and after they have had the positive comfort of present gratification, undiminished by any apprehension for the future:—

"Pleased to the last they crop the flowery food;"

whilst the miserable peasant, cursed with a calamitous foresight, is perpetually "forestalling the date of his evil," and suffering anticipated agony in the continual apprehension of the real ruin which actually overwhelms him at last. Of his condition before expulsion, Mr. Butler Bryan says‡, "The condition of the Irish poor is the most miserable that I ever witnessed, — *more miserable than I could have conceived that any human being could sustain*. I allude principally to Meath, Kilkenny, and Tipperary. I attribute their condition to the *exaction of high rents*." What his condition is after expulsion, "neither eye hath seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." There is something whimsically tragical in the following speculation of Mr. Bryan§: "What resources at present has the ejected Irish tenant? He cannot get into gaol without the commission of some offence; and he cannot get into the hospital, unless he is contaminated with some disease." To procure the means of existence, and enjoy the protection of society, he must qualify himself either by delinquency or disease, by iniquity or infection, — he must be either criminal or contagious, either a felon or a leper. Lord Bacon tells us that after the battle of Kinsale, Don Juan d'Aquila, the Spanish commander, "said in open treaty, that when the devil upon the mountain showed Christ 'all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them,' he left out Ireland, and kept it for himself." || Who, upon reading the past history, and beholding the present condition of that country, can deny that the apparent owners of the soil, and the governments by whom they have been abetted, are the vassals and viceregens of Beelzebub himself?

Having now in some degree explained the *nature* of the calamity, let us in the next place endeavour to make some attempt at ascertaining the *extent* of it. The process of extermination, for the reasons already mentioned, commenced after the conclusion of the war, but was infinitely aggravated by the passing of the Emancipation Act of 1829; after which "the gentlemen began to CLEAR their estates of the forty-shilling freeholders, who had been *done away with* by the Act." ¶ For notwithstanding the depression pro-

\* Exod. v. 6, 7, 8.

† P. 107.

‡ 2 Rep. 1830, p. 44.

§ 2 Rep. 1830, p. 51.

|| Bacon's Works, vol. v. p. 276. Montag.

¶ Evidence of Lord Donoughmore before the Roden Committee, No. 12,077.

duced by the peace, and notwithstanding the theories of consolidation, increased produce, and surplus population, the wretched serfs who still possessed the power to vote according to the direction of their lords at a county election were allowed to linger in possession of their little holdings, and the imagined loss which resulted from suspending the extermination system was compensated by the patronage derived from political importance. The propagation of these poor creatures had, as every body in Ireland knows, been preternaturally stimulated from 1793 to 1815. "All," says Mr. Bicheno, "that the landlord looks at in Ireland is the quantity of rent which he can abstract from the tenant.\* He therefore encourages a redundant population *up to the point where the rents were increased by competition*. Upon arriving at that point the rents were diminished, and then he had an inducement to "clear" the land and increase the extent of the holdings."† This inducement operated from 1793 to 1815, in conjunction with the political importance derived from the increase of the number of freeholders. The population at the close of the war had, in the opinion of the landlords, arrived at the point where the rents begin to diminish. They were still, however, until 1829, worth keeping in existence for the purposes of the hustings; but as soon as they were deprived of the elective franchise by the Act of 1829, the only remaining barrier between them and destruction was removed, and they were swept out like vermin, with as little compunction and as extensive destruction.

The only returns upon this subject to which we can conveniently refer at this instant, are those given in the Appendix H. to the Report on the Poor Inquiry, pp. 11, 12. From these it appears that in the six years previous to 1833, ejectment processes were entered in seventeen counties, against *thirty-one thousand and odd* defendants. If we assume that each of these defendants represented a family of six persons, making altogether *an hundred and eighty-six thousand*; and recollect that these counties, with the exception of the county of Cork, were the *smallest* counties in Ireland,—we shall have a tolerable notion of the extent to which this system of depopulation is carried. No returns had been made from Leitrim, Roscommon, Dublin, Kildare, Westmeath, Wexford, Kerry, Limerick, Tipperary, Waterford, Antrim, Armagh, and Tyrone; and the number of defendants for Galway and Wicklow were not given. With regard, however, to the county of Tipperary, which forms so prominent an object in every inquiry of this nature, we have, from the testimony given before the Roden Committee, sufficient evidence to show the real state of the case. When the Tipperary landlords requested Lord Mulgrave to favour them with larger means than they actually possessed for exterminating their own tenantry with less trouble and more security to the perpetrators, the Lord Lieutenant directed Mr. Drummond to return that celebrated answer to which we have already adverted in our Number for July. The letter is in No. 12,027. of the original Evidence, and in page 86. of the *Digested Abstract* published by Messrs. Longman. The letter alleged that the wholesale expulsion of cottier tenants in Tipperary was one of the causes of the disturbances in that county. This proposition involves two statements: first, that there was a wholesale expulsion of tenants; and, secondly, that such expulsion was the cause of the outrages which occurred. To disprove the statement of Mr. Drummond, Lord Donoughmore, the lord lieutenant of the county, was called; and he, "swearing by the card," stated plumply that the assertion of Mr. Drummond concerning the *wholesale* expulsion was false. Mr. Howley, the chairman or assistant barrister of the county, was called

\* Evidence H. C. 1830. No. 4237.

† Ibid. 4240. by Google

to support the statement of Mr. Drummond; and he said, that *he was ready to mention the names of the persons* to whom the wholesale expulsion was attributed. The committee refused to hear the statement, and directed him to withdraw; and upon his return refused to allow the question to be repeated. In answer to other questions, he says (No. 9991-2.), that "from conferences which he has had with the other assistant barristers he found that ejectments at sessions were *more numerous in Tipperary than in any other county*, and that he himself has had *more than 150 of them at one QUARTER sessions*:" the 150 defendants representing about 900 individuals. He adds (9974.), "that a great many other ejectments were also brought before the superior courts," but how many he does not seem to have known. Lord Donoughmore himself states (12,073., Abstract, page 8.), that "*many landlords in Tipperary have been ejecting their tenants for the last nine or ten years*;" and (ibid.) that "*the gentlemen began clearing their estates of the forty-shilling freeholders when they had been done away with by the Emancipation Act*." His lordship denies in terms that the expulsion of the tenantry by the landlords was *wholesale*. We know not what meaning Mr. Drummond and Lord Donoughmore may have severally annexed in their own minds to this term, neither do we know, nor, we believe, does any one else know very exactly, what precise meaning it *ought* to bear in the case. But even supposing that there is some inaccuracy in the use of the word, and that the Tipperary "gentlemen" are not rightly designated as "wholesale" exterminators, we think that from the evidence of Lord Donoughmore himself it is perfectly clear that they do a very considerable amount of business in the *retail* department. A tolerably accurate idea may be formed in other ways of the extent of the proceeding. Mr. William Kemmis is crown solicitor for the Leinster Circuit, which includes Tipperary. He is also crown solicitor for the County and City of Dublin. He is also the solicitor to the Treasury in Ireland. He has held all the offices for the same time, namely, eight-and-thirty years; and he succeeded his father, who was crown solicitor for all Ireland. He states that for those eight-and-thirty years he has not missed a circuit; and, from the circumstances above enumerated, we suppose it will be easily taken for granted that he is in principle a Conservative at the least, and can have no want of sympathy with the landlords of Tipperary. Now this gentleman states (Abstract, page 9.), "That *three fourths, or MORE, of the crimes committed in Tipperary are produced by the LANDLORDS TURNING THE TENANTS OUT OF POSSESSION*." If there be any truth in the general accounts which we see and hear of the amount of crime in that county, we can easily judge of the extent of the cause from the extent of the effect — of the amount of the ejectments from the amount of the outrages. The following are a few instances of the cause and of the effect in other counties.

The Rev. Michael Keogh states that 174 families were ejected by one landlord, *Mr. Cosby*.<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Cahill, civil engineer, mentions 1126 persons as being evicted in another place.<sup>†</sup> *A great many of them died of hunger.*<sup>‡</sup>

"On Mr. Cassan's estate a great many were ejected. On Mr. Johnson's estates thirty-four families. Dr. Doxay ejected a few. Mr. Roe ejected some, as did many others whom I don't recollect. They scattered themselves throughout the county, *carrying discontent wherever they went*. I am convinced that this was the cause of the disturbances. *They first began upon Mr. Cosby's estate.*" §

We don't exactly know the situation of these properties—they probably were in the Queen's County. Of the disturbances in that county Mr. Robert

\* Lewis, 80.

† Lewis, 84.

‡ Ibid.

§ House of Commons, 1832. Lewis, 80, 81,

Cassidy, says in his evidence \*, that "*they were caused by the ejection of tenants, and the generally oppressive conduct of the persons to whom the labouring classes have been subject,*" &c. An operation of the same kind is described by Mr. Blackburne in the following words: "Lord Stradbrook's agent, attended by the sheriff and several to assist him, went upon the lands and dispossessed this numerous body of occupants. *They prostrated the houses.* The number of persons thus deprived of their homes was very large. I am sure there were *above forty families* — persons of *all ages and sexes*, and in particular a *WOMAN IN THE EXTREMITY OF DEATH!*" † The agent here mentioned was the Mr. Blood who was subsequently murdered. We can go no farther in the production of individual instances of which the details are so horribly revolting. The extent to which the practice goes on at present may, in the absence of returns, be inferred from the following extract of a speech delivered by Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, upon the occasion of Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion for a grant of public money to assist the ejected tenantry to emigrate to other countries.

"It might be correct, according to the principles of political economy, to remove the people from their small holdings, in order to throw their possessions into one large farm. The giving notice to *ninety or one hundred families* to quit their possession, and then *turning them loose upon the world*, might be the means of insuring the better management of gentlemen's estates, and might be true according to the principles of political economy; but it was *not true according to the dictates of moral principle and Christian duty* that the landlords were under no obligation to provide a settlement elsewhere for those *whom they had driven from their homes, and thrust loose upon the world.*" †

In describing the general conduct of the Irish landlords we have thought it unnecessary to inform the reader, that such enormous delinquency as we have described was not altogether universal. Some few individuals constitute, in different degrees, an exception to the rule; and although we have already exceeded the appointed limits of this article, yet we cannot help relieving the horrors of the preceding statements, by exhibiting to the public an account of the operations of one landlord, whose enlightened benevolence presents a noble contrast to the general conduct of the class to which he belonged, but whom he resembled in nothing but the name. The person to whom we allude is the late Lord Headley; and the following evidence, given by his agent before the Committee of the House of Commons, in 1830, will not only justify all that we have already alleged in vindication of the character of the Irish peasantry, but will prove, beyond the possibility of controversy, that the conduct of the general bulk of the Irish landlords has been as much in opposition to their own interests as to the plainest dictates of Christian and of moral obligations. We have not marked any portion of this evidence in any particular manner, as every word of it deserves the most attentive perusal. The witness is an English gentleman; and his testimony was, very justly, considered by the Committee to be so interesting and instructive, that they introduced it verbatim into the body of their report. The following portion of it is all that we can adduce upon the present occasion; and we believe that the intelligent reader will find in it the most irrefragable proof of several of the propositions for which we have been contending: —

"Are you acquainted with the district of Glenbay, in the barony of Iveragh, in the county of Kerry? — Yes, intimately.

\* Lewis, 83.

\* Lewis, 79.

†† *Morning Chronicle*, June 16, 1840.

"Whose estate is that district upon? — Lord Headley's.

"Have you been concerned in the management of that estate? — I have very much for twenty-two years.

"What is the local situation of the estate? — It is in a very mountainous district by the sea-side, on the banks of the bay of Castlemain.

"What is its extent? — There are about 15,000 acres, English.

"In what year did your acquaintance with the district begin? — I think in 1807 or 1808.

"Do you know what the amount of the population was at that time? — I am not able to speak to that.

"What was the character of that population? — The population then was an extremely wild and savage one.

"Was it not an asylum for criminals? — It was an asylum for all the offenders, robbers, and murderers in that part, and of the whole county; it used to be the boast of the people that no criminal was ever punished from it.

"Was it previous to a King's writ, or to a magistrate's warrant? — Scarcely. The first time I visited the place a major of the army waited upon me to say he was deputed as escort to collect some taxes, the hearth-money, I believe; he requested my influence, as the appointed agent, to dispose those people to pay, for he said they had met him upon the bridge, on a small pass between the mountains, and they told him they would sacrifice him and his party of soldiers if they stirred another foot into that place; and he made a retreat, and called upon me to assist, which of course I declined, and I believe they never paid anything whilst the rest of the country did pay.

"Were there not frequent cases of shipwreck along that coast? — Yes, I believe in general once, or sometimes twice, a year, there have been shipwrecks on the coast of the bay of Castlemain, and it is well known at Lloyd's to be a most dangerous point.

"Did those misfortunes afford any means of employment or occupation for the tenantry of Glenbay? — It called out a great many of their qualities of enterprise, for they were very busy at that time, and they used to build their cabins upon the cliff in order to have a good look-out for the wrecks; they considered them as part of their means of subsistence.

"What was the state of their habitations? — Their habitations were very miserable; the very lowest kind of huts that are found in Ireland, without windows or chimneys, and perfectly miserable cabins of the worst kind that you now see along the roads in Ireland.

"Had they any cattle? — They had cattle. I recollect at that time there were about 1200 cows upon those 15,000 acres, and the place was considerably overstocked, which is a very common fault of the cottier-tenants of Ireland.

"Did you ever hear the phrase of lifters applied to the cattle in that district? — Yes, I recollect that phrase; which meant that they were so starved that they could not get up without lifting.

"Were there many quarrels amongst those people? — They were constantly quarrelling; it was a kind of sessions that one held in going there; they were coming to complain of each other; and constant assaults and fightings were taking place amongst them; that a good deal arose from the partnership tenancy; there were fourteen or fifteen people associated in one lease, and those people were constantly squabbling about the division of their little meadows, or the stocking of their little holdings.

"In their clothing did they wear shoes and stockings? — Very few; they were extremely ill clothed at that time.

"Were there any roads through the district? — There was one mountain-road which passed at the side of a very extraordinary cliff like Penmanmawr in Wales, and extremely rugged and rough; it was the only road in the whole district.

"Was that a road upon which wheeled carriages could pass? — Few wheeled carriages passed at that time; but it was the only passage to the Barony of Dunkerrin, which is the next Barony to Iveragh.

"Were cars or wheeled carriages employed for the agricultural operations of the interior? — There was not a single car at that time in the whole district; they had sticks placed with cross-bars and drawn upon the ends, but very seldom even that for back-load; horses with baskets were then used.

"Is this district at the present moment in the condition that you have described it? — At the present moment it exhibits a very extraordinary contrast to the condition I have described; the people are now well clothed; they are extremely industrious and orderly; and I have seen them attending the chapel regularly twice a-day, as well clothed, and as neat and as orderly and as well conducted as you see in a country village in England.

"Has the character of the houses changed? — The houses are very considerably changed; there are about 150 new houses built upon the place, and they are as neat houses as you will see almost in England; they are built of stone walls, eighteen inches or two feet thick; they are whitewashed outside, and very neatly thatched with the sand-rush, which grows upon the sand banks on that coast, with windows, and three rooms in general:

some of them are sixty feet in front, and the old cabins are converted into cowhouses and places for the cattle.

"Has the agriculture improved? — The agriculture has improved very considerably; they have got into the habit of using sea-sand, which abounds upon that coast. When I first went there they knew of the existence of it; but we were obliged, in order to get them to use it, to get a vessel established to bring it from certain parts of the sand-banks, which they thought was much better than the dry sand, which was accessible; but after some time they found that the dry sand was just as good as that which was dredged up from the sea, and they used that. I gave them a small allowance for the use of the sand at first, but I gradually reduced that; and now they use an immense quantity without any allowance, and that sand enables them to cultivate the bog and mountain to a great extent; and we have had about 2000 acres since the year 1808 reclaimed, and considerably improved by the application of that sand and sea-weed.

"Have there been roads made? — The original road has been converted by a new line into a fine mail-coach road; but Lord Headley has made, at his own expense, about twelve miles of other road fit for the purposes of the people.

"Have those improvements of the roads led to the introduction of cars and wheeled carriages? — There are now a great number of cars; almost every one of the principal farmers has a car.

"Has the use of the rude machine you have described, made of the cross-sticks, drawn by a horse, altogether ceased? — Altogether.

"Having described the state of Glenbay in the year 1807 to have been much worse than the neighbouring district, how does it stand now in comparison with the neighbouring districts? — I conceive it is considerably superior to the neighbouring districts, and really to a stranger affording a great contrast.

"Do you recollect the failure of the crop in 1821? — I do.

"Was there not a very great pressure upon different parts of Kerry at that time, from that failure? — Very considerable; I think, out of a population of 230,000 in Kerry, 170,000 were reported to have been destitute of the means of subsistence for the moment; and it ought to be remarkable to the credit of the people that not a single depredation on property took place.

"Did the condition of the estate of Glenbay at that time afford any test by which you could show that it was better than the other parts of the country? — It did; a most remarkable test; for, instead of suffering from want of food, they were enabled to sell food to the rest of the country; of potatoes they sold a very considerable quantity at that time.

"Having described the former state of Glenbay and its actual condition at present, will you have the goodness to explain what means were adopted for effecting this singular improvement? — The means adopted were, generally, an attention to the character of the people, and a constant desire on the part of the managers of the estate to avail themselves of the disposition of those people to the improvement of the lands, and to the improvement of their habits and character generally; it was done with very little sacrifice of rent or of money, but a constant and earnest attention to the object of improving the estate by the industry of the people; and whenever any particular instance of good management or industry, or of care to collect the sand or the weed, or to reclaim or cultivate the land, or to build a decent house, was evinced by any of the people, they were encouraged by some little emolument, or attention, or allowance, or something of the kind. I think the first system was to allow the people half the value of any improvements made out of their rents; but as those rents were very considerably higher than could have been paid, we conceived that the allowance was rather nominal than real, though it had the real effect of improving the estate.

"Then are the Committee to understand that the improvements you have hitherto described have been effected chiefly by the people themselves under a due system of encouragement and advice from the landlord? — Precisely so.

"You have stated that this has been effected without any considerable sacrifice on the part of the landlord; has there been any increased value given to the estate which has been proportioned to the amount of rent sacrificed by the landlord? — If it were to be sold now, I should say it would sell for many thousands of pounds more than it would have done before, even allowing for what would have been the natural progress of the estate without those attentions. In fact, seeing that the estate had been neglected for many years, and seeing the necessity of either abandoning it to a state of waste, or of doing something in the way of improvement, Lord Headley wished its improvement should be urged; and it was urged, and his own personal attention had a great deal to do with it.

"Has there been an improvement in the character and conduct of the people? — A very considerable improvement in their character and conduct; so much so, that I conceive the people of Glenbay to be as well-behaved people as any others in the county at least; but there have been some instances of offences in that parish, as well as in the county, and no more, and none of those offences have been brought home to the natives.



"Does there exist the same difficulty that you have described of administering the laws? — Not at all; every kind of legal process is now carried on there, I think, more easily than in any other part of the county.

"During the disturbances that occurred did the spirit of Whiteboyism extend itself to Glenbay? — Not at all; on the contrary, the inhabitants had a meeting, and passed resolutions in a style rather of superiority, disavowing any participation in those feelings, and stating that the reason they did not participate in those feelings was the attention that had been paid to them, and to their improvement for so many years.

"At the commencement of Lord Headley's undertaking did he find the inhabitants of Glenbay, whom you have described to be wild and savage, were indisposed to labour? — At first there was a strong indisposition to a deviation from their former habits of idleness; but that indisposition to labour was very soon got over, when they saw the benefits arising from it, and the advantages and the rewards that were given. I found that a personal attention was very considerably beneficial in those cases: that if you went into a man's little farm that he had cultivated, and praised it, it urged him very much; but if you gave him a guinea it urged him still more; and both those practices used sometimes to be adopted.

"During the interval of time you have referred to was there not on the termination of the war a very great reduction in the prices of agricultural produce? — There was a great reduction. The rents of Glenbay were very high at the time I first visited it, even at high prices of produce; it was let out by cant to the highest bidder, but at the time mentioned very considerable reduction took place throughout the country; the reduction was also made there.

"In what mode was that reduction carried into effect? — That reduction was made in a certain proportion to the whole rent; one third was taken off.

"Did any accumulation of arrears still arise which rendered it necessary to deal with those arrears? — Yes, there was an accumulation of arrears, but a great portion of them were worked out.

"There was a work undertaken by Lord Headley about that time, with a view to the extinction of the arrears? — Yes, a very considerable part of the arrears were worked out by a sea-wall. There happened to be a bay where the tide flowed over the shore, and we considered it a fit subject for reclaiming from the sea — an operation very common in England, but very uncommon in Ireland, — and by the building of about three quarters of a mile of sea-wall we got between 400 and 500 acres of land. The building of this sea-wall was a very difficult and a dangerous undertaking, but it was carried through by the industry of the people; we had about 500 men employed for three years upon that during the summer months, and nothing could exceed the exemplary conduct of those people during that work. There was not a single quarrel among them during the whole time. They came every morning, and went away every night as regularly as possible, and they carried on this work without the slightest assistance of machinery of any kind, or even of piles; but it was all done by the labour of the people, and with such resources as they happened to have among themselves, and we have now about 400 or 500 acres of very fine land in consequence of this sea-wall being built. We paid them no money during the course of that work. We had two pieces of tin for each man, one with W stamped upon it, for work, which authorised him to go on to the work in the morning; and then in the evening that was exchanged for another piece of tin with B upon it, for book; that they took to the clerk, and then they were booked for a day's work, and that day's work went to the account of arrears of rent.

"What was the rate of wages you allowed for that work? — Tenpence a-day.

"Was that the general rate of wages? — That was not the general rate of wages, but we gave them no diet of any kind, nor any allowances. The general rate of wages at that time was about sixpence a-day, with diet, which would be about equal to the same. The amount of arrears worked off was about 4000*l*.

"Could that amount, or any considerable part of it, have been recovered in money? — I should think not; it was all considered hopeless before we began: the rest was all entirely struck off.

"Has the value of the land reclaimed been proportioned to the estimated cost paid by the allowances of rent in arrear? — I should think the value of the land, to sell, would be a vast deal more than the allowances paid for that labour and expenses.

"From your knowledge of the south-west of Ireland, do you think the system you have described as pursued by Lord Headley would be capable of application elsewhere? — I should think perfectly capable of application in any part of Ireland, and perhaps with greater facility and ease than in Glenbay; because there were so many difficulties to struggle with at Glenbay at first, from the state of the people, and their backwardness to improvement.

"Was not one part of Lord Headley's improvement at Glenbay a plantation? — His lordship's plantations consist of about 400 acres altogether.

"Have those plantations been trespassed upon? — Not the least; even in Glenbay, where

we were told before we began the plantation, that the people would put in their goats and sheep in spite of the stone wall built round it ; but there has been no trespass : indeed, I can say that in England a plantation would not be so well preserved as it has been in those wilds. Those plantations have been extremely profitable and highly flourishing, nothing can be more so.

"Has that contributed to the improvement of the houses ? — Very much ; they are now getting their rafters from those plantations.

"Is there an ample supply of turf in that neighbourhood ? — There is ; they are very well circumstanced in that respect.

"How do you keep the ground drained that you reclaimed from the sea ? — It is drained by sluices, which carry off the freshes or land-waters.

"What description of trees were principally planted ? — Larch, chiefly : we have planted a great deal of larch, and Scotch fir, oak, and ash, but we find the larch very superior in all respects.

"In what manner is that land cultivated which has been reclaimed from the sea ? — The cultivation is but just beginning ; it always requires considerable time after the salt-water has been drained off from the land before you can introduce any cultivation, but as far as cultivation has taken place upon that part which was before green, there has been an application of sea-sand to a bog surface, and that has been highly enriched ; and some of the bog has been broken up, and it was let at four pounds an acre the first year after it was reclaimed.

"What is the substratum ? — It varies ; the substratum is chiefly sea-sand and gravel.

"Did Lord Headley adopt any means for the promotion of education in that district ? — He did ; he instituted parish-schools, and he paid half the price that the schoolmaster received for his tuition ; the other half is paid by the parents. There was a register kept of the days of attendance.

"Has the attendance been considerable upon those schools ? — Very considerable till the works began ; but when this system of industry began, we found that the children deserted the schools ; they were all employed.

"Had you any difficulties with respect to the attendance of the children upon those schools arising from religious causes ? — No ; it was all a Catholic parish, and we made no interference with the persuasion of the people. Lord Headley contributed one half towards building a new chapel ; there was not a single Protestant resident in the parish when we first undertook those things, there are now several ; and we found that the building of the chapel was a very good measure.

"Did the schools derive any support from any society ? — None whatever ; the school has rather decayed of late years ; children as high as the table are employed in carrying sea-sand rather than getting instruction.

"Do you think that education has extended, or diminished, in the twenty-two years to which your evidence applies ? — I think education has, generally speaking, very much extended in the county of Kerry. In the parish of Glenbay I speak of the attention of the children being diverted from it because they had better means, as they think, of employing their time, but they are still anxious for education. I once, not many years ago, asked for a list of the books they wished to have in the schools, and it was curious to see the list they gave ; some of them were books which one would think they had never heard of ; the 'Spectator' was one of them."

● If there should be in Ireland any such natural curiosity as an exterminating landlord, who retains any trace of humane or generous feeling, and is not bereft at the same time of every particle of common sense, we can scarcely desire the infliction upon such person of any greater punishment, than that he should carefully peruse the foregoing evidence, and then abandon himself to the agonising reflexions, which must result from beholding "all the evils which he has perpetrated, and all the good which he has omitted," *Virtutem videat intabescatque relictâ*. But we must give the landlords an additional respite until next month.

## SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

### No. X. — MAROTO.

“Hoc potius omnes boni *serius* a me, quam quisquam crudelius, factum esse dicat.”

CICERO in *Catilinam*.

THE treaty of BERGARA has bestowed on Maroto a notoriety to which, though a man of superior ability, he had never previously laid claim; and his name, since that eventful day when he received the *accolade*, and was clasped in the arms, of the Cristino general, has been, on one side, held up to admiration as that of a distinguished patriot, and, on the other, execrated as that of a cowardly and sanguinary traitor. Neither party — neither that which praised, nor that which cursed him — has done justice to the subject in question. Over zeal on one hand, and inextinguishable hatred on the other, blinded the judgment of each party; and the incapacity for decision was still more increased by the most complete ignorance of the state of the faction, the feelings of the Carlist army, and the condition of the inhabitants of the Basque provinces, long before the assumption of the command-in-chief by Maroto. Real patriotism is of so pure a character, and of a nature shrinking so much from the gross touch of self-interest, that we should not abuse its name by applying it to the conduct of individuals even far superior to Maroto; and we must disagree, then, with those who have so liberally endowed him with the gifts of this virtue. But we shall also prove that he has not merited the character of treachery which has been attempted to be fixed on him by those who are the skilful, but often inconsistent, advocates of the legitimist principle; or whose desertion from the liberal cause embitters their attacks on those who still adhere to the opinions they themselves have abandoned. — We shall take a brief and rapid view of the events which took place antecedent, as well as subsequent, to the nomination of Maroto to the command-in-chief of the Carlist army.

The little progress made by the insurgents since 1837, and the prospect then presented of the prolongation, to an indefinite period, of the struggle, without any well-founded hopes that the principle of legitimacy would ever be enthroned in Spain; the dissensions amongst the chiefs, and the ill treatment by the Pretender of those who had in reality rendered his cause much service; the absence, with one or two exceptions, of men possessed either of ability or influence, and the total incapacity of the Prince himself; the exhaustion of those provinces that were the principal theatre of the war, and the desire for peace, at all risks — of which the most unequivocal signs had already been given — at length wearied the patience, and rendered less warm the zeal of his best friends; and the northern powers were soon convinced how trifling were the advantages produced by the gifts and bounties which had been so lavishly bestowed in support of a cause in which they were all interested. Discontent had, from an early period, also existed in the army, whose condition was most destitute, and amongst the population, who were thinned by the casualties of war, or ground to the dust by exactions. In the summer of 1838 this feeling, which before had been only partially developed, burst forth in a manner not to be mistaken or despised. The members of the junta of Estella were openly accused of having applied to their own private uses the funds which had with difficulty been collected

for the payment of the army. The 5th battalion of Navarre had broken out into open tumult: they demanded their arrears of pay, and the dismissal of the junta, as the only terms on which they could be induced to return to obedience. The spirit of insubordination passed, with the rapidity of lightning, amongst the other battalions, and, in the beginning of May, detachments from several regiments stationed near the town proceeded to the Consistorial House, for the purpose of sacrificing to their rage the members of the Junta who were there assembled. The fury of the soldiers was at that moment disappointed: all escaped except the secretary, who was massacred on the spot. The house was plundered, and but for the exertions of the principal inhabitants, pillage and assassination would have become general. The timidity of Don Carlos, and the dastardly counsels of generals Garcia and Carmona, prevented him from adopting rigorous measures to stop the revolt; and the excesses of an infuriated soldiery were allowed to pass unpunished, and almost unreprieved. In a few days after, the Brigadier Cabañas was murdered in the open day, in his own apartment, by a sergeant and ten soldiers of the 5th battalion of Navarre, and his house given up to plunder.

The little discipline which yet existed was now thrown aside, and the most horrible crimes were openly, and with impunity, committed. Numerous bands of armed soldiers traversed the province, pillaged and assassinated all that crossed their path, massacred their own officers at the first symptom of discontent, or the slightest manifestation of a willingness to repress their outrages; and, at length, when victims, or plunder, began to fail, they turned their weapons against each other. The disorder was every day increasing, both in enormity and amount; the appearance, even, of subordination was flung aside; every one wished to lead, and none to follow, and the entire army of the North was threatened with a speedy and total dissolution.

To add still more to the disorganisation of the army, and the discontent of the people, tidings were received of the dispersion and ruin of the three last expeditions, commanded, respectively, by Count Negri, Zavala, Basilio Garcia, and the Curé Merino. Guergué was accused by the soldiers of having intentionally abandoned them, and even of having expressed a hope that not a man would return. He had allowed himself to be surprised at *Villa Nueva de Mena*, where he lost 700 men. His constant defeats ruined his influence with the troops: the army no longer had any confidence in the man who was either treacherous or incapable, whilst his malignant hatred to, and persecution of, Elio Zariategui, and other chiefs of far greater ability, and less fanaticism than himself, made him be thoroughly detested. Owing to his intrigues, the very best men of the Carlist army had been removed from their command. The Count Casa de Eguia had been kept under close arrest during two years, because he had given some advice regarding the discipline of the army, which was found to be displeasing to the apostolical party; and Fernando Cabañas, brother to him, who was assassinated, had been confined for eighteen months in a dungeon five feet square, because he had lost fifty horses in an engagement with the enemy on ground ill adapted to cavalry, but to which he was forced by the suddenness of the attack made upon him. Gomez had been in prison nearly three years; and many of the principal and most talented leaders, who, like him, entertained moderate opinions, had been similarly disposed of. The licentiousness of the barbarous soldiery was at its highest pitch; plunder and massacre were desolating the country; the fields were uncultivated; the aged and helpless were perishing of actual destitution; the youth of the

provinces were sent forth in expeditions from whence they never returned; the moment was fast approaching which threatened utter ruin to the cause of Don Carlos.

In this terrible emergency, when almost all hope was lost, the Jesuit Gil, and several other persons who possessed influence over his mind, strongly counselled the Pretender to invite Maroto to assume the command of the army, as it seemed to be then admitted by all parties that he was the only person who could restore discipline amongst the troops. With his habitual hesitation, Don Carlos delayed to follow the counsel thus given: the determination of character for which Maroto was remarkable; his impatience and contempt of fanaticism; the moderation of his political opinions, and the general resemblance of his character to that of Zumalacarréguy, rendered him an object of terror and dislike to the timid and unmanly competitor for the crown of Spain. The proofs which that general had already given of his devotion to the cause of the brother of Ferdinand were not sufficient to remove fear from the mind of the Prince. Maroto had been condemned to death in 1832 for a conspiracy in which he was engaged with the Count Negri and Del Prado, for the purpose of proclaiming Don Carlos even in the lifetime of his brother. The carrying of the sentence into execution would have compromised the Infante to an extent not wished for by the king; and a pardon was accordingly granted to both in the following year, after they had passed some months in prison. At the period of the banishment of Don Carlos from Spain, Maroto, as soon as he obtained his release, followed him to Portugal, and, on his departure from Evora, accompanied him to London, and, through many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in rejoining him soon after his entry into Navarre. He was named Captain-general of Catalonia, where he made every effort to reconcile, and reduce to obedience, the ferocious chieftains in arms for Don Carlos. They could not agree amongst themselves: their sanguinary acts, their love of rapine and of murder, and their jealousy and impatience of restraint, at length forced him to retire from his command, and quit the service altogether. Being in possession of a good fortune, the greater portion of which was obtained by his marriage with a South American lady, he retired to the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, where he purchased an estate on which he resided with his family, apparently weaned from all desire of mixing himself up again with the convulsions of his native country.

It was whilst Maroto was buried in this calm retirement that a French legitimist, then in the insurgent army, brought him an autograph letter from Don Carlos, in which it was announced that his services were immediately required, and he was earnestly supplicated to return to Spain, and assume the command of the army. Maroto, on learning the state of affairs from the messenger, did not hesitate a moment, but at once set out, in obedience to the wishes which had been so pressingly communicated to him. This invitation had been sent by Don Carlos without the consent, and even without the knowledge, of his ministers; and nothing could exceed their rage at the sudden and unexpected presence amongst them of the man they most dreaded and detested. Amongst those whose hatred was most bitter, and most enduring, was the Bishop of Léon. This holy personage, whose piety was shocked at the thought that high authority should be conferred on the man who abhorred the rack and the dungeon of the Inquisition, detested Maroto with the sacred malignity of a disciple of Saint Dominic; and the self-love of this pillar of apostolicism had received a deadly wound from the profane and irreverent wit of Maroto, who had uttered some cutting sarcasms on the nomination of a peaceful ecclesiastic to the unquiet and

uncharacteristic post of minister at war—the bishop having been nominated to that office by his master when in Portugal.

The parties who then divided the power amongst them assumed, on the arrival of Maroto, a more hostile attitude than before. The one to which the affections of Don Carlos seemed to incline most was the ultra apostolical. The miscreants who composed that band breathed extermination against all who were even suspected of any thing like moderation. The chiefs were Father Larraga, confessor of the court, the Duke of Grenada, the Bishop of Léon, Generals Garcia, Guergué, Sanz, Carmona, and Oris ; whilst, on the other hand, Elio, Zariateguy, Urbistondo, Gomez, and some others, were openly hostile to the party of the Inquisition, and they were secretly supported by the influence of the Princess of Beira, and her son Don Sebastian.

Maroto superseded Guergué, and assumed the command in 1838. He found the army in a state of the most complete demoralisation. The action of Peñacerrada, in which Guergué had been defeated by Espartero, and had lost more than 3000 men, eleven pieces of cannon, and all his stores, was the severest disaster that had occurred to the Carlists since the commencement of the war. Guergué had been the very first to fly from the field of battle, and his example was quickly followed by the army. His defeat had been most disgraceful. The positions he had occupied, if defended by any more honest, less cowardly, and less ignorant, chief, were almost impregnable ; whilst his incautious, but braver, enemy was engaged with his unwieldy masses in a defile from which, according to all the rules of war, he should never have been permitted to retreat. Espartero, with unaccustomed quickness, collected his whole force, which amounted to about 26,000 men, and, taking advantage of the panic which such a defeat spread amongst the Carlists, proceeded at once to besiege Estella ; and it was before this town, situated in a mountain gorge, that the first operations of the new insurgent chief were to be undertaken.

Maroto did not remain a moment idle. His first care was to strongly fortify all the weak points of the town, to dig trenches, and complete the works necessary to place in a state of most complete defence this stronghold of Carlism in the North : his next was to restore the *morale* of the army, and re-establish discipline amongst a force which was now reduced by the incompetency or treachery of its chiefs, to about 9000 effective men. These energetic measures were so well carried out, and the small army soon assumed so imposing an attitude, that Espartero suspended his immense preparations, and abandoned the siege. This unexpected result awakened anew the hatred to Maroto, and whetted still more their desire of vengeance. Their hostility was also increased when they beheld *Arias de Tejeiro* dismissed by Maroto from the superintendence of the war-department. The Marquis of Valde-Espina, a moderate politician, and a man possessed of much influence, and of some ability, was named to the vacant place. This was followed by the suspension from his command of Pablo Sanz, who had rendered himself infamous by his cruel extortions on the inhabitants of the country. From this moment a regular conspiracy was organised between Arias, Garcia, Guergué, Sanz, and Carmona, for the destruction of Maroto ; and the management of the intrigue was intrusted to the brother of Sanz, who still held a high place in the war-department.

The intriguers were not content with plotting his ruin in the cabinet: the generals who were imbued with their opinions were instructed to abandon him in the field. The action of *Sesma* took place in the beginning of September. At the most critical period of the battle, when Maroto,

charging with his staff at the head of the 4th battalion of Navarre, was on the point of routing the column of Diego Léon, three squadrons, commanded by Balmaseda, fled without the slightest cause, and abandoned him to the enemy. A false movement also, intentionally made by Carmona, left him helpless in the midst of the Cristino squadrons. His escape was almost miraculous. Maroto instantly sent in his resignation, which no entreaties could induce him to recall, unless on the condition that the ministers be dismissed, and the general who had betrayed him brought to a court-martial. The influence of his confessor, who was the bitter enemy of Maroto, induced Don Carlos to refuse his resignation; but he was soothed by the assurance that the faithless and dastardly chiefs should be delivered up to him. The promise was never fulfilled, and the efforts of the conspirators were renewed with increased vigour.

The press was put into requisition for the purpose of fomenting dissension amongst the troops, and of destroying the authority of their general; and a regular communication was kept up with an individual, an Englishman, then residing at Bayonne, in quality of correspondent to a London conservative journal, who published, in the Bayonne Carlist paper, the most violent attacks on Maroto, and the moderate party to which he belonged. The machinations of the intriguers did not for a moment relax; and Arias de Tejeiro, who was the principal manager of all the plots, bound himself and his associates by oath never to cease until their enemy should perish by assassination or otherwise. The liberalism of Maroto endangered the supremacy of the faction of the Inquisition, and the hatred of the priesthood infused a new and more embittered spirit into their operations. A sedition was planned, in which the generals of the apostolical party were to be the principal actors, and the persons who managed it were the Bishop of Léon, the Capuchin Larraga, the priest Echevaria, chaplain of Don Carlos, and some monks. In case of success, Garcia was to succeed Maroto, who was to be shot without a moment's delay, and without either form of trial, or the consolations of religion. Those who refused to countenance the plot, or who even desired to remain neutral, were denounced as revolutionists, and were marked out for the daggers of their partisans. Don Sebastian, son of the Princess of Beira, the Archbishop of Cuba, and some others of equally high station, were already designated as victims to their fury. The most bitter invectives were pronounced against the liberals from the pulpit, and, in the confessional, forgiveness of sins was denied by the holy men to all who did not consent to murder, open or secret. The crisis was rapidly approaching.

The attachment of the army to Maroto rendered it proof against all attempts at a general rising, and the conspirators were determined to lose no more time, but to remove their enemy by any means. They tried to induce the Brigadier Goñi to join them in the plot. Goñi, an old legitimate in the strictest sense of the word, but an honest man, refused to become a partner in the crime of assassination: he was prudent enough, however, to dissemble his discontent, until he could have it in his power to forewarn Maroto. A messenger was intercepted by the general-in-chief, who was the bearer of several letters to certain officers of the army, who were supposed to be favourable to a revolt, and in these documents the whole plot was detailed; the very day and hour were arranged for its execution. Maroto read in them his death-warrant, and he felt he had not a moment to lose. He proceeded to the quarters of the advocate-general of the army, and laid the correspondence before him. This functionary informed him that he must act with decision. Maroto was not slow in taking the hint: he

arrested, on the 17th, Garcia, Guergué, Sanz, Carmoña, and the intendant of the army, Oris; and on the next morning, without further formality, they were shot. The secretary Ibaniz was put to death two days after, but the brother of Sanz succeeded in escaping. The decree of Don Carlos following those executions, which was countersigned by the Duke of Grenada, proclaiming Maroto an outlaw, was the extreme of folly. The outlawed general was then at the head of an army by whom he was idolised, and the unhappy prince possessed no means of enforcing his manifesto. The document was the next day burned by the hands of the public executioner, in the square of Estella, and a counter manifesto speedily followed it, which praised Maroto to the skies for the very same act for which a price had been set on his head.

The party of the Inquisition had long since become an object of detestation to the army and the people. The 5th battalion of Navarre, headed by Echevaria, formed the only exception. The horrible system of reprisals had been again acted upon with more atrocity than ever; and the incessant threats and exhortations of his spiritual advisers, and the counsels of Tejeiro, had terrified the timid prince into a ratification of all their barbarities. The subject had been frequently discussed in the council of ministers: on each occasion, the venerable Bishop of Léon had spoken long and eloquently in favour of the butchery, in cold blood, of prisoners, wounded or otherwise; and the fervid preacher announced from the pulpit, as well as from the council chair, that the wrath of the Almighty had fallen upon their arms since that day when they had listened to the weak and sinful suggestions of humanity, and had spared those who fought against the banner of the Virgin. The detail of the miseries inflicted, in retaliation, on those who were in the hands of the Cristinos, could not shake the pious stoicism of the venerable ecclesiastic, and he denounced as heretics and revolutionists all those who showed mercy to the unarmed and wounded captive! All the ministers, with the exception of Valdez-Espina, partook of the pious zeal of their bishop; and the helpless prisoners continued to be massacred in the name of "our Lady of Sorrows," and for the honour and glory of the Almighty!

Innumerable woes had been inflicted on the peaceful inhabitants of the provinces. They had been for a long time convinced that the cause of the man for whom they had taken up arms was in a most hopeless condition. They had seen their sons and their brothers sent across that stream, beyond which the Basque peasant never desires to wander, in expeditions all of which were unsuccessful, and whose result was to thin their population and fertilise the barrenness of Castile with their dead bodies. The rights and privileges for which they fought were every moment violated. The Pretender himself, and his favoured ministers, seemed to be the most active agents in ruining their own cause. Decrees, signed by their king, were issued from the cabinet replete with the most unfeeling barbarity. A large fine, to be paid daily, and in proportion to the nominal property of the party assessed, was imposed on all who were not only suspected of being favourable to the Cristino cause, but even whose expressions, looks, or demeanour might induce an inference of partiality for moderation. In order to comply with the terms of these decrees, the ruined farmers, and small proprietors, were forced to sell, piece by piece, every article of their furniture; and there were, in a short time, but few farm houses in which a bed or a table could be found. The laws of the French convention against suspected persons were renewed on a small scale in the Basque provinces, but were acted on with the same sanguinary rigour. The recommenda-



tions of universal extermination, so strongly, and so earnestly, urged by Marat to that terrible assembly, were pressed on the attention of Don Carlos; and, to incline the favour of Heaven on his arms, he was advised by his chaplain, his confessor, the Bishop of Léon and Tejeiro, to march onwards to Madrid over the carcasses of two thirds of his subjects. The 5th battalion of Navarre, the only portion of the army that seemed to side with the apostolicals, was excited to the commission of enormous crimes by Echevaria; and the murder of Maroto was now proclaimed from the altar as an act deserving reward both here and hereafter. The dismissal of these miscreants, and their banishment to France, wrung from the pious prince by Maroto, at the head of his battalions, after the execution of the generals, diffused the most lively joy amongst the people and the army. They felt relieved as if from the presence of so many demons, and they loudly exulted in this temporary triumph of moderation over fanaticism.

It has been supposed that Maroto had determined to abandon the cause of Don Carlos previous to the action of Ramales, and that the unfortunate issue of that affair was the result of premeditated treachery. Such, however, is not the case. No such opinion was entertained by the generals who were present at the action, or by those individuals who enjoyed the best opportunity of ascertaining the truth. The dispositions adopted by Maroto proved the sincerity of his desire to make every effort to repel the enemy. The battalions which distinguished themselves the most on that day were commanded by officers who were the warmest supporters and partisans of Maroto. The battalion the most devoted to him was the first of Castile, and it repeatedly drove back, at the point of the bayonet, the Cristino force. It is true that Maroto no longer displayed the same energy or the same activity as when he first assumed the command: he had lost all confidence in the success of the cause, and his zeal was much diminished by the consciousness that the prince for whom he fought only awaited the first opportunity to deliver him up to the vengeance of his enemies; and the knowledge of the weakness of his own resources, and the impossibility of meeting his enemy on any thing like equal terms, had completely demoralised him. In case of success against Espartero, his intention was to quit the army, and return once more to his retirement in France. But Espartero had 26,000 infantry, 14 squadrons of cavalry, 30 pieces of heavy artillery, and 4 batteries of mountain guns. Maroto's force amounted to 8000 infantry, 2 squadrons, and 5 guns!

At no period was the Carlist army of the North in such a state of destitution as after the battle of Ramales. For many months they had not received a *maravedi* of pay; and the officers had neither clothes nor shoes to protect them against the inclemency of the weather. Disease was daily diminishing their ranks, and no measures were adopted to fill up the vacancies. The expulsion from the Cristino territory, by Espartero, of the relations of those who fought on the Carlist side, completed what the pestilence had left undone. Numerous desertions took place almost every day, and the force was melting away with the rapidity of snow beneath the summer's sun. In order to check for a space the approaching dissolution, Maroto granted about three hundred furloughs, on the payment of about 5000 reals (50*l.*) each, and the aggregate amount was distributed to the army. When this small supply was exhausted, he raised a loan on his personal security, at Durango and Tolosa, which the ministers of Don Carlos would have attempted to do in vain. The country was exhausted, and its inhabitants wearied with the innumerable sacrifices they had made of their children, and of their very last resources, for a prince whom they accused

of having done nothing whatever to put an end to this exterminating war. They were compelled to furnish 60,000 rations daily, whilst the entire army did not amount to 16,000 men, including invalids of all descriptions. The most fertile part of the provinces was in possession of the Cristinos, whose flying columns were constantly making excursions in the Carlist territory, and destroying all they could not take away. General León had burned the entire harvest of that year, from the banks of the Ebro to within a league of Estella. Several villages were also consumed, and the same ravages were committed by Martin Burrea in the plains of Alava. It was for the purpose of remonstrating against such depredations that the first interviews took place between Lord John Hay and Maroto. The arrival of the Princess of Beira, together with that of the wives of all the hangers-on about the sylvan court, completed the exasperation of the people. The young women of the provinces dared not marry, as a decree had been published by which the volunteers of the army were forbidden to contract marriage until the termination of the war.

Matters were in this state when a copy of the *Madrid Gazette* was received by Maroto, containing several letters which had been intercepted by Espartero, and in which it was proved, beyond a doubt, that Arias, who had been dismissed from the ministry, was still in the confidence of Don Carlos; and that he had been sent to the Count D'Espagne, and to Cabrera, to announce that their king was a prisoner in the hands of his general-in-chief; that Maroto was a traitor; and that he had no confidence whatever in the new advisers who had been forced upon him. Another letter was also published, which was addressed by the confidant of the Pretender, Marco del Pont, to the Bishop of León, in which it was declared that "the king would embrace the earliest opportunity of rendering null and void all that had yet been done; that he had been forced to yield to circumstances, and that he hoped soon to rid himself of his new general." The perusal of those documents produced a terrible effect on the minds of all. "Shall we still persist," cried Maroto, "in causing the destruction of our brave soldiers by a prince who will order us to be shot the moment he can do so with safety?"

It would far exceed the limits of this article were we to detail all the circumstances which tended to produce the termination of the struggle. The 5th battalion of Navarre, under Echevaria, perpetrated the most atrocious barbarities in the vicinity of Vera. The people were clamorous for peace on any conditions. The army refused to fight any longer against a force four times its number, and Espartero occupied position after position almost without striking a blow. The most ardent friends of Don Carlos discussed the necessity of an arrangement of some kind whilst there was yet time, and the most exalted fanatic did not dare to avow a hope that his master could maintain himself any longer in the provinces. In the late interviews with Lord John Hay the possibility of a compromise became a subject of frequent discussion; but Maroto still refused the only conditions on which the English and French governments would treat, namely, the recognition of the Queen Isabella, and the Constitution of 1837. The rumours afloat of Don Carlos's intention of quitting the provinces; his friendly interview with the miscreant Echevaria; his total abandonment of the army, and the rapid, and almost unimpeded, advance of Espartero, hastened on the crisis in spite of all that could be done to avoid it. An order sent by Don Carlos the 28th of August, directing Maroto to retire from the command of the army, and to quit the country, brought on the decisive moment. Maroto immediately summoned, to a council of war, Generals La Torre, Urbistondo,

Iturbe, and Manuel de Toledo (son of the Duke of Infantado), to determine on the line of conduct necessary to adopt on the occasion. The general-in-chief manifested every inclination to obey the orders of the Prince, but the other members of the council as decidedly refused compliance. So determined was their resistance to the inclinations of the chief, that it is even said Latorro threatened to blow out the brains of his general in case of his refusal to make terms immediately with Espartero. Maroto at length consented. They then proceeded to Oñate, the head-quarters of the *Cristino* general, and arranged with him the basis of the treaty of Bergara; and on the 31st the force commanded by Maroto passed over to the army of the Queen. It has been asserted that 24,000,000 of reals were paid to the negotiating Carlist generals, as the price of their abandonment of the Pretender; but we have good reason to believe that such was not the case. The 50,000*l.* supplied to Espartero by English capitalists were appropriated to the liquidation of the four months' pay guaranteed by the Bergara convention to those officers who retired from the service, and one month to the remainder of the Carlist army.

We have given a hurried, and by no means an ample, sketch of the events which led to that result so fortunate for Spain. Our limits alone have prevented us from detailing the history of the last year of the Pretender's stay in the Provinces. Our materials are most abundant; and we defy any human being, Carlist or *Cristino*, Liberal or Tory, to contradict a single fact we have narrated, or an assertion we have made. We are no admirers of treachery, and though we may be benefitted by the conduct of the traitor, we must condemn his treason; but we trust we have stated sufficient in the preceding few pages to prove that Maroto was driven on by necessity which could not be turned aside by human means, to the line of conduct which was terminated by the treaty of Bergara. He never influenced public opinion — the repeatedly and openly expressed opinions either of the army or of the population. All classes of society, disgusted with a war which seemed to have no object but the useless exhaustion of the country, and the wanton and vain shedding of blood, had long since united in demanding that the struggle should cease, and Maroto was forced to follow the common will. We must not forget that he was at no time an exalted legitimist: his declarations, made to the *sous-préfet* of Bayonne after his first retirement from the Carlist army, proved that if he was not a constitutionalist his political principles were by no means illiberal; and the extent of his private fortune would remove the suspicion that he was influenced alone by the sordid motives of gain.

Maroto is a Castilian of ancient but reduced family. His wealth was acquired by marriage in South America, where his military talents made him distinguished, and where he rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. It is said, that he there served in the same brigade with Espartero. His capacity as a military man was appreciated by Zumalacarréguy; and in the knowledge of extensive warfare he was by some esteemed superior to that celebrated guerilla chief.

He is a widower, with a family of four children — two sons and two daughters — who are said to be extremely beautiful, and to whom he is enthusiastically attached. His education has not been by any means neglected, nor are his literary talents of a mean order. The writer of this notice has seen several pieces of poetry reported to be his composition, which are replete with tenderness and imagination. His manners, generally, are rather abrupt, but in private society he is the courteous and polished gentleman. In his dealings he is honourable and high-minded. He parti-

eipates largely in the personal frailties of his countrymen ; his love of gallantry is most unbounded, and in his pursuit of pleasure he is neither moderate nor scrupulous. In personal appearance he is robust, well made, and about the middle height, with the eye of an eagle, and a high, broad, and pale forehead. His complexion is extremely sallow, and his hair is dark as the raven's wing. His habits are moderate and abstemious ; and though scrupulously neat and clean, he was always to be distinguished from those around him by the simplicity of his costume.

We believe that Maroto is at present residing in Madrid, where he is occupied in drawing up his own memoirs, which, he states, will afford a complete vindication of his conduct ; and though we may be satisfied on that point from our own acquaintance with their history, yet it will afford us much pleasure to acquire still further information respecting events which have already wrought so beneficial a change in Spain, and from which we anticipate so many glorious results.

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## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

### No. VIII.

THE rain that falls on the eastern parts of the county of Middlesex is carried off by the river Lea, which divides that county from Essex ; the western parts are drained by the Colne, which forms the boundary on the west, and much of the water on the south side flows directly into the Thames ; a considerable portion, however, of the drainage is effected by the Brent.

This river rises in the chain of hills, where, on the north, Middlesex borders upon Hertfordshire, between Elstree and Barnet, and flows by a devious course through the middle of the county. It would be difficult, in consequence of the numerous and abrupt turns, to compute the exact length of its channel ; after the manner of rivers it runs towards every point of the compass ; but its favourite directions are towards the South, the South-west, and the West. It used to fall into the Thames at Brentford, but by the skill of modern engineers it has been so strangely interlaced and intermingled with the Grand Junction Canal for about three miles, that it is not easy to say with certainty whether it is at last merged, like many of our ancient courses, in the new commercial rival that several times strides proudly over the modest country stream, or whether it is still permitted to pay its tribute in its own person, as of yore, to the king of our English rivers.

Persons accustomed to the colossal rivers of the New World will hardly deign to consider the Thames, or even the Danube, as more than a pitiful ditch ; an American, consequently, could not perceive an object so minute as the Brent, or, if it could be presented to his senses, he would doubtless, if he were so inclined, exhaust it at a draught. It is, in truth, but an insignificant stream, a succession of pools, and the narrow thread of water by which they are strung together is nearly dry in summer : at those villages, however, that are situated on the Brent, the names of which end in *ford*,

although bridges seem to be superfluous for crossing a stream that the passenger may commonly step over, it floods the low ground at the sides, wherever there is a open space, often to the height of two feet, sometimes three, and sometimes, although rarely, four feet. In several places graduated posts indicate the depth of the water; and in one spot a board declares, "when the water reaches this post, the road is dangerous." The bridges, therefore, are more necessary than they appear at first to be, and the name "ford" not inappropriate. Nevertheless, the reflections that some of the rivers that are the most celebrated in poetry certainly bring down still less water, is the best consolation for those who are interested in the importance of the Brent.

At the distance of about five miles from the confluence of this river with the Thames, and almost due North of that point, the small village of Greenford is situated, and somewhat more than a mile further up the stream, and towards the East,—for it makes nearly a right angle at Greenford,—is the still smaller village of Perivale. There is much fertile land in these two parishes, and the latter was so celebrated for the growth of corn, that Queen Elizabeth enjoined that her bread should be made of the wheat of Perivale. So great is the demand for hay in London, and so profitable is pasture land in the vicinity of the capital, that the county of Middlesex has become one green spot, one large and well-manured meadow, and it has been found advantageous to lay down to grass even those fields which used to supply her Majesty with the staff of life: a few fine crops of wheat, notwithstanding, still assert the glory of Perivale.

Eight hundred years ago, a large part of this fertile land belonged to a family that was entitled to the Scandinavian name of Thorfaster, but usually took from their residence that of Greenford, as being at once more English and less unchristian. They had inherited the property for six centuries in an unbroken succession; and it was their boast that it had not been obtained by violence, by turning out the occupier with an armed band, or by a grant from the Crown after a forfeiture,—a form of rapacity still more cruel and mischievous,—but by a fair purchase. A people remarkable for their honesty and good faith readily acknowledged that this boast was a proud one. When the tears of the Britons were unable to move the Romans, and induce them to defend their colony against the Picts and Scots, they applied to the Saxons for assistance, who sent in succession bodies of troops, at first as allies, and afterwards as conquerors. Thorfaster, the younger son of an illustrious house, and conspicuous even amongst the Saxons for his beauty, strength, and courage, was one of the first who arrived at the head of a brave band of followers. He resisted the northern invaders, and rendered valuable services to the British government against their barbarous foes. Having conquered peace, he was about to return with his companions to his native land: the Britons, who were apprehensive that, as soon as their defenders had withdrawn, the dangers would be renewed, earnestly implored them to remain. Some consented, and Thorfaster amongst the rest; and he was so much charmed with the beauty and fertility of the country, and the mildness of the climate, that he resolved to remain permanently in it. He sailed to the land of his birth, to bid adieu to it for ever, and brought with him his wife and children, and the little moveable property that a man could have in those times, to the land he had chosen. He purchased Greenford, which was then a part of the demesnes of the Crown, and paid a portion of the price with money that his family, it was said, had made by merchandise;—it certainly is not easy in these days to comprehend the nature of the traffic that was then exercised;—and of the remainder a part

was due to him from the government for the pay and support of his soldiers, and the rest was remitted as a recompence for his services. It was affirmed by the family, that the original deed of purchase, in the Celtic and Saxon languages, together with the receipts, acquittances, and other evidences of this transaction, were contained in the large oaken coffer adorned with carved figures in very high relief of a singular structure and of unknown antiquity, which contained many muniments of a later date written in the Saxon language and character. It was the boast of this family, that they had never wronged any one, not even the Britons, within the time of memory, and that they could prove it: their honourable claim was generally acknowledged, — no one offered to gainsay it. As the rights of the proprietor of Greenford had never been questioned, the grant had not been examined for many years; its contents, therefore, were but imperfectly understood; languages change so much by time that, it would have demanded the learning of an antiquary, even in those days, to have interpreted it. To judge of its precise effect, even if we could recover the deed and translate it, would perhaps be impossible, unless—which is not improbable, as Britain had long been a Roman colony—the possession of land here was regulated by the civil law. It was said that at first, and for many years, the estate was absolute and independent, but that after a time it was held immediately under the Crown; but it is impossible to comprehend exactly the meaning of the distinction.

Many of the occupiers had filled important offices under the kings of the East Saxons during the Heptarchy, and after the Union under the kings of England, such as cupbearer, huntsman, falconer, and the like; a considerable intimacy and personal attachment, and sometimes even friendship, had subsisted between them and their sovereigns; and they were not less celebrated for loyal fidelity than for fearless independence. Several also had rendered valuable services to the state, both in war and in peace: whatever change there was, therefore, in the manner in which the possessions of the favourites of the kings were had and held, must have been made in order to augment rather than to diminish their rights. The expression, “holding under the Crown”, is not to be understood in a feudal sense, as implying a long train of services, and burthens, and grievous forfeitures; still less are we to suppose that the king had the power of taking their lands away from the family at pleasure: it has been conjectured that the tenure was adopted as a mark of honour, — to show the attachment of the monarch and the affection of the subject; perhaps also for security. The owner had no intention of selling the estate, or even of letting it; but if by a miracle such a design could have entered his head, there was an understanding that the possession could not be transferred without the express consent of the king, solemnly signified by a royal charter: the king consequently was secured, by the inability of his tenant to alienate the land without his licence, from the remote chance of having an enemy substituted for a friend, and the owner from a contingency which, in troublesome times, was far more likely to happen; as a stranger, who by force or accident should get possession of the land, would never be able to set up a title to it, unless he could show a royal grant, and the king was bound to reject the intruder with the whole force of the kingdom, if it were required, and to restore the possession to the rightful owner. The ancient Abbey of Westminster had suffered severely by the ravages of the Danes; the glorious King Edgar, at the instance of St. Dunstan, bestowed much treasure and much fertile land for the re-edification and reparation of the venerable foundation; and, to defend it from future rapine, he assigned also many loyal and doughty champions. Several members of the Greenford family were at that time

famous for their readiness to take the field, and to resist the invaders, and especially for a peculiar vigour and dexterity in applying the blow of an axe to a Danish head, as well as for integrity and the calm virtues of peace. The King, "moved by his pious gratitude to the patron of the Abbey St. Peter, and considering that it was the duty of all Christians strenuously to oppose the enemies of that saint and of all religion, and further considering," as he says in the preamble of his charter, "that faithful friends are more precious than the sweetest ointment or the fairest inheritance," and for other good reasons, granted that his trusty and well-beloved tenants, with their express consent and approbation, should hold immediately under the Abbot of Westminster and his successors, as they had been used to hold under him.

From the date of this charter, it was said that the Greenford family held under the Abbot of Westminster, and this change of tenure produced these effects. In case of invasion they used to repair to Westminster, and the primary object was always to guard the Abbey; yet, in truth, the same measures were taken for the defence of the realm as before, and the same hard knocks were given to the invaders, although they were to be set down to the private account of the Abbot; by degrees the family became somewhat less intimate with the kings, and somewhat more so with the convent; and lastly, it had not been usual to furnish corn and cattle to the King, unless he were in the immediate neighbourhood, or in case of some public exigence, or on some particular occasion; whereas it soon became a custom to send supplies to the Abbey regularly on stated days, which were thankfully received. There was no legal obligation to yield them, but the omission would have been considered a gross breach of a religious duty; the tribute was not large in amount, nor was it onerous, for they had plenty of fertile land, and hands enough, so that all were industrious; and the demand for food being limited, the articles that were sent to the Abbey would not have been produced if they had not been required for that purpose, and they were honestly distributed in the maintenance of the convent, in hospitality, and in alms to the poor. It would be a high estimate of the tax to say that it amounted daily to an additional half hour of labour; those who gave it were not over-worked, and were well fed; the tribute was most cheerfully paid, and we shall see in the sequel in what manner it was required.

It is impossible to ascertain the extent of the possessions of this family, although it appears to be defined in ancient writings. The measures of land of those days were vague and uncertain, even when men appeared to affect extreme precision; nor can we satisfy ourselves whether the quantity specified included the whole of the inclosed land or only the arable: it seems most probable that the latter only is meant; in which case there would be at least as much more of closes of meadow and pasture, as of that which is generally described as land. The right of common is expressly mentioned over uninclosed lands for more cattle than had ever been kept, and also sundry rights in extensive woods to a much greater amount than had ever been used; that of pruning, or common, for a prodigious number of swine, that of cutting wood for fuel or timber, and that of hunting. The right of clearing, inclosing, and cultivating any portion of the forest is not named,—perhaps because it did not seem likely that it would ever be exercised; it seems, however, from various circumstances, to have existed. Some families of freemen resided upon small freeholds in the two parishes: we cannot discover whether their estates had ever any connection with that of Thorfaster. The serfs, or boors, lived in cottages; the relation in which these people

stood to their lord is as undefined as the tenure by which he held under the King, and afterwards under the Abbot. What were his powers over them? He undoubtedly could not take their lives, nor, most probably, their property; it is certain that he did not. They might not leave the estate without his permission; but they were still less likely to harbour any thought of quitting it, than he of letting or selling it. He might sell them, and his land also; but, practically, he never sold either. He was entitled, perhaps, by law, to require all their labour, to compel them to work for him every day, except on Sundays and festivals; but how could he have employed them? Their master occupied, in fact, about one third part of their time, taking one day with another throughout the year: they assisted vigorously during the harvest; they assisted also in laying in a stock of fuel for the winter, so ample as to admit of waste, in cutting down trees, in making charcoal, in carrying and cleaving wood; they helped sometimes in ploughing, and always in weeding; and they did much in hedging, ditching, and draining; and they were always forthcoming when any extraordinary occasion required their exertions. They might employ the remaining two thirds of their time in tilling for their support the portions of land which were assigned them, in providing themselves with fuel, and in labouring as hired servants, for those freemen who required and could pay for their assistance. As their masters were bound to support them, if they were unable to maintain themselves, they had less anxiety than freemen; and this, perhaps, was some compensation for the absence of freedom.

For more than five centuries the estate of Greenford had been transmitted entire from one descendant of Thorfastor to another. In the reign of King Edgar it was in the possession of a brave man, who had been formerly esteemed a sensible person, but extreme old age had greatly impaired his mental faculties. He had two sons of distinguished courage and merits, whom he tenderly loved; and to prove that he esteemed them equally, he earnestly implored them on his deathbed, and several times before, during his dotage, to divide the property equally between them. The elder brother, being moved by the entreaties of his father, and perceiving that his younger brother yielded to the temptation and appeared to desire it, although he said nothing, consented, and they promised to comply with the old man's request, and, it is said, confirmed with an oath the promise to execute his last will. The father died, and the filial piety and fraternal affection of the elder brother immediately proceeded to sever that which had so long been one and undivided; he reserved for himself the ancient family mansion, and assisted his brother in erecting one of suitable dimensions on that moiety of the estate which was assigned to him. Every one deeply regretted the division. The death of the father unfortunately was subsequent to the grant to the Abbot of Westminster; had the estate been still held under the King, he might have forbidden it peremptorily. The Abbot was a pious man, but not wise in the affairs of this world, and the breaking down masses of property into smaller partitions seemed so well to accord with the maxims which it was his office to inculcate, that he approved of the unwise partition, and it was accordingly made. It was commonly said, that this was the only imprudent act which had ever been committed by any member of a family that had always been remarkable for good sense; the excellent and affectionate dispositions of the two brothers, and of their descendants, averted the evils which all prudent persons had anticipated from the folly of old Sebert. The severed estate was never united, nor was it further divided; but the two moieties descended, without any ill consequences, to his two great-grandsons, Leofric



and Adhelm. These cousins were still more remarkable for the affectionate friendship, in which they had always lived, than even their harmonious predecessors.

If the weather be fine, the autumn is undoubtedly the most agreeable season of the year; it resembles the pleasant spring in temperature; but as it follows the heat of summer, whilst the spring succeeds to the cold of winter, the air is more ripe and mature. There are a few days near to the feast of St. Michael, which, when the sky is propitious, are called the Michaelmas summer, and these are, perhaps, the most delightful. It was on one of them, and a glorious day it was, on Sunday, the 1st of October, in the year 1060, that the two cousins repaired together—being attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbours, who rejoiced in the season and the event, and declared the morning was worthy of the occasion,—to the same church to receive their brides from the hands of the kinsmen and priests. Nor were they less distinguished for their noble deportment than for the harmony of their lives. “Do they not look like two kings?” the women asked as they passed by: two kings of Greenford,—a sorry kingdom; the bridegrooms, nevertheless, were models of manly beauty. The ladies, their friends, and the clergy were already in possession of the church, so that the fair Bebb was soon assigned to Leofric, who represented the elder branch of the family: he was, moreover, the older, being in his thirty-fifth year. For seven years he had been engaged to marry the lady, but by various untoward accidents their union had been prevented. Bebb was thirty years old: there was some reserve, some hesitation, in communicating facts that would prove it; but it was certain that Bebb was thirty. She was of a commanding presence, and reasonably handsome; Leofric doubtless saw in her every thing that he could desire or deserve; but there were females present who candidly declared that there were other women in England whose beauty was more worthy of him. Adhelm was of the same age as Bebb; but he frankly avowed it, and said openly, I am thirty. His courtship had been much shorter; it had lasted scarcely seven weeks: so his bride was younger, of a smaller stature, and of acknowledged beauty. It was only objected, that she looked, perhaps, a little sickly; it was answered, that the poor thing was flurried; but it was finally settled, that her appearance was certainly somewhat sickly.

The festivities continued for three weeks: it is needless to describe them, but it is necessary to say a few words respecting the dwellings of the brides; for although the residence of a bachelor be unimportant, that of a married man is esteemed worthy of notice. The traveller who visits Greenford from London and the East, immediately after crossing the Brent, ascends the hill, at the top of which he finds two roads,—one straight before him leading to the West, the other on his right, which passes through the village to Harrow and the North. If he takes the latter, he will observe on his left, on descending the hill, perhaps a quarter of a mile before he reaches the church, an old white farmhouse close to the road, with some fine trees about it, not unpleasantly situated, and looking across the green valley towards the North upon Harrow, and some other woody and verdant hills. The site of this old house is not precisely that of Leofric’s, yet it will point it out more nearly than any other object that can be selected.

The houses of our Saxon ancestors were built of strong frames of timber, commonly of oak; the interstices were sometimes filled with boards; but in dwellings of the better class this was rare; sometimes with laths and plaster, and sometimes with bricks and mortar, as in the house of which we speak. The strength of the oaken frame being very great, and the thick and well

seasoned beams extremely durable, this part of the house was often very old, the panels having been renewed several times. The grand and leading feature of the house, which constituted its essence and identity, was the principal chimney, and herein likewise was its sanctity and antiquity: it stood in the middle, like a tower,—being of vast size, and rising considerably above the roof; it was a pyramid of brickwork, devouring as many bricks as would serve to build a modern house. If the mansion were destroyed by fire, whether through accident or the ravages of an invading enemy, the chimney would stand amongst the ruins uninjured. Many of the principal chimneys, therefore, throughout the country, were of great and unknown antiquity; several generations had cooked their food and warmed their limbs at the foot of them. It was very wide, and the shaft was perfectly straight, consequently the rain descended with some force, and it often happened in the winter season, that the hearth was covered in the morning with snow as thickly as the ground out of doors. If any one stood under it, when the fire was out, he might see a considerable space of blue sky above his head, or at night he might count at once many stars, and they took some time to glide over the field of view: in the summer, whole bushes of holly and other evergreens were placed on the hearth under the chimney. As the mighty chimney was the most permanent part of the house, so was the roof the least durable: it was composed of thatch, which was frequently replaced: it may be said, indeed, that it was always being renewed, for a portion was thatched anew every year; consequently, in a certain number of seasons the whole was removed and restored in a continually revolving circle. A roof of straw is less handsome and more troublesome than one of lasting materials, but being a more effectual defence against both heat and cold, it is more comfortable, especially in the upper chambers.

The delight of a Saxon was to have a spacious dining-room, with a blazing fire constantly burning in winter time; to give entertainment to his friends there, and to show a frank and munificent hospitality to all comers. The house of Leofric was not deficient in a part that was deemed so indispensable; the hall was lofty, ample, and handsome, and the principal chimney cheered one end with a noble fireplace. The kitchen was a small room behind the chimney, the fireplace of which communicated likewise with the huge chimney: for many purposes, however, the hall was used as a kitchen. There was a due accommodation of chambers and of other conveniences, which were not incommodious, although homely: the disposition of the whole was irregular. The glory of the house and its pride, after the hall and its chimney, consisted chiefly in its cellars, store-rooms, dairies, brewhouse, barns, stables, granaries, and various offices, which were admirably adapted for the several purposes for which they were intended, and were, for the most part, in good order, although it was apparent that they had been designed for the wants of a tenant who held the whole estate, and, since the division, were on too large a scale. Extensive gardens, well supplied with flowers and vegetables, reached quite to the bottom of the hill, in which hedges, walks, alleys, arches, and bowers of hornbeam, beech, and yew, attested the antiquity of the site and the diligence of the gardener's shears. There were orchards well stocked with every kind of fruit tree on all sides, on the right of the road, as well as on the left, where the house stood; nor were ancient mulberry trees or walnut trees of primeval growth wanting.

On the top of the hill, and at a little distance to the south-west of the house, stood an old square tower, built, with wondrous solidity, of brick. It was said to have been the ancient habitation of the family; that Thor-

faster found it there, repaired it, and dwelt in it himself, and his descendants after him for some generations; but there was no account of the precise period when they had quitted this stronghold. It was said, moreover, that it was built by the Romans for a castle; the forms of the bricks, the nature of the brickwork, and the excellence of the masonry, especially of the numerous arches, seemed to confirm this report; but it was not easy to understand why they should have fortified that spot, nor was there any distinct account of their having erected it. It seemed more probable, therefore, that it was the work of some British king, who, when the estate formed a part of the royal demesnes, used to repair thither for the purpose of hunting, or of retirement, and availed himself of the superior skill of Roman workmen. There was one circumstance which demonstrated that, although it might be the workmanship of Roman masons, it was not a public work constructed under the superintendence of Roman governors; for the foundations had been hastily and imperfectly laid; they had sunk unequally in every part; the massive walls were rent in many places; and the whole structure seemed to totter to its ruin, especially the north-western angle, which hung over towards the north several feet, and of which about a third part had already fallen; the broken masses lay scattered at the base, and the remainder of that angle threatened to fall daily, and a rail prevented cattle from placing themselves under the impending ruin.

At the bottom of the tower were three stories of small, low, vaulted rooms, or cells, which were probably designed for offices or store-rooms: above these was a large and lofty hall, which occupied the whole width of the tower, and by far the greater part of the height, like the belfry in the steeple of a church: it was covered with arches of brick; at the top there had been formerly three stories of low apartments, which had been used as bedrooms; but having been built slightly, as they were out of the reach of attack, they had fallen down: traces still remained, however, at the south-eastern angle, which was of its original height, being the strongest, and containing the stairs, whereby the plan of the upper part might be made out. The ruin had long been inhabited by vast flocks of pigeons; boxes and shelves had been fixed there for their accommodation, and they flourished and multiplied prodigiously: clouds of these useful and beautiful birds wheeled round it; or they sat in swarms on a sunny day upon the top, and their cooing might be heard at a considerable distance.

Such was the mansion where the fair Bebb dwelt with the elder branch of the family; the younger conducted his more beautiful bride to Perivale. On the north-west of the church, and near to it, on a spot which, as some walnut and mulberry trees seem to say, was once the site of a house, stood their abode. It was far less ancient than the dwelling of Leofric, having been erected somewhat less than a century, on the division of the estate after the death of old Sebert. It was a sufficiently good house, duly provided with its hall and principal chimney, and with the requisite offices and out-buildings: as these were designed for the occupier of one half of the land only, they were on a smaller scale, and were in the most perfect repair. There were good and large gardens, which were less extensive, however, than those at the parent dwelling, and less decorated with antique topiary; but, in consequence of the quality of the soil and the more sunny exposure, they soon took the lead—at least, in vegetables and flowers. The situation has no pretensions to any remarkable beauty, but it has, perhaps, that fair average of rural pleasantness, which an Englishman has a right to expect in his native place. If there was less of the solemn and imposing air of antiquity than at Greenford, the aspect was certainly more cheerful and

agreeable; nor was a certain convenient gravity wanting; for, soon after the house was completed, some rooks had come to settle upon the large trees on the north; and as their presence was deemed lucky, they were not disturbed, and had increased greatly. As the residence of Leofric was known by the voices of the pigeons, so was that of Adhelm by the cawing of the rooks: the latter, however, was much louder; for in a still evening it might be heard very distinctly at Greenford. On the division of the estate, the Abbot of Westminster advised that the parish should be divided also. It was so; and that of Little Greenford, or Greenford Parva, for the present name of Perivale is not older than the sixteenth century, was separated from Greenford. On the spot where the church now stands a small one was built of shingles: there was no parsonage, for a monk came from Westminster on one Sunday in every month, and on the greater festivals, to perform the offices; and he used to be entertained on these occasions at Adhelm's, and excellent was the entertainment, and right hearty the welcome. The wooden temple was so small, that it was more like a box than a church; the good monk, laughing heartily at his own pleasantries, was used to call it the Ark. If the afternoon was fine, he would sometimes come out of the Ark, like Noah, and deliver his discourse in the open air, to a small but attentive audience, by the side of a large yew tree which had sprung up many centuries before on the south-east of the church, as if in anticipation, as an Abbot of Westminster observed, when he visited the spot, that the place was some day, by the blessing of God, to become a churchyard. During the sermon the rooks would sometimes raise an overpowering clamour; the preacher lifted up his eyes towards them, and watching them until they were silent, seemed to say, by his impatient looks, "Pray do not begin until I have finished; let us not all talk together!" When the discourse was concluded, and the honest rustics suddenly struck up a psalm, the rooks withdrew abashed to more distant trees from the unequal contest.

The church at Greenford was a more important edifice; it occupied the same position as at present. A parson had always resided permanently in this parish: his parsonage was on the north of the church; it was small, mean, and old; there was a little chamber for himself, another for his housekeeper, a lumber room, a kitchen, and a hall; for what Saxon, lay or ecclesiastic, would be without his hall. It was long since any labour had been bestowed in ornamenting its walls; nevertheless a liberal hospitality was afforded to all visitors. The outbuildings were better than the house itself, especially the brewhouse, which might, perhaps, be called handsome. Whilst dinner or supper was prepared, the parson used always to say to the stranger, "You have seen my church, no doubt; it is open: travellers always visit the church first." And without waiting for an answer, he added — "Come and see my brewhouse — come along, and I will show you a fine stately brewhouse." The parson was named Master Peter, and he was an excellent and most jovial fellow; — but of him hereafter.

# THE DEATH OF GASTON DE FOIX.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "CATILINE," ETC.

## I.

GASTON DE FOIX, the flower of chivalry!  
 Why on the earth is fixed his downcast eye?  
 Why is his brow deep-lined — his raven hair  
 White with the snows Time hath not planted there?  
 Why heaves the sigh suppress'd from his sear'd heart?  
 Why doth he walk in sullen gloom apart?  
 Despair, undying, in that breast doth dwell,  
 Which vain remorse hath tortur'd to a hell!  
 Not Hope herself would listen dar'd he pray;  
 Even from his prayer would Mercy turn away!  
 No time can heal the deed which he hath done,  
 He stands on earth — the murderer of his son!

## II.

The chase — the chase — aught that may leave behind  
 Remorseful memories of the sleepless mind.  
 The boar is roused — away! — for life,  
 The huntsman dares the desperate strife;  
 Gaston de Foix, the bravest, first,  
 Upon that quarry's lair hath burst; —  
 But when no more his life-blood's stirr'd,  
 Dark memory's voice again is heard;  
 The chase is sped, the prey o'erthrown;  
 He turns away — to be alone.

## III.

Night falls — he starts — lo! near a castle stood:  
 Familiar was each spot of that wild wood,  
 Even from boyhood's days; whence then had birth  
 Those solemn walls that, dreamlike, rose from earth;  
 Red lights its casements' hollow eyes illumed,  
 Glimmering from far, like meteors o'er a tomb.  
 Is it a phantom pile, or demon's den,  
 That silent fabric, or the abode of men?  
 No warder hears his bugle-horn, none wait,  
 No page attends him at the open'd gate:  
 Through lonely halls he wanders, each more bright;  
 When, lo! the banquet meets his dazzled sight:  
 Long tables spread with golden cups are crown'd,  
 But where the guests who should have crowded round?

## IV.

He gain'd the crowning seat: "Ah! now," he cried,  
 "Would that my son attended at my side!  
 Smiling, as once he stood, while ever nigh,  
 With the brightest and the welcome eye;

I could die happy, death itself were dear,  
If that my son — my murder'd son — were here!  
Hark! — a low sigh — an echo from the tomb; —  
Lo! a form glides towards me from the gloom:  
A lambent light round his pale brow expands;  
His lips are livid — blood is on his hands:  
His eyes — his sightless eyes — glare on me now —  
My son — my son — I feel that it is thou!  
Thou hold'st the bowl as thou wert wont — yet why  
Dost thou so fix me with thy stony eye?  
I place my hands within — ha! warm the flood —  
It is — O God! — it is thy reeking blood!  
I see — I feel the truth — and thou art come  
From high, to tell me, silently, my doom:  
Angel of mercy, sent from heaven thou art,  
To still the fire that preys upon my heart.  
I feel a coldness creep throughout my veins:  
This — this is death! — and these ensanguin'd stains  
Shall purify my soul until it be,  
My murder'd son! atonement made for thee.  
Dost thou depart, or is't my failing sight? —  
All round is chill, and darkening into night;  
Yet, ere thou turn'st away, one prayer fulfil;  
Say, if thou canst, that thou dost love me still.  
He smiles — he looks the love he cannot tell:  
I die — I follow thee — farewell, farewell!"

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## BY THE ADRIATIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "CATILINE," ETC.

O how delicious in the warm, bright sun,  
While whispers the long grass with reedy tone,  
To sit and watch the blue sea, all alone,  
Sink on the sands as if with toil foredone,  
And with an indolent and fitful will!  
Then shut one's eyes in fond abstraction till,  
Borne onward to Elysium's brightest bowers,  
We talk with those we love uncounted hours,  
And hear those blessed waters where they roll,  
Stealing oblivion on the tranced soul,  
While communing with spirits. Blissful mood!  
When we feel nothing round us will intrude,  
Or break upon our voiceful solitude;  
But that, reposing among haunted dreams,  
We colour them with fancy's loveliest gleams.  
Sooth'd by the water's mingled world of sound;  
Clear, slumb'rous, deep, full, peaceful, and profound!

## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

It is the First of September. Not such a First of September as Mackenzie describes in the "Man of Feeling," when he gives a twaddling history of the way in which he came by that precious MS. What better use could have been made of the said MS. than to convert it into wadding? Happy the paper that is so employed; for if paper be conscious of any glorious achievement on this earth, we know none so ecstatic as that of helping to scatter a cloud of birds in the grey of the morning, or half an hour before dusk — the most killing time in the sportsman's calendar. "It was on a burning First of September," says Mackenzie — what follows is pure moonshine. Now, this is not a burning First of September. It is cool, crisp, and renovating: the breeze pours down from the hills laden with the fragrance of heather, and all along the valleys a low gusty whistling wind rushes through the feathery bushes, and, sweeping past a cluster of gables that goes by the name of a village, loses itself in the eddies of a far-off lake, where all the children, for twenty miles round, fish for tench, carp, and perch. The art of man, or of woman, which surpasses all masculine calculation, could neither stop nor catch that invisible wind. If you built a wall as high as Saturn it would be useless; for the wind, scoffing your labours, would whistle at the base as merrily as ever, and shoot into the sky faster than thought or light, blowing the lusty dust, like chaff, before it. But who that has ever taken a gun in hand is ignorant of the value of this sportive and, not unfrequently, tantalizing wind? Mark how the dogs snuff it, and track it wherever it flies, until they fall upon the scent of the grouse, and start a forest of wings into the air for your ready-cocked double barrels. A good sportsman, if he is sure of himself, and is not troubled with too many companions, will always keep his gun ready-cocked. But your inexperienced Southern must not venture upon such a risk. He may, perchance, endanger the brains of some of his friends — always provided they have any.

Take the side of a dark mountain, looking as if it were in a brown study, and let your range be from the foot halfway upwards. There you will have game to your heart's content, if you only know how to set about it, and have a wary helper, who will beat, with tumultuous energy, the bushes that fringe the wild plantation, keeping the dog always in sight. "If the day is favourable," says that stalwart gentleman, John Colquhoun, "and you have not strangely mismanaged, you ought to make bloody work." \* There is no place in all the world like the moors. You grow stronger every step you take in these bracing latitudes: your chest expands, the stomach-film falls from your eyes, your muscles acquire the solidity of iron, and you seem to obtain the elasticity of the deer, as you bound up the ribs of the hills. As for the black-cock it is a perfect paragon of a bird. Audubon never saw such a specimen of winged life in the depths of Florida. The colours of the rainbow, that sprinkle the gay plumage of the American races, fade into mere mouldy tapestry in comparison with the noble grandeur of that ebony bird, everlasting in its hue, and of a most stormy vigour of constitution. There he couches in the belts of juniper, or carouses on the tender food of the alder and birch, or whizzing on the undulating and ragged surface of the moors, melts into the darkness of that umbrageous landscape.

\* *The Moor and the Lock*, By JOHN COLQUHOUN. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons, 1840.

*Appropos of Audubon.* He is at home in his own majestic region of primitive forests, and foaming rivers, and giant mountains. Great in the unstained simplicity of his nature, he stands alone amongst naturalists. He has accomplished in action more than was ever dreamed of by the elegant Buffon or the romantic Waterton. He has combined science and poetry into one magnificent whole, and produced, in his "Birds of America," a work that must remain to the end of time a monument of unexampled perseverance, worthy of an ardent lover of Nature. It is the only work that represents birds as they are; presenting, in a single view, their forms, their habits, and their climates. All other works take single phases, and at best are nothing better than illustrative memoirs. But here is the bird in all its ways of life—in pursuit of its prey, if it be voracious, or flying from pursuit, according to its nature; building its nest, fostering its young, poised on the tip of a spray, a hovering over the sedgy margin of a lake; cowering in a fen, or sailing in the clouds; we have it in all its characteristic aspects—in love, in contest, from the shell to the museum. This is the ideal of high art, carrying us out of the descriptive catalogue into the green woods, and giving us the whole history of these races in a single *tableau*.

Audubon is exactly the sort of man in whom this true love of Nature might be expected to be predominant over all other objects. He spent a princely fortune on that magnificent work; and, to the eternal disgrace of England, we believe his subscribers in this country were not sufficient to pay the expences of one of his numerous journeys into the far West, in search of specimens. But the courtesy with which he was received!—the panegyrics that were showered upon him from the highest quarters!—the wonder, and curiosity, and admiration his labours excited!—these were the rewards which the living Audubon enjoyed, to be eclipsed, no doubt, by marble tributes and literary memorials, when he shall be called into another state of existence—a translation which, we trust, may be far distant. How intensely Audubon despised all this ceremonial flattery and hollow protestation. With what inborn pride of heart he looked down upon the empty gorgeousness of our artificial society! His life had been a life of energy passed in the forests and on the broad lakes: he had communed with Nature in her grandest solitudes; and he sickened at the effeminate pomp and pampered selfishness of the old world. There never breathed a finer spirit. Cast in a manly mould, fitted for toil, stamped with the noble attributes of courage, patience, and hearty enthusiasm, no dangers appalled, no disappointments discouraged him; and whatever enterprises he undertook in the pursuit of his favourite science, were prosecuted with a vigour which can be intelligible only to natures capable of a similar integrity of purpose. His "Ornithological Biography" is a monument of extraordinary labour. The vastness of the design startled every body except himself; and the very apprehension that he should not live long enough to complete so gigantic an undertaking repelled many people from venturing even to purchase the numbers as they appeared, lest an imperfect publication of such magnitude should be ultimately left upon their hands. When he delivered his first drawings to the engraver, he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out to him the rashness of the project, and candidly told him that they did not expect to witness the issue of a second fasciculus. Even at starting, he calculated that the engravers would take sixteen years in accomplishing their task. Not one single individual held out the least hope of his success, and many sincere and anxious friends strongly urged him to abandon his undertaking, to dispose of his drawings, and return to his native country. "But," he exclaims, "my heart was nerved, and my reli-



ance on that Power, on whom all must depend, brought bright anticipations of success!" Having completed his arrangements for meeting the first difficulties, he began to collect scattered notes from the pages of his journals respecting the habits of the birds, and assiduously devoted himself to the improvement of his drawings. He had the satisfaction of finding that each succeeding plate was superior to its predecessor; the engravers and colourists became more familiar with the peculiar demands of their responsible duties; and at the end of four years, during which he worked early and late, without respite, and against incredible discouragements, he was rewarded by finding the first volume completed. He now laboured with renewed zeal, and looked forward, confidently, to the result of the next four years. Time passed on, and he returned from the forests and wilds of the western world to receive the last plate of his second volume from the hands of his indefatigable and skilful artist, Mr. Havell. Let us now give his own account of an incident that occurred at this period:—

"About that time a nobleman called upon me with his family, and requested me to show them some of my original drawings, which I did with the more pleasure that my visitor possessed a knowledge of ornithology. In the course of our conversation, I was asked how long it might be until the work should be finished. When I mentioned eight years more, the nobleman shrugged up his shoulders, and sighing, said, 'I may not see it finished, but my children will, and you may please to add my name to the list of subscribers.' The young people exhibited a mingled expression of joy and sorrow, and when I with them strove to dispel the cloud that seemed to hang over their father's mind, he smiled, bade me be sure that the whole work should be punctually delivered. The solemnity of his manner I could not forget for several days; I often thought that neither might I see the work completed, but at length I exclaimed—'my sons may.' And now that another volume, both of my illustrations and of my biographies is finished, my trust in Providence is augmented, and I cannot but hope that myself and my family together may be permitted to see the completion of my labours."

When this was written, ten years had elapsed since the publication of his first plate. In three years afterwards the fourth volume appeared. The work comprised four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing one thousand and sixty-five figures, the size of life, exhibiting, as we have already observed, the habits and climates of the birds, carefully drawn and exquisitely coloured after nature. And this great undertaking, occupying about thirteen years in the mere production—not to speak of the labour expended in exploring expeditions for observation and the collection of specimens, every bird in the series having been drawn from life by the hand of the adventurous naturalist—was carried on uninterruptedly, without the continuity of its execution having been broken for a single day, every one of the numbers having been delivered with exemplary regularity! A fifth volume completed the Biography; and well might Audubon proudly felicitate himself upon the conclusion of a marvellous task, which the most indifferent of his readers cannot contemplate without mingled emotions of astonishment and delight. "Once more," he says, speaking out of the depths of his heart, "surrounded by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the countenance of numerous friends who have never deserted me, and possessing a competent share of all that can render life agreeable, I look up with gratitude to the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy!"

Honour to him who wrote these grateful words, and may the happiness he so well deserves, and knows so truly how to appreciate, accumulate around him, and accompany him with increasing lustre to the close of his valuable life! But little can the European student, bewildered with small impediments in the museum, comprehend the nature of Audubon's researches. Alone he went forth into the wilds, as cheerful as the birds, and, with the snows of

sixty years upon his head, as elastic as the deer : but let him give a sample of his experience in his own fresh and characteristic way :—

“ The adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images. Nay, reader, had I a new lease of life presented to me, I should choose for it the very occupations in which I have been engaged.

“ And, reader, the life which I have led has been in some respects a singular one. Think of a person, intent on such pursuits as mine have been, aroused at early dawn from his rude couch on the alder-fringed brook of some northern valley, or in the midst of some yet unexplored forest of the West, or perhaps on the soft and warm sands of the Florida shores, and listening to the pleasing melodies of songsters innumerable saluting the magnificent orb, from whose radiant influence the creatures of many worlds receive life and light. Refreshed and re-invigorated by healthful rest, he starts upon his feet, gathers up his store of curiosities, buckles on his knapsack, shoulders his trusty firelock, says a kind word to his faithful dog, and recommences his pursuit of zoological knowledge. Now the morning is spent, and a squirrel or a trout afford him a repast. Should the day be warm, he reposes for a time under the shade of some tree. The woodland choristers again burst forth into song, and he starts anew, to wander wherever his fancy may direct him, or the objects of his search may lead him in pursuit. When evening approaches, and the birds are seen betaking themselves to their retreats, he looks for some place of safety, erects his shed of green boughs, kindles his fire, prepares his meal, and as the widgeon or blue-winged seal, or perhaps the breast of a turkey, or a steak of venison, sends its delicious perfumes abroad, he enters into his parchment-bound journal the remarkable incidents and facts that have occurred in the course of the day. Darkness has now drawn her sable curtain over the scene ; his repast is finished, and kneeling on the earth, he raises his soul to Heaven, grateful for the protection that has been granted to him, and the sense of the divine presence in this solitary place. Then wishing a cordial good night to all the dear friends at home, the American woodsman wraps himself up in his blanket, and closing his eyes, soon falls into that comfortable sleep which never fails him on such occasions.”

Mark the profound spirit of love that pervades this beautiful picture ; and how the woodsman, after the fatigues of the day, kneels in the darkness of the forest, far away from the haunts of man, to thank his God for the protection that has conducted him in safety through the perils of his enterprise. And how much more touching and picturesque is all this, than the most laboured artifices of poetry, which, dealing with conjectural images, endeavours to supply by the force of invention all that vivid train of associations which men like Audubon realise, and present to us in the permanent colours of unembellished truth. A thousand passages might be cited from the Biography in illustration of the vigorous fidelity with which he delineates the actual scenes through which he passed. Such episodes in his descriptive pages are perfect of their kind, and were never surpassed for homely simplicity and natural eloquence. Here is one taken at random, where he is relating the manner in which the Canada goose is surprised and slain :—

“ Reader, I am well acquainted with one of the best sportsmen now living in the whole of the western country ; one possessed of strength, activity, courage, and patience,—qualities of great importance in a gunner. I have frequently seen him mount a capital horse of speed and bottom at midnight, when the mercury in the thermometer was about the freezing point, and the ground was covered with snow and ice, the latter of which so encased the trees, that you might imagine them converted into glass. Well, off he goes at a round gallop, his steed rough shod, but nobody knows whither, save myself, who am always by his side. He has a wallet containing our breakfast, and abundance of ammunition, together with such implements as are necessary on occasions like the present. The night is pitch dark and dismal enough ; but who cares ! He knows the woods as well as any Kentucky hunter, and in this respect I am not much behind him. A long interval has passed, and now the first glimpse of day appears in the East. We know quite well where we are, and that we have travelled just twenty miles. The horned owl alone interrupts the melancholy silence of the hour. Our

horses we secure, and on foot we move cautiously towards a 'long pond,' the feeding place of several flocks of geese, none of which have yet arrived, although the whole surface of open water is covered with mallards, widgeons, pintail ducks, blue and green-winged teals. My friend's gun, like mine, is a long and trusty one, and the opportunity is too tempting. On all fours we cautiously creep to the very edge of the pond; we now raise ourselves on our knees, level our pieces, and let fly."

"The woods resound with repeated echoes; the air is filled with ducks of all sorts; our dogs dash into the half frozen water, and in a few minutes a small heap of game lies at our feet. Now we retire, separate, and betake ourselves to different sides of the pond. If I might judge of my companion's fingers by the state of my own, I may feel certain that it would be difficult for him to fasten a button. There we are shivering, with contracted feet and chattering teeth! but the geese are coming, and their well-known cry, *hauk, hauk, auhauk, auhauk*, resounds through the air. They wheel for a while, but at length gracefully alight on the water, and now they play and wash themselves, and begin to look about for food. There must be at least twenty of them. Twenty more soon arrive, and in less than half an hour we have before us a flock of a hundred individuals. My experienced friend has put a snow-white shirt over his apparel, and although I am greatly intent on observing his motions, I see that it is impossible, even for the keen eye of the sentinel goose, to follow them. Bang, bang, quoth the long gun, and the birds in dismay instantly start, and fly towards the spot where I am. When they approach I spring up on my feet, the geese shuffle, and instantaneously rise upright; I touch my trigger singly, and, broken winged and dead, two birds come heavily to the ground at my feet. Oh that we had more guns! but the business at that pond has been transacted. We collect our game, return to our horses, fasten the necks of the geese and ducks together, and throwing them across our saddles, proceed towards another pond. In this manner we continue to shoot until the number of geese obtained would seem to you so very large that I shall not specify it."

This adventure of the western sportsman recalls us very opportunely to Mr. Colquhoun, whom we had almost forgotten in our transatlantic excursion. A true lover of the moors and the lochs is John Colquhoun; and no man knows better how to impart a fund of practical knowledge concerning them in a brief compass of print. He writes as he shoots — he never throws away a word, never loses a moment — and brings down his mark with rapidity, and an unerring aim. His experience in grouse and black game, in wild-fowl and deer, and in the creatures that inhabit the lochs, is so extensive, that he is quite a man of maxims upon all points appertaining to them. He has a right to speak oracularly, and you may implicitly rely upon his instructions.

If you are a grouse-shooter, never beat the same range oftener than twice a week; for, as our trusty guide tells you, grouse, unlike partridges, do not collect soon after they are dispersed, and are slow to gather together again. Black game is very different. No birds are so easily shot. But you must be wary with them, and know when and how to approach them, or your chance will be reduced to a forlorn hope. They are powerful on the wing, and keep out of the sun which disagrees with their complexion. As the season advances, they become as wild as the winds, and an open shot is not to be had. Now, you must act cautiously, and watch them as they feed in groups in the stubble-fields and copses by the hill sides. You must hide silently amongst the sheaves, and wait for them; and unless you observe the utmost circumspection, you lose them at once, for they are as much on the alert as yourself. When the fields become bare the difficulties increase. They feed three times in the course of the day — at day-break, at noon, and an hour before dusk. Mr. Colquhoun's plans of surprise at these periods are as ingenious as the cunning naval stratagems of that worthy old Cadiz knight, Sir William Monson of glorious memory.

"I have a hole," he tells us, "in the stone walls which inclose most of the Highland fields, in order to shoot through it. I have also placed a bush on the top to screen myself when rising to fire! but they have such quick sight and acute hearing, both well exercised when feeding on this dangerous ground, that I have found it a better plan not to attempt the sitting shot. My way is to crawl as near the place where they are feeding as possible, and make

my attendant and one of the farm servants enter at each end of the field opposite, and come leisurely down towards the birds; they are then almost sure to fly over your head, and give you an excellent double shot. Care must be taken, however, to ascertain that no sentinel is perched on the wall, or any high ground near, as there often is at the beginning of the feed. Should there be, wait patiently till he joins the flock. I have also, by this method, often had a capital chance at grouse feeding on the stubble, which they sometimes do in the lowland, when returning from my shooting ground in Selkirkshire."

What wit we are forced to expend on these tiny creatures, whose instinct so often defeats all our arts. Here is a gentleman of great experience, a famous shot, with helpers to boot, who is compelled to creep to a hole in a wall to get a shot at a company of black game feeding in a stubble-field. And he must be careful lest these prudent birds have placed a sentinel on the look-out ready to give signal of danger; and should he detect such a scout, he must lie still and wait patiently until the watch is removed, lulled into security by the apparent absence of the apprehended peril. You might compass the siege of a town in less time than you can sometimes pounce upon a flock of birds.

A good dog is the grand desideratum on the moors. It is essential above all things that your dog should have a good nose. The distinguishing characteristics of the high-bred animal are, what Mr. Colquhoun calls, "travel, lastiness, and nose." As to the appearance of a dog, it goes for nothing. Never suffer yourself to be taken in by appearances. "For my own part," says our Highlander, "I must confess that I am not very partial to the exceedingly fine-coated, silken-eared, tobacco-pipe-tailed canine aristocracy; for, even if their noses and style of hunting be good, they are invariably much affected by cold and wet weather, and can seldom undergo the fatigue requisite for the moors." Before you buy a dog try him. As you would not hang a man without a fair trial, so you ought to try a dog before you purchase him. If he keeps *pottering* about, instead of throwing up his head, and moving along confidently, send him about his business, for he is not fit for yours. See that he has a hard round foot, and that his legs are well set, symmetrical, and strong. Look well to his head: broad between the ears, which ought to hang down as close as side pockets; a fall under the eyes; nose long and not broad; nostrils soft and damp; and there is your pointer complete at all points.

Away to the Highland lochs for a winter day's genuine sport with the water-fowl. Mr. Colquhoun compares this sport for excitement with deer-stalking, and whoever is an adept in the one is sure to become expert at the other. But no man ventures to the lochs, however, who is not of Herculean mould, insensible to rheumatism, and as indifferent to a wetting as the ducks described by Washington Irving, like boon companions revelling in a pond, and growing loquacious over their liquor. As to water-proof boots, or India-rubber boots, they are mere cockney affectations. Here is the true costume, — "a light-brown duffle shooting jacket and waistcoat, as near the shade of the ground and trees in the winter season as possible, your great object being to avoid the quick sight of the birds, shoes; well studded with nails, like a deer-stalker's, to prevent slipping, and a drab coloured waterproof cap. Should the weather be very cold," adds Mr. Colquhoun, "I sometimes put in two pairs of worsted stockings, but never attempt any protection from the wet. If snow is on the ground, wear a white linen cover to your shooting jacket, and another to your cap." We need not advertise the reader that this is another stratagem to deceive the birds, on the principle of Birnam Wood moving to Dunsinane, and intended as a make-believe of a mass of snow; but the sportsman must have as pro-

found a genius for imitating the snow-drift as Purcell, if he hope to succeed in playing off such a piece of chicanery upon the Highland waterfowl.

No man can kill these birds who is not thoroughly in possession of the *carte d'un pays*, and of the habits of the game. The clod, who is bred up in these districts, and who knows them as well as he knows his own right hand, goes to work with the requisite cunning. He is well aware, that upon the least intimation, the birds will rise, and that he has then a very uncertain chance: *ergo*, he crouches along until he comes close upon them, and heedless of web and briars, and, measuring his distance craftily, lets fly amongst them with the most deadly results. The squire, on the other hand, all fluster, and anxiety, and eagerness, to show off his double barrel, puts the birds on the *qui vive*, and might as well fire at the stars, for all prospect he has of bagging a single wing. A sketch of the nincompoop is hit off with admirable breadth and felicity.

"I will now suppose the squire on the loch-side on a fine winter morning, dressed perhaps in a flaring green or black velvet, with a Newfoundland retriever of the same sable hue. He sees a flock of fowl well pitched on the shore, which most likely have seen both him and his dog, and are quite upon their guard. He looks round for a few bushes to screen him ~~when~~ near the birds; and then, with a sort of half-crouching attitude, admirably imitated by his canine friend, advances upon his game. Unless the place is particularly adapted for a shot, the flock have probably seen him appearing and re-appearing several times; and whenever he is sufficiently near to alarm them, fly up together, to his no small chagrin. But should he *by any chance* get near enough for a shot, his dog, not being thoroughly trained, will most likely show himself, or begin whimpering when his master prepares to shoot, or, in short, do something which may spoil the sport; and even supposing the better alternative, that he should have no dog at all, and be within shot of his game, he will, in all probability, either poke his head over a bush when going to fire, or make a rustling when putting his gun through it, and so lose the sitting shot."

The ducks when they are alarmed shoot up into the air like rockets. The stupid dun-birds are such unreasoning lumps of feathers, that they will sometimes come back after you have scared them, and begin to dive and feed again before your eyes, and close within shot, so as to leave you no excuse for not peppering them right and left. But the stately and mighty hooper, the monarch of the flood, is a very different creature. The grandeur of his movements renders him comparatively slow; and it is ten to one, whatever awkward misses you may commit, that he does not treat you with such intense contempt as to sail along majestically under circumstances that would make any other water-bird take to the wing at once.

"To get a shot at the wild swan is the great object of the sportsman's desire; he is not naturally so shy a bird as the wild duck, but still his long neck, and acute sense of hearing, render great caution necessary. If, as often happens, he is feeding along the shore, you have only to plant yourself in an advantageous situation a good way a-head, and it will not be long before he makes his appearance; but if he is feeding at the mouth of some brook or stream, you must crawl in the same way as when after wild ducks.

"Should you get within a distant shot of a hooper, and are not close to the water-side, instead of firing from where you are, rush down to the edge of the loch, and before the swan can take wing you will have gained ten yards upon him. When the thaw begins after very hard weather, they are almost sure to be feeding at the mouths of any mountain burns that run into the loch. Should you see hoopers strong on the feed, nearly out of range of your gun, in place of taking the random shot, try to prevent their being disturbed, and return at dusk of evening, or grey of morning, when they will most likely have come pretty close to the shore, especially if any little rivulets run into the loch near. This rule applies to most waterfowl. If a swan be alarmed by an enemy on the shore, his wont is not to fly, but to swim majestically away."

The roe, the noiseless roe, gliding along like a shadow, — the mountain fox, a splendid looking fellow, as bold as a lion, all muscle, speed, and freedom, — the wild cat, now very rarely met with in the hills, of great length and power of limb, reared in rocky cliffs and precipices, and feeding upon

all manner of prey, — the martin, looking like a giant weasle, more active and alert than the cat, daring and mischievous, with short legs, that enable it, by a dazzling succession of springs, to distance animals of greater apparent elasticity, are amongst the remaining objects of Highland sport, upon which Mr. Colquhoun discourses with learned ecstasy. Loch-fishing follows, and here we have an exquisite variety of choice. The true angler adapts his flies to the water, and we maintain, let who may differ from us, that the secret of this dexterous pleasure consists in effecting a decided contrast between the fly and the stream or loch. If the water be dark, let your fly be bright-green, gold, or silver; if, on the contrary, the water be pellucid, let your fly be dark-brown, black, or deeply mottled; this is the whole art, depend upon it. Of course skill in the casting and management of your line is understood, for if you show yourself to the fish, or otherwise disturb them, you will not get a solitary nibble for your pains; and we should treat the whole tribe ill if we did not add, with adequate severity of expression, that you do not deserve a nibble.

Look, O thoughtful reader, at that pebbly mountain stream; you can trace it through the shadowy woods like a broken line of light shining down amongst the trees. Here you are alone upon the margin, with a clump of bushes at your feet, and a sprawling willow overhead, stretching its branches over the water, and dipping its pendant leaves into the very centre of the current. We will not ask you to pause and admire with us the stillness of this dark spot, where no voice of earth is heard, except the singing of the foliage as the breeze rushes past, kissing the green wilderness with riotous joy. Stand here, behind the trunk of this tree: you are completely shut in from the stream. Now prepare your rod: it is of course a proper rod: none of your springy tendrils, with the whole play from the hand, but a regular double-spliced instrument, elastic, strong, and of commanding length; affording sufficient power and flexibility in its upper sections to enable you to possess complete authority over it under all possible emergencies. Fling your line cautiously, but boldly; noiselessly, but surely; and with such ease and certainty, that you can answer beforehand for the exact spot where it will fall, making its fall as light and natural as if it were a veritable fly shooting down from the trees, or dropping about the water as flies love to do when they are exhausted with heat, or fragrance, or luscious food. The stream is as clear as a mirror. Peeping carefully through the boughs, you can count the pebbles below, and ever and anon catch the dead gleaming eye of a red trout under the hanging banks of moss and sedgy grass. Your fly is dark upon the surface, so dark that it cannot escape the observation of the fish. Its darkness, assisted by the undulation of the current, looks as if it were in motion. You hardly draw your breath, — you judge of what is going on by the pulses of your hand, — you know what your fly is doing, what fascination is at work, and what you may presently calculate upon, if you have only patience enough to suppress your anxiety. The rod twitches, — now for it. Mark which way it draws, — there, there — gently, gently, — let the reel spin as fast as thought: now try again — up the bank, — measure every footstep as carefully as if you were treading amongst nest-eggs; reel up, first slow, then quick, then slow again, till you feel it giving way. Think of Dean Swift's maxim for decanting Port wine, —

“First rack slow, — next rack quick, —  
Then rack slow, till you come to the thick.”

Up the stream, — always angle against the stream, unless you have good

and substantial reasons to the contrary. Now it is coming, quivering, struggling, fighting every inch for life. Huzza! one spring and it is in your basket.

Fishing in a salt-water loch is a very different affair from this mountain sport. It has a character peculiarly its own. It has none of the accessories or pictorial points, none of the helps or guides of the inland loch, or the trout stream,—no wooded islands or bright sandy margins. A rugged mountain, says Mr. Colquhoun, more often rises abruptly from its side in craggy and bold relief. It is less scientific in proportion; it is mere killing work at best, handicraft, common mechanical labour. He will succeed best who best knows the fishing ground, and the proper state of the tide for commencing operations. Trolling for sea-trout is the highest form of proceeding, and approaches nearest to genuine angling. You must begin at the ebb of the tide. "If there be a good pool," we quote our experienced author upon this matter, "at the mouth of any mountain burn, by going with your fly-rod during a 'spait,' or coming down of the water after heavy rain, *and when the tide is at full*, you may have excellent sport. The trout are all floundering about, ready to take your fly the moment it touches the water. This only lasts for a short time, as they all leave the pool at the receding of the tide." The next process in order is the long line. This is pure murder. You must bait and set this long line, which sometimes has as many as 600 coarse, blunt, clumsy hooks. The best time to set the line is after low water. Let it lie exactly an hour, and if you have hit upon a shoal, you will probably half fill your boat.

"The fish for the most part taken are cod, ling, haddock, skate, large flounders, and enormous conger eels, some of the latter more than half the length of your boat, and as thick as a man's leg. These would generally be thrown back again, were it not for the havoc they make among the other fish, and the damage they do to the set-lines. Their throats are, therefore, cut as soon as they are pulled up, after which operation they will live for hours. The skate is also very tenacious of life; and nothing can be more absurd than the grotesque, pompous faces it will continue to exhibit for some time after being deposited in the boat. The round shape of its jagged crown is exactly like a judge's wig; and when it puffs out its cheeks, the whole face and head so forcibly reminds one of those learned lords, that you almost fancy you hear it pronounce sentence upon the devoted congers. The conger, if dressed like other fish, is uneatable; but when the oil is taken out by parboiling, some people prefer it to cod. Care should be taken to untwist the line as much as possible when drawing it, which saves a deal of trouble afterwards. There is generally so much filth and discomfort in the whole business, that gentlemen seldom care to engage in it, except a few times from curiosity."

We should think not, and cannot congratulate those gentlemen on their good taste, who are seen a second time indulging in such wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter.

There is another method of fishing in these lakes with a hand line, which consists of a piece of whalebone fastened crosswise to the line, and a hook at each end suspended upon strong gut, with a heavy lead in the centre. The whole art is to drop your lead, and the moment you feel a bite pull up. Capital fun for little boys, but contemptible in the eyes of a real sportsman.

Mr. Colquhoun has tried his hand at every variety of game produced in the north. From the lochs he carries us up into the eyries of the eagles, where he is as much at home as amongst the farm-houses, or on the desolate moors. The stories he tells of these noble wild birds are intensely interesting. It appears that the eagles commit great devastation upon hares, rabbits, and grouse; and the sportsman in revenge makes war upon them. But it is a service of no little danger. There was an eyrie some years ago in Glen-Lass, where a pair hatched yearly. The cliff was nearly perpendicular,

and the only approach to the nest was over the top. A single false step, and the bold fellow who undertook to shoot the female must have tumbled headlong into the gulf. After a perilous progress towards the eyrie, he at last came within sight of the eagle, sitting on her eggs. It was a long distance, but his gun was loaded with swan-shot; and so, taking deliberate aim, he fired. The bird gave a shrill scream, extended her wings, and expired on her nest. On another occasion, a gamekeeper had killed a wild-fowl, and sent his dog into the water after it: down swooped an eagle, and, seizing the dog, fearlessly contested the prize. This took place within twenty yards of the keeper; and it was only by shouting with all his might that he could prevent the eagle from drowning the dog. Having succeeded in making it fly a little clear of the dog, he brought it down with his second barrel.

The osprey, or water eagle, is a still more remarkable bird than either the sea or the golden eagle. It lives chiefly on fish; and it is worth watching a whole day to see one of them sail into the air from some of the island ruins they inhabit, and, hovering over a loch, take the measure of the fish below. The moment they see one they descend a little, then settle, — then lower themselves and settle again, — then strike down like a dart, seizing the prey with their claws, and carrying it up triumphantly into the clouds.

William Howitt — who has uttered so many true and beautiful things — stoutly maintains, that sportsmen feel the animating influence of Nature and its charms in their pursuit. We are amazed that any necessity should exist for arguing such a point. “The Twelfth of August approaches!” says William Howitt; “the gun is roused from its slumber — the dogs are howling in ecstasy on their release from the kennel — the heather is burst into all its crimson splendour on the moors and mountains, and grouse-shooting is at hand once more! That sentence is enough to make a sportsman start to his feet, if it were but whispered to him in his deepest after-dinner dose.” \* Why, the very words that summon the sportsman to the moors and mountains, and the unavoidable associations that there become pressed upon him, must draw his sympathies towards Nature. He cannot help being moved by the healthful influences of the scene — he feels them invigorating him — he is conscious of a delight which none can know who are house-bound and pent up in cities; and although he may not coin his sensations into verse, or worse prose, to let the world know how gloriously he enjoys the freedom of the green earth, be assured there is no poet in Westminster Abbey who, in his day, had a deeper faith in Nature, or could give sounder reasons for it, than your thorough-bred sportsmen.

But we are apt to treat such subjects too materially in England. We look for some bodily evidence before we will admit the existence of the spirit. This gross taste pursues us every where — through our museums; our picture-galleries, our monuments, and even in our literature. Faith — as such, apart from controversies and palpable objects — is scarcely understood amongst us; and the merest pretender who “babbles about green fields,” gets more credit for admiration of the works of God than the solitary wanderer, who, haunting “the nooks of the world,” drinks inspiration silently at the spring head. In the smallest town on the Continent, where there is a cathedral-wonder, a ruin, or even a dilapidated house, that, in the course of time, may have given birth to some man who afterwards won distinction amongst his fellows, you find the tradition filling the very atmosphere. The



humblest hind has the story at his finger's ends, and can relate the narrative to you with a precision as to dates, names, and circumstances, which would strangely puzzle your philosophy, were it not all accounted for by that enthusiasm which is born of faith. Now, how do such matters stand in England? In the town of Canterbury, perhaps there is not a single individual who could give you a particle of information concerning the history of the cathedral where the blood of Thomas à Becket was spilt, except the two sallow, formal, mercantile, and melancholy young women, who obtain a living by the keys of that edifice, and who repeat their catalogue of historical reminiscences by rote, and in a frigid tone of business that chills the curious stranger. It is so all over England. Wherever you go, nobody knows any thing about the neighbourhood in which he has been born and bred. And this indifference is still more manifest in those places which are most frequented; so that in proportion as a place becomes celebrated for its ancient memories, the memories themselves gradually expire. To prevent such an oblivion of legendary lore, the people on the Continent preserve it in cheap little books. The villages teem with lives of painters and poets — descriptions of wells and fountains and crumbling reliques — and faithful chronicles of remarkable events. Where are such books to be found in England? "It is not a little extraordinary," says Mr. Shoberl, in his charming volume on Greenwich, "that a spot so renowned as Greenwich, possessing peculiar attractions for the vast population of our interminable metropolis, and to which hundreds of thousands resort annually during the summer season, should not have formed the theme of some little work, written at once in a lively and agreeable manner, and embracing those historical details with which it is so intimately and inseparably associated." \* One might suppose that, of all places, Greenwich would be familiar to the inhabitants of London. But it may be confidently asserted that not one in ten thousand of the myriads of white-bait eaters who frequent that spot in the course of the season, possess a tithe of the information concerning it which Mr. Shoberl has gathered into the tiny pages of his pretty, picturesque, little guide-book. Here we have the history of the palace, of the park, and the surrounding scenery — glances at the jousts and pageants of the old times — peeps at the painted hall, and the pictures, and the veteran pensioners — and the most graphic sketches of all matters connected with the town, written *con amore*, and in a true spirit of enjoyment. We need not heartily recommend such a book to the river-trafficking public. We wish there were five hundred such books to improve the tastes of the people, and to show them in how small a compass a world of delight may be found, if they only knew how to explore and relish it.

But Greenwich is out of our way at present. Ending where we began, we must remind the reader that it is the First of September. The shooting grounds are already fully occupied — every stream and loch is disposed of — a busy population covers the moors and mountains — and the great cities are half empty. What fortune shall have befallen our bag on this occasion, we may perchance reveal next month.

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\* *A Summer's Day at Greenwich, being a Guide to the Hospital and Park, &c.* By WILLIAM SHOBERL, Esq. London: H. Colburn. 1840.

# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

BY A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NAPLES — VOYAGE FROM MARSEILLES — GENOA — LEGHORN — PISA — BAY OF NAPLES.

*Naples, March 1839.*

At length I am in Italy — Italy, the land of blue seas and sunny skies, the land of the orange and the myrtle — Italy, the birthplace of music and song, of art and poetry — the parent of civilisation, the fertile mother of all that is bright and beautiful! Who has not longed to see her? who has not turned to Italy as the chosen country of the imagination, and blended visions of her glories with the dreams of youth? And now these dreams are realised. I have sailed on the blue Mediterranean, and seen the stars reflected on its glassy wave, when it slumbered in Baiæ's bay or by the cape of Circe — I have seen the sun go down in the glory of southern climes, and watched the clouds glowing with tints such as the cold North may never know — I have seen him rise up behind the Apennines, when every pure, icy peak, glittered like a diamond in the clear morning air. It is all beautiful — very beautiful — far more beautiful than I hoped to see. We left Marseilles in the Maria Christina, Neapolitan steamer, in the afternoon, and coasted along a wild rock-bound shore, as bleak and barren as the west coast of Shetland. Just before nightfall we passed Toulon, bosomed in among mountains like a west Highland loch. Next morning, when I first went on deck, we were in the Gulf of Genoa, about six miles from the land, which rose straight from the sea in a succession of mountain ridges. The highest was covered with snow and buried in heavy clouds, while light wreaths of mist hung along the sides of the lower hills. Along the sea edge the eye could trace a white line of towns and villages, and here and there stripes and patches of dark green on the slope of the hills. As the day advanced we approached closer to the shore; and now the houses in every picturesque little town and village, and the vineyards and olive groves on the lower hills, could be distinctly seen, and now also the clouds partially clearing away, gave us an occasional glimpse of some giant Alp towering far up among them, with his black sides streaked half way down with snow; while far ahead, on our starboard bow, lay Italy and the Apennines like a cloud on the horizon.

The approach to Genoa from the sea is most magnificent. Well may they call her Genoa the Superb. At the bottom of her noble gulf, and the foot of her amphitheatre of barren snowy mountains, she rises from the water in a white crescent of houses, churches, and palaces, built on the slope of hills covered with groves of the dark green orange and pale olive. The interior of the town is no less striking and picturesque, than the distant

view is imposing. Genoa is utterly unlike any town in France or England. On landing there, I found myself transported at once into a new world. The streets are so narrow, that the projecting eaves of the houses almost meet over head and shut out sun and rain. Instead of carts and carriages, we meet long lines of mules, driven by wild, half-civilised peasants. The shops are mere dens or caverns in the wall, without windows, open to the street, and shut in at night with folding doors. The palaces are splendid beyond description, and so numerous, that in some streets every house is a palace. No set of men were ever lodged so magnificently as these merchant nobles of Genoa, with their spacious marble staircases, and inner courts adorned with statues and fountains, and built round with lofty colonnades, and row above row of marble pillars. Nor does the interior of these splendid mansions belie their external magnificence. The merchants and great families of Genoa are still wealthy, and take a pride in keeping up their palaces. I saw several of the first palaces, and was astonished at the richness, the splendour, and solid substantial luxury with which they were fitted up. Walls hung with pictures of the first masters, ceilings painted in fresco, floors inlaid with polished marble or covered with the richest Turkey carpets, mirrors, vases, and other objects of elegant and expensive luxury, meet the eye on every side. I am told there is nothing in Italy to vie with the luxury and magnificence of the nobles of Genoa. As a contrast, however, to all this splendour, the streets swarm with beggars, the dwellings of the lower orders are dark, filthy, and miserable in the last degree, and there is a total want of the comfort, cleanliness, and respectability, which we are accustomed to see in civilised countries, such as France and England. The town I am told is rich and its commerce thriving: there are plenty of vessels in the harbour, and since its union with Sardinia, it has become a great dépôt for the import of foreign goods and manufactures. It has also a considerable silk manufacture, and yet with all these advantages, it is over-run with pauperism. Eighteen hundred destitute persons are supported in one workhouse alone, the *Albergo dei Poveri*. Charitable institutions innumerable exist, and out-door relief is given to a great extent, and yet the streets swarm with beggars and objects in the last state of misery and disease. I was told at the *Albergo dei Poveri*, that although the institution was extremely rich, and had more money than it knew what to do with, the managers had been obliged within the last few years, in order to check the influx of pauperism, to adopt regulations very similar to those of our New Poor Law. I found the enforcement of a strict dietary, the confinement to the walls of the workhouse, and the separation of man and wife, in full force here. The chief difference from our system is, that the paupers are here compelled to work, and receive half the profit of their labour.

The churches at Genoa are innumerable, and all fitted up in the same tawdry, tinsel taste of over-ornament. They all contain pictures, but neither in them nor in the palaces did I see any thing of first-rate excellence; the only work of art which struck me much in Genoa was a monument by Canova in the cathedral, with two lovely figures of angels bending over a tomb like drooping flowers. This, which is the first work of Canova's I have seen, has given me the highest opinion of his genius. Of the pictures, the best were a Madonna of the school of Raffaele, some portraits by Vandyke, and two or three Guercinos; but as I shall see so many better before I leave Italy, it is not worth while taking up your time with any account of them.

We left Genoa in the evening; and next morning, when I came on deck at sunrise, a scene of beauty met my eye which more than realised all that poets

have written of Italian scenery. We were standing in for Leghorn, the sea was glassy smooth, and covered with ships and fishing barks, whose white sails hung idly against the mast; the low shore and mountain sides were veiled in shade and covered with light fantastic wreaths of morning mist, above which the snow-peaked Apennines shot up with almost startling brilliancy and distinctness in the clear red light of sunrise. The noble passage in Shelley's *Prometheus*, in which he described a sunrise in the Caucasus, rushed across my mind:

“ And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains  
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted ocean's dazzling spray,  
From some Atlantic island scatter'd up,  
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.”

With them came the thought, that here, almost on this very spot where now the ocean lay as still as the unruffled mirror of a mountain lake, the poet had found a watery grave, and a feeling of sadness came over me, as is always the case when I think of poor Shelley's untimely end. But the sight of Leghorn with its lighthouse and forest of masts soon brought other thoughts, and directly the anchor was dropped, I hastened on shore to embrace the opportunity of seeing Pisa. Leghorn itself has nothing very interesting, and is like any other thriving, bustling, sea-port town, well built, however, with streets remarkably clean and well paved. Pisa, however, which is only ten miles distant from it, is in many respects one of the most interesting towns in Italy. It was one of the most famous of that cluster of republics, which blazed up in Italy with such astonishing lustre, in the tenth and eleventh centuries. For a time it was the rival of Florence and Genoa, and the terror of the Saracens. Its fleets swept the Mediterranean, and brought home spoils from every shore. But after a short period of prosperity it underwent the usual fate of these small, civic republics. Tumult, faction, and intrigue, succeeded to public spirit, and wealth brought luxury and effeminacy. In short, it was just the history of Athens over again, and at last Pisa fell into the hands of her neighbours and rivals, the Florentines, and sunk to rise no more. That which makes Pisa, however, so interesting is, that she was in some measure the cradle of Italian art. The Pisans seem to have been among the first, if not the very first, who caught that passion for adorning their native city with splendid buildings and works of art, which afterwards became universal throughout the republican cities of Italy, and affords another remarkable analogy between them and the republics of ancient Greece. As early as the twelfth century the Pisans commenced the erection of their cathedral, under the direction of Buschetto, a Greek architect, and in the course of that and the subsequent century brought over artists from Constantinople, for the purpose of decorating it with paintings and mosaics. These artists gradually spread over the rest of Italy, and are commonly supposed to have introduced the art of painting. It appears certain, however, that the art had never been entirely lost, even during the thickest darkness of the ages of confusion and ignorance which followed the downfall of the Roman empire. A few paintings, preserved here and there in old churches, and copies of ancient manuscripts adorned with miniature illustrations, are sufficient to connect the links of modern and ancient art, and to show that painting, although sunk to the very rudest state, had never altogether ceased to exist. When Charlemagne visited Rome in 800, he is said to have been particularly struck by the mosaics he saw there, and to have taken some Italian artists with him, for the purpose of executing similar works in his cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. It is

certain, indeed, that the custom of decorating Christian places of worship with pictures and statues is not a modern innovation, but dates from the earliest periods, when it was probably adopted from motives of policy to win over the Pagan multitude to the new religion, and was never discontinued. There can be no doubt, however, that the arrival of these Greeks, who, bad as they were, had a little more knowledge of colouring and design than the native artists of that period, gave a great impulse to painting. It is even said that Cimabue, who was the first Italian painter who obtained any celebrity, acquired his first notions of the art from seeing some of these Greeks at work on the dome of a church at Florence. Pisa, Florence, and a hundred other towns of Italy, soon, however, produced artists of their own, whose productions far surpassed any thing of the school of Constantinople; and from this time painting went on progressively improving until the end of the fifteenth century, when the simultaneous rise of a number of great men, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Correggio, and above all, Raffaele, carried the art at once to perfection.

It is often difficult to assign any reason for the rise of art and literature at particular periods, and in particular countries. In this case, however, the progress of painting in Italy may fairly enough be attributed to the extraordinary encouragement which was given to it. The passion for art, and veneration for artists, which were universal throughout Italy, during the flourishing period of her republics, appear almost incredible in these cold, calculating times, and have no parallel in history, except among the Athenians, in the days of Pericles. To be a great painter, was to be the friend and companion of princes, the talk of Italy, the boast of one's native city, the object of envy and admiration of every young man of talent, from one end of the peninsula to the other. When Cimabue had finished one of his Madonnas for a church in Florence, we read that the whole population of the city flocked for days to his house to see it, and that the picture was carried to its place of destination, in triumphal procession, by the magistrates and chief officers of the republic. When such a feeling for art exists among a people, it cannot fail to produce great artists. And nothing else can, for it is in vain to expect men of commanding genius, such as every really great artist must be, to devote their energies to a pursuit which is held in no estimation, and gives them no influence over the minds of their fellow men. To Pisa, therefore, as the first city of Italy which set the example of this noble and disinterested love of art, I had long looked with interest, and was glad to find that the stay of the steamer at Leghorn, for a few hours, gave me an opportunity of paying it a short visit.

The road from Leghorn to Pisa traverses a rich plain, extending from the sea to the mountains, which, even at this season, showed signs of the fertility and exuberance of a southern climate. The snowy Apennines which had astonished me with their dazzling beauty in the morning, were directly in front, and still presented lovely views, changing at every instant as the day advanced, and the massive fleecy clouds gradually gathered about their summits. The peasants whom we met on the road, going and returning from mass, for it was Sunday, were good-looking and well dressed, and the children threw violets into our carriage as we drove along. At last we saw the dome of the Cathedral, and the famous hanging tower, rising above the plain, and, crossing the Arno, a yellow muddy stream which no imagination could invest with any thing poetical, we entered Pisa. There is little in the appearance of the town to recall its ancient greatness, nor has it the look of antiquity I expected. The streets are remarkably clean, and well paved, and, although silent and deserted, are not in ruins. It is just the picture of

a quiet retired country town, with no trade, no movement, and no bustle, and the very place I should think for invalids, by whom it is much frequented. The wonders of the town stand altogether, in a large open space, covered with a fine grassy sward, the first I have seen since I left England. The cathedral in the middle; the hanging tower on one side; the baptistery, an octagonal building of marble, a little posterior to the cathedral in date, on the other; and the Campo Santo, or burying ground, on the third. The cathedral has nothing but its antiquity to recommend it: it is a heavy cumbersome building, overcharged with ornament, and destitute of all merit in an architectural point of view. The inside is very rich, and adorned with columns of marble and porphyry, brought by the Pisans, in the days of their prosperity, from Greece, Egypt, and Constantinople, but gawdy and in bad taste, and so broken up into a multitude of parts, that no striking or impressive effect is produced by the whole. The hanging tower is one of those lofty round towers, so common in Italy, the foundation of which has given way on one side, so that it inclines sensibly from the perpendicular; so much so, indeed, as to make it wonderful how it can stand. The Campo Santo is a small burying-ground, inclosed by a corridor, containing monuments of the great families of Pisa, and other famous persons, antique busts, fragments of sculpture, and bas reliefs brought by the Pisans from Greece, and frescoes on the walls of the corridor, by Giotto, Orcagna, and other fathers of Italian painting. These frescoes render it one of the most interesting monuments which remain of the early history of Italian art. Unfortunately, however, they have been much injured by damp and exposure. On the whole, these frescoes appeared to me to possess less merit than is generally attributed to them; and to be chiefly interesting as showing the rude beginnings from which the art of painting rose, in less than two centuries, to the highest pitch of perfection. The tendency to the ludicrous and grotesque, among these early artists, also struck me as very strong. Sacred subjects are constantly treated in a manner which makes them rather laughable than impressive. One picture especially, that of the Last Judgment, by Orcagna, is a perfect caricature, in which the artist has shown a wonderful fertility of fancy, in inventing forms of monstrous, grotesque ugliness for his devils, and comical terror for the unhappy souls in purgatory, among whom friars, prelates, and even popes and cardinals, are represented in such numbers, as to denote very little veneration for the church. It is in fact the *Inferno* of Dante, from which doubtless the idea was taken, without any of the genius and mental power which give elevation even to the most grotesque and extravagant conceptions of that extraordinary work. It is clear to me, that the fanaticism and ascetic spirit which deformed the early ages of Christianity, had completely banished every thing like grace and beauty from art—that throughout many centuries of darkness the artist, in accordance with the spirit of his age, aimed rather at embodying ideas of the ugly and terrible, than of the beautiful, and thought it his duty to represent the flesh, and every thing thereunto appertaining, under the most grovelling and repulsive forms. It was only by slow degrees, and as a milder spirit and more enlightened philosophy dawned upon the world, that the idea of wedding Christianity, if I may so express it, to poetry, and representing the great events and characters of the religion under noble, impressive, and lovely forms, began to be entertained. While a spirit prevailed like that which animated Tertullian in his invectives against plays and profane amusements, which made Augustine ask pardon of God for the sinful pleasure his ears had received from the harmony of the psalms chanted in the churches, and instigated Honorius to condemn, by a solemn

decree, all the statues of heathen gods which had escaped the frequent crusades of zealous bishops and fathers to destruction, art was out of the question. It was only by reconciling Christianity to human nature, that a system of Christian art became possible.

In what I have said of these frescoes, I must, however, except one or two of Giotto's, in which the air and expression of the heads are noble and dignified, and the attitudes and design chaste and correct, though somewhat stiff and formal. This Giotto was a poor peasant boy, whom Cimabue found one day in the neighbourhood of Florence, drawing the figure of one of the sheep which he was employed in watching on a piece of flat stone. Struck by the talent for design showed by this rude sketch, Cimabue took him under his protection, and he became the most celebrated painter of his day. Dante alludes to him in the *Inferno* as surpassing the fame of his master; and certainly, as far as I have seen, his are the first works in which we can say that there is any marked improvement on the stiff and childish manner of the Byzantine school, and in which we can clearly trace the elements of the subsequent perfection at which painting arrived.

I should have been glad to have spent more time in examining these curious monuments of early art; but as the steamer set off again in the afternoon, I was obliged to hurry through them, and return to Leghorn. Pisa is a melancholy place. It is a sad thing to see a city once brilliant and powerful, once the home of many a bright spirit and brave heart, pining away in a slow lingering decay. We feel for it almost as we should for a living creature, conscious of its downfall and degradation. To me, also, Pisa brought other melancholy recollections,—those of the sculptor-princess, the gifted daughter of the House of Orleans, whom death had struck down but a few short weeks before within these sad and silent walls. Was there ever a tale more full of interest than that of this fair young girl, the descendant of a thousand princes, the favourite daughter of one of the first monarchs of Europe, working in secrecy and silence, from a pure disinterested love of art, flying from the glittering circle of the Tuileries to mould the wet clay, and ply the chisel with her own delicate hands, till she came forth, confessed the first sculptor of France, the greatest female artist whom the world has seen. When I was in Paris, I heard so many anecdotes of her goodness and affability, the genuine simplicity and elegance of her mind, her enthusiasm for genius in every shape, the ever-ready kindness with which she solicited her father's patronage for the poor and unknown artist, that I felt for her death almost as for that of one whom I had known and loved. Our Cicerone told us that once, and once only, after her arrival at Pisa, she drove slowly in an open carriage round the great place, accompanied by her husband, to see the Cathedral and Campo Santo, but had not strength to alight and enter them. She who would have taken such an interest in all these curious relics, and brought a mind so stored with the principles, and rich in the feelings of art, to the study of these venerable remains; she whose whole being was wrapped up in art, to come to the land of art only to die! Alas! that death should have passed over so many vulgar kings and queens, to strike this choicest and fairest flower! But it is idle to grieve—she has gone to a place where the aspirations of her soul after the ideal and beautiful, will be satisfied better than amidst the pictures and statues of Italy—so let us resume our narrative, and return to the steamer.

The evening we left Leghorn was singularly beautiful—one of those which realise all we read in poetry of the loveliness of Italian skies. The air had a dazzling clearness and purity, quite unknown in northern climes; and although it was only the beginning of March, was so mild and balmy

that I could have remained on deck with pleasure all night. The sun's zodiacal light—that rare and wondrous solar atmosphere whose resistance, trifling though it be, and imperceptible in the course of centuries, is, as there is every reason to believe from the discoveries of modern astronomers, the agent appointed to draw in the earth and planets towards the sun; and thus, after some great cycle of millions and millions of years, bring to an end an order of things, which otherwise would seem destined to endure for ever—this wondrous atmosphere, which I had often looked for but never seen before, was now shooting up distinctly in a cone of clear light for an hour at least after the sun had sunk beneath the western wave. As night advanced, and darkness stole over the sea, the stars came out in such multitudes, and with such brilliancy, that I could hardly recognise the familiar face of the heavens. The milky way was a broad band of light, and the whole vault of heaven from zenith to horizon was thickly studded over with what Herschell calls star-dust. I am sure, at the very least, three times as many stars were visible to the naked eye, as on the clearest night in our land of mist and vapour. Their light, though far more brilliant and intense, was at the same time more mildly and serenely beautiful than in those keen, frosty, northern nights, when any star glimmers and twinkles like a mocking spirit, laughing to scorn the vain attempts of man to read its inscrutable mysteries. There are winter's nights with us, when the stars look

“ So wildly spiritually bright,”

that we almost fear to encounter their piercing glance. But not so in these Italian nights; the heavens seem to look down on the sleeping earth with the fixed gaze of earnest love, rather than with baffling scorn and mockery. The faint breath which came from the shore was not sufficient to ruffle the surface of the sea, which lay dark and still, and smooth as polished glass—a mirror on which every brilliant star threw a long line of trembling light. It was one of those nights which surpass the description of the poet, a night such as I had dreamt of, but never hoped to see. Just before I went down for the night, we passed a low black island on our right, slumbering in its dark shadow. And this was Elba—Elba! the narrow prison where blundering despots thought to confine the restless spirit whose ambition had wasted Europe from Cadiz to Moscow. Was it on such a night as this, I wondered—a night which seemed made for peace, and love, and rest, that the little bark bore Cæsar and his fortunes from this island, to make one more desperate struggle for empire, and sacrifice thousands and tens of thousands of gallant lives in the attempt.

Next morning we were at Civita Vecchia, the modern port of Rome, a miserable little town, with a few small coasting vessels in its harbour. We stayed there a couple of hours, but I did not land, for I was told the only thing to be seen was one Gasperoni, a famous brigand, who had committed I know not how many score of murders with his own hand. He is now confined in the fortress, and shown for a trifling fee to strangers; but I had no fancy for seeing a human being caged and shown for money like a wild beast, so I remained on board. I did not, however, escape the sight of human degradation; for a parcel of galley slaves were at work in chains in a barge close by, and amused themselves with cursing and swearing at us with an abundance of true Italian gesticulation, an amusement with which the soldiers who guarded them showed no sort of disposition to interfere.

In the afternoon we passed Rome. The dome of St. Peter's was just discernible by the naked eye over the flat shore of Ostia, and a solitary schooner at anchor marked the spot where the Tiber entered the sea.



What surprised me most was the background of mountains. I had always pictured Rome to myself as situated in the midst of a vast plain, with no hills of any considerable elevation near it; but here the Apennines, which make a great bend towards the interior from Pisa, approach the coast again, and Rome, as seen from the sea, appears to lie almost at their feet. I had never thought of associating the idea of Rome with snowy mountains, but here they were, mountains with bare brown sides and white tops, wild and rugged enough for the Highlands of Scotland. The night was again almost as lovely as the last. As we passed Circe's Promontory and Terracina, the air came off the land laden with the scent of orange and lemon groves, and the sea was so calm that I could almost fancy the enchantress had laid a spell upon the waves, and lulled them so fast asleep with her sweet music that they still lay in the charmed trance.

Before I come to an end of this delightful voyage, I must say a few words of my fellow passengers. If I had had my choice, I doubt if I could have selected a pleasanter party, or more instructive and entertaining specimens of national character and manners, than it was my good fortune to meet with on this occasion. There were two or three English gentlemen, pleasant and well informed, who had lived long enough on the Continent to get rid of the aristocratic coldness under which the good qualities of an English gentleman are too commonly hid; a Frenchman also, shrewd, intelligent, and communicative; but my greatest friend of all was a Spaniard. He was a captain of the Chapelgorries, on a voyage to Italy, as he said, for amusement, having served since the beginning of the war, been twice wounded, and thinking it time to give himself a holyday. Such was the account he gave, and it was no business of mine to question it, though I should think it more probable he was going on some mission to the Neapolitan court. It was enough for me that he was one of the most delightful companions it was ever my good fortune to meet, the very *beau-idéal* of an accomplished Spanish cavalier, young, handsome, with a clear olive complexion, dark fiery eye, and limbs as finely moulded as those of a thorough-bred racer. He had more of the high breeding and polish of an Englishman of rank than I ever saw in a foreigner, and yet withal something of the frankness of the soldier, and the gaiety and good spirits of a boy let loose from school. Without any pretensions to learning, his information on all subjects was singularly extensive. He was well acquainted with art and literature, especially those of his native land, and spoke of Murillo, Velasquez, Lope de Vega, Calderon, and Cervantes, with an enthusiasm which quite delighted me. He had a stock of proverbs second only to that of the renowned Sancho, one of which he had ready to produce on every occasion. The first night we landed together at Genoa I went to the same hotel. After dinner we got into conversation about the state and prospects of Spain, and the events of the war which was then raging in the Basque provinces. This is a subject on which I could talk for ever, for I feel an interest I can hardly describe in Spain, the land which has produced so many heroes and poets, the land of chivalry and romance, which once stood at the head of European civilisation. Most heartily do I sympathise in her efforts to shake off the brutal and swinish despotism under whose hoof she has been trampled for centuries, to regain her ancient freedom, and resume her place among the nations of Europe. I have watched the progress of the war which is to decide her fate with extreme anxiety, and spent many an hour in poring over lying and contradictory bulletins to get at the truth. Here, then, I was quite at home, and knew the details of every petty skirmish that had been fought, almost as well as my Spanish friend himself, and listened with

the utmost interest to all his stirring tales. He told me how he had been at the battle where Espartero relieved Bilbao, and carried the Carlist intrenchments at dead of night, in the midst of the memorable Christmas snow-storm which buried Europe from one extremity to the other; and how he had entered the heroic city, and seen its breaches barricaded with the dead bodies of its defenders, which the resolute garrison had actually sewed in sacks, and piled in the gaps of their crumbling walls, rather than surrender. He told me also of the disastrous rout of Hernani, where the British marines saved Evans and his army from destruction, and many other stirring stories of war, and high adventure, and perilous hair-breadth escapes. Then we talked of the ancient glories of Spain, her painters, her poets and dramatists, and of the prospect of her regeneration when she succeeds in gaining, at the point of the sword, that which is to art and literature, and every thing good and noble, as the very air they breathe—freedom of thought. Afterwards we strolled out together to see the town, and he gave me some of his little paper cigarillos which he had brought with him from St. Sebastian, which, although I have almost lost my Cambridge habit of smoking, I found delightfully mild and pleasant; and in an hour or two we were as good friends as if we had known one another for years. I had afterwards much interesting conversation with him on board the steamer, and learned a great deal of the condition of Spain, and of the manners and modes of life of the peasantry in the different provinces. One remark which he made struck me very much. I was lamenting the continuance of the civil war, and expressing my fears that if something were not done to put a stop to it, it would end by depopulating Spain, and introducing barbarism. “The war is not such an evil as you think it,” he replied. “It has given an impulse to Spain which nothing else could have done. Five years ago, when the war began, the Liberal party was confined to the large towns, and the inconsiderable number of educated men; the mass of Spain hardly knew whether it was Carlist or Liberal. Now every peasant has taken a side, and the result is what all Europe may see, that, except in the Basque Provinces, and the mountains of Lower Arragon and Catalonia, the Carlists cannot show their heads. Moreover, owing to the continuance of the war, and the sale of the confiscated lands of the monasteries, the peasants are fast acquiring property, and thus a solid foundation is being laid for a new order of things.” I confess there seemed to me to be much reason in what he said, though I should still be glad, for the sake of humanity, to see this barbarous and destructive war at an end, and my friend Don — out of danger from Carlist bullets.

We had also two young Swiss officers on board, brothers of a noble family in Berne, going to join their regiment at Naples. They were both fine young men, especially the youngest, a lad of about eighteen, full of military ardour and enthusiasm for his native land. It was curious to meet in the nineteenth century such a specimen of the true military adventurer, and hear the identical maxims of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty himself repeated. “I would fight for the Pacha of Egypt, the Grand Turk, or the Devil, if they paid me well and treated me handsomely,” said the young Swiss. “My only point of honour is to be faithful to my employer as long as he is faithful to me.” I did not tell him what I thought, that this hiring out of their blood for money was a deep disgrace to Switzerland, a practice altogether unworthy of the free-born descendants of Tell. After all, it was not his fault that he had been brought up in the prejudice that the only profession worthy of a gentleman was that of arms. He told me the king of Naples had 4000 Swiss in his service, who kept him on his throne,

and would do so in spite of his own soldiers, who were discontented and jealous of the superior pay and privileges of the Swiss, and of the Neapolitan rabble who were ready to rise if they had but the courage: a pretty picture of the state of a kingdom, but, as I have since heard, only too true. These Swiss gentlemen were steerage passengers. Being poor sub-lieutenants living on their pay, the difference of fare was an object to them, and they had no false pride to make them ashamed of their poverty. After talking together on deck, they parted from us to go down and take their meals with the steerage passengers without the slightest appearance of constraint or embarrassment. I confess I admired their moral courage, or rather I admired the state of society in which it was possible for young men of high birth and gentlemanly manners to do what was right without a sense of degradation. With us it is scarcely possible to shake off the feeling that poverty is disgraceful; the iron necessity of keeping up the appearance of a gentleman, in other words, of passing ourselves off for richer men than we really are, presses on us with a force which it requires uncommon strength of mind to resist. Besides these, there was a Capuchin friar, a stout young man, who would have made a better grenadier than a monk, but a favourable specimen of his class, well educated, and, on the whole, liberal-minded — so much so, indeed, that even our Spaniard, who was no lover of the race of Friars, drank a friendly glass of brandy and water with him one night, and pronounced him “*un bon diable*.” Strange jumbles of character, country, and profession, we meet in travelling. But few, I think, stranger than this — a captain of Chapelgorries and a Capuchin friar drinking a glass of brandy and water together on the deck of an Italian steamer. I like steam-boat travelling for this reason, that you have time to get acquainted with your fellow-travellers, and more opportunity of seeing men and manners in a day than you would have in rumbling in a diligence from Paris to Moscow. To say nothing of other drawbacks, the physical discomforts of being squeezed and jolted in a carriage makes people surly and uncommunicative.

But to return to our voyage; night overtook us off Circe's Cape, and next morning I rose before the sun to catch the first sight of Vesuvius. When I came on deck, there it stood, full on our larboard bow, with its light elegant cone against the clear red of sunrise, and a light wreath of smoke floating over its summit. Before us was the steep rocky headland of Misenum, the northern extremity of the Gulf of Naples, and on our right the high volcanic rock of Ischia, and the low island of Procida, covered with white houses. Far in the distance the high-peaked island of Capri, and the lofty rugged mountains which form the southern boundary of the gulf, were just perceptible. A fresh breeze was blowing, and the sea of the deepest darkest blue, with white waves curling over, and a cloud of little fishing boats skimming about like seamews on the wing. It was indeed a scene of rare and wondrous beauty, one of those perfect pictures we see once or twice in our lives, in which we can wish nothing altered and fancy no improvement.

We swept rapidly along close under the bare weather-beaten cliffs of Cumæ and Misenum, and rounding the headland, the beautiful bay of Baiæ, the favourite retreat of the wealthy and luxurious nobles of Rome, opened upon our view. And there were the Phlegræan fields, there among those low green hills the Lake of Avernus, there the Sibyll's grotto, and there the ruined temples on the shore; names familiar to our schoolboy days, the scene of Æneas' adventures, the classic ground of Virgil's poem. Soon these were left behind, and then came the steep slope of Pausilippo, covered

with vineyards, and orange groves, and white villas, and terraced gardens, beautiful as a wreck of Paradise. And then Naples itself, white and dazzling, stretching in a long crescent round its lovely bay, and rising in an amphitheatre from the sea to the heights behind, crowned with many a castle and convent. And there stood Vesuvius high over all, rising from the sea in a graceful curve, with a cloud of white smoke hanging over the water. I thought I had never seen any thing so beautiful, and I think so still. Disgusted as I am with the people, the city, and every thing appertaining to Naples, I still think that for rich, various, and diversified beauty, there is nothing equal to the Gulf of Naples. Nature has scattered all her beauties on this favoured spot with a lavish hand. Distant mountain peaks, forests of darkest green, sky of intensest azure, sea of deepest blue, hills covered with a rich net-work of vineyards, olive and orange groves, towns, terraces, and villas, cliffs of every shape and colour, some bare and rugged, others covered to the water's edge with the rich luxuriance of southern vegetation, white sails skimming to and fro, and the city fair on the outside like a whited sepulchre—such is Naples from the sea. Shall I break the charm—shall I tell you what Naples is when you land? No; I will reserve this for another letter, and leave you for a time to think as I thought, when I first saw it, that it is a paradise.

NAPLES — DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY — BEGGARS — MISERY — POMPEII —  
VESUVIUS — MUSEUM — ARISTIDES — RAFFAELLE.

*Naples, March, 1839.*

FANCY being transported in the twinkling of an eye from the shore of Loch Lomond to the purlieus of St. Giles—fancy being interrupted in the midst of some celestial reverie by a dirty scoundrel trying to pick your pocket—fancy the most abrupt descent, the most rude transition you can, from the fairy realms of imagination to the repulsive realities of filth, vice, and misery—and you will have some idea of what the traveller's sensations are on landing at Naples. Seen from a distance over the dark blue waves it seems a paradise, a chosen spot where art and nature vie in lavishing their choicest gifts, a smiling city of mirth, of beauty, and delight. But what is it when you see it close?—a den of thieves, a sink of abject wretchedness and poverty, a lazaretto of all that is most foul and unseemly in human misery and degradation. I could not have believed that such a spectacle existed in Christian and civilised Europe of the nineteenth century, as I saw in the streets of Naples. Thousands and tens of thousands of human beings lying about the streets like dogs, literally without rags enough to cover their nakedness, and with no ostensible employment except to pick vermin out of one another's heads, and handkerchiefs out of strangers' pockets. The beggars are literally innumerable; and such beggars—objects in every disgusting form of loathsome disease—wretches brutified by want till the type of the human species is almost lost—beggars whom the lowest of the low who beg in the streets of London would not touch with a pair of tongs. I have read of travellers being hunted by wild dogs in the streets of Constantinople; here he is hunted by a pack of human dogs, clamorous, open-mouthed, abject, and insolent, who pursue him with a pertinacity which nothing can shake off, till at last, weary and worried to death, he is fain to return to his hotel for shelter.

It is a mistake to consider Naples as a civilised capital in the sense in which the other capitals of Europe are civilised. It ought rather to be

classed with such places as Morocco or Timbuctoo, than with Paris or London. All that constitutes the true elements of civilisation — the existence of a middle class — the diffusion of the decencies and comforts of life among the mass of the population — the general appearance of independence, respectability, and intelligence — are not to be found in Naples. There are palaces to be sure, and churches, and barracks — there are wealthy nobles and delicate ladies who roll in their gilded carriages along the streets, officers in gay uniforms, and priests and friars at every turn; but the mass of the people are as wild beasts, living in the streets, sleeping in the open air, or in little wretched dens open to the street, and shut in with a piece of board at night — taking no thought for the morrow — living from hand to mouth, without settled occupation or industry — in a word savages in no respect superior to those of Labrador or New Holland. Even in physical appearance the Neapolitans are far below the standard of any civilised community. I expected to find them a wild, handsome, picturesque race, lively, merry, and intelligent. Instead of this I see nothing but extreme ugliness, and sullen and ferocious misery. The women and children especially, of the lower orders, are frightfully ugly compared to those of any other country; and so far from their being a merry race, I remarked to-day that I had not seen a smiling happy face since I came to Naples.

Domestic life seems unknown among the lower classes here. They live out of doors, and eat their meals at the cook-shops, which abound everywhere, and where they can satisfy their hunger for a mere trifle on onions, pumpkins, cakes of Indian corn, and macaroni fried in oil. At night they pig together in dark cellars, or in the garrets of old deserted palaces. Even the tradesmen and artisans live in much the same way — their houses are open to the public gaze, and they sit at their work in the street. There are whole streets full of blacksmiths, others of shoemakers, and so on, all sitting out of doors at their work. The swarm of human beings in Naples is prodigious. The crowd in the Strada Toledo, a motley mixture of fashionables, soldiers, priests, peasants, and lazaroni, is fully as great as in any street of London. But it is not a circulating crowd: on watching it you see that half those who compose it are stationary, lounging about, living in fact in the street, and not moving to and fro on business. The shops are of the poorest description, there are no manufactures, and the absurdly illiberal policy of the government has annihilated foreign trade. There are at this moment but two square-rigged vessels and a few feluccas in the harbour. How, then, do the people exist? How does the enormous population of 375,000 persons, collected in a narrow space round the margin of the bay, contrive to live? The expenditure of the court, and of the nobles and clergy attracted by the court from the provinces, together with the charitable contributions of the numerous convents, form the only ostensible means of support for this large population. A few live by fishing, and a few are employed in the different handicrafts necessary in a large city. But the great bulk of the people have, I believe, no settled occupation. They can hardly be said to live — they merely exist. They have none of the wants of civilised men, and their fine climate enables them to dispense with many things which are considered necessities of life in colder regions. Once in their life they beg, steal, or inherit, an old ragged garment, and this they wear without ever changing for the rest of their lives. House-rent costs them nothing, for they can sleep in the streets — fire nothing, for they have no homes. Doing no work, they need little food, and vegetables and macaroni may be had for little or nothing. So if they can manage to pick up a few grani by working in the vintage, begging, stealing,

or doing an occasional job, they can drag on a miserable existence, and at worst there are the convents to go to, where they can always get something to keep them from starving. Miserable as this is, I sincerely believe it is a true picture of the state of things at Naples.

The moral degradation also of this unhappy place is something quite beyond belief. Elsewhere the cheats and liars are in a minority: public opinion is against them, and the fear of detection acts as a check on their proceedings. But here public opinion is all the other way. If you detect a Neapolitan in a monstrous falsehood, he laughs in your face, and treats the matter as a good joke. A stranger must not think to escape disputes and vexation in Naples by shutting his eyes on a little imposition, and sacrificing an occasional sixpence. No! unless he can afford to pay crowns where he should pay shillings, and pounds where he should pay crowns, he must live in a state of perpetual warfare with his species, and take it for granted that every one who comes near him is a rogue, and has a design on his purse. I soon found, by melancholy experience, that this was absolutely necessary, and that no degree of outward respectability in appearance was a sufficient guarantee against gross and shameless imposition. From all I hear, this moral taint pervades society from top to bottom — from the dissolute court to the ruffian lazaroni; and, with a few rare and bright exceptions, a sense of honour is a thing unknown at Naples.

I should be unwilling to give such a character of a whole people, if I had nothing but my own limited experience to appeal to, although, in a country like this, where there is no attempt at concealment, and the sins of society lie open to the public view in all their naked deformity, the passing traveller sees more of the true state of things in a day than he would learn in a year in countries where society is more complicated, and where the evils which infect it are hid beneath a polished surface of decorum and civilisation. But I do not speak only from the result of my own personal observation, when I impute this taint of moral degeneracy to the Neapolitan nation. It is the impression of all who have seen the country, the concurrent testimony of all travellers who have visited it, and the report handed down by history from the earliest periods to the present day. Even in the time of Cicero, these Siren shores were in bad repute — the seat of wanton riot and unbridled debauchery, a place to which no one who valued his reputation would resort. In the most lawless periods of Italian story, when poisonings and assassinations were common every-day events, Naples retained a bad pre-eminence in guilt. The ruffian Benevento Collini, stained with a dozen homicides, found Naples too bad even for him, and turned with horror from a place where a man's life was never safe for two minutes together. In more modern times, we hear of the famous Aqua Tofana, of a fiendish system of wholesale poisoning, carried to an extent which makes us shudder to think of the existence of such wide-spread and atrocious wickedness. The history of Naples is one black register of crime and horrors, a chronicle of brutal oppression on the one hand, and abject spiritless slavery on the other. With the exception, perhaps, of the short-lived revolt of Masaniello, there is not a spot in the pages of Neapolitan history on which the eye can rest with any satisfaction, — and even that solitary attempt at independence failed from the fickleness and folly, the utter want of energy and virtue, in the people themselves. What could be more contemptible than their conduct in the constitutional movement of 1823. An army of 80,000 Neapolitans was scattered to the four winds of heaven, and the whole kingdom subdued by the Austrians, after a resistance which cost the conquerors sixty men. I recall these facts, not to excite a prejudice against these unhappy Neap-

politans, but to show what despotism really is, — to show to what a depth of degradation a people may fall who have no national recollections, nothing to cherish feelings of pride and self-respect, and who have been cut off for centuries, by civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, from all freedom of thought and action. I mention it also, because I think it right the truth should be known, in order that we may estimate rightly the deep guilt, the profound immorality of the policy which banded together the powerful monarchs of Europe, in a league misnamed holy, to perpetuate a system like this, and crush in the bud every attempt at improvement. Unhappy Naples, since the time when the brave Samnite nation fell before the power of Rome; since the time when the ruthless Sylla extirpated the last remains of national spirit in the provinces of Italy, she has never known the blessings of liberty and national independence. Slave to the Roman, the Goth, the Saracen, the Norman, the Spaniard, and the Austrian, she has changed her masters, but never her condition. True she has now a nominal independence, and the viceroy of Austria, who rules over her, wears a crown; but it is a question whether her condition would not be much better as an Austrian province, and whether she gains any thing by having the corrupting influence of an immoral court, and the curse of a profligate and imbecile administration added to her other woes. Certainly nothing can surpass the picture of misgovernment which Naples presents at present — sentinels at every turn, mounted videttes at the corners of the streets, cannon pointed in the public places, three strongly fortified castles commanding the city, and all this display of military force in the capital of a king at profound peace with all the world, and without an enemy to fear, except those made by his own oppression and misgovernment. It is indeed true, as my Swiss friend told me, that the king keeps an army to keep down his people, and a Swiss guard to keep down his army. But it seems his majesty has a military mania, fancies himself a hero, and amuses himself with altering the buttons of his guard, while his people are starving. The commercial policy of the government seems directed to the sole end of destroying trade, and discouraging industry. For instance, a heavy export duty is laid on oil and other of the staple productions of the country, and sometimes the government take it into their head to prohibit exportation altogether. Last autumn, when the price of wheat rose so high in the English markets, speculations were entered into by several Neapolitan merchants to export large quantities, when suddenly, and without any previous warning, the king issued a proclamation prohibiting the export of wheat. How successful these measures have been in destroying commerce is apparent from the fact, that in this beautiful harbour, the principal port of a kingdom of 6,000,000 of inhabitants, and centrally situated for the commerce of the whole Mediterranean, there are at this moment but two foreign vessels.

The clergy form the most numerous class here after the soldiers and the beggars. Friars, black, brown, and grey, swarm at every turn; they are in general low, filthy, disreputable-looking fellows, whom, if you meet, you manoeuvre to pass on the weather side. The Jesuits however are, I believe, the ruling power at present: as an instance of their influence, I may mention what I saw the other evening. Walking on the Chiaja, I met a party of naval officers in uniform, marching along two and two, like schoolboys, with a Jesuit at their head, and another bringing up the rear. These, I was told, were the officers studying at the naval college, which, with the other establishments for education in the country, had been put under the control of the Jesuits. They were not boys observe, but stout

young men of twenty and upwards, who were thus taken out for an airing by their clerical tutors, — a pretty way of training naval officers.

The impression of the extreme beauty of the scenery lasted only while I saw it from the sea. Once on dry land, there are so many drawbacks and annoyances it is impossible to enjoy it. Of what avail are fine mountains and a beautiful sea in the distance, when go where you will you cannot get rid of a foreground of every thing that is disgusting and disagreeable. Besides, the country about Naples really is beautiful only when seen at a distance; go where you will you are shut in between houses, and stone walls, and terraces, and obliged to walk along roads swarming with beggars and hackney-coaches, and ankle deep in dust. The population is far too dense all round Naples to allow of your getting into the country, or finding a quiet retired spot to sit down and enjoy the beauties of nature. If you did, your meditations would probably be interrupted by two or three cut-throat-looking fellows, with long knives, asking for money. And as for stopping to look at scenery any where in the city, or within five miles of it, the thing is out of the question. In less than five seconds you would be pounced upon by a whole legion of beggars, who seem to spring up from the earth whereon an unhappy stranger treads.

I am heartily sick of Naples: despite of its lovely climate and beautiful bay, it is by many degrees the last place on the face of the earth I should choose as a residence. If it were not for Pompeii, Vesuvius, and the museum, I would strongly advise travellers never to set foot on shore at Naples, but merely sail into the bay and sail out again. These, however, of themselves amply repay the trouble of a visit to Naples. Who has not longed to see Pompeii—the famous disentombed city—the wondrous relic of an older world? I would gladly have undertaken the journey for the sole purpose of seeing Pompeii; and yet, having seen it, I must candidly confess the predominant feeling in my mind is that of disappointment. I found it neither so impressive nor so instructive as I expected; I did not experience any very vivid sensations, or carry away any great stock of new ideas. The truth is, I believe that I had looked at Pompeii through a halo of the imagination. I had expected too much from it, and, as is so often the case, my over-wrought expectation made me dissatisfied with the reality. I had always pictured Pompeii to myself as now subsisting in the precise identical state in which it stood in the time of Titus, — a city which had fallen asleep, as it were, for eighteen hundred years, to preserve unchanged a memorial of the domestic manners and mode of life of a bygone civilisation. I thought to see houses with their household furniture, shops with their goods, temples with their idols, ovens with their half-baked bread — every thing, in short, as it was left by the citizens when they crowded out in the morning to see the games in the amphitheatre. I looked for marks of the haste and confusion of flight — for the skeletons of those who perished — for something, in short, to bring vividly and forcibly before me the terror of that dreadful night when Pompeii was buried beneath showers of ashes. I looked in vain. All this, which we read of in the accounts of travellers, may have existed when the city was first disinterred, but it has long since disappeared. There is nothing to be seen now but the mere skeleton of the city — bare walls and empty houses. Every thing which it was possible to remove has been transported to the museum at Naples. Now this may, to a certain extent, be right, for of course the preservation of these precious remains, as standards to guide the learned men of future ages in their researches respecting the domestic manners of antiquity, is an object of higher importance than the gratification of the curiosity of a



passing traveller. Be this, however, as it may, the result is, that the traveller who goes to Pompeii, expecting to see an ancient city in its original state, is grievously disappointed. Nor is this all — the objects themselves which have been removed lose half their interest, seen as they now are at a distance from the places where they were discovered, and with which they are associated. It is one thing to be shown a skeleton in the museum at Naples, and to be told that this skeleton was found in a sentry-box at Pompeii, and then going to Pompeii to see a sentry-box, and be told here was found a skeleton, and another to see the very thing; to see with our own eyes the remains of the soldier, in the very spot in which he fell a victim to the iron discipline which forbade him to stir from his post. So also with the pots and pans, the wine-jars, and other common articles of household use. No one but a professed antiquarian cares for looking at these in the glass cases where they are all duly arranged; but in the kitchens and cellars where they were found they would be objects of the highest interest.

Another even more serious drawback to the pleasure I had promised myself from a visit to Pompeii, was the impossibility of seeing or examining any thing at leisure. Naked and desolate as the city is, I could still spend days and days in wandering through its streets and sitting among its ruined palaces and temples. What a pleasure would it be to sit unwatched and undisturbed upon one of the broken columns which strew the forum, and read Pliny's narrative of the destruction of the city; or think over the classical recollections of our school-boy days, the half-remembered stories of Greek and Roman greatness, and combining all we had read with all we here saw, endeavour to penetrate more deeply into the spirit of this ancient civilisation. Or better still, perhaps, to ramble by moonlight among these deserted streets and fallen temples, re-peopleing them with the shadows of departed greatness, musing on the mutability of mortal things, and listening to the "still sad music of humanity," borne down along the stream of by-gone centuries. But these pleasures, alas! are not reserved for the traveller who has only time and opportunity to see Pompeii in the usual way, and by submitting to the usual regulations. His fate is to be hurried through streets, houses, and temples by a chattering rascal of a cicerone, and hunted at every turn by a pack of clamorous beggars. I do think it disgraceful to the Neapolitan government to allow these annoyances, and not to make arrangements by which the strangers who flock from all parts of the world to visit Pompeii may do so with some degree of comfort and satisfaction. The excuse is, that there would be danger in admitting the public indiscriminately, and that it is necessary, in order to prevent articles from being carried away, that every party should be accompanied by a government cicerone. But really, when there is nothing left to carry away, unless we could carry houses and stone walls, and when we see swarms of beggars allowed to wander about as they please, it looks more like a job to extort money from foreigners, than any very great regard for the remains of antiquity. Indeed, a disinterested zeal for bringing to light the precious monuments of antiquity in his dominions, is the last thing to which his Neapolitan majesty can make any pretence. The excavations which were carried on with so much spirit by the French are now almost entirely suspended. In the time of Murat 1500 workmen were constantly employed; and if he had continued on the throne for a few years longer all Pompeii would have been open to the day. As it is, not above a third of the city is disentombed; and as only thirty-two workmen are employed, it will be long enough before the rest sees the light.

After all these drawbacks, however, there remains much that is interesting in Pompeii : so now having confessed my disappointment, and given vent to my ill humour against the government, I must tell you shortly what I did see. You must not expect any thing like minute description, or learned dissertation,—these may be found in books which profess to give an account of Pompeii. All I can do is to give you a faithful account of the impressions actually made on me by what I saw. Pompeii is about twelve miles from Naples, on the opposite side of the mountain, and about a mile from the sea. The road winds along the margin of the bay, traversing the towns of Portici, Resina, and Torre del Greco, which form with Naples one continued street of eight or ten miles in length along the sea-shore. These suburbs, like Naples, swarm with an idle, filthy, ragged population, and present the same contrast of splendour and poverty, palaces with orange groves and terraced gardens sloping down to the sea, and miserable hovels worse than the abode of a Hottentot or Esquimaux. About six miles from Naples there is a slight rise in the ground—this is the lava stream of the first great eruption which buried Herculaneum. The city lies entombed beneath a solid mass of rock 100 feet in thickness. Very little of it has been excavated, as the government are afraid of undermining the town of Resina, and a royal palace which stands immediately above; and the little which has been excavated has been mostly filled up; so being an invalid I did not care for going down a deep, dark, damp well to see the portico of a theatre, all which is visible of Herculaneum, but drove on to Pompeii without stopping. A little further on, the road is cut through the lava which destroyed Torre del Greco in 1794, and beyond this we get rid of the houses, and come out on a plain, desolated by the lava of 1822. Vines are just beginning to grow on this lava, but the appearance is extremely rugged and desolate: black masses of lava are heaped and tossed about like waves of the sea as far as the eye can reach. The road then passes through the village of Torre del Nunziata, the streets of which, and the roofs of the houses, were still covered with dust and ashes from the recent eruption, which lay like a fall of black snow over all the country on this side of the mountain. After passing Torre del Nunziata, the road leaves the sea, and enters a wide and richly cultivated plain, in the midst of which appears something like a great mound of earth. This is all we see of Pompeii at a little distance. We drove to the foot of the mound, and leaving our carriage, walked on a few steps along a narrow path cut through it, and all at once found ourselves in the presence of the ancient city. The approach to it on this side along the old *Via Domitiana* is lined with tombs for a short distance outside the city gate. Many of these are well preserved, and the inscriptions on them are as fresh as the day they were carved. They are chiefly remarkable, I think, as showing how strong the feeling was among the ancients in favour of erecting stately monuments, and paying costly honours to the dead. No modern provincial town could show such an array of spacious and splendid tombs. Here, also, in the midst of gravestones, stands Diomede's Villa, the mansion of some wealthy citizen, who sought a luxurious retirement outside the city gates, and well calculated to give those who enter for the first time a Roman house a high idea of their size and splendour. The outside is so heaped round with earth and ashes that you can see little or nothing; but on entering, you find yourself in a large inner court, like those of our colleges at Cambridge, round which the house is built. The appearance is very much that which one of the cloistered courts of our smaller colleges would present if the roof had fallen in, and only the first story were left standing. All these Roman houses have been built on this plan round an inner court, as, indeed, are

most of the modern houses of Italy, but with this difference, that the court in old times was more spacious, and the surrounding buildings less lofty. Generally speaking, the houses appear to have had only one story, though in some, as for instance in this villa, on the side towards the road, there is a second story. This villa has also a sunk story or cellar running round the court, in one corner of which were found seventeen skeletons, the remains of the family inhabiting the villa, who had taken refuge there on the dreadful night when the city was destroyed. Their fate must have been a painful one, suffocated slowly, and inch by inch, by the fine dust which floated in through the narrow loopholes, until it gradually filled up the cellar. The skeletons were all removed, but we were shown stains on the wall left by the flesh as it mouldered away.

Leaving the villa, a few steps brought us to the city walls, which are built of brick, about fourteen feet high, and very thick. Just outside the gate stands a stone sentry-box, in which were found a skeleton and the head of a lance.

Casting a hasty glance at it, for my curiosity was now wrought up to a pitch of eager impatience, I passed through the low, narrow gateway, and entered the city. It was an impressive moment certainly when I first found myself treading that ancient pavement, rough and uneven with the tracks of wheels which had traversed it so many centuries ago, and walking along those silent streets between shops and houses, the relics of an almost forgotten civilisation. But the houses did not look (as I have seen them described) as if their owners had just stepped out of them; nor had the city at all the appearance of a place that had been recently inhabited: it was more like the ruin of a town over which the storm of war had swept, blasting every thing with fire and destruction, and leaving nought but blackened ruins and desolate naked walls. To understand the aspect which Pompeii presents, you must bear in mind the manner of its destruction. It was not like Herculaneum, overflowed by a current of lava; but in the mighty eruption which blew the whole upper part of the mountain into the air, such heavy and incessant showers of ashes fell upon this spot, which stands close to the base of Vesuvius, as first to crush in the roofs, throwing down the upper stories, if they ever existed, and leaving nothing but bare walls standing; and, finally, to bury the whole mass of ruins beneath an accumulation of ejected matter. The deposit of ashes does not, however, appear to have much overtopped the houses; and as it might have been easily removed, the inhabitants, who nearly all escaped, would probably have returned to their dwellings had they not been so completely ruined: as it was, they doubtless removed many of their most valuable effects, and traces of their excavations have been frequently met with.

In modern times the earth has been excavated from several streets and a few houses and temples, and also from the forum, the theatres, and amphitheatre, bringing to light, it is supposed, about a third part of the town, the walls of which embrace a circuit of nearly two miles. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, and the houses for the most part very small and poor. My impression decidedly is, that in splendour and comfort, and every thing in fact which we call civilisation, Pompeii has been far behind modern towns of the same size. What gloomy places for instance must these streets have been with their long lines of low dead wall, instead of splendid mansions and gay shop windows. Even the best houses have made no show towards the street, but look on the outside like so many prisons or workhouses. The shops are generally little dens or caves in the wall of some large mansion, like those of the present day at Genoa and Naples. A few of them are

better, and have a small dwelling-house attached; but these are scarce, as indeed are all indications of the existence of a middle class. The state of society has evidently been something like that which now exists at Naples—a few wealthy nobles and a population of idle vagabond lazaroni, living in the streets and public places. When we enter the houses of the better class we find however indications of wealth, luxury, and taste, such as we could hardly have expected from their exterior, combined however with a total want of what we should call the comforts and conveniences of life. These houses are all on the same plan, built round a court which has its impluvium or cistern for rain water in the middle, an altar to the household gods at one end, and a corridor or colonnade with little brick columns, stuccoed over to resemble stone, running round it. Beyond this is a small inner court on a similar plan, round which are the private apartments of the family. The rooms open into the corridor; they are generally very small, and have neither windows nor fire-places; they must have been most uncomfortable places in cold or rainy weather. A few had small pigeon holes of windows, in one of which I saw a fragment of glass remaining; it was, however, as thick and green as bottle glass, so that it could have been of little use in transmitting the light. In some respects, however, the houses of the Pompeian aristocracy have been splendid enough. No expense seems to have been spared in decorating the public rooms, and especially the great dining room in which company was received. Columns of jasper and porphyry, mosaic pavements of the finest marble, walls and ceilings painted in fresco or stained with the richest Syrian dyes, a profusion of beautiful vases and statues—such would appear to have been the favourite articles of luxury, and in some of the houses enough is still left to give a high idea of their former magnificence. The mosaics especially are beautifully executed, and must have cost large sums. In the consul's house, as it is called, the largest and most splendid mansion in Pompeii, there is a mosaic in the dining hall, representing a battle between the Greeks and Persians, which is celebrated as the finest specimen known of ancient painting: the fury of the fight, the rage and terror of the combatants, are represented with great truth and spirit. As a contrast to these splendid public rooms, the dwelling places of the family, the sleeping rooms, and especially the women's apartments, are wretched in the extreme. It is clear the Pompeians have not been a domestic people: like the Italians of the present day, they have lived principally in the open air in the streets, and at the places of public amusement.

Among the multitude of houses I remarked with especial interest that of the dramatic poet as it is called, which Bulwer has made the abode of his hero Glaucus. Indeed, I must honestly confess, at the risk of losing all reputation as a classic, that while traversing the streets of Pompeii the admirable fiction of our great novelist occupied more of my thoughts than Pliny or Cicero. We may affect to laugh at novels, but how great a portion of the enjoyment of our lives is derived from them; nay more, how much instruction, how much solid and useful information, how much insight into human nature, and into the spirit and manners of nations and forms of society, long since passed away, do we derive from such works as "*The Last Days of Pompeii*."

The forum is an open space covered over with broken pedestals and fragments of columns, and inclosed by the ruins of the temples, the hall of justice, and other public buildings. It is the finest and most impressive point of view in Pompeii, being the only spot where the eye can embrace at once a considerable extent of ruins. The temples, though small and not

very remarkable in themselves, make an imposing mass, now that they are crumbled down into one shapeless heap of ruin, which harmonises well with the stern grandeur of the surrounding scenery. On one side Vesuvius towers up with his black and rugged sides and shattered cone; on the other, the bare and rocky range of the Sorrentine mountains, whose naked precipices plunge abruptly into the dark blue sea.

Close by the forum is the theatre, a large building capable of containing several thousand spectators. It is open to the air, and the stage is placed so that the Sorrentine mountains form a noble back ground. What a grand exhibition must an old Greek tragedy have been on such a stage as this? Fancy the Prometheus of Æschylus with the open heaven above, and the mountains and sea around. The Pompeians appear to have been a play-going people: beside this theatre there is another smaller one, said to have been used for comedy, and a huge amphitheatre with accommodation for 18,000 persons. The passion for public games and spectacles has evidently not been confined to imperial Rome, but diffused throughout the provinces.

The ampitheatre was the last place we visited; and heartily glad I was when I found there were no more sights to be seen. By this time I was quite tired of running through narrow streets and over empty houses; and after the first excitement of curiosity had worn off, I felt nothing but disappointment. I was vexed to find how little I learned, how few ideas I carried away, and how little real enjoyment I derived from visiting a place where I expected so much. I am glad, however, to have seen Pompeii. It satisfies my mind more completely than mere reading could have done, of the utter groundlessness of those theories which assign to the ancients a superiority over modern times in the arts of domestic life, and the comforts, decencies, and enjoyments of civilisation. Depend upon it, whatever a few learned men, misled by their exclusive admiration of classic art and literature, may say, the world has made great strides since the days when Pompeii was inhabited.

On our return from Pompeii, finding as we passed through Resina that we had plenty of time left, we determined to take advantage of the beautiful afternoon to ascend Vesuvius. Guides and mules were soon procured, and as the day was advanced, we mounted without delay and set off at a smart trot up the mountain side.

At first we ascended by a steep rocky mule-path, which wound its way up the flank of the mountain between vineyards, which produce the famous Lachrymæ Christi wine, and orchards of apricots, white with blossom. The sun was burning hot, although it was only March; but our guides, who were fine hardy wild-looking fellows, did not seem to mind the heat, and scrambled up the steep path holding by the tails of the mules with astonishing activity. An hour's ride brought us out of the region of vineyards, and we came out from between the stone walls, upon a wide plain of lava, with the cone of Vesuvius rising full before us. Words can but faintly image the fearful sublimity, the stern and terrible grandeur of that lava plain. I have been familiar with the ocean in all its varied forms of majesty and terror — I have seen the wide Atlantic dashing its waves against the rock-bound coast — I have wandered alone amidst the wildest solitudes of our Highland mountains — but I recollect nothing so deeply, terribly impressive as this first view of a lava torrent. Far and wide as the eye can reach, it meets nothing but images of utter ruin and desolation. Rocks blackened and burnt to cinders by the action of resistless fire, lie tossed and scattered about, and piled in heaps and ridges like the waves of a stormy

sea. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, not a sign of living thing, is to be seen, but all is black and dreary and desolate. Have you ever seen a black and blasted mountain side when whole miles of heather have been burnt up? The effect is something similar, but far inferior — for here you have not merely the blackened and burnt-up desolation, but the sense of an active and destroying power, tossing the huge rocks about like playthings, and carrying ruin and havoc far and wide among the plains and cities of men. Strange what a fascination there is in Nature when she shows herself in forms of gloomy and terrible grandeur ! and how our spirits kindle within us at the sight of overwhelming power, though it be a power which laughs to scorn the puny works of mortals, and sweeps them to destruction in its sport !

The surface of a lava torrent has been compared to a stormy sea, and not inaptly, for the cinders and loose blocks which cover it are tossed into ridges and heaps not unlike the waves of the sea in a heavy gale, only in wilder confusion, and with nothing like the long regular heave of the ocean swell. But there is no appearance of fluidity ; and it is only when the eye follows the course of the torrent, and sees it bursting over the edge of the crater, pouring down the cone, following the slope of the mountain, and spreading out as it reaches a gentle inclination into a wide plain, that we feel satisfied it must have flowed in a liquid state. Stream after stream may be traced where they have rolled down the steep cone, and spread out sheet above sheet of lava, carrying desolation over the flanks of the mountain, and threatening the towns at its foot with destruction. The lavas of different periods may be readily distinguished by their colours ; some, which have been long exposed to the air and contain large proportions of iron, being of a rusty red, while the more recent are inky black. The course of the lava which flowed during the late eruption could now be easily traced pouring over the edge of the crater on the side next Naples, and streaming down the side of the mountain straight for Portici, which it must inevitably have swallowed up, had the eruption continued a day or two longer. Fortunately it only lasted two days, and the quantity of lava ejected was not great, so that the stream nearly spent itself in filling up the fosse grande, a deep cleft in the mountain side, and scarcely reached so far as the region of vineyards. But although little mischief was done by the late eruption, it was a fearful sight to witness ; and from the direction the lava took, caused the greatest alarm among the inhabitants of Portici, Resina, and the densely peopled line of towns and villages along the foot of the volcano. An English gentleman who was at Naples during the eruption, described it to me as something grand and terrible beyond belief : his first impression, he said, when he was called up in the middle of the night to see the eruption, was, that the Day of Judgment had surely come, and that the solid earth was falling to pieces, and dissolving away in flames. The terrible unearthly sounds — the explosions as of ten thousand cannon — the wide flashes of electric light — the mighty rush from the volcano's mouth, as from the valve of some gigantic steam-engine, shooting up a shower of red hot stones in one unbroken column, to the height of two or three thousand feet — the dull lurid glare of the liquid lava reflected from the dense clouds above — all conspired to make up a scene of unrivalled horror and grandeur.

It was not my fortune to see the mountain in these wild convulsions, but at every step I saw something to remind me of their recent violence. The lava over which we rode, though perfectly solid at the surface, was red hot at the depth of a few inches, so that on thrusting a stick down into a crevice it took fire in a few seconds. The smell of sulphur and noxious gases was

also strong, and the surface, every here and there, crusted over with red and yellow deposits from sulphurous exhalations. After riding for about a mile across this lava, we ascended from it upon a long narrow ridge, which stands like an island amidst these dreary seas, and parts the boiling tides of lava in their course down the mountain side. On the top of this ridge stands what we in England should call a public-house; but in Italy they give these things finer names, and here it is the hermitage, where a holy friar retires from the world to pray to St. Januarius, and dispense hospitality to the faint and weary traveller, it being well understood that the said traveller is to make a suitable return, under the name of alms, for the support of such a praiseworthy institution. Having refreshed ourselves here with a bottle of the friar's wine, we pushed on along the ridge on which the hermitage is built, till we came to the end of it, and then descended into the vast plain on which the cone stands. This plain, on one side of which the cone rises, and which on the other is encircled by the steep precipices of the Somma, is evidently the filled-up crater of an older and much larger volcano. Some terrible eruption at a remote period has blown the whole top of the mountain into the air, broken down the wall of the crater on the side next the sea, and choked it up with cinders and ruins. At the next eruption the volcanic energy, now somewhat exhausted, has been unable to clear out the vast extent of the former crater, and has broken out a fresh vent, on the side next the sea, where it met with least resistance, and formed a new cone and crater on a smaller scale. This cone forms the present mountain, but it varies in shape and size with every eruption. The epithet "old as the hills" would be misplaced here, for often, in a few years, Vesuvius undergoes strange vicissitudes. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the crater is described as a vast hollow, five miles in circumference, with wood growing on its sides, and a plain at the bottom, in which cattle grazed. The volcano had then been in a state of tranquillity for nearly 500 years. This repose was interrupted by the great eruptions of 1631 and 1666, from which time to the present the volcano has been in a state of almost incessant activity, eruptions succeeding each other at intervals, which rarely exceed ten years. In 1822 the mountain lost upwards of 800 feet in height, and was reduced from 4200 to 3400 feet, and by the last eruption it is said to have lost in height considerably. The present height of the cone above the Atria de Cavallo, or great plain of the old crater, is, as far as I could judge by the eye and by the time it took to ascend, from 1000 to 1500 feet. The climb is steep and painful, as the loose cinders and scorïæ, of which the cone is composed, give way under the feet, and the heat from the exhalations is very oppressive. At length, however, we arrived at the great breach in the wall of the crater, through which the recent lava had burst forth, and scrambling forward with difficulty over the rugged and parching surface, stood upon the very brink of the fiery gulf. The white sulphurous smoke came steaming up, blinding and suffocating, and for a minute or two every thing was hid from the view. Then a sudden gust of wind blew it aside, and I saw the huge crater yawning at my feet, like the pit of hell, bottomless and black, with flame and smoke bursting out from every crack and crevice in its sides, and crusted over with sulphur and the red deposits of noxious gases. I stood like one entranced with shuddering breathless awe, till the dense sulphur-smoke came boiling up again with a mighty surge, and all was obscured. Again the wind cleared it away, and this time I saw sheer down to the bottom, where the funnel-shaped pit came to a point. I was chained to the spot by a fearful fascination thrilling through every nerve and vein, and heard not the cries of the guide telling me not to

venture so near the edge, till at last he pulled me back almost by force, for night was coming on, and it is not considered safe to remain too long exposed to the scorching and sulphurous atmosphere.

I do believe the crater of a volcano is the most fearfully grand of earthly sights. You recollect the lines where Manfred, standing on the edge of an Alpine precipice, says, —

“ The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.”

Splendid as these lines are, they embody nothing but an image : it is only by an effort of the poet's genius that the mountain mists, and all the stern and terrible scenery around, are identified with the still more terrible conception of the prison-house of fallen spirits. But here, I may almost say, we see the thing itself. The glimmering flames, the blasted desolation all around, the “burning marle” beneath our feet, and “torrid clime” smiting sore upon us — all, even to the dense sulphurous clouds and smell of brimstone, are here combined to stir the mind with vivid impressions of the half-forgotten stories of our early days, and stimulate the imagination into a sort of half belief that hell itself lies open at our feet. Reason, indeed, may reject the tale of a fiery dungeon, and all the machinery of physical torture which credulous ages have built on a few vague and allegorical expressions ; but let reason doubt as it may, the mind can never wholly shake off the beliefs and fears of its early years ; and that sort of half-belief still clings to it, which is sufficient to give full scope to the workings of the imagination. Something of a supernatural awe blends with and heightens the natural sublimity of the scene, and works the mind up to a pitch of excitement beyond any thing it could have experienced from the simple unaided impressions of the outward sense.

The crater appears about a mile in circumference, and 800 feet deep : our guide told us two miles and 2000 feet, but he was disposed to make the most of every thing for the honour of the mountain. In shape it is a regular funnel, broken down a little on one side where the last stream of lava flowed out. On this side it is very rugged and precipitous ; on the other, the slope is more regular. It goes quite to a point at the bottom, which is choked up with the smoking ashes which are constantly falling down the sides. The view from the top disappointed me. Naples, and the gulf and islands, and Sorrentine mountains, do not appear to so much advantage as from a lower elevation. We remained about an hour at the top ; and then, as evening was beginning to close in, reluctantly took our departure. The descent of the cone, which had cost us so much trouble to climb, was soon accomplished, sliding at every step several feet among the loose cinders. At the foot of the cone we found our mules waiting, and mounting them, set off for Resina, where we arrived just as it was getting dark. Here we had to settle with our guides ; and a scene ensued which I must try and describe, as it is very characteristic of Neapolitan manners. The fellows had been civil and obliging, and as we had had so much enjoyment, we did not mind putting up with a little extortion, and accordingly paid them at once the sum they asked, although it was about a third more than the regular charge. Finding, however, their extra charge so readily submitted to, they thought the opportunity too good to be lost of getting a little more, and returned to the charge, framing on the instant and pouring forth with incredible volubility a whole volley of lies, more gross and monstrous than those of Falstaff. Finding these of no avail, they varied their tone from threats and



indignant expostulation to the most humble and abject supplication. The noise they made soon brought a crowd of idlers to the spot, so that by the time the horses were put to we had half the population of the village screaming and gesticulating round us, and climbing upon the carriage. I began to think we should have to fight our way through, and regretted not having followed Keyser's advice; who, summing up, with true German accuracy, a list of articles which a traveller ought to take with him for the ascent of Vesuvius, begins the catalogue with a pair of pocket pistols: however, in this case, though there was plenty of the show and sound of fury, and, as far as I could make out their jargon, they talked of stopping our horses, they did not attempt to put their threats into execution, and we drove off amidst a volley of screams and execrations. The behaviour of these Neapolitan rascals would have been a disgrace to the rudest savages, turning on us as they did in hopes of extorting a few pence more, after having been well treated, and paid without demur the sum they asked in the first instance. But why should I complain? After all, they are but what tyranny and misgovernment have made them, and it would be idle to expect in the slave the virtues of the savage.

But let us turn to a more agreeable subject, and seek refuge from knavery and rascality in the serene and tranquil dominions of art. The museum here contains one of the finest collections of ancient sculpture in the world. The noble Aristides alone would amply repay the trouble of a journey to Naples. I have seen, and could have conceived nothing at all approaching to the excellence of, this wonderful statue. Its character, as in all real masterpieces of Grecian art, is that of simple greatness. A man stands before us, of middle age and ordinary stature, not distinguished by any remarkable symmetry of form or beauty of countenance, but in the highest degree simple, natural, and unaffected. His toga is wrapped closely about him, and gathered up behind with one hand, and his attitude is that of calm tranquil expectation. And yet, simple as this statue is, no one can look at it without feeling the presence of a majesty and a power almost superhuman. Calm and collected, he stands there the very image of the heroic spirit of antiquity — the representative of the warriors, the statesmen, and the orators, whose undying fame still fills the world, embodied and made eternal in the eternal marble. You see before you the *justum et tenacem propositi virum*, — the sage who, firm in the consciousness of right, and calm in the collected majesty of his self-power, awaits undaunted the decision of over-ruling destiny. This harmony and repose, resulting from the consciousness of inward might, and the well-adjusted balance of all the faculties, is the ideal which Grecian art ever strove to express, and is not peculiar to this statue of the Aristides. But that which is peculiar to it, and which makes it superior to every other work of ancient art I have seen, is, that it unites with this harmony and grandeur, which are the soul of ancient art, something more of human interest. Its greatness is a moral greatness, and not a mere vague monumental sublimity, like that of the colossal fragments rescued from the ruins of the Parthenon. Its harmony is a moral harmony, and not a cold abstraction from human sympathy and suffering. The sculptor would almost seem to have caught by anticipation some portion of the spirit of modern art, for with this lofty harmony he has blended a shade of sadness — a grave and almost melancholy expression, which tell of thoughts and sympathies hardly within the range of the Greek ideal. The execution of this divine statue is no less perfect than the conception is noble. The attitude, the limbs, the folds of the drapery, are nature itself; and the impression of reality (which after all is the only true

test by which to judge of excellence in the mechanical part of art) is so intense, as to make the statue seem rather like a work of creation than a mere product of art imitating nature. It is not known who this statue is intended to represent: the name of Aristides has been given it, because the character of the pure and lofty-minded Athenian is supposed to harmonise well with the simple majesty of the statue. From a resemblance to a bust of Æschines, and from the dress and attitude, which are those of an orator rather than a statesman or soldier, it has been conjectured that it may represent the illustrious rival of Demosthenes. One thing at least is certain, that who ever it may be intended to represent, it is one of the noblest, if not the very noblest, work of ancient art the world possesses. There are other famous statues here: a Venus Victrix, found at Capua, perfect in the symmetry of form and outline, and in the expression of a lofty and majestic beauty—a work evidently of the rarest and highest school of Grecian sculpture; another Venus, attributed to Praxiteles, beautiful in finish and workmanship, but with nothing lofty or ideal in the conception; the famous Farnese Hercules, which is the personification of physical strength, as the Aristides is of moral grandeur; a colossal Flora, considered a master-piece of Roman sculpture, but tame and spiritless compared to the fire of the Greek; a beautiful equestrian statue, from the theatre at Herculaneum; and many others which it would be tedious to attempt enumerating. This museum also boasts of possessing the only collection of ancient pictures in the world, namely, the frescoes which adorned the walls of the houses at Pompeii. These frescoes—poor substitutes as they are for the masterpieces of Zeuxis and Apelles—are still extremely interesting, as giving some idea, faint and imperfect though it be, of the style and spirit of ancient painting, and throwing some light on the much disputed question, whether the Greeks ever attained to the same perfection in this as in the sister art of sculpture. Some critics, zealous admirers of antiquity, have contrived to see great beauties in these frescoes from Pompeii, and even gone so far as to appeal to them as a proof of the superiority of ancient over modern painting. For my own part, I must confess I could see but very little merit in them. By far the greater part appeared to me mere ~~clashes~~ of the coarsest and rudest description, such as any common house-painter could execute without difficulty. There are, however, a few of a superior description: as, for instance, the Parting of Achilles and Briseis; and Chiron teaching Achilles to play the Lyre, in which we find correctness of design, accurate drawing of the human figure, and a certain classic elegance of style, which reminds us of the beautiful bas-reliefs in which the ancients so greatly excelled. But they are mere coloured bas-reliefs—mere drawings on a flat surface; they have none of the depth and reality which result from a skilful management of light and shade. In expression, grouping, and composition also, they appear more akin to sculpture than to painting. Their general character is that of a cold insipid regularity, and a studied grace, attained by the absence of all force and variety of expression. It may be said, these are mere house-paintings—the common decorations of private dwellings in a second-rate provincial town, and that it would be unfair to form any opinion from them respecting the masterpieces of Zeuxis and Apelles, of Parrhasius and Aristides, and the other great painters of Greece, whose works are described in such glowing terms by Pliny and other ancient writers. No doubt there is much truth in this. There can be no question that the same exquisite sense of beauty, the same artistical genius which enabled the Greeks to create such miracles of perfection in architecture and sculpture, must also have enabled them to carry the sister

art of painting to a high degree of excellence. It is not more difficult to draw on canvass or wood than on stone; and there can be no doubt that the same consummate knowledge of the human figure and perfect mastery of design, which produced the Panathenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, might have produced pictures equally admirable in these essential requisites. The mere fact that painting was held in equal estimation with sculpture by men who had the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles before their eyes, is sufficient to decide the question that the great painters of antiquity could not have been inferior to the sculptors in bold masterly design and purity of taste. But admitting this to the fullest extent, I cannot bring myself to believe that the art of painting among the ancients was ever carried to the height of perfection which it afterwards attained in the hands of a Raffaele and Leonardo. For what, after all, are correctness of outline and faithful imitation of the outward forms of nature? — the mere mechanical elements of art, and not the inward vivifying spirit. It is to this spirit — to the spirit which animates the religion, the philosophy, and literature of an age — the spirit which is interwoven with the social intercourse, the habits and manners, the mode of thinking and living of a people — and which every poet and every artist of the period seeks, more or less consciously, to embody and represent — that we must look when we would judge correctly of the true scope and tendency, the real merits and defects, of a great school of art. Now, without going into any lengthened disquisition on the spirit of ancient art, we may say safely of it, that, as a whole, it is more harmonious and perfect, but less profound, less touching and elevating — in a word, less spiritual — than the spirit of modern or Christian art. It rests more on physical beauty, on the perfection of outward form; and places its ideal in the grace, the harmony, and majestic repose, which result from the absence of all deep feeling and strongly-marked expression or character. In this respect, then, it is a spirit admirably adapted for sculpture — a spirit, indeed, whose chosen representative sculpture would appear to be; but, for this very reason, a spirit not so well adapted for the purposes of painting; for painting, in its highest and worthiest form, is much more spiritual than sculpture. Less fixed and definite, with less of objective reality, and therefore perhaps less grand, majestic, and impressive, it is incomparably more touching, and more nearly allied to the springs of thought and feeling in the human soul.

The proper object of painting is the representation of character and feeling, not of outward form. It may be made to image to us moral grandeur, intellectual power, purity, holiness, the calm of gentle and serene affections, and all that is most beautiful and heavenly in human nature. Take, for instance, Raffaele's Madonna in the gallery here, which I have been gazing at to-day for the tenth time with increasing admiration. Never did the genius of past — no, not even the genius of our immortal Shakspeare himself — conceive a vision of more enchanting and celestial loveliness. All that is most beautiful in a mother's love, a virgin's innocence, and an angel's holiness, are here blended into one bright creation, which smiles upon us from the living and breathing canvass. Will any one tell me that Zeuxis or Apelles could have painted such a picture as this? — how could they? They might, indeed, possess the mechanical skill, the faculty of colouring and design; but where was the idea to come from? The whole range of their poetry, their philosophy, and religion, can furnish nothing so profound, so touching, and so beautiful.

On these grounds then, and independent of any positive evidence, I should be inclined to dissent from the opinion of those who award to the

ancients the palm of superiority in painting as well as in sculpture. And this opinion is confirmed by what I see of these paintings from Pompeii. Looking at the excellence of the sculpture found there, and the great care and expense lavished on the public apartments in the principal houses, I think we may fairly conclude that these frescoes were not the work of mere house-painters, but of artists of some reputation; and if so, they certainly show the fashionable style of painting to have been cold, tame, and insipid, deficient in all the higher requisites of the art, and at best but a sort of coloured sculpture.

Of modern pictures the museum contains a large collection, by far the greater number of which, however, are wretchedly bad. The gallery of *Capo d'Opere*, as it is called, contains some good pictures, but none with the slightest pretensions to the much-abused title of a masterpiece. That title must be reserved for works like the divine Madonna, which are the bright manifestations of a high order of creative genius, the conceptions of a poet embodied and made visible by the skill of the painter. I have seen nothing equal to this Madonna of Raffaello. When I first discovered it, in a small out-of-the-way room, for the directors of the museum do not, it would seem, think it worthy of a place in their gallery of pretended masterpieces, a thrill of admiration and delight tingled like an electric shock through every nerve. High as my expectations of Raffaello had been raised, this heavenly picture far, very far, surpassed any thing I had hoped to see. In one instant, at one single glance, I felt his immeasurable superiority over all other painters. There are two other pictures of Raffaello here, a Holy Family, and a portrait of Leo X. and two cardinals: the first a fine picture, but very inferior to the high poetry of the Madonna; the latter the finest specimen of portrait painting I ever saw. The bluff, corpulent, undignified old pope, and the assistant cardinals, especially one, a mean, hypocritical, sinister-looking scoundrel as ever breathed, are painted with a truth and force which are absolutely startling. I was not prepared to find Raffaello such an excellent colourist, and so careful and exquisitely perfect in finish and detail. The scarlet cloth on the table, the velvet cape, and fur on the collar, and all the petty details of dress and ornament, are painted with a care and finish, which the most minute and pains-taking Dutchman never surpassed. Like a true artist, Raffaello aimed at perfection, and thought no pains or labour misplaced, which were necessary to attain his end. How different are our modern artists, who seem to think carelessness almost synonymous with genius, and attention to detail unworthy of a man of talent. There are a few tolerable pictures besides these Raffaellos: — a sweet pretty little Correggio, a good Annibal Caracci, a Magdelene of Guercinos, finely expressive of mild chastened sorrow and resignation, and one of Titian's, admirably painted, but coarse and vulgar, — a great, fat, blubbering, country wench.

I spent my pleasantest hours at Naples in this museum; and in taking leave of it, as I shall do to-morrow, probably never to return, the Aristides and the Madonna are the only friends I shall leave behind me, the only objects in this populous city from which I shall part with regret.

## A CHAT WITH ANACREON ON BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS.

WE love Anacreon! The Greeks — every one of them, from the proud, rigid, bigoted, laconic Spartan, to the luxurious many-gifted Athenian — interest us beyond every other nation. We revel in their sculpture, and bow down to their dramatists; we partake of the “perpetual feasts” of Homer: but Anacreon we love; and having recently read him through, from beginning to end, with the most uninterrupted delight, we intend dotting down some of our impressions, and offering to our readers a sweet anthology—a banquet of flowers, breathing mingled perfumes, and glittering in the freshness of that morning dew which poetry sheds upon things, and which no noonday sun, no thousands of suns, can ever dry up: a bunch of flowers “beautiful exceedingly”—beautiful as the first-born to the eyes of a young mother, and as constantly to be gazed on.

“But the subject is worn out—’tis too old—every schoolboy knows Anacreon,”—so exclaims some “scientific editor,” politely declining our article; or some listless reader hungering for novelty, who thinks he knows “all about it.” Dear editor!—courteous reader! it’s all a humbug! Old!—why so is love, and sunshine, and flowers,—so is “Hamlet,” “Romeo and Juliet,”—so is “Œdipus and Antigone,”—so is Beethoven’s Pastoral Symphony, or the C Minor,—so is the “Nozze di Figaro” and “Don Giovanni,”—so is the

“Sound of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
Which to the quiet woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.”

Old! old! old! So are we writers of articles,—so is Aunt Betty (who is to leave us her money),—so is our dressing-gown, our dog,—and so is Mont Blanc! And yet for all these things we have an “evergreen respect,” and can talk about them all day long—ay, and listen to others talking about them too, which is infinitely more. Not another word then, we beg, about the subject being “old;” we won’t listen to it. It is the thing of the day, the ephemera without strength, vitality, and grace, which is old—beauty and life are as new to-day as they were at their birth.

Our blood (critical and otherwise) leaps at the very name of Anacreon,—the joyous old *bon-vivant* and poet whose life was enjoyment, who gives enjoyment, and who impressively teaches enjoyment. His animal spirits, and large happy heart overflowing with the beauties and graces of “God’s wondrous universe,” gush forth into song, giving us the best philosophy of life; for

“Song, which is the eloquence of truth,”

has been, is, and ever will be the great teacher, the real indicator of the ripe luscious fruit, growing on the tree of existence. Men may talk learnedly, reason daringly, and shoot upwards with eagle-wing into the dim empyrean of speculation; but their shadowy visions fade beside the real philosophy taught us by the bard of Teios—this “old man eloquent,”

“As Etna’s fires fade before the light of day.”

We may listen to Socrates and his “*shoeless faction*,” and hear him curbing the saltant wildness of that “large discourse of reason looking before and after” of the Sophists, and, by his pertinent questions, learn to restrain our

arrogance, and inculcate tolerance for the errors of others when looking pityingly on our own; we may ratiocinate with the "old Stagyrity," and

" Oft outwatch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshy nook ;"

we may sneer with the Cynics (unless we have learnt the wholesome truth from Jean Paul, that "many a man becomes a free-spoken Diogenes, not because he dwells in the cask, but because the *cask dwells in him*");—we may run the round of speculation, but after all we get the crowning result in Anacreon. For what is the end of all these struggles and inquiries, these torturings of the spirit, but to get at happiness? "*Qui de summo bono dissentit de totâ philosophiæ ratione disputat.*" In Anacreon we learn practically (not sneeringly as in the Cynics) the contempt for gold, ambition, or disputation, and the appreciation of the good and the beautiful. As man is placed in this world, — surrounded as he is with Heaven or with Hell, according to his own views of things, *determining* to be happy is the *premier pas* which accomplishes the whole journey. Let each resolve on finding "sermons in stones, music in running brooks, and good in every thing" — let each cultivate his sense of the beautiful and enjoyment, curbing his temper, sympathising with others, viewing his pleasures in the sparkle of their eyes — and the net result of philosophy is accomplished. Now this Anacreon teaches; and hence called by Plato "The Wise." "E vivo senza colore," says Gravina; "vago senza artificio, saporoso senza condimento, e saggio, qual da Platone fu reputato, ma senza apparenza di dottrina. In quei suoi giuochi e scherzi, e favoluzze capricciose e poetiche, *stempra maggior dottrina che altri facendo il filosofo non direbbe.* Chi meglio di questo poeta fa conoscere la vanità delle grandezze e delle ricchezze e degli onori e di tutte le magnificenze umane? Se avesse ne' suoi versi al pari dell' ambizione disprezzato il piacere, avrebbe a se maggior gloria ed agli altri maggior frutto recato."\* Maximus Tyrius says that Anacreon's influence over his sovereign was so great as to soften his mind to a benevolence towards all his subjects: why should he not teach us benevolence to each other? Yet see how differently men regard matters (the Methodistical looking upon enjoyment as *sinful*, and converting this beautiful universe into a long dark gallery, where naughty schoolboys are placed to moan and sob for the faults of their sires, and the heinous tendency to the deglutition of apples on the part of a young lady): the last translator of this poet indignantly exclaims, "Who that reads this ode (the eleventh, in which the bard says, that although he is getting too old to please the fair, yet he will enjoy himself to the last) can help feeling indignation at the old worn-out devotee of pleasure? Though his locks, scattered with the silvery snow of age, impressed strongly upon his mind that death was fast coming upon him; though his long-since faded youth told him how *fleeting were all earthly enjoyments* (!!) — still, with one foot in the grave, pleasure is his theme!"

This is called religion! We are not to enjoy ourselves because all "earthly enjoyments are fleeting;" but shall a man, Faust-like, refuse to arrest the passing moment, and say "Stay, thou art fair!" because the moment must pass after being admired? Shall we refuse youth because we must grow old? Fleeting! ay, and perpetually renewing. These men

forget all the while that God gave us this life; that God gave us these vanities; that God gave us these passions—the sunbeam—the streams—the hills and grassy plots—and living hearts and smiling faces,—and to refuse to accept them is worse than ingratitude: they forget this, and preach, with emphatic nasal eloquence, that this world is “verily a vale of blood and tears—a pit of wretchedness and misery.” Well, “there’s neither good nor bad, but thinking makes it so,” as the deepest and healthiest of all men has said.

“It is interesting,” remarks Professor Anstice, “to observe the melancholy picture of human life which is drawn by the Greek tragedians; it is painted fleeting as a dream, empty as a shadow,—as full of sorrow, and strife, and bitterness, and vanity. Childhood is helpless; youth the season of folly; manhood compelled to restless exertion, yet depressed by constant disappointment; and age the master of a cheerless mansion, whose inmates are accumulated woes: so that best were it for each had he not been born; and the next best speedily to die.” How different is the philosophy of Anacreon! But it would be a mistake to suppose that the bearing of his lesson is simply to sit drinking wine under a myrtle, and admiring a lovely girl. It is true that he tells us of little more than the merest sensual enjoyments; but we must not literalise, and suppose that these are the final results. To live the life of an indolent Sybarite is not the fittest occupation for man; nor, indeed, except in the rarest instances, is it possible,—his mission, his struggles often for his daily bread, prevent this; nor is it desirable. But he who habitually cultivates a sense of the graceful will naturally avoid deformities, moral and physical;—he who is habitually cheerful and happy will have the more inclination and time to render those around him equally so, were it solely on Rochefoucauld’s doctrines of egotism; for the pain and misery of others would necessarily be pain and misery to him, and he would be inevitably impelled to relieve it. The cheerful mind flashes the sunlight of its smiles on all around, and would have them equally bright: it is grief, and illtemper, and morose peevishness, which, offended at the cheerfulness of others, “casts blackness as it walks.” Nor will the counter-argument, deeply considered, militate against the conclusion; for he who would become a mere sensualist from Anacreon or any other man’s teaching, would become so equally without, from the mere indulgence of his disposition: we have nothing to fear, therefore, on this side. A man takes up a certain doctrine, or part of one, and welds it into his own natural ore, letting it join its influence there, but not overrunning the whole. But let us open Anacreon.

The old bard was a visitor at the courts of princes, yet kept aloof from the troubles of his time; lived to the age of eighty-five; and is allegorically said to have died from being choked by a grape-stone,—a story not the most trustworthy.\* We know barely any thing of his life beyond his birth at Teios, where, in the “midst of a country of oil, wine, and sunshine,” he imbibed his love of enjoyment, which, as he lived to a good old age, must have been tempered with fitting moderation. “For we are not,” says Leigh Hunt, “with the gross literality of dull or vicious understandings, to take for granted every thing a poet says on all occasions, especially when he is old. It is a mere gratuitous and suspicious assumption in critics, who tell us such men as Anacreon passed whole lives in the indulgence of every excess and debauchery. They must have had, in the first place, prodigious constitutions to have lived to near ninety, if they did; secondly, it does not

\* Fabricius doubts it. “*Uvæ pressæ acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus Suidæ in Οἰκονομῆς; alii enim hoc modo periisse tradunt Sophoclem.*” — *Biblio. Græc.* l. ii. c. xv.

follow because a poet speaks like a poet, it has therefore taken such a vast deal to give him the taste greater than other men's for what he enjoys. Redi, the author of the most famous Bacchanalian poems in Italy, drank little but water. Anacreon loves wine, beauty, flowers, pictures, sculptures, birds, books, kind and open natures — every thing that can be enjoyed."

Barnes gives an anecdote by the scholiast upon Pindar, which lays open a trait in the poet very characteristic. Being asked why he addressed his hymn to women instead of deities, he replied "*Women are my deities*:" — and so they were; and right proper deities too!

Admirably was it said, that to be "unaffectedly charmed with the loveliness of a cheek, and the beauty of a flower, are the first steps to the knowledge of Anacreon. Imagine a good-humoured old man, with silver locks, but a healthy and cheerful face, sitting in the delightful climate of Smyrna, under his vine or his olive, with a lute by his side, a cup of his native wine before him, and a pretty peasant girl standing near him, who has perhaps brought him a basket of figs, or a bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, and to whom he is giving a rose, or pretending to make love."\* Would we were by him! So we are in imagination; but we want the luscious bottle of milk corked with vine leaves, the graceful Greek girl, and the old bard and his lute to be realized. Never mind, — we read his poems.

But first a word on translators. We shall not again "slay the slain;" — therefore be it sufficient to say that, except in the fragments of Cowley, which are right in spirit, though not literal translations, the English reader can get no adequate idea of Anacreon; and, indeed, a real version would be a difficult task, in spite of the easiness of the Greek. But what we would particularly notice is the carelessness of translators, in passing over those minute points which serve as historical illustrations of the times. To give an instance — in his "Ode to the Artist on his Mistress's Picture," he concludes thus: —

Ἀπὸ χειρὸς βλάσω γὰρ αὐτήν.  
Ταχὺ, κηρὲ, καὶ λήθησις.

Line for line with the original, thus —

"Desist! for I see herself.  
Soon, *O wax!* even thou wilt speak."

Rendered by Moore thus —

"Enough! 'tis she! 'tis all I seek.  
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!"

Now the wordiness of this translation is its least fault. The word *κηρος* (*wax*) has, however, been passed over in silence, as indeed by all translators and commentators to our knowledge. But he should have asked himself, "what can wax mean here?" — and the reply must have been, the ground of the picture; and this would have led to the fact that painting on wax was, as well as on ivory, commonly practised in his day; confirmed by Pliny, "*Encausto pingendi duo fuisse antiquitus genera constat, cerâ et in ebore, cestro, id est, verriculo.*"† (There were formerly two species of *encaustic* painting — with wax and on ivory, by means of a *cestrum* or graver.) Another instance (the opening to the eighth ode) is then given by Moore.

"'T was night, and many a circling bowl  
Had deeply warmed my swimming soul,  
As lulled in slumber I was laid," &c.



And by Manning thus—

“O’ercome with sleep, with wine oppress,  
I sank upon my bed,” &c.

The literal meaning is “sleeping by night upon *sea-purple carpets*” (*αλιπορφυροῖς ταπησί*). Why are these carpets slurred over? We allude to it on account of the word *αλιπορφυροῖς*—because we do not understand a sea-purple \*, and because Longpierre, quoting Vigenere, says it was a more beautiful purple than common. Should not the translator enlighten us here? However, it establishes his wealth and luxuriance; for it was only the wealthy who could indulge in them “*Observandum est, homines ditiores delicatiorisque jam priscâ ætate,*” says Degen “*in tapetibus purpureis sedisse et cubuisse,*”—unless we are to suppose that it was only a magnificent hyperbole of the poet’s. From Mr. Manning’s version we might suppose he sank upon a four-post bedstead!

We would also wish for an explanation of “purple hair”—*πορφυραῖαι χῆταις*—spoken of by Anacreon in the ode to the artist. Translators render it “black hair;” and grammarians tell us “*purpureus poetis pro niger adhibetur, quoniam color purpureus habet aliquid fusci et nigricantis;*” but this seems a very *recherché* way of explaining it. Purple used for black, because it has shades of black and dark brown in it! But does *πορφυροῖς* mean *niger*? Is it ever distinctly and unquestionably used in this sense? We believe not. Is the colour here meant that dark brown which in a strong light has a *surface-tinge of red*—a colour very common in hair? Or does it mean purple on account of the *raven* blackness of the hair—as on the back of a raven when in the sun there is a beautiful play of *surface-blue*?—and this *may* be the case (or poetically put as true) with very black hair. And yet against this notion we have to remark, that the ancient purple was not a blue purple, as with us, but a bright scarlet. The Romans used the word *purpureus* as descriptive of any lustre or magnificence, quite apart from colour, and in this sense Horace speaks of the “purple swans” of Venus; but the “*purpureos olores*” means here regal, or queenly swans—purple being one of the insignia of royalty. Was this the case with the Greeks? Homer constantly uses the word *golden* as an epithet without reference to colour; does he ever use *purple*?

And now we leave verbal criticism, and get down from a position which our very imperfect scholarship by no means warrants,—viz. that of finding fault with abler men; and which we should not have done did we not hope that should any future translator see these pages, they may hint to him that commentators and translators have not exhausted the subject. Let us now present our Anthology. We quote the original for the sake of all parties, and translate for the sake of those to whom it might be unintelligible.

The first Ode is a very fitting introduction to the rest. He wishes to sing about the Atrides—he wishes to stir the heroic spirit; but “the chords of my harp sound love alone.” What had he to do with Atrides and brawny fighters? what did he care for “moving accidents by flood and field?” His enjoyment was elsewhere. “Give me the lyre of Homer,” he says; “but divested of its *bloody strings*.”

Δότε μοι λύρην Ὀμήρου  
φθονῆς ἀνευθε χορδῆς.

He sees deeper into things than to find enjoyment in that hot thirst for

\* Query,—As the purple of the ancients was not our purple, but a bright scarlet, is it here meant as that golden red presented by the sea at sunset?

glory gained on the battle : — give him his wine and his mistress, and let him “stretch himself upon tender myrtles and upon lotus leaves,” —

Επὶ μυρσίναις τερπύλαις  
Επὶ λωτύναις δὲ ποίαις  
Χτορέσας, δέλω προπίνειν.

and he will pledge his friends and be happy. One night he is dreaming pleasantly enough, perhaps with snoring accompaniment, when his dreams are broken in upon by a furious knocking at the door. Cautiously enough he inquires who the devil it can be, and Cupid answers, “Oh, don’t be afraid of me; I’m a little boy, and “am dripping wet, having been wandering through the moonless night :” —

Βρέχομαι δὲ, κασέληρον  
Κατὰ νύκτα πεπληνημαι.

Whereupon he takes pity, admits the trembling urchin, lights his lamp forthwith, seats him with all hospitality by the hearth, warms his hands in his by swift rubbing, and wrings the dripping water from his hair. Cupid gets warm, feels comfortable, and again resumes his mischievous spirit. He takes up his bow, and says, “Come, let us try if the rain has injured it ;” and bends it, and strikes him in the *middle of the liver* like a gadfly : —

Ταννὶ δὲ καὶ με τυττει  
Μέσων ἥπαρ, ὥσπερ οἰστρος,

Whereupon he leaps up, laughing and clapping his hands, and bids the poet rejoice with him, for his bow is uninjured ; forewarning him, however, that he will be pained.

In this charming little fable we note one circumstance. Charles Lamb, in one of his exquisite Essays, comically puts the case of another region than the heart being selected for the emotions ; and pictures a gentleman addressing a lady with “Allow me, madam, to make you a tender of my hand and *liver*,” or offering his “*fortune and diaphragm*.” Well, here we see it realized. Cupid shoots Anacreon in the liver ; and this seat being the one selected for love, may probably account for the excitement of the bile occasioned by that emotion. We put it as a query.

*Carpe diem !* Lose not the present by speculating on the future ; or, like the dog in the fable, you will lose the substance for the shadow seen in the watery depths of futurity, — so says our poet. He cares not for the wealth of Gyges, nor the power of Kings. “To-day interests me : who knows the morrow ?”

Τὸ σημερον μελὲι μοι  
Τὸ δ' αὐριον τις οἶδεν ;

What graceful gallantry is there in his address to a girl — I would that I were a looking-glass, so that *you might perpetually gaze upon me !* ”

Εγὼ δ' εὐσπῆτρον εἶμι,  
Ὅπως αἰ βλεψῆς με.

He would be a garment, that she should wear him : “I would be a *kerchief* for thy bosom, a necklace of pearls for thy neck, and a *sandal* for thy feet, so that thou shouldst tread on me.”

Καὶ ταυνὴ δὲ μαστῶν,  
Καὶ μαργαρον τραχήλου,  
Καὶ σανδαλον γονομην,  
Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

There is also a playful sophistication in him which is very charming. He excuses his drinking by a reference to nature : —

“ The fertile earth imbibes the rain ;  
The trees her moisture drink again ;  
The restless ocean drinks the gales,  
From him the thirsty sun exhales.  
The moon, as thirsty, copious streams  
Insatiate drinks of solar beams.  
In drinking, then, since all agree,  
What friend can justly censure me ? ”

And in another place he gently chides a girl for flying him because he is old ; for he exclaims, “ See even in garland wreaths how becoming are white lilies entwined with roses : ” —

‘Ορα κἄν στεφανοῖσιν  
Ὅπως πρεπεῖ τα λευκα  
Ῥοδοῖς κρυα πλακερτα.

Poets very often, in seeking images to beautify, do but spoil the effect. Thus Suckling : —

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
Compared with that was next her chin.  
*Some bee had stung it newly.* ”

Now, here, to produce the look of a full pouting lip, he has recourse to a painful and certainly unpleasant image. Had a bee stung a woman's lip, the inflammation produced would certainly not be beautiful ; but though this may be literalising, we cannot think that the *pain* which it naturally suggests is anything but a disfigurement. So with the term “snowy bosom,” — the chill, the coldness of the white, produces an impression very different from the exquisite whiteness, with a slight tinge of the rose, just peeping under the skin of a woman's bosom ; it is very opposed to the notion of —

“ The folded depths of her life-breathing bosom.”

To say that we do not raise the image of snow, when we read it thus applied, is only a proof that the application is useless ; if the whiteness alone is meant to be expressed, say “white,” and the reader's imagination is competent to interpret it. It is the want of truth in imagery (abundantly shown in his own poems) which has made Moore translate —

‘Ροδεων ὕπερθε μαζων,  
“ Her bosom like the humid rose,”

when it means “above her *roseate* breasts.” To this he adds this note : — “‘Ροδεων (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for a bosom. Neither Catullus nor Gray has been of his opinion. The former has —

“ En hic in roseis latet papillis ; ”

and the latter —

“ Lo ! where the rosy-bosomed Hours.”

With deference, the citation from Gray is nothing to the purpose. The epithet “rosy-bosomed,” applied to the Hours, is not only consistent, but singularly beautiful ; but to compare a woman's bosom to a rose is saying, in poetical language, that it is *red* ; — are we to suppose he means a *white rose* ? However beautiful the faintest colour of the rose, it must ever be ugly as a bosom ; but Anacreon does *not* compare it to a rose ; his expression is *roseate*, and is perfectly beautiful, delicately representing that faint blush of

beauty which peeps through the veil of whiteness, showing there is life, which seemed to us so perfectly to represent the thing, that we borrowed it: —

“Her shoulders,  
Tinged with the rose, as if they gently blush'd  
At their own nakedness.” (MS.)

But to leave these matters, and to look at the Ode itself, will the reader believe (after perusing the following) that Brunck, Heyne, and others denounce it as spurious? Can anything be more beautiful than the following picture of Venus swimming —

Αλαλεμένη δ' ἐν' ἅκταν,  
Βρυν ὡς ὑπερθε λευκὸν  
Ἀπαλοχροοῦ γαλήνης,  
Δέμας ἐς πλοῦν φέρουσα,  
Ῥοβίον παροῖεν ἔλκει.  
Ῥοδεῶν ὑπερθε μασῶν,  
Ἀπαλῆς ἐνερθε δειρῆς,  
Μεγα κύμα πρῶτα τεμναι.  
Μεσὸν αὐλακὸς δὲ Κύπρις,  
Κρίων ὡς ἰοῖς ἐλιχθεῖν,  
Διαφαίνεται γαλήνης.  
Ῥτερ ἀργυρῷ δ' ὀχρύνται  
Ἐπὶ δελφισίν χορευταῖς,  
Δολερὺ νεὸν μετώπων  
Ἐρὼς ἱμαρὸς γαλῶντες.

And wandering towards the shore,  
As a white sea-weed\* on  
The softly-coloured calm,  
Bearing her body floating,  
She waves the current before her.  
Above her roseate breasts,  
Below her soft neck,  
She cuts the great wave.  
And in the middle of furrow, Venus  
(As a lily folded in violets)  
Shines through the calm.  
Over the silver [wave] ride,  
On [the backs of] dancing dolphins  
(Guileful, having youthful forehead)  
Love and Desire laughing.

That the English reader may see how very little he has hitherto known of Anacreon, in his truth and exquisite simplicity, and in those touches which illumine the picture, I subjoin Moore's version, which is all glare, —

“Light as the leaf that summer's breeze  
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,  
She floats upon the ocean's breast,  
Which undulates in sleepy rest;  
And stealing on, she gently pillows  
Her bosom on the amorous billows.  
Her bosom, like the humid rose,  
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,  
Illume the liquid path she traces,  
And burn within the stream's embraces!  
In languid luxury soft she glides,  
Encircled by the azure tides,  
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,  
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!  
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance  
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,  
Bearing in triumph young Desire,  
And baby Love, with smiles of fire!”

Pope never rendered Homer so badly as this! Cowley's paraphrastic translation of the “Ode to the Grasshopper” is Anacreontic and beautiful, — this is mere oriental glare. The *tettix*, by the way, as the reader knows, is not our English grasshopper, but the Italian *cicada*, living on trees, and not in the grass, and very different in appearance; the *crick*, too, is considerably louder. In Italy, at noon, in some of the woody places, the noise these *cicadae* make, several hundreds of them *cricking* at once, is very great. We notice this to quote a charming passage of Ariosto, evincing the true poetical interpretation of nature. A knight has to conduct a lady to her

\* Leigh Hunt, describing the dead body of Leander floating on the water, says, —

“She saw her lord, indeed,  
Floating, and washed about like a vile weed.”

The “washed about,” and “vile weed,” are exquisite. Compare Anacreon, where all is beauty and life, and consequently the weed is a lovely white, and is not “washed about,” but “wanders on the softly-coloured calm.”

father in the evening, she having taken a *siesta* in the heat of the day; and he describes the approach of evening by all the *cicadae* having stopped but one; they have dropped into silence one by one, till only one is heard: —

“Come appresso la sera racchettata,  
La cicalletta sia ch'or s'ode sola.”

We have only space for one more flower, — which shall we pluck? Ah! here is the “Ode to Love's Darts.”

Plying away at the Lemnian forges are Venus and husband making darts. Venus takes them as they are made, and dips their points in sweet honey; Cupid, the mischievous urchin, however, mingles *gall*. Mars arrives from battle, brandishing his portentous spear, and ridicules Cupid's dart as light and useless. “But,” says Cupid, “mine is heavy, — try it.” Mars takes it; *Venus sily smiles*, and Mars deeply sighing, says, — “Ah! 'tis heavy, take it away.” “No, no,” says Cupid, “keep it, keep it.”

What a charming touch is that of Venus sily smiling, as he takes it up! We are gazing fondly on our bouquet, arranging the flowers, and meditating whether we shall add to them; and here is our sunburnt flower-girl running hastily up for us to give it to her; we pinch her cheeks, and she laughs, takes the bouquet, and trips away, singing merrily as the

“Lark singing of summer in full-throated ease;”

and we, after gazing at her light elastic figure till she is out of sight, turn homewards, with the inward glow of satisfaction warming up the secret recesses of our hearts, and think of Anacreon and the flower-girl, and her black eyes and sunburnt cheeks, and *lips provoking a kiss*, — *προκαλουμενι φιλημα* and, thinking of our own thin scattered grey hairs, say with Anacreon, “What, though we are old, shall we not be merry?” Do the Methodists think, because they are nasally virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? No, reader, you agree with us, — we thought you would!

## TO MY GODCHILD,

CLARA MATILDA SHERMAN.

CLARA, my spiritual child! a prayer,  
Framed in the blessedness of Sabbath hour,  
I breathe for thee! It is not for a dower  
Of rank, or potent wealth, or genius rare;  
Nor would I have thy form or face too fair,  
For beauty is a gift of fatal power,  
The fruitful source of many a bitter shower  
Of tears, which end in madness or despair!  
Far other gifts I supplicate for thee: —  
A heart which sanctifies the common way  
Of daily life, — a spirit meek yet free,  
Like to the waters of a quiet bay  
Which have the strength and freshness of the sea,  
On whose calm breast serenely mirror'd lie  
The starry glories of the lofty sky.  
E'en so, fair spirit! may thy future state  
Be dimly shadowed on thy mortal state,  
In the bright Sabbath calm of sainted Charity.

## CAUSES OF THE EXISTENCE OF OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.

## LORD POWERSCOURT'S PAMPHLET.

"Within that land was many a malecontent,  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,  
That worked his wantonness in form of law."

BYRON'S *Lara*.

"Because they have crushed and forsaken the poor, and have violently demolished the houses which they did not build, of a certainty shall they not feel quietness."—*Job*, xx. 19, 20.

SUCH of our readers as have perused the papers upon the present subject which have appeared in our numbers for July, August, and September, will recollect that the discussion upon which we have entered has arisen from the publication of a pamphlet by Lord Powerscourt, upon "the Merits of the Whigs," in respect to the government of Ireland, since the memorable day upon which Lord Mulgrave assumed, for the first time, the administration of affairs in that country. It is scarcely necessary to inform any reader that the word "Merits," in the title-page of the pamphlet, is a witty piece of an ironical *euphemia*, whereby Lord Powerscourt intends to signify the *de*-merits of Lord Normanby's administration; and that the whole object of the production was to induce "the people of England," unto whom the pamphlet was addressed, to adopt the sentiments of Lord Powerscourt and his friends upon the subject in question. "The people of England" were told very truly that "they possessed an overwhelming preponderance of political power in the state;" and it was of course anticipated, if they should come to adopt the allegations of Lord Powerscourt, that the administration of Lord Melbourne would be annihilated as soon as the pamphlet should have only obtained a sufficient circulation among the persons for whose instruction it was intended.

In this state of affairs we proposed, in a single article, to review and refute the principal arguments and statements which it advanced; and the first in order which we encountered was the assertion that the outrages which occasionally exist in Ireland "were not to be ascribed to any misconduct upon the part of the landlords, who, whether absentee or resident, were" (according to Lord Powerscourt) "exemplary in the performance of all the various duties which they owed to their dependants\*;" and that, as a particular instance of this exemplary performance, the landlords had, up to the period of the passing of the Irish Poor Law of 1839, borne the whole weight of the support of the poor in that country. In reference to the first part of this statement we adduced the testimony of a whole cloud of witnesses, — all persons of the highest authority, and whose politics, with scarcely any exception, coincided with those of Lord Powerscourt himself; but whose evidence proved, beyond the possibility of any further controversy, that the outrages which sometimes occur in Ireland are the inevitable consequence of the fact that the landlords have so incredibly oppressed and plundered the population of that country as "to reduce them to the dreadful alternative of being obliged," according to the statement of the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, "either to violate the laws for the support of life, or to die of hunger in observing the regulations of society." The train of witnesses whose evidence we adduced upon this point commenced with Edmund Spenser, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and ended with Sir Robert Peel, in the reign of her present most gracious Majesty; and they

\* Pamphlet, p. 155.

showed, in the most unquestionable manner, that the conduct which they described has been the habitual course of proceeding for some hundreds of years. We demonstrated, moreover, in the same manner, that not only did the landlords, by their oppressions, exactions, and devastations, indirectly, though necessarily, give rise and provocation to the commission of outrages, but that the landlords, although Protestants themselves, were absolutely guilty of *expressly and actively inciting* the perpetrators of those outrages to direct them *against the clergy of the establishment*, in order that the landlords may be able, by the plunder of the clergy, to add the amount of the tithes to the horrible rack-rents which they already extorted from the miserable population; and we showed, upon the authority of a bishop of the church of England, in Ireland, that the landlords, in order more completely to organise this conspiracy against the church, and to render it more certainly effectual for the accomplishment of their objects, did themselves *actually procure the best legal assistance* of the time, and that they *distributed, at their own expense, forms of notices, and even forms of oaths*, amongst the farmers and peasantry for the purposes in question. In the discussion of this part of the case we showed that not only the landlords *did not* perform every one of their duties, but that *there was not a single one which they had not monstrously violated*; and, in answer to the statement of their having exclusively borne the expense of maintaining the poor (in support of which statement Lord Powerscourt did not even *pretend* to adduce a particle of any sort of evidence), we brought forward about five-and-thirty extracts from the evidence taken upon that subject by the Commissioners, who examined witnesses *from every parish in Ireland upon that very point*; from which extracts it appeared that the witnesses, who differed occasionally upon some other matters, were all unanimous in declaring that the *landlords were in fact the only portion of society who contributed SCARCELY ANY THING to the alleviation of the mass of "unutterable misery"* which they themselves had produced, and that the whole charge of supporting the poor was virtually defrayed by the middle and lower classes of the community. The nature and extent of the delinquency of the upper classes upon this subject, all over the *provincial and rural districts*, were made sufficiently evident in our number for July. The following brief statement will show the amount of their contributions in the *capital of Ireland*.

Mr. F. Page, a deputy-lieutenant of Berkshire, who went to Ireland for the purpose of examining the state of that country in reference to the condition of the poor, declares, in his evidence before the House of Commons†, that "*only ONE SEVENTH of THE RICH in Dublin pay to the support of the Mendicity Institution.*"

"The Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, and another gentleman, attempted a collection for that purpose in Merrion Square (the Belgrave or Grosvenor Square of Dublin). *Those in the best circumstances of all GAVE NOTHING*; the next class gave but little; and those *who could afford to give least gave most.*"‡ "It would surprise the committee," says the witness, "to see the *number and station of the parties who do not contribute* to the support of the Institution."§ The witness goes on to say, "The Committee will not of course ask me to give names." There is always, *of course*, a very great degree of consideration for very great people in such cases; and no names were accordingly mentioned. But from the context of the same answer it appears that a noble viscount, who owns the principal part of that parish, including the three most fashionable squares in Dublin, *gave nothing at*

\* Medical Gazette in the Times of September 3. 1840.

† 2 Rep. 1830, p. 61. ‡ Evid. 2 Rep. 1830, No. 61.

§ 2 Rep. 1830. No 22.

all. It may, however, be supposed that, for the sake of mere decency, they would have exhibited some signs of common humanity when the voluntary system of sustentation was coming to a close. Indeed we ourselves, upon reading the statement of Lord Powerscourt, that "they had borne the whole weight of supporting the poor up to the passing of the act of 1839, were under the impression that a person in his station would scarcely have made such an assertion without *some sort of pretence* for believing it to be true. But since that time we have looked into the Appendix to the Sixth Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, laid upon the table of both Houses of Parliament in the *last session*; and in this document we find \* that one ground upon which the imposition of a compulsory rate is viewed with satisfaction by the persons who at present are mainly instrumental in supporting the poor in Dublin, is the fact that *all attempts to obtain subscriptions from those who are not ordinary contributors*" (that is to say, from *six sevenths* of the rich) "were looked upon as *utterly hopeless*." Swift, in his "Considerations about maintaining the Poor," after stating "the enormous rents which were *screwed out* of the cottagers, by their landlords, for their miserable cabins and potato plots," and after describing the concourse of country beggars to the metropolis, declares that "the country landlords give every assistance, *except money or victuals*, to drive from their estates *those miserable creatures whom they had undone*." † The Irish proprietor has therefore, to the last moment, preserved the most complete consistency in his inhumanity.

Duravit ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerat et sibi constat.

Bishop Burnett, in speaking of the members of the court of King Edward VI., observes, that "they were right to assert *justification by faith* WITHOUT WORKS, *inasmuch as they were, as to every good work, utterly reprobate*." ‡ Such members of the Protestant community in this country as shall have looked over the evidence which we have brought forward upon this subject will not, after having perused it, be surprised to learn that the great mass of their fellow-religionists of the upper classes in Ireland occupy that particular part of the chromatic scale of Christianity, where the performance of good works is considered to be a mere piece of supererogatory impertinence in reference to the security of everlasting salvation. Lord Powerscourt himself gives us, in page 127. of his pamphlet, the following extract of a speech delivered by the Very Reverend Mr. Laffan, at a dinner in Thurles, where Lord Lismore presided, in November, 1838:—

"There is no man who abhors the crime of murder more than I do; but I know that those murders and outrages *are the offspring of oppression*. I can tell your lordship that there are savages in broad-cloth as well as in frieze. It may not be believed by men like your lordship, who have kindly hearts in their bosoms; but what would your lordship think of the man who would go to the cabin, *turn out a woman on the eve of childbirth, and who afterwards was DELIVERED in THE OPEN AIR!* What, my lord, *must be the feelings of the husband of that poor woman?* Such scenes, my lord, are NOT OF UNFREQUENT OCCURRENCE in this county."

This statement was addressed at a public meeting to a landlord residing in that county, who must be taken to have assented to the truth of the assertion, and who probably had personal cognizance of the fact; whilst Lord Powerscourt himself does not go through even the form of expressing his own disbelief in the correctness of the statement: yet such are the landlords to whom it seems that the disturbances of Ireland are not, in any degree, to be imputed; and who tell us, through the lips of one

\* Appendix D., p. 166.

† Works, vol. i. p. 387.

‡ Hist. Ref. Part III. Book IV. p. 216. Anno 1553.



of themselves, that "whether absentee or resident they are exemplary in the performance of all the various duties which they owe to their dependents!"\* Such are the exemplary proprietors under whose paternal protection "the Irish peasant is now what he was in the days of Swift — *"scantily clad, wretchedly housed, miserably fed, and grievously RACKRENTED."* "The lamentable sties" described so long ago by Spenser, and the "wretched cabins" which in Petty's time were the only residences of the population, continue in the same condition to this day. The "reeky sod hovels" which horrified Bishop Nicholson in 1718, were found by Cobbett and Inglis to be still of the same character and composition. The "dismal hunger" is as great as it was in the times of Swift, Primate Boulter, and Archbishop Wake; and the present Earl of Clarendon, if he should visit Ireland, and behold the population of that country with his own eyes, will probably have his feelings as much affected as those of his ancestor were upon seeing "such proper lusty fellows almost naked †," whilst they are suffocated in what Lord Clarendon calls "perfect pigstyes, in which the wretches lie down with only a *rag*, or coarse blanket, to cover a *small part of their nakedness*!" ‡ — in "hovels," which, as Inglis tells us, are "without a ray of comfort or a trace of civilisation; the people themselves being either in a state of actual starvation, or barely keeping body and soul together." Such are the landlords, who, generally speaking, never erect any buildings upon their property, or expend any thing in repairs §; whose dependents "dwell in mud cabins, of which some are air-tight, whilst some are water-tight, and some not; — one half of them wanting even a hole in the roof to let out the smoke; all wanting a window to let in the light; and the major part of them *furnished* with a broken stool and an iron pot!" — landlords who dismiss whole villages full of people at once, turning them adrift in a condition more destitute than that of the beasts of the field; *expelling WOMEN sometimes in the ACT OF DEATH! and sometimes in the ACT OF PARTURITION!!* — who burn the cottages of the labourers, distrain the clothing, and even the *very food* of their tenants ¶, and establish the head quarters of famine in a country endowed with all the dowries of nature."\*\* — landlords who themselves, in their most public and most deliberate speeches, talk of the existence of famine among their tenants and dependents as a mere matter of course! Even Lord Roden, in moving for the committee of 1839, alluding to a famine which had occurred in Ireland, described it very cavalierly as "one of those famines which occasionally occurred in that country:" whilst the Duke of Wellington, at the time when he was prime minister, declared publicly and officially in the House of Lords, that annual famine was an established mode of existence in Ireland, and that the government had no remedy to propose for the calamities which the people of that country were then enduring. The extent of those famines can scarcely be duly appreciated in this country. In one year 20,000 persons died of want in the city of Dublin. In a district of the county of Cork,

\* Lord Powerscourt, p. 155.

† Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, vol. i. p. 373.

‡ Lord Clarendon. *Ib.*

§ Wakefield, vol. i. p. 244.

¶ See the evidence of Mr. Blackburne, and that given in the court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Lord Beresford v. Easthope, in which it appeared that the sheriff himself remonstrated with the agent in behalf of the mother of the family, who was lying in a fever upon some straw. The cabin was, however, thrown down, and the wretched woman carried to the side of a ditch, where some of the witnesses found her a day or two afterwards, *the snow falling at the time!*

¶ "The food of the tenant is frequently distrained, and his ruin follows the usual mode which landlords adopt in proceeding to recover their rent." Evid. of George Bennett, Esq., House of Commons, 1824. Lewis, p. 86. Mr. Bennett is a chairman of a county, a Conservative, and brother-in-law to Baron Pennefeather.

\*\* Lord Bacon.

which district contains about 10,000 persons, there were no less than 9000 — nine persons out of every ten — in a state of destitution upon one occasion.\* Inglis affirms, that out of the 4000 inhabitants of a town in Leinster, at least 1000 were without regular employment, 700 *entirely* destitute, and 200 actually begging in the streets. Whilst upon one occasion, in the small county of Kerry, containing a population of 230,000 persons, there were no less than 170,000 at one time entirely destitute of the means of existence. Such are a few samples of the state of Ireland under the territorial jurisdiction of a set of proprietors, who, “whether resident or absentee,” are declared by Lord Powerscourt to be exemplary in the performance of all their duties to their inferiors and dependents.

Fatigued and disgusted as we are with the details which we have already laid before the reader upon this subject, let us produce another authority of the highest class upon the manner in which the Irish landlords have been discharging in so exemplary a manner all their duties to their tenants and dependents.

“It startles an English ear (says Mr. Weale in his Report on the Experimental Improvements on some Crown Lands in the county of Cork) to be told that there remain at this day, within the limits of the United Kingdom, in the cultivateable mountains and wastes of Ireland, *an immense and increasing population in a state of VILLEINAGE, dependent on the will of their respective lords for the very means of existence*; whose condition differs in no substantial particular, as regards them personally, from that of the villein in early feudal times; *who are not permitted to appropriate to their own use any portion of the fruits of their labour, which is convertible into saleable produce at the nearest adjacent markets*; and multitudes of whom, *to maintain a tenure of the mere means of existence, are yearly compelled to migrate to other districts, and there labour for the coin which they are required to render to their lords*, as a compensation for those corporal services which the ancient villein was bound to render to his lord, but which would be of no available advantage to the modern landlord, whether he be the owner in fee, or that owner’s lessee of the lands; since, *by their desertion from the country, and the security which the government provides against a violent usurpation of their territories, they have neither demesnes to cultivate, nor occasion to marshal vassals in their personal defence.*”

“And yet with reference to *many extensive districts in Ireland, especially in the provinces of Connaught and Munster, and in some counties of Leinster, it will be found on careful investigation that this description is not overcharged. Even the partial ameliorations in the condition of the old native population which may now be traced in some of those districts have all originated within the last thirty years, and are rather the results of the ACTUAL INTERPOSITION OF GOVERNMENT, than of ANY ACTIVE EXERTIONS on the part of the proprietors of the soil.*” (Pp. 59, 60.)

Swift, in his “Character of an Irish Squire,” says †, “Every squire, almost to a man, is *an oppressor of the clergy, a racker of his tenants, a jobber of all public works*, very proud, and generally very illiterate.” He adds, “The *detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords* are visible in *every part of the kingdom.*” Elsewhere ‡ he says — “I would now expostulate a little with our country [resident] landlords, who, by *unmeasurably screwing and racking their tenants ALL OVER THE KINGDOM*, have already *reduced the miserable people to a worse condition than the peasants in France, or the vassals in Germany and Poland*; so that the whole species of what we call *substantial farmers will in a very few years be utterly at an end.* It was pleasant to see those gentlemen labouring with all their might to prevent the bishops from letting their revenues at a moderate half value, at the very instant when they were everywhere ‘canting’ (i. e. disposing by auction of) their own land upon short leases, and *sacrificing their oldest tenants for an advance of a penny an acre.* I have heard great divines affirm that nothing is so likely to call down a universal judgment upon a nation as a *universal oppression*; and whether this be not already verified in part, their worship the landlords are now at leisure to consider. Whoever travels through this country

\* Evid. H. C. 1824, p. 359. † Vol. vii. p. 380. ‡ Works, vol. vi. p. 281-2. Ed. Scott.

and observes the face of nature, or the faces, habits, and dwellings of the natives, will scarcely think himself in a country where *law, religion, or common humanity is professed*." In another place \*, and whilst speaking more particularly of absentees, he dwells in the same manner upon "the *miserable dress, diet, and dwellings* of the people; the *general desolation* which prevailed in most parts of the kingdom; and the families of farmers *who pay great rents*, whilst they *live upon buttermilk and potatoes*, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house as convenient as an *English hog-stye*."

Is there any reasonable person who, after having perused what we have written upon this subject, can doubt that the character given by Swift of this class, as they existed in his own time, has continued to be in substance their character up to the present day? "By their fruits ye shall know them." An impartial and intelligent spectator has lately described some of those fruits in the following terms:—

"I, Henry David Inglis, acting under no superior orders; holding no government commission; with no end to serve, and no party to please; hoping for no patronage, and fearing no censure; and with no other view than the establishment of truth—having just completed a journey throughout Ireland, and having minutely examined and inquired into the condition of the people of that country, do humbly report, that the destitute, infirm, and aged form a large body of the population of the cities, towns, and villages of Ireland: that, in the judgment of those best qualified to know the truth, three fourth parts of their number die through the effects of destitution, either by the decay of nature accelerated on through disease induced by scanty and unwholesome food, or else by the attacks of epidemics rendered more fatal from the same causes: that the present condition of this large class is shocking for humanity to contemplate, and beyond the efforts of private beneficence to relieve, and is a reproach to any civilised and Christian country."

The author of "England, Ireland, and America," having cited the preceding passage from Inglis, proceeds to say, —

"A Christian country, does he say? Posterity will doubt it! There is no such picture as this of a permanent state of national existence to be found in any authentic history, ancient or modern, Christian or Pagan. We shall search the volumes of the most accredited travellers in Russia, Turkey, or India, and find no description of a people that is not enviable in comparison with the state of millions of our fellow-subjects in Ireland."

The following statement is one of the latest which has been made upon the subject, and proceeds from Mr. Smith O'Brien; who, being a landlord and country gentleman himself, cannot be suspected of any want of sympathy with the order to which he belongs.

"We know, also, that, of late years, a very extensive system of ejectment has prevailed in Ireland, in order to effect the consolidation of farms, for the general improvement of the estates. In the great majority of cases I fear that such ejectment has been *wholly unaccompanied by any concurrent provision for the ejected cottier*. Nothing can be conceived more truly deplorable than the condition of a person so ejected. From having been the occupier of a few acres of land, *for which he has often paid his rent with the utmost punctuality*, he now becomes a forlorn outcast, unable even to procure employment, still less to regain the occupation of land. Is it surprising that a population in such a state should occasionally be tempted to commit acts of violence? What sympathy can they feel with the possessors of property? What, to them, are the advantages of law and order? Accordingly, we find that they are too often stimulated to do wrong by despair."†

A Kerry newspaper, cited in *The Morning Chronicle* of Monday, August 31. 1840, states that *one landlord* in that county had "*thrown two hundred and thirty-three persons OUT UPON THE ROAD*." *The Dublin Evening Post*, cited in *The Times* of the same date, says that "*There never was greater suffering in that country than exists at present, and that the numbers and wretchedness of the unemployed and destitute were constantly augmenting*." *The Dublin Pilot*, quoted in *The Times* of the same day, says, "*Hunger, downright hunger, pervades the masses of the population, who are driven to the ditches to*

\* Vol. vi. p. 157–8.

† Speech, H. C. June 2 1840.

*live upon WEEDS, or rather to die by feeding upon them.*" Be these the consequences which flow from the "exemplary performance of their duties by the landlords?" "By their fruits ye shall know them." "A righteous man," says the inspired writer, "regards the life of even his beast."\* The Irish landlords, in the language of Job, "cause their naked tenantry to lodge without clothing, so that they have no covering in the cold, and that they are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter."† "They take away the sheaf from the hungry,—from those who make oil within their walls; and who tread their wine presses, but suffer thirst‡;" — who fatten their bullocks, but never taste beef; who tend their wheat crops, but never eat bread; who till their potatoes, and are themselves obliged to live upon weeds! Such are the landlords who are the objects of Lord Powerscourt's panegyrics — landlords who, now, as in the time of Swift, "sacrifice their oldest tenants to gain a penny an acre," and who, upon considerations of expediency and convenience to themselves, put the tenants even to death by thousands; who take advantage of the deplorable necessities of the population to extort from them a promise of rents which the whole produce of the land is frequently insufficient to pay; and who, after having under so diabolical a contract exacted the last farthing which was attainable by "squeezing the cabins, clothes, blood, and vitals" of the tenantry, devote them by expulsion to starvation, with as little ceremony, and as little remorse, as a scullion experiences in hunting out a rambling rat.

The following statement is from a man who is a considerable landlord himself, and who has, we believe, as much knowledge as any man of the way in which estates are usually managed in Ireland.

Mr. Barrington says §, that there being no manufactures in Ireland, *the actual existence of the peasantry depends upon their having land*; and the whole disturbances of the country are produced by a desire to possess it. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Barry ||, "there is in Ireland such a competition for land that it *generally rests with the landlord to name his own rent.*" "This competition for land," says Mr. Wyse ¶, "is universal and unabated. Landlords take advantage of the DREADFUL NECESSITY, and exact rents out of all proportion with the value of the land. The consequences are obvious. If the tenant pays he must starve."

The anxiety to keep land, says Mr. Barrington\*\*, is such, that they *promise any rent*, however unable to pay it. I attribute the disturbances, in some degree, to the *overletting of land for more than its value, and their dismissing the tenant* when he is unable to pay the rent promised, *knowing that when he is turned out he must starve.*

"Land" (says Mr. Blackburn) "is a necessary of life; the alternative of *not getting it is starvation*; and this circumstance, combined with the extravagant price of all species of agricultural produce, had raised land in the years before the termination of the war to a price *beyond any thing which could be called its intrinsic value.* The subdivision of it was also produced by *speculations of a political kind*, and the consequence was, that land stood at a rent *which it was IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE TENANT TO PAY AT ANY TIME, reserving the means of decent subsistence.* In this state of things the tithes fell with peculiar severity upon the lower orders of the people; and the fall in the value of land was nearly contemporaneous with the failure of the southern banks."††

Mr. Blacker gives the same account of the origin of the disturbances in Cork and Tipperary as Mr. Blackburn had done of those in Limerick and Clare, — the increase of the population and fall of prices at the peace, the consequence of which was the *impossibility* of paying the rent and tithes.

\* Prov. xii. 10.

† Job, xxiv. 7, 8.

‡ Ib. 10, 11.

§ Roden Committee, 7641.

|| Evid. H. C. 1830, p. 195-367.

¶ Ib. 635-815.

\*\* H. C. 1832. No. 11 to 49.

†† Evid. H. L. 1824, p. 8. Idem. H. C. 1824, pp. 5, 6.

Both *landlords* and *clergy* were some time before they felt the necessity of abating in proportion to the necessities of the times. The distress occasioned by the demands then made upon the people, which demands THEY WERE UNABLE TO SATISFY, produced the commencement of the disturbances.\*

Mr. Bennett, Q. C., who administered the Insurrection Act in Kildare and the King's County, states †, that a *great part of the population of those counties were unemployed for a great part of the year.*

Major Willcocks, speaking of the disturbances in Limerick and Tipperary, says, that the condition of the peasantry where the disturbances prevailed, was "*most wretched — utterly shocking.*"\*

Mr. John O'Driscoll, barrister, says, the *immediate cause* of the disturbances in the County of Cork was the *distress of the people, and the want of food. Rent and tithes both EXTRAORDINARILY high. A great deal of oppression in forcing the payment. The rent and tithes were reduced, but very slowly, and very inadequately* to the fall of prices; and the *landlords* and *clergy* put in force ALL THE RIGOURS OF THE LAW to enforce the payment, whilst it was *utterly impossible* for the people to pay the rent, tithes, and other charges upon the land. Such are the landlords who have the comical effrontery to pretend that they have been exemplary in the performance of their duties. Again, we say, "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" § Hearken to one of their own friends describing the consequences of their "*exemplary conduct.*" Major Warburton says ||, "*The mass of the population in the county of Clare is miserably provided with food, lodging, bedding, and other necessaries of life. The wretchedness in some of the western parts is as great as human nature can be subjected to. The state of the county of Limerick is substantially the same.*"

Mr. Nimmo says ¶, "*The landlord in Ireland has greater power than in any other state I know: he is not bound to protect the tenant in case of distress or starvation, as he is in England, or in other countries, as Livonia and Germany, where they cultivate the ground by predial slaves, or as the proprietors of the negroes in the West Indies are obliged to support them.*"

The landlord in Ireland has had, for the last century, in every respect, more power over his tenantry than any other in the world; and the result is, that the population are continually growing more and more wretched. For although the productive powers of the soil have been enormously increased, the proportion of the produce exacted by the landlord has been increased still more enormously; or, rather, whatever the produce may be, the landlord grasps the entire, leaving the population to subsist upon water and weeds.

"*It is impossible,*" says Lord Clare in 1787, "*for human wretchedness to exceed that of the peasantry of Munster.*" "*Their wretchedness,*" says Major Warburton in 1824, "*is as great as human nature can be subject to.*" "*Their condition,*" says Mr. Drummond before the Roden committee, "*is actually deteriorating.*" "*Their condition,*" says Mr. Tomkins Brew in 1839, "*is likely to become progressively worse!*" Thousands of them, say the Dublin newspapers of September, 1840, are obliged to live on weeds, or rather to die by feeding on them. Their condition, say all the witnesses by dozens, is the consequence of the *exorbitant exactions and oppressions of all sorts* which have been *inflicted upon them by their landlords*; and all the outrages which they commit are the consequence of their misery, and of their efforts to keep themselves as long as possible from dying of hunger. In answer to all this Lord Powerscourt informs us very jocularly that the landlords have been all this while, from 1787 to 1840, performing

\* Evid. H. C. 1824, p. 58.

† H. C. 1824, p. 82.

‡ Evid. C. p. 99.

§ Evid. H. C. 1824, p. 381.

|| H. C. 1824, p. 126.

¶ Evid. on the Disturbances in Ireland, p. 290. Sadler, 160.

all their duties in the most exemplary manner ; that the wrongs of the Irish population exist only in imagination, and that the disturbances are all the result of theology and rhetoric ! Such is the facetious manner in which the Irish landlords disport themselves when arraigned unanswerably before the bar of mankind upon the charge of having put thousands, or rather millions, of their countrymen to death !

In order to complete the argument upon the real causes of Irish outrage, we adduced a mass of testimony from persons of the highest authority, to show that the Irish peasantry, so far from having any predisposition to idleness or tumult, as many very well-intentioned persons have been brought to believe, are really superior to any peasantry in the world in the desire to obtain an honest living by any sort of industry, however laborious or distressing ; and that the efforts which they continually make to procure any sort of employment are perfectly extraordinary and unparalleled. The following statement upon this subject is copied from a Belfast paper into one of the London journals of this morning (September 1. 1840).

*"Thousands of Irish reapers daily throng our streets on their way to English and Scotch steamers, for embarkation to assist our agricultural friends on the other side of the channel in their harvesting operations. Not a steamer has left our harbour for several days past for Glasgow, Stranraer, Carlisle, or Liverpool, whose deck was not crowded with hundreds of these travel-wearied labourers. One of the Scotch boats this week conveyed seven hundred of them to the Clyde."*

These poor creatures were probably pushed very hard to realise the small sum required for the payment of their passage, and in all probability set out in quest of employment without any provision at all in the way of food, or with a sort of supply of which it would be vain to attempt any description. The result of this attempt, made by thousands of men to procure a market for their labour, was thus described by a Liverpool paper a few days ago :—

*"A greater importation of Irish labourers has taken place this year for the harvest than the oldest inhabitant of Liverpool can remember, in expectation of gaining employment in the Northern, Midland, and Southern districts. In this, however, they have been egregiously disappointed ; some thousands having been obliged to return without finding a day's work, and in a most pitiable state of distress. This result is not to be wondered at, when we consider the state of trade in the manufacturing districts, and the hundreds of families in this country who are glad to embrace harvest work, or any other employment, in the relaxed condition of their usual avocations. One of the vessels reached this port with eight hundred labourers on board. Since writing the above we have seen scores of these poor fellows with blistered feet, and scarcely able to crawl, wandering through our streets begging for bread, and trying to raise the means of carrying them back to Ireland, not having obtained a single day's work in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, or Leicestershire, through all which counties they had in vain 'padded the hoof.'"*

Now let us appeal to the candour of the greatest enemy of the Irish population, and ask him to inform us whether there is any portion of the population of England, or of Scotland, who would make such desperate efforts to procure an honest subsistence as these thousands of Irish labourers have made this year, and as they make every year. Shocking and afflicting as is the condition of these poor creatures whilst they linger in this country, they must endure privations indescribably more miserable upon returning to Ireland ; and large numbers of them will be expelled from their little holdings for want of the money which they expected to earn in this country, and every farthing of which would have been devoted to the payment of the rack-rent which they have promised for the cabin and potatoe ground. Can any mortal, who at all pretends to rationality, be surprised at the existence of cruel outrages among a population so circumstanced ? Is there any man out of Bedlam that can really hope for tranquillity in a country where every institution of society is so horribly perverted that all the circumstances by which the populace are surrounded impel them, by the most powerful of all

inducements, towards the violation of the law; and where all their passions are enlisted upon the side of turbulence by the ordinary and direct operations of the very institutions which profess to have been framed for the preservation of the peace and order of society? Their actual condition, according to the concurrent evidence of all the witnesses who have ever any where spoken upon the subject, is the most deplorable that can be imagined. When the peasantry of England are said to be in distress, the meaning of the expression is, that they have less bacon, or less cheese, or less beer than they used to have; and the English peasant is considered to have descended to the very zero of his physical discomfort when his loaf has become so dear or so small, or his income so scanty, that, for a while, he is obliged to suspend the use of bread, and live one day or more in the week upon potatoes. The Irish peasant, upon the other hand, never eats a morsel of wheaten bread in his life; except, perhaps, at a market, where he may happen to buy a half-penny worth of it as a curiosity, just as a little girl buys a gingerbread husband in the same place. The pig which he rears, and which occupies the most comfortable portion of the cabin, is invariably disposed of for the landlord; and the peasant would as soon think of eating the landlord himself as of eating the pig. Beef is a matter of which he hears as the man who sweeps the crossing at the Mansion House hears of the calipash which forms part of the Lord Mayor's dinner; and with regard to mutton, it seems, according to the last accounts from Ireland, that the Poor Law Commissioners have placed it under the head of the *materia medica*\*; whilst one of them has actually and officially promulgated the fact, that meat of any kind, and even broth, is such a stranger to the constitution of an Irish peasant, that the accidental or ~~un-~~advised administration of either produces *very serious complaints of the bowels*. If any reader should for a moment imagine that we jest upon this matter, we request that he will do us the justice to turn to the Appendix to the Sixth Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners†, where he will find the following words:—"I have come to this conclusion from having frequently found, to my very great annoyance, that *more serious* affections of the bowels occurred within *four-and-twenty hours after meat or broth* had been used in the Clonmel House of Industry, than *during the whole remainder of the week*." Such is the statement of Dr. Phelan, whom we know to have an extensive acquaintance with the subject, and who has been appointed a commissioner in consequence of the knowledge which he exhibited in his work upon the medical charities of that country. We ourselves belong to a profession in which it is a principle that *cuiuslibet in arte sua credendum est*; and in a medical case where there could exist the smallest possible doubt, we should not venture to express any difference of opinion with our friend the medical commissioner. We cannot, however, help saying upon the present occasion, that the "very great annoyance" which he felt at "the untoward event" which he has commemorated, might easily have been removed by causing the doses of broth and meat to be administered a little more frequently; and that such a course would be more in accordance with science and humanity than growing peevish with the poor upon the ground (to use the expression of holy Job‡) that "their bellies prepare deceit," and that the only method of establishing "intestine" tranquillity in the workhouses of Tipperary is to put the inmates upon diet of a less nutritious quality.

From what we have already stated, we think it is perfectly clear, that the lowest point to which the English peasant is ever depressed in the scale of existence, is higher than the highest to which the Irish peasant can ever

\* See the Report already cited *supra*, p. 245.

† The document already referred to *supra*.

ascend. It is equally clear that in the faculty of endurance the Saxon is much inferior to the Celt. The bold Briton damns his own eyes, and those of every one else, whenever he is obliged to take an occasional meal in which potatoes are substituted for bread. The poor Hibernian would consider himself as happy as a prince if he had only potatoes enough all the days of his life. If the people of England were for only one day to be reduced to the condition in which the population of Ireland have existed for centuries, every institution connected with the preservation of private property in this country would be annihilated within four-and-twenty hours. When the English peasantry burn the corn of a whole district for the purpose of punishing or preventing a reduction of the parish allowance, we can easily infer what consequences would result from the existence for even a day of such a state of affairs as that to which we have alluded. Yet persons who have had these matters at their doors, and before their eyes, are astonished at hearing that the Irish peasantry unite occasionally for the commission of outrages, where their very lives and those of their families are at stake, and where, if they continue passive and pacific, they must perish of hunger.

The preceding topics were discussed by us under the head of the "Causes which produce the Outrages which occasionally exist in Ireland;" and as a subsidiary and collateral argument, we showed that those outrages were scarcely ever in the smallest degree excited by any feeling of a religious or political nature, and that the sole object of them was to prevent the persons committing them from being themselves overwhelmed by the ruin which continually impended over them from the hands of the landlords. The evidence which we have already brought forward upon this point was as complete as it has been upon every other part of the case. Yet although, to use the words of Mr. Lewis\*, "the absence of all religious hostility in the outrages committed by the Whiteboys is established by the most *unvarying and unimpeachable testimony*;" still, as the people of this country are continually imposed upon by the grossest falsehoods upon the subject, and as the establishment of the truth upon a basis altogether unassailable has a tendency to enlarge the goodwill which we most vehemently desire to conciliate in the bosoms of the English people towards the unfortunate population of Ireland, and as, moreover, the topic is itself of the greatest importance, we shall be excused for subjoining the following additional testimony upon the point.

It is unnecessary to say any thing of the witnesses. Their names alone are a sufficient introduction; and their evidence will prove, beyond controversy, the truth of the position laid down by Mr. George Lewis, "that Whiteboyism is utterly unconnected with religion, and that it may exist under any religion, or under no religion at all."†

Mr. Griffith having stated that the gentry in a part of the county of Cork were obliged to barricade their doors at night in the disturbances of 1822, says that the "Catholics were obliged to do so just as much as the Protestants."‡ Mr. Baron Foster says, that "*the consideration of religion does not enter at all into the relation between landlord and tenant.*"§ The same learned judge elsewhere says, that "religious animosities are and have always been *less common in the disturbed districts than in other parts of Ireland.*"|| Robert Cassidy, Esq., justice of peace, says, "that the disturbances had *decidedly nothing of a religious character mixed up with them.*"¶ Mr. Francis Blackburn, late Attorney-General, says, "that

\* P. 170.

† House of Commons, 1824, p. 232.

‡ Lewis, p. 125.

† Lewis, p. 335.

§ Lewis, 130.

¶ Ib. p. 129.



resistance made to landlords who wanted to dispossess their tenants *was not AT ALL influenced by the religion of the landlord.*" \* Mr. Justice Day, a judge of the Queen's Bench for twenty-one years, states "that the recent disturbances in Ireland *have not had any thing to do with religion.*" † The real causes he states to be poverty, want of employment, the *absence of the landlords, and the unconscionable rents exacted from the peasantry.*" The Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan says, in his evidence before the House of Commons in 1825, "that *the disturbances commenced in the struggles of poverty, and that of course it was principally a war against property.*" ‡ Mr. Justin M'Carthy, J. P., a magistrate residing in the county of Cork, says, "that *almost all the attacks were made UPON ROMAN CATHOLICS.*" § M. Singleton, Esq., chief magistrate of police, says ||, "there is no discrimination with respect to persons attacked about land. In the county of Galway *the majority of attacks must have been made UPON THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.*" ¶ Major Warburton says, \*\* "The greater part of the property in the county of Galway is in the hands of Roman Catholic gentlemen; and I have understood that the disturbances in Galway were very much put down by the exertions of the Roman Catholic gentlemen, as much as of the Protestants." The witness might probably have added with perfect propriety, that the disturbances were caused as much by the conduct of the Catholic as of the Protestant landlords. That such was the case at a remoter period is a fact which rests upon the highest authority.

Mr. Wyse, in his eloquent and philosophical History of the Catholic Association, says, that "Mr. O'Connor, the historian, frequently complains in terms of just bitterness of the more than Protestant severity of the Catholic landholders; and that the *thunders of the episcopacy, and the exhortations of the lower clergy, during the insurrection of Munster, fell idly upon the affections and fears of the infuriated peasantry* ††," who doubtless were of opinion that starvation, expatriation, and execution were not rendered at all more palatable for being administered by the hands of a member of the same religion as the victims themselves.

Major Willcocks, chief magistrate of police, says †‡, "The great mass of the population of the parts that I am intimately acquainted with is Catholic, and of course the outrages are committed by a greater proportion of that persuasion than of the others; *but I never heard of any religious distinction among the peasantry.*" §§ Major Powell, inspector of police for the province of Leinster, says, "that in his experience the outrages were *directed EXCLUSIVELY AGAINST THE CATHOLICS, as there were scarcely any Protestants, except of the higher classes, in the part of the country to which he referred.*"

"Religion," says Judge Day, "is *totally out of the case*; and the outrages are inflicted with *the most perfect impartiality* upon Catholics and Protestants." The learned judge observes, that in the south of Ireland (of which he was himself a native, and where all his connections principally resided) the Protestants amongst the humbler classes are scarcely one in a hundred." ¶¶

\* Lewis, p. 126.

† Ib. p. 126.

‡ Ib. p. 127. [We recommend this statement to the particular attention of those who have been in the habit of hearing the speeches of the Rev. gentleman upon the same subject at Exeter Hall and elsewhere.]

§ House of Lords, 1824, p. 207.

|| House of Commons, 1832. No. 4118-19.

¶ Lewis, 131.

\*\* House of Commons, 1824, p. 136.

†† Vol. i. p. 89.

‡‡ House of Lords, 1824, p. 56.

§§ Lewis, 128. ¶¶ Evid. House of Lords, 1824. Lewis, 131.

¶¶ Although this statement was made before the taking of the general census, yet the learned judge made a very close approximation to the actual proportions. The dioceses of Ossory, Cashel, and Emly include the most disturbed part of Ireland; viz. the county of Kilkenny, the southern part of Tipperary, and the south-eastern part of the county of Limerick. In the first of these (according to the report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction) the Roman Catholics are above 94 per cent., in the second above 96 per cent., and in the third above 98 per cent. of the population. Lewis, 125.

To the same effect is the testimony of Major Warburton; Mr. Serjeant Loyd, who was a judge under the Insurrection Act; Colonel Rochfort; Captain Despard, magistrate; Mr. Barrington; and other witnesses, whose testimony is to be found in Mr. Lewis's book, from page 132 to 138.

It is rather singular, however, that some of the witnesses, in slight opposition to the general tenor of the evidence, depose to the existence of some degree of "partiality" upon this subject. The partiality, however, operates in a direction which will probably surprise the English reader. Thus Mr. Cahill (sessional crown prosecutor for Tipperary) says, "that there is not the slightest degree of a religious character about the outrages, *except that the Protestants in Tipperary are spared a good deal more than the Catholics.*" \* Mr. John Bray says, "They visit the houses of the Protestants to take arms; but the Catholics are more exposed to personal outrage. Supposing a Protestant farmer (where such exist) and a Roman Catholic to violate the laws of Captain Rock, *the Catholic is more likely to be punished than the Protestant.*" †

It may surprise some English readers to hear that even the Roman Catholic priests themselves have been frequently the objects of agrarian outrage; but the following evidence will leave no doubt of the fact.

Major Willcocks states, "that the Catholic peasantry, believing the fees demanded by *their own priests* to be too large, *inflicted the horrible torture of carding upon all who complied with the exactions of the clergy.*" ‡

Lord Chief Justice Burke, in his charge to the grand jury at the special commission in Maryborough in 1832, classes *the dues of the priest* with the tithes of the parson as objects of the hostility of the insurgents. Dr. Kelly, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, states, that *the demands of the Catholic clergy* were one of the grounds of complaint made by the insurgents of 1820 in Galway and Mayo. § The same prelate, in a letter which was inserted in *The Times* of the 19th of August, in the year 1840, describes, in the following words, the condition of the peasantry as they appeared at his visitation about the period of the disturbances:—"I never, in the course of my long experience, witnessed more nakedness and poverty. Numbers of able-bodied youths and married men came to receive the consolations of religion *barefooted and barelegged*, and in many — *many instances the people of a village who attended the first day lent the TOP COAT, ALMOST THE ONLY GARMENT THEY WORE, to their neighbours, that they might come to us on the day following.* It is impossible to expect that *any inculcation* of religion, or of the rules of morality, will teach the poor people to *submit quietly to such privations as they now endure.* The oath of the Thrashers contained an undertaking that the party swearing should not *pay more than certain limited fees to his own priest.*" ||

Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, says, that the insurrection in the south and west had been *frequently* directed against the *demands of the priests*, as well as against the payment of tithe. The Rev. Mr. O'Connor states¶, that the Whitefeet had *more hostility to the Catholics* than to the Protestants, and had *frequently threatened their own priests for denouncing their outrages.* The threats had been on the increase.

If these statements should meet the eyes of any of the honest portion of the Exeter Hall assemblages, they will be able to estimate very accurately the veracity of the orators who figured upon those occasions,—who attributed all the evils of Ireland to the diffusion of Popery, — who perpetually declared

\* House of Commons, 1832. No. 7441-44.

† Ib. No. 3501-2.

‡ Ib. 1824, p. 118.

§ Evid. House of Commons, 1825, p. 259, 260.

|| Lewis, p. 164.

¶ House of Commons, 1832. No. 3241-9.

that the outrages which are committed in that country are almost exclusively committed upon the instigation of the priests, and that the real and sole object of those violations of law and tranquillity is the extermination of the Protestant portion of the population. Indeed it is quite notorious, in Ireland at least, that the objects of some of the most remarkable outrages that have been ever committed in that country were all Catholics. Such were Mr. O'Keefe of Mountain Lodge, and Mr. O'Keefe of Thurles; the latter of whom was a Precursor, and the representative of that society in the district where he lived. Mr. Theodore O'Ryan, a justice of the peace, who was shot at some time ago in the county of Limerick, was a Roman Catholic.

The celebrated murder of the Franks family is accounted for by the Earl of Kingston in the following manner. He says, that the young man had, by his testimony, procured the conviction and transportation of a person whom the whole county believed afterwards to be innocent; that he, Mr. Franks, had also been *extremely oppressive to his tenants and undertenants*, exacting the rent from them, and *as heavy a rent as he could, as soon as it was due*, but never *by any chance paying his own*. There was a conspiracy against him, and he was murdered.\*

The following extract will throw some additional light upon this case. "I have frequently," says Mr. Wakefield†, "seen the cattle of the occupying tenant driven to pound by the head landlord, and sold by auction for rent *which the tenant had actually paid to the middleman, who had failed to pay it to the head landlord*. The numerous instances of distress occasioned by this severity, which every one who has resided for any time in Ireland must have witnessed, are truly deplorable; and I believe them to be one of the chief causes of those frequent risings of the people, under various denominations, which at different times have disturbed the tranquillity of the country, and been attended with atrocities shocking to humanity and disgraceful to the empire." Mr. Marum was brother to the Catholic Bishop of Ossory. The circumstances connected with his murder will be found in the evidence taken before the House of Commons in 1832. "An ejectment had been brought by a noble lord against a middleman, and a *habere* issued, possession taken, and the land relet, not to the tenants in possession, but to Mr. Marum, who was another middleman—the usual method of proceeding being to relet to the occupying tenants for the six months during which what is called the equity of redemption existed. Mr. Marum deluded the tenants with a hope that he *took the land for their benefit*; but when the six months expired *he turned those tenants out, and sold their household goods for the six months' rent*. He was afterward shot, in the open day, in the middle of a dense population." It is stated in the same place, that he had always been a great land-jobber, taking land from whence other persons had been expelled. His being a Roman Catholic, and the brother of a Catholic bishop, availed him little in such circumstances as a protection against the fury of the populace. Indeed, in reference to the future consequences of the present state of Ireland, we venture to say to the English people in the language addressed by Lord Chesterfield‡, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, to Mr. Prior,—"Be as much upon your guard against poverty as against popery. Take my word for it, that you are in more danger from the former than the latter." Indeed, this freedom from religious, and even political admixture, has been a quality of all the outrages committed since the year 1760; excepting, of course, the rebellions of 1798 and 1803; the heads and projectors of which were, however, not Catholics at all. The great Lord Charlemont, in speaking of the disturbances of 1761, makes use

\* House of Lords, 1825, p. 453.

† Vol. i. p. 244.

‡ *Mis. Works*, vol. II. p. 542.

of language which in general expresses very accurately the nature of all the disturbances which have happened since that time.

"As the insurgents were all of the Catholic religion, an almost universal idea was entertained among the more zealous Protestants, and encouraged by interested men, that French gold and French intrigue were at the bottom of this insurrection: the real causes were, indeed, not difficult to be ascertained. Exorbitant rents; low wages; want of employment in a country destitute of manufactures, where desolation and famine were the effects of fertility; where the rich gifts of a bountiful mother were destructive to her children, and served only to tantalize them; where oxen supplied the place of men, and by leaving little room for cultivation, while they enriched their pampered owners, starved the miserable remnant of thinly scattered inhabitants: farms of enormous extent, let by their rapacious and indolent proprietors to monopolising land-jobbers, by whom small portions of them were again let and relet to intermediate oppressors, and by them subdivided for five times their value among the wretched starvers upon potatoes and water: taxes yearly increasing, and tithes which the Catholic, without any possible benefit, unwillingly pays in addition to his priest-money — misery, oppression, and famine! These were undoubtedly the FIRST and ORIGINAL CAUSES, obvious to the slightest inspection, though resolutely denied, and every public investigation into them IMPUDENTLY FRUSTRATED by those whose sordid interest opposed their removal."\*

After the masses of evidence which we have already adduced as to the real causes of Irish disturbances, we should consider that we only insulted the common sense of the reader by gravely constructing a formal argument in answer to the theory of Lord Powerscourt — that assaults are a mere appendage to agitation, that outrages originate in oratory, and that riot is the result of rhetoric alone. It would be just as rational, and rather more amusing, to say that the weathercock is the cause of the wind; or to allege, in the language of an Hibernian act of parliament, that the idleness of the labourers was the consequence of the extent to which they trafficked in the purchase of horses! †

## A SCENE FROM CALDERON.

By far the most beautiful and poetical specimen of the Spanish theatre is the religious drama *El Magico Prodigioso*. This *prodigious magician*, who is no other than the Devil, forms the hero of the play as much as the nominal hero St. Cyprian of Antioch, whom it is intended to honour. This drama is the one upon which Goëthe founded his *Faust*. It is curious how exactly similar are the incidents. The originals of *Faust*, which certain of our contemporaries have vainly sought, might be comprised in this one poem, which is not much inferior in poetical merit and picturesque details to the German masterpiece any more than in grace and beauty. It opens with a very impressive colloquy between Cyprian and his arch foe upon a mountain near Antioch, of which we regret our limits will not allow us insertion. An analysis of the plot of the piece — of the theological disputes of the Saint and Dæmon, the strange catastrophe of the martyrdom of the hero and heroine, and their subsequent glorification — would prevent us from fulfilling our intention of presenting a specimen of the poem in the forms of the original; which we now attempt, choosing as the best scene that of Cyprian and Justina's temptation.

An open Gallery, — in the Background a mountainous Landscape.

Enter the DÆMON and CYPRIAN.

Dæm. Since I cross'd thy threshold here  
Nought but sorrow in thine eye  
Have I seen, and melancholy  
In thy countenance appear.

\* Hardy's Life of Charlemont, vol. i. 171. 8vo. ed.

† 3 & 4 Phil. & M. ch. 5.

Wrong it is thy cure to hinder,  
 Seeking thus to hide thy tears,  
 When for thee I'd tear asunder  
 All the fastenings of the spheres,  
 For the slightest cause alone  
 Of what harms thee or offends thee.

*Cyp.* No magic was there ever known  
 Could cure the anguish that now rends me,—  
 The fire, the torture of the pain.

*Dæm.* Impart it to my friendship, pray.

*Cyp.* I love a woman——

*Dæm.*

And complain

Of this as though she were not clay?

*Cyp.* Ah, didst thou know what maiden 'tis!

*Dæm.* With patient ear I'll listen; come,  
 Now, whilst I smile a pain like this,  
 Describe to me thy martyrdom.

*Cyp.* Aurora, when the infant sun  
 From out the orient hemisphere,  
 Like gallant steed his course to run,  
 His cradle leaving 'gins appear,—  
 Drying every dewy tear,  
 Courting every lake to shine,  
 And the fleecy clouds of snow  
 Tinging with a crimson glow  
 Of delicate carmine;  
 The verdant prison of the rose,  
 When balmy gales their odours bring,  
 And all its opening cells disclose  
 The genial influence of spring,—  
 When every bursting leaf uncurled,  
 Glittering in Aurora's tears,  
 (The smiles of Flora) now appears  
 With morning dew impearled;  
 The slow meandering rivulet,  
 Which e'en a murmur fears to make,  
 Lest hoary winter's breath beset  
 Its course, and all its nymphs o'ertake;  
 Carnation fair, which in a heaven  
 Of bright flowers shines a coral star;  
 Warbling bird, to which is given  
 Wings to waft its song afar;  
 Rock, which Phœbus' power defies  
 When to melt its heart he tries;  
 The laurel, which its tapering shaft  
 Bathes amidst the wreaths of snow,  
 A green narcissus, which hath laughed  
 The cold benumbing power below  
 And the rays above to scorn:  
 Dawning east, sun, purple, snow,—  
 Rose, and dew-distilling morn,—  
 Gentle stream meandering slow,—  
 Warbling bird that hues adorn,—  
 Fleecy cloud, and coral pink  
 Which the crystal dew doth drink,—  
 Flinty rock no rain dissolves,—  
 Laurel, whose green head revolves  
 To greet the morning rays that shine,  
 Whilst its trunk the snows surround,—  
 Are the beauties which compound  
 This peerless maid divine.  
 So blind am I, so charmed, enchanted,  
 That I (hearest thou me aright?)  
 Former vows have all recanted,  
 And become love's proselyte.  
 My studies to oblivion sent;  
 My wandering thoughts from them estranged,  
 And into vulgar knowledge changed

My philosophy transcendent ;  
 Into vain sighs my sentiment ;  
 My hopes ambitious into wind,  
 And unto scorn and envy lent  
 The powers of my once godlike mind.  
 So now I say, and boldly swear it,  
 That willingly I would present  
 My soul to an infernal spirit,  
 So that these passions which torment  
 My soul might win the maid divine.  
 But 'tis in vain thus to lament,  
 For the price I would present  
 Is worthless all to make her mine.

*Dam.* What ! shall flattering fortune follow  
 In the cowardly steps, despairing,  
 Of those lovers who are vanquished  
 In the weakest first assault ?  
 Live there no examples then  
 Of the brightest beauties yielding  
 Vanity to patient wooing,  
 Haughty pride to melting love ?  
 Wouldst thou soothe thy burning passion,  
 Prison'd in her beauteous arms ?

*Cyp.* Canst thou doubt it ?

*Dam.* Then dismiss me  
 Thy companions, whilst we tarry  
 Here alone.

*Cyp.* Depart, I tell you.

*Mos.* I obey.

[*Exit.*

*Clas.* And so do I.

Such a guest must be the devil !

[*Hides himself.*

*Cyp.* They are gone.

*Dam.* It matters little.

Clarín chooses to remain.

*Cyp.* What more wouldst thou ?

*Dam.*

But to fasten

First the door.

*Cyp.* We are alone.

*Dam.* To possess this haughty maiden,  
 Said thy lips that thou wouldst give  
 In exchange thy soul ?

*Cyp.* I did.

*Dam.* Then I here accept the contract

*Cyp.* What repeatest thou ?

*Dam.*

I accept it.

*Cyp.* How ?

*Dam.* For I have power sufficient ;  
 As I will a science teach thee,  
 Whereby thou to thy command  
 Mayst render her whom you adore ;  
 For, albeit so wise and learned,  
 I can by no other means  
 Gain thy purpose. We must finish  
 Writings 'twixt us first.

*Cyp.* Wilt thou

With new sorrows go increasing  
 All my anguish ? What I offered  
 In my power abides : thy gift  
 Lies not in thee ; since I found  
 O'er the free will neither magic,  
 Charm, nor spell, possesses power.

*Dam.* Make thy seal on this condition.

[*Clar. (Aside.)* Woe betide thee ! for, from all  
 I have seen, this devil is  
 Not so great a fool. I give  
 My seal ! Though all my quarters were  
 A thousand years without a hire,  
 I would not do it.]

*A Scene from Calderon.*

*Cyp.* Such deceptions  
Are for joyous friends, but never  
For the wretched.

*Dæm.* I will show  
To thine eyes some testimony  
Of my power and skill, though it  
Be a small one. What seest thou  
From this gallery?

*Cyp.* Boundless sky  
And plain, — a wood, a stream, a mountain.

*Dæm.* Which of all hath pleased thee most?

*Cyp.* 'Tis the mount, for 'tis in truth  
A semblance of whom I adore.

*Dæm.* Proud rival of eternity!  
Throned in clouds, thou haughty monarch  
Of the plains, leave thy foundation!  
Cut the wind! Behold 'tis I  
Who calls thee. And do thou behold [To CYPRIAN.  
If a woman I can rule  
Who can vanquish mountains thus.

[A mountain moves from one part of the stage to the other.

*Cyp.* Wondrous art thou! I ne'er saw  
A stranger miracle than this!

[*Clæ.* (*Aside.*) With the fright and with the horror  
I am trembling every where.]

*Cyp.* Winged bird that cleavest the air,  
Whose plumes are forests rough and hoar,—  
Bark that through the wind dost fly,  
Whose sails are thy gigantic rocks,—  
To thy base return, and take  
From us the horror and the fear.

[The mountain returns to its first position.

*Dæm.* If this be not proof sufficient,  
Then my lips shall more pronounce.  
Wouldst thou view the haughty maiden  
Of thine adoration?

*Cyp.* Yes.

*Dæm.* Let thy thunder-refted rocks,  
Thou monster of the elements!  
Divide, and bring to light the beauty

[A crag opens, and JUSTINA appears sleeping.

In thy deepest centre hid.  
Lies she yonder whom you worship?

*Cyp.* She it is whom I adore.

*Dæm.* Think then can I give her to thee  
When I bring her where I list?

*Cyp.* Divine inexorable fair!  
Soon thine arms shall be the centre  
Of my love, — the sun imbibing  
Light to light and ray to ray.

[Strives to approach her, and the crag closes.

*Dæm.* Hold! for till thou first hast sanctioned  
The words which thou hast pledged to me,  
Thou canst not touch her.

*Cyp.* Stay, ah stay!

Darkest veil to the most brilliant  
Sun that ever dawned for joy.  
But I only clasp the wind.  
Yes, thy science I believe.  
Now I own I am thy slave.  
What wouldst thou that I do for thee?  
What demand'st thou?

*Dæm.* For my surety,  
First a scroll signed with thy blood  
And hand.

[*Clæ.* (*Aside.*) My soul I would have given  
Had I stayed away from here.]

*Cyp.* See, this dagger shall inscribe it,  
And this linen be the scroll,  
And this blood ink from my veins.

*[Writes with a dagger on the linen, having drawn blood from his arm.]*

Ah! what cold, what fear, what horror!

I, great Cyprinus, say  
That I gave my soul immortal  
(O what frenzy and despair!)  
Unto whom shall teach me science  
(Strange confusion, dire distraction!)  
Whereby Justina, tyrant mistress,  
To my power I may subdue.

*Dæm.* Now he yields up to my wisdom  
Sinful homage, whilst his reason  
And his learning shake with awe. *[Apart]*  
Hast thou written?

*Cyp.* Yea, and sealed it.

*Dæm.* Then the sun you idolize  
Now is yours!

*Cyp.* And thine eternal  
Is the soul I offer thee!

*Dæm.* Soul with soul have I now paid thee,  
Since for thine I gave Justina's.

*Cyp.* What time need'st thou to instruct me  
Necromantic arts?

*Dæm.* A year,  
With condition —

*Cyp.* Fear you not

*Dæm.* That entombed within a cavern,  
Studying solely this one science,  
We must live together; merely  
Keeping for our servant man  
This thy jester, who behind *[Drags out CLARIN.]*  
Remained from curiosity:  
For his person taking with us,  
We our secret guard secure.

*Clar.* Oh had I ne'er stayed behind! —  
When so many neighbours swarm,  
List'ners too, yet not a Dæmon  
Comes to carry them away.

*Cyp.* Yes, 'tis well! Two heavens at once,  
Love and knowledge, shall I gain.  
Fair Justina shall be mine.  
Boundless knowledge too shall make me  
Soon the wonder of the world.

*Dæm.* Not in vain hath been my purpose.

*Clar.* But mine quite so.

*Dæm.* Follow us: *[To CLARIN]*  
Now the stronger will is vanquished. *[Apart.]*

*Cyp.* Happy shall my love become,  
If I such enjoyment prove.

*Dæm.* Yet mine envy rests not tranquil *[Apart.]*  
Till they both are in my power.  
Come, and in the mountain's gloom  
Learn to-day the foremost lesson  
Of my magic.

*Cyp.* Let us go.  
With such master soon my fame  
And my love, with skill so high,  
In the world shall live immortal  
As the wizard Cyprian.

END OF ACT II.



## ACT III.

*A Forest and Mountain, — in the Background a Cavern.**Enter CYPRIAN from the Cavern.*

*Cyp.* My proud, my ungrateful fair!  
 Now dawns the day auspicious to my prayer, —  
 Now shines the expected morn,  
 Term of my hope, and limit of thy scorn;  
 For this the last will be  
 Of thy disdain's triumphant victory.  
 These mountains which exalt  
 Their cloud-capt summits to the starry vault,  
 And this dark cavern's gloom,  
 Of living mortals the sepulchral tomb,  
 Have been the savage schools  
 Wherein I've learnt mysterious magic's rules,  
 Exploring every art,  
 Till to my teacher knowledge I impart;  
 And, seeing that the wandering sun hath flown  
 To-day his course assigned round either zone,  
 Forth from my prison come I to the light,  
 My powers to prove and magic charms to recite.  
 Ye pure and cloudless skies,  
 List to the words of my dark sorceries!  
 O fleet and balmy wind,  
 Cease thou to blow, thy voice in silence bind!  
 Ye rocky cliffs and dells,  
 Tremble to hear my necromantic spells!  
 Eternal giant oak,  
 Bow down thy head whilst I my slaves invoke!  
 Each bright and blooming flower,  
 Shrink at the echo of my words of power!  
 Sweet graceful warbling birds,  
 And savage monsters, haste, obey my words!  
 For, blind with fear, disturbed,  
 Alarmed, unquiet, spiritless, perturbed, —  
 Skies, winds, rocks, dells, trees, mountains, plants, and flowers,  
 Air, ocean, earth, by my all-searching powers  
 Shall in their horror learn that not in vain  
 Hath been the infernal lore of wizard Cyprian.

*Enter the DEMON.**Dæm.* How! Cypriano?*Cyp.* O, my wisest master!

*Dæm.* What! Have thy charms experienced a disaster?  
 Or why dost thou thine own misjudging will  
 Rather prefer than my superior skill?  
 Tell me for what device of magic art,  
 Cause or effect, or purpose, dost thou part,  
 Rash, daring, inconsiderate, and bold,  
 Once more on earth the sun's light to behold?

*Cyp.* Now, since I by power  
 And art can force hell's boldest minds to cower;  
 Since with such travail sore  
 I've learned thy magic lore,  
 That e'en thyself must own  
 I have thy best skill equalled or outshone;  
 And, seeing there's no part  
 Wherein thy study and laborious art  
 I have not all explained,  
 Since I dark necromancy have attained:  
 'Midst whose mysterious gloom  
 I can the dead recall from out their tomb,  
 And cause the hollow earth  
 And greedy graves their tenants vomit forth, —  
 Each corpse, in strange alarm,  
 An answer yield, or dread my potent charm;

And, seeing now the sun  
His age doth finish, and his course doth run,—  
Guiding his rapid path amidst the skies,  
Each day his steeds he plies,  
Which ever in their speed  
Against their natural course are made to retrocede,  
And wild, astonished at their mad career,  
At length complete the year, the immortal year —  
The term to me assigned  
As the last limit of my service blind; —  
I seek those bright rewards  
To reap which lingering Time so long retards.  
This day must render mine  
The fair, the adored Justina, — the divine!  
Who, by the voice o'ercome  
Of mighty Love, must to my bosom come;  
For I my fierce desires  
No longer shall restrain, nor quench my burning fires.

*Dæm.* Nor shall I suffer that thou shouldst a moment,  
If that be all thy wish. With potent lines  
Inscribe the earth, and wound with charms the air,  
Attentive to thy passion and thy hope.

*Cyp.* I shall retire then,— whither soon thou'lt see;  
And that both earth and heaven I have invoked. [Exit.]

*Dæm.* I give thee leave; for, from our art I know  
That the infernal powers unto my spells  
Will prove obedient; yielding, for my sake,  
The fair Justina to thine arms. Albeit  
My power may not a vassal make the will;  
Such strong temptations can it represent  
That, in a snare surrounded, it will be  
Inclined towards if not compelled to seek them.

*Enter CLARIN from the Cave.*

*Clar.* My proud, my ungrateful scold!  
Not Livia the ardent, but the cold!  
Now comes the hour wherein I hope to prove  
Whether be true or false thy double love;  
Since I sufficient knowledge have acquired  
To see if thou of living chaste hast tired.  
For, with such travail sore  
I've studied magic lore,  
That I command my vassals to portend  
If thou and Moscon do perchance offend.  
Ye watery (I should have said pure) skies,  
List to the dark words of my sorceries!  
Mountains! —

*Dæm.* Now, Clarin, what is this ye do?

*Clar.* O, wisest master! in thy magic art  
I, by concomitance, am so expert,  
That I would question all the powers of air  
If Livia (ungrateful as she's fair)  
Her vow to me doth ever disobey  
In the most fatal period of my day.

*Dæm.* Give over fooling! In the deepest dell  
Of these wild rocks go and assist your master,  
That thou mayst see, if wonders thou wouldst prove,  
The end of his desires. I now would be  
Alone.

*Clar.* And I accompanied. If I  
Have not deserved thy sciences to learn,  
For that I have not given my seal in blood,  
Upon this handkerchief [Draws out a dirty handkerchief.]  
(More cleanly never

Carries it one who weeps so much as I.)  
I will now sign it, giving to my nose  
A blow; for it, methinks, can matter little  
Whether the blood flow thence, or from mine arm.  
[Writes with his finger upon it.]

I, the great Clarin, say that I, to gain  
The cruel Livia, to the devil give —

*Dæm.* I tell thee now to leave me. With thy master  
Depart immediately.

*Clar.* Farewell, farewell !

Since you accept not when I offer you  
My bond, it must be that you reckon me  
Secured already by some other means. [*Exit.*]

*Dæm.* Spirits that your thrones do keep  
In the night-womb of hell's unfathomed deep !  
From the raging anarchy  
Of your prison-house untie  
The spirits of voluptuous death,  
That they with mighty breath  
Instil their poison in the virgin mind  
Of chaste Justina ! and with fancies blind  
As thick as motes surround  
The turbid air around  
Her path ; and let harmonious concords move  
Her swelling breast, and light her soul to love  
By sympathy, while fancy showers  
Alternate song of birds, and plants, and flowers ;  
Her eyes let nothing see  
But signs that tell of love's soft victory ;  
Her ear no sounds invade  
But such as mourn the sorrows love has made ;  
So that in faith no succour she may find,  
But seek her Cyprian in your snare entwined.  
Begin, while I in silence cease,  
That thy sweet voice the enchanting song release.

*Song behind the Scene.*

*A Voice.* What is the glory far above  
All else in human life ?

*Chorus.* Love, Love !

[*During the song the Dæmon goes out.*]

*The Scene revolves to the Chamber of JUSTINA, who enters in violent agitation.*

*A Voice.* All forms in Nature feel the strife  
Of sweet Love's voluptuous fires.  
Oh ! man lives more by love than life,  
Mortal life which soon expires !  
Tree, and plant, and blooming flower,  
Bird on bough, all live and love ;  
All proclaim with magic power  
That the glory far above  
All else in life is —

*Chorus.* Love — O Love !

*Just.* Thou, melancholy ! which in me [*Agitated.*]  
Fluttering risest sad and sweet,  
When surrender'd I to thee, —  
Leave my languid heart to treat  
With such hateful tyranny !  
Tell me what tumultuous power  
Wildly doth my being move —  
Kindling, lulling more and more ?  
And this glow why feels my heart ?  
Say, what causes now the smart  
Of this anguish ?

*Chorus.* Love — O Love !

*Just.* 'Tis yon lovelorn nightingale [*More calm.*]  
That gives me the reply,  
Telling ever his soft tale  
To the listeners in the vale  
Of passion and of constancy ;  
Mourning still his gentle heat  
In melody, — ah me, how sweet !  
Whilst his mate, who, rapt and fond,

Listening sits a bough beyond,  
 Makes divine response meet.  
 Cease, O cease, sweet Philomel!  
 That not by so deep a charm  
 Thoughts within my soul may swell,  
 That a manly heart would tell  
 If a bird can feel so warm.  
 No, it was yon vinetree's song,  
 That, still longing, seeks and flies,  
 Till it doth, the flowers among,  
 All the stem-beloved throng,  
 And the green trunk vanquished lies.  
 Vine, no more with green embraces  
 Make me think on what thou lovest;  
 For thy tendril interlaces  
 But to teach, I fear, thou sophist!  
 Arms will twine too, nor dis sever;  
 And, if not the tender vine  
 That still tries with fond endeavour  
 With yon elm to interwine,  
 'T is yon bright sunflower, that ever  
 Charmed by the orb's decline,  
 Wanders after every glimmer  
 Of his countenance divine.  
 Sun-enamoured thing! obscure  
 From mine eye those beams that slant it;  
 Dost thou still insatiate lure,  
 Cheek to cheek, thy paramour,  
 Ever-moving, light enchanted!  
 Hide, O flower, the amorous glowing  
 Of thy beauty, — tranquil foe!  
 To my treacherous heart avowing,  
 If such tears from leaves are flowing,  
 How from eyes the tears would flow!  
 Loose, O vine, thy wreathed bower!  
 Silence, songster of the grove!  
 Rest, thou light inconstant flower!  
 Or tell me the poisonous power  
 Of your magic.

*Chorus.* Love — O Love!

*Just.* Love! Ah, when did I respect it?  
 Or, thou false one! homage plan?  
 Ever have I not neglected,  
 With disdain and scorn rejected,  
 Lelius, Florus, Cyprian?

*[Pauses at the name of CYPRIAN, and seems again disquieted.]*

Lelio did not I disband,  
 And refuse young Florus' hand?  
 Cyprian treated with such scorn,  
 That, despairing and forlorn,  
 He for ever disappears?  
 But, alas! I deem that now  
 Is the occasion whence these tears  
 Venture boldly to avow  
 What inspires me with those fears,  
 Since to mine own soul apart  
 I pronounced that, in that hour,  
 Cyprian did for ever part, —  
 Feel I (woe is me!) a power  
 Raging in my burning heart.  
 Ah, it must be pity when *[Calm again.]*  
 Such a man, so high renown'd,  
 By the whole world's voices crown'd  
 Noblest of all noblemen,  
 From my heartless scorn hath drown'd  
 In oblivion his great mind.  
 But, we're in compassion blind, *[Again agitated.]*

I the like had felt towards  
 Lelius' or young Florus' mind,  
 Since in bonds both are confined,  
 For my sake, by tyrant guards.  
 Then, ye wandering fancies, cease!  
 Enough, without this subtlety,  
 'Tis that pity to increase,  
 Nor my soul to love compel;  
 For I know not, woe is me! [More calm.  
 Where to find him now, should I  
 Through the wide world to him fly.

*The DÆMON enters.*

*Dæm.* Come, oh come, and I will tell!

*Just.* What art thou, who thus athwart  
 This my chamber find'st thy way,  
 When no bars asunder part?  
 Say if thou a phantom art,  
 Formed by terror and dismay?

*Dæm.* No; but one called by the thought  
 That now rules, with tyrant sway,  
 O'er thy faltering heart, — a man  
 Whom compassion hither brought,  
 That he might point out the way  
 Whither fled thy Cyprian.

*Just.* And so shalt thou fail. This storm  
 Which afflicts my frenzied soul  
 May imagination form  
 To its wish, but ne'er shall warm  
 Reason to its mad controul.

*Dæm.* If thou hast the thought permitted,  
 Half the sin is almost done!  
 Wilt thou, since 'tis all committed,  
 Linger ere the joy be won?

*Just.* In our power abides not thought  
 (Thought, alas! how vain to fly);  
 But the deed is, and 'tis one  
 That we sin in mind have sought,  
 And another to have done:  
 I'll not move my foot to try.

*Dæm.* If a mortal power assail  
 Justina with all its might,  
 Say will not the victory fail  
 When thy wish will not avail,  
 But inclines thee in despite?

*Just.* By opposing to thee now  
 My free will and liberty.

*Dæm.* To my power they soon shall bow.

*Just.* If it could such power avow,  
 Would our free will then be free?

*Dæm.* Come, 'tis bliss that thou will prove.

*Just.* Dearly would I gain it so.

*Dæm.* It is peace, and calm, and love. [*Draws, but cannot move her.*

*Just.* It is misery, death, despair!

*Dæm.* Heavenly joy!

*Just.* 'Tis bitter woe!

*Dæm.* Lost and shamed, forsaken one!  
 Who in thy defence shall dare?

*Just.* My defence is God alone.

*Dæm.* Virgin, virgin, thou hast won, [*Loosens his hold.*  
 Since thou fight'st against the snare.  
 But since now it is so plain  
 That God's arm is thy great shield,  
 Shall my wrath and raging pain  
 Learn a phantom false to feign  
 That shall force thy will to yield;  
 For a shape forthwith I'll form,  
 And in thy resemblance mask,

Which thy shame will soon perform,  
By my power, lent for this task.  
Thus dishonoured shalt thou live ;  
Thus two triumphs I derive,  
On thy virtue false avenged.  
First thine infamy contrive,  
Then a joy that's fugitive  
See for lasting woe exchanged. [*Exit.*

*Just.* Help me, Heaven ! that I may find  
Might through thee to scorn his power :  
Make thou that the shame designed  
Fly like flame before the wind,  
Or before the frost the flower :  
Thou canst not, — ah ! where art thou ?  
Unto whom do I still chide ?  
Did a man not stand here now ?  
No ! and yet I heard his vow.  
Yes ! — yet no ! — the place is void !  
Can he, then, have fled the air ?  
Ah ! my heart forebodes new care.  
Hath this fear my soul engrossed ?  
Hath my fear this shape begot ?  
Father ! Lord ! — Oh, I am lost !  
Livia, come ! —

*Enter LYSANDER and LIVIA.*

*Lys.* My daughter !

*Liv.* What.

*Just.* Saw you a man (oh woe !) depart ev'n now  
From out this room ? Ah me ! I cannot speak.

*Lys.* A man ?

*Just.* Hast thou not seen him ?

*Liv.* Lady, no.

*Just.* I saw him, then.

*Lys.* Impossible ; for all

The doors are locked.

*Liv.* I fear she has seen Moscon

Lurking within my room. [*Apart.*

*Lys.* Thy phantasy

Hath formed this picture in the idle air.  
Deep melancholy often breeds such power  
In a distempered brain.

*Liv.* My lord is right.

*Just.* Alas ! it was no fancy nor illusion ;  
And I suspect some worse calamity,  
My beating heart so knocks within my breast :  
Some mortal poison works its charm upon me.  
And, were it not for God, with willing steps  
Would I have sought my shame ; but well I know  
His arm will shield me from its tyrant power,  
Nor leave to woe my humble innocence.  
Livia, my veil ! For I, the whilst this fire  
Burns in my veins, will go and seek a refuge  
In the great temple of the Most High God,  
Whose cross is secrecy and faithful worship.

*Liv.* Lady, 'tis here.

*Just.* For in its ample folds  
Seek I to quench the fire in which I burn,  
Wasting away.

*Lys.* I will go too, my daughter.

*Liv.* And I shall breathe once more in freedom when  
They are without the house. [*Apart.*

*Just.* Since thus I go  
To seek thine aid, oh Heaven ! look down on me,  
For in thy mercy do I now confide.

*Lys.* Let us depart.

*Just.* Thine is the cause, O Lord !  
Turn for thy sake mercifully to me.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

## PART II.

It is our intention in this paper to lay before the reader some specimens of our early dramatic literature, from its commencement to its glorious existence under Elizabeth; a design, which the limited space afforded by the most liberal editors, as well as the impatient nature of this *magazinic era*, necessarily confines itself to a few of the most prominent. Without further preface, therefore, we begin with the "*God's Promises*" of John Bale — an intelligible specimen of the mystery-plays, though entitled by its author, "A Tragedye or Enterlude, manifesting the chefe Promises of God unto Man in all Ages of the Olde Lawe, from the fall of Adam to the Incarnacyon of the Lorde Jesus Christ."

To us, in this present nineteenth century, such plays can afford little beyond an historical interest, but that is very great; the dull prosing of these "enterludes," and their highly blasphemous (to our notions) contents, however, are certainly psychological studies well worthy of the trouble bestowed on their perusal; but it is almost superfluous to observe that *these* are the only sides from which we can be supposed to derive instruction or pleasure. As we read them, and endeavour to pitch ourselves into the condition of a spectator, we are struck with the vigour of imagination pre-supposed in the audience which could convert such rude appeals into as powerful, if not more powerful, an engine of moral instruction and thrilling delight, as was ever elicited by the most mature and comprehensive drama of a Shakspeare. We shall advert to this when we come to speak of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. These mysteries were, we conceive, — to express their dynamic existence and peculiar import, — nothing more than a popular, practical, and pantomimic realisation of the doctrines of religion, addressed to the vulgar (the vulgar of intellect both of gentry and *canaille*), otherwise unable to grasp these abstract notions. Parables, fables, &c. have, from time to time immemorial, been an esteemed mode of circumlocutory instruction on abstract points, and a mystery-play is nothing more than a *bodily fable* — a doctrine in action. Although they were subsequently defaced by buffooneries, and treated of other subjects, yet these departures were scarcely reprimanded, and the *passion of Christ*, in some guise or other, was the only "legitimate drama" of those days. The doctrine always enunciated was

"To rejoyce in God for your justyfycacyon,  
And alone in Christ to hope for your salvacyon."

Fitz Stephens says, "Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes passionum quibus claruit constantia martyrum." And in the Cottonian Library the collection is named, "Dramata Sacra, in quibus exhibentur historiæ Veteris et N. Testamenti, introductis quasi in scenam personis illic memoratis, quas secum invicem colloquentes pro ingenio fingit poeta. Videntur olim coram populo sive ad instruendum, sive ad placendum, a fratribus mendicantis representata." \*

\* *Historia Histrionica*, given in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

In Bale's "*God's Promises*," the dramatis personæ, or, as they are more justly styled, *interlocutores* (for they do nothing but talk to each other), are

Pater Cælestis.  
Justus Noah.  
Moses Sanctus.  
Esaias propheta.

Adam *primus homo*.  
Abraham *fideus*.  
David *rex pius*.  
Johannes *baptista*.

It is divided into *seven* acts, each of which delineates one of the seven periods and of the seven promises made by the Creator to Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Esaias, and John the Baptist. It is in itself nothing more than seven dialogues held by the Creator with these seven men, and is a versified epitome of the Bible; which, as the Bible was not then translated into the vernacular tongue, and as its contents could only be expounded by the discourses of priests, is a confirmation of what was said above, touching the import of such pieces. Being accompanied by a chorus at the end of each act, and the playing of the organ, we may conceive it as no more than an *amusing sermon*.

*Actus Primus* opens with a soliloquy of *Pater Cælestis*, very much in the manner of the Greek prologues, which begins thus:—

"In the begynnynge before the heavens were create,  
In me and of me was my sonne sempyternall  
With the Holy Ghost, in one degree or estate  
Of the high Godhed, to me the Father co-equal," &c.

Adam appears and begs for mercy for his sins, saying,

"Soch heavye fortune hath chefelye chaunced me,  
For that I was left to myne owne lyberte.  
*Pater Cælestis*. Then the art blamelesse and the faulte the layest to me.  
*Adam primus homo*. Naye, all I ascribe to my own imbecyllite;  
No faulte in the Lorde, but in my infirmyte,  
And want of respect in soch gyfies as the gavest me."

This is a specimen of the conversation held between them; but the following is so rude and blasphemous, that it would be almost impossible to regard it as otherwise than a biting sarcasm of the Voltaire school, did we not know what horrible notions were then prevalent, and how little apt people are, even in the present day, to see any error that is protected "by authority.\*

"*Adam primus homo*. Good Lorde, I axe the mercy.  
*Pater Cælestis*. The shalt die for it, with all thy posterite.  
*Adam primus homo*. For one faulte, good Lorde, avenge not thyself on me,  
Who am but a worme, or a fleshlelye vanyte.  
*Pater Cælestis*. I am immutable, I may change no decre.  
The shalt dye (I saye) without any remedye."

This is certainly the writing of a theologian and controversialist like Bale! but in spite of the immutable nature, he consents to alleviate his curse, and makes his covenant with Adam; the serpent is condemned to grovel on the ground, and the

"Woman shall sorrowe in paynefull propagacyon;"

and the act concludes with this chorus:—

"O eternal sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe of the hyghest reachynge fourth with a great power from the begynnynge to the ende, with heavenlye sweetnesse dysposynge all creatures, come now and enstruct us to the true waye of thy godlye prudence."

\* "It seems that the taste of that age was not so nice and delicate in such matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors being prepared with favour and taking every thing by the right and easiest handle."—*Historia Histrionica*, ubi supra, clviii.



That "strain I heard was of a higher mood!" and we may also subjoin the chorus of the second act, in which there is an oriental grandeur:—

"O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the sempyternall bryghtnesse! O clere sunne of justyce and heavenlye rightousnesse! come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, sittinge now in the darke prison and shadowe of eternall deathe!"

We conclude our extracts with the commencement of the seventh act:—

"*Pater Cælestis*. I have with *fearcenesse* mankind oftentimes corrected,  
And agayne, I have *allured* him by swete promes.  
I have sent sore plages, when he hath me neglected,  
And then, by and by, most comfortable sweetnes."

There is very little dramatic talent displayed in all these mysteries, as may be supposed,—indeed, very little worth of any sort; but they are historic documents, which, he who would fairly understand the subsequent Drama, must needs study. But in the *Morality* of the "*Neuwe Custome* \*," although there is the same utter deficiency of any thing like dramatic action, contains an interesting and amusing picture of the times; and there is a rough honest satire, and a naïve spirit beaming dimly through it, which make it readable. It is written to promote the spirit of the Reformation, and brings the abuses of Catholicism unsparingly under the lash of irony; and all this is done in so hearty and uncompromising a manner, and with such an absence of the *odium theologicum*, that one laughs and reads with an enjoyment to be found in no other specimen of the kind; and it presents a pleasing contrast to *God's Promises*, by the fiery Bishop Bale. The *interlocutores* are as follows:—

*Perverse Doctrine*, an old *papishe Priest*.  
*Ignorance*, an other, but elder.  
*Neuwe Custome*, a minister.  
*Light of the Gospel*, a minister.  
*Hypocrisie*, an old woman.

*Chreweltie*, a ruffler.  
*Edification*, a sage.  
*Assurance*, a vertue.  
*Goddess Felicitie*, a sage.

There is a charming simplicity in the begging of the question exhibited here in the very names. Papacy is called "*Perverse Custom and Ignorance*,"—thus settling the matter at once.

*Perverse Doctrine* and *Ignorance* are lamenting over the "signs of the times," and the insecurity of their domination;—the earnest yet unconscious manner in which *Perverse Doctrine* exposes his feebleness and hollowness is really dramatic, and is rarely to be found in those days, or even in our own, where one party is making another party "set himself down as ass." Here he has no consciousness at all that he is uttering anything but sound doctrine, but fulminates in a most priestly style. Speaking of the Reformists, he says—

"For how should they have learning that were borne even now?  
As fit a sight it were to see a goose shodde, or a sadled cowe,  
As to hear the prattlinge of any soche Jack Strawe.  
For when hee hath all done I compte him but a very dawe.  
As in London not long since, you wot well where,  
They rang to a sermon and we chaunced to be there.  
Up start the preacher, I thinke not past twenty yeeeres olde,  
With a soundinge voyce and audacitie bolde,  
And began to revile at the holie sacrament and transubstanciation.  
I never heard one knave or other make suche a declaration.  
But if I had had the boye in a convenient place,  
With a good rodde or twain, not past one hour's space,

\* *Apud Dodsley*, vol. i.

*I would so have scourged my marchant that his breeche should ake,  
 So long as it is since that he those woordes spake.  
 What younge men to be medlers in Divinitie? it is a Godly sight?  
 Yet therein nowe almost is every boye's delighte.  
 No booke nowe in their hands, but all scripture, scripture,  
 Eyther the whole Bible or the New Testament you may be sure."*

The anxious desire expressed by the priest to scourge the presumptuous differer puts us in mind of a story told by Coleridge, of, when he was at school, once informing his master he was "sceptical." "What!" cries the astonished pedagogue, "sceptical! I'll soon drive all that nonsense out of your head;" and proceeded to birch all the pyrrhonism that had pestered the ancient mariner;—a mode of conviction which Coleridge lauds as wholesome and satisfactory, and which opponents have always had a sneaking tendency to establish.

Ignorance complains also of the age, and of men denying

"That I, Ignorance, am mother of true devotion,  
 And knowledge the author of the contrarie affection:  
*They denie it so stoutely as thoughe it were not so!"*

This last line is exquisitely ludicrous. *Perverse Doctrine* proposes that they shall change their names.

"It were expedient that bothe our names were amended;  
 Ignorance shall simplicitie be, for that comes very nie;  
 And for Perverse Doctrine, I will be called Sound Doctrine, I.  
*And nowe that wee are both in suche sorte named,  
 We may go in any place and never be blamed."*

From these it is certainly no great stride in dramatic literature, one would think, to have arrived at the *Four P's* and *Gammer Gurton*;—but the step was taken not by the intrinsic merit of the pieces, but by enlarging or altering the sphere—by banishing the *passion* and other religious subjects, and occupying themselves with the follies and passions of men, which is the true end of the Drama! It may seem strange at first, how amusement could be found in such buffooneries; but any one who has witnessed the exhibitions of country fairs, or the extravagant absurdities, devoid of all wit or humour, which delight the open-mouthed on the *Würstel Prater* at Vienna, may readily comprehend their success. The spirit of imitation, of dramatic exhibition, is inherent in human nature. Boys are always found playing at Soldiers and Robbers; and what are those games but improvised Dramas? The first attempts of man at theatric imitation will necessarily be poor and feeble, for the audience are not critical, and the players have had no models; however, it is the condition of every thing, when once called into existence, to *progress*; and the mummeries of Bacchants, or the absurdities of strolling mendicants, gradually give place to an *Æschylus* and a *Marlowe*.

John Heywood, as we remarked in our former paper, is the English Thespis. In his play of the *Four P's*, we see no more dramatic spirit than is exhibited by the *Moralities*: it all passes in dialogue; most of it very irrelevant, with rude attempts at wit, and no glimpse of action. But he was the first to break through the sphere of Mysteries and Moralities; and, having once taken this step, the rest followed in course of time. Hazlitt says

"The *Four P's*' bears the date of 1547. It is very curious, as an evidence both of the wit, the manners, and opinions of the time. Each of the parties in the dialogue gives an account of the boasted advantages of his own particular calling, that is, of the frauds which

he practises on credulity and ignorance, and is laughed at by others in turn. In fact, they all of them strive to outbrave each other, till the contest becomes a jest, and it ends in a wager who shall tell the greatest lie, when the prize is adjudged to him who says that he had found a patient woman.\* The common superstitions (here recorded) in civil and religious matters are almost incredible; and the chopped logic, which was the fashion of the time, and which comes in aid of the author's shrewd and pleasant sallies to expose them, is highly entertaining. Thus the Pardoner, scorning the Palmer's long pilgrimages and circuitous road to heaven, flouts him to his face, and vaunts his own superior pretensions:—

“ ‘ *Pard.* By the first part of this last tale,  
It seemeth you came of late from the ale:  
For reason on your side so far doth fail,  
That you leave reasoning, and begin to rail.  
Wherein you forget your own part clearly,  
For you be as untrue as I:  
But in one part you are beyond me,  
For you may lie by authority,  
And all that have wandered so far,  
That no man can be their controller,  
And where you esteem your labour so much  
I say yet again, my pardons are such,  
That if there were a thousand souls on a heap,  
I would bring them all to heaven as good sheep,  
As you have brought yourself on pilgrimage,  
In the last quarter of your voyage,  
Which is far a-this side heaven, by God:  
There your labour and pardon is odd.  
With small cost without any pain,  
These pardons bring them to heaven plain:  
Give me but a penny or two-pence,  
As soon as the soul departeth hence,  
In half an hour, or three quarters at the most,  
The soul is in heaven with the Holy Ghost.’

“ The Poticary does not approve of this arrogance of the Friar, and undertakes, in word and figure, to prove them both ‘false knaves.’ It is he, he says, who sends most souls to heaven, and who ought, therefore, to have the credit of it.

‘ No soul, ye know, entereth heaven-gate,  
Till from the body he be separate:  
And whom have ye known die honestly,  
Without help of the Poticary?  
Nay, all that cometh to our handling,  
Except ye hap to come to hanging. . . . .  
Since of our souls the multitude  
I send to heaven, when all is view’d,  
Who should but I then altogether  
Have thank of all their coming thither?’

“ The Pardoner here interrupts him captiously —

‘ If ye kill’d a thousand in an hour’s space,  
When come they to heaven, dying out of grace?’

“ But the Poticary, not so baffled, retorts —

‘ If a thousand pardons about your necks were tied;  
When come they to heaven, if they never died?  
But when ye feel your conscience ready,  
I can send you to heaven very quickly.’

“ The Pedlar finds out the weak side of his new companions, and tells them very bluntly on their referring their dispute to him, a piece of his mind.

‘ Now have I found one mastery,  
That ye can do indifferently;  
And it is neither selling nor buying,  
But even only very lying.’

“ At this game of imposture, the cunning dealer in pins and laces undertakes to judge their merits; and they accordingly set to work like regular graduates. The Pardoner

\* “ Or, never known one otherwise than patient.”

takes the lead, with an account of the virtues of his relics ; and here we may find a plentiful mixture of popish superstition and indecency. The bigotry of any age is by no means a test of its piety, or even sincerity. Men seemed to make themselves amends for the enormity of their faith by levity of feeling, as well as by laxity of principle ; and in the indifference or ridicule with which they treated the wilful absurdities and extravagances to which they hood-winked their understandings, almost resembled children playing at blind-man's-buff, who grope their way in the dark, and make blunders on purpose to laugh at their own idleness and folly. The sort of mummery at which popish bigotry used to play at the time when this old comedy was written, was not quite so harmless as blindman's-buff : what was sport to her, was death to others. She laughed at her own mockeries of common sense and true religion, and murdered while she laughed."

"The controversy between them being undecided, the Apothecary, to cleave his pretensions 'as a liar of the first magnitude,' by a *coup-de-grace*, says to the Pedlar, 'You are an honest man ;' but this home-thrust is somehow ingeniously parried. The Apothecary and Pardoner fall to their narrative vein again ; and the latter tells a story of fetching a young woman from the lower world, from which I shall only give one specimen more, as an instance of ludicrous and fantastic exaggeration. By the help of a passport from Lucifer, 'given in the furnace of our palace,' he obtains a safe conduct from one of the subordinate imps to his master's presence."

'This devil and I walked arm in arm  
So far, till he had brought me thither,  
Where all the devils of hell together  
Stood in array in such apparel,  
As for that day there meetly fell.  
Their horns well gilt, their claws full clean,  
Their tails well kempt, and, as I ween,  
With soothery butter their bodies anointed ;  
I never saw devils so well appointed.  
The master-devil sat in his jacket,  
And all the souls were playing at racket.  
None other rackets they had in hand,  
Save every soul a good fire-brand ;  
Wherewith they played so prettily,  
That Lucifer laughed merrily.  
And all the residue of the fiends  
Did laugh thereat full well, like friends.  
But of my friend I saw no whit,  
Nor durst not ask for her as yet.  
Anon all this rout was brought in silence,  
And I by an usher brought to presence  
Of Lucifer ; then low, as well I could,  
I kneeled, which he so well allow'd  
That thus he beak'd, and by St. Antony  
He smiled on me well-favour'dly,  
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors ;  
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs ;  
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels ;  
Flashing the fire out of his nostrils ;  
Gnashing his teeth so vain-gloriously,  
That methought time to fall to flattery,  
Wherewith I told, as I shall tell ;  
Oh pleasant picture ! O prince of hell !' &c.

"The piece concludes with some good wholesome advice from the Pedlar, who here, as well as in the poem of the 'Excursion,' performs the part of Old Morality ; but he does not seem, as in the latter case, to be acquainted with the 'mighty stream of Tendency.' He is more full of 'wise saws' than 'modern instances ;' as prosing, but less paradoxical !"

'But where ye doubt, the truth not knowing,  
Believing the best, good may be growing.  
In judging the best, no harm at the least ;  
In judging the worst, no good at the best.  
But best in these things, it seemeth to me,  
To make no judgment upon ye ;  
But as the church does judge or take them,  
So do ye receive or forsake them.  
And so be you sure you cannot err,  
But may be a fruitful follower.'

"Nothing can be clearer than this."

*Gammer Gurton's Needle* is of very high historical interest, as being

the *second* comedy — approaching our notions of a play, — the first being *Rauf Ruyster Duster*, which the reader may see analysed in “*Collier’s History of Dramatic Poetry*.” It is a regular comedy, divided into five acts and scenes, and interspersed with songs, containing the adventures of a rake, frequently gulled and laughed at by his friend Matthew Merry Greek. *Gammer Gurton* is a description of low country life, and may be distinguished from the *Four P’s*, as well as the *Mysteries and Moralities*, by having some sort of *action* and bustle. We subjoin Hazlitt’s analysis of it.

“ ‘*Gammer Gurton’s Needle*’ \* is a still older and more curious relic ; and is a regular comedy in five acts, built on the circumstance of an old woman having lost her needle, which throws the whole village into confusion, till it is at last providentially found sticking in an unlucky part of Hodge’s dress. This must evidently have happened at a time when the manufacturers of Sheffield and Birmingham had not reached the height of perfection which they have at present done. Suppose that there is only one sewing-needle in a parish, that the owner, a diligent, notable old dame, loses it, that a mischief-making wag sets it about that another old woman has stolen this valuable instrument of household industry, that strict search is made everywhere in-doors for it in vain, and that then the incensed parties sally forth to scold it out in the open air, till words end in blows, and the affair is referred over to the higher authorities, and we shall have an exact idea (though perhaps not so lively a one) of what passes in this authentic document between *Gammer Gurton* and her Gossip Dame Chat, Diccon the Bedlam (the causer of these harms), Hodge, *Gammer Gurton’s* servant, Tyb, her maid, Cocke, her apprentice boy, Doll, Scape-thrift, Master Baillie, his master, Doctor Rat, the curate, and Gib the Cat, who may be fairly reckoned one of the *dramatist personæ*, and performs no mean part.”

“ Diccon, the strolling beggar (or Bedlam, as he is called), steals a piece of bacon from behind *Gammer Gurton’s* door, and in answer to Hodge’s complaint of being dreadfully pinched for hunger, asks —

‘ Why, Hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to set ?

‘ *Hodge.* Gog’s bread, Diccon, I came too late, was nothing there to get :

Gib (a foul fiend might on her light) lick’d the milk-pan so clean :

See, Diccon, ’twas not so well wash’d this seven year I ween.

A pestilence light on all ill luck, I had thought yet for all this,

Of a morsel of bacon behind the door, at worst I should not miss

But when I sought a slip to cut, as I was wont to do,

Gog’s souls, Diccon, Gib our cat had eat the bacon too.’

“ Hodge’s difficulty in making Diccon understand what the needle is which his dame has lost, shows his superior acquaintance with the conveniences and modes of abridging labour in more civilised life, of which the other had no idea.

‘ *Hodge.* Has she not gone, trowest now thou, and lost her neele ?’ [So it is called here.]

‘ *Dic.* (says staring). Her eel, Hodge ? Who fished of late ? That was a dainty dish.

‘ *Hodge.* Tush, tush, her neele, her neele, her neele, man, ’tis neither flesh nor fish :

A little thing with a hole in the end, as bright as any siller [silver],

Small, long, sharp at the point, and straight as any pillar.

‘ *Dic.* I know not what a devil thou mean’st, thou bring’st me more in doubt.

‘ *Hodge* (answers with disdain). Know’st not with what Tom tailor’s man sits broching through a clout ?

A neele, a neele, my Gammer’s neele is gone.’

“ The rogue Diccon threatens to show Hodge a spirit ; but though Hodge runs away through pure fear before it has time to appear, he does not fail, in the true spirit of credulity, to give a faithful and alarming account of what he did not see to his mistress, concluding with a hit at the Popish clergy.

‘ By the mass, I saw him of late call up a great black devil.

Oh, the knave cried, ho, ho, he roared and thundered ;

And ye had been there, I’m sure you’d murrainly ha’ wonder’d.

‘ *Gam.* Wast not thou afraid, Hodge, to see him in his place ?

‘ *Hodge* (lies and says). No, and he had come to me, should have laid him on his face, Should have promised him.

‘ *Gam.* But, Hodge, had he no horns to push ?

\* “The name of Still has been assigned as the author of this singular production, with the date of 1566.”

'Hodge. As long as your two arms. Saw ye never Friar Rush,  
Painted on a cloth, with a fine long cow's tail,  
And crooked cloven feet, and many a hooked nail?  
For all the world (if I should judge) should reckon him his brother:  
Look even what face Friar Rush had, the devil had such another.'

"He then adds (quite apochryphally) while he is in for it, that 'the devil said plainly that Dame Chat had got the needle,' which makes all the disturbance. The same play contains the well-known good old song, beginning and ending—

'Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold:  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.  
I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think, that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood:  
Though I go bare, take ye no care;  
I nothing am a-cold:  
I stuff my skin so full within —  
Of jolly good ale and old.  
Back and side go bare, &c.

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast,  
And a crab laid in the fire:  
A little bread, shall do me stead,  
Much bread I not desire.  
No frost or snow, no wind I trow,  
Can hurt me if I wolde, —  
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt  
In jolly good ale and old.  
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that has her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek;  
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see  
The tears run down her cheek:  
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,  
Even as a malt-worm sholde:  
And saith, sweetheart, I took my part  
Of this jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold:  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.'

"Such was the wit, such was the mirth of our ancestors: — homely, but hearty; coarse perhaps, but kindly. Let no man despise it, for 'Evil to him that evil thinks.' To think it poor and beneath notice because it is not just like ours, is the same sort of hypercriticism that was exercised by the person who refused to read some old books, because they were 'such very poor spelling.' The meagreness of their literary or their bodily fare was at least relished by themselves; and this is better than a surfeit or an indigestion. It is refreshing to look out of ourselves sometimes, not to be always holding the glass to our own peerless perfections; and as there is a dead wall which always intercepts the prospect of the future from our view (all that we can see beyond it is the heavens), it is as well to direct our eyes now and then without scorn to the page of history, and repulsed in our attempts to penetrate the secrets of the next six thousand years, not to turn our backs on auld lang syne!"

We are here arrived at a resting-place, from whence it will be useful to take a *coup-d'œil* of the whole matter. We have brought the reader, from the apparently incongruous *Mysteries* to the first step in absolute dramatic literature, and given him specimens of the rude attempts at wit, and absurdities, which were the delight of the first half of the sixteenth century; and it is now time to cast our glance backward on the argument contained in the former paper on this subject. We therein argued the point — hitherto we believe passed over in silence — of the probable reason for the strange intermixture of beauty and deformity, of wit and absurdity, and for the adherence to their own irregular Drama when they had classical

models at hand. We therein suggested that the learning and beauty were to please the few, the buffoonery the many; "who knowing nothing, caring nothing for any classic rule, would not give up their clowns and conceits." All improvement must be gradual. No one will deny the immeasurable superiority of German music to the Italian, of Glück to Rossini, Winter to Donizetti, Spohr to Vaccai, and yet the Italians will not tolerate these on their stage. We may call this prejudice or bad taste, but the fact remains, and will remain so until gradual approaches have been made by Italian composers becoming more German,—and this is the work of time. We notice this fact, because a case precisely similar occurs in the history of the English Drama,—a case of which, with the characteristic dullness of English historians, no application has been made,—the fact is simply stated and reiterated by all subsequent writers,—we allude to the *Suppositi* of Ariosto, having been translated by Gascoigne, under the title of the *Supposes*, and acted in 1566, one year after the probable date of *Gammer Gurton*. The *Suppositi* of Ariosto is well known to Italian scholars as a most amusing comedy in every sense of the word; but, in order that the reader may see fully the dramatic talent and comic worth of this piece, and thereby judge of the immense difference between it and *Gammer Gurton*, and its consequent importance as a model, we give an analysis of it.

Erostrate having assumed the name of Dulippo, serves as valet to the father of Polineste. This father, like most comedy fathers, is bent on marrying her to an old rich Doctor. The real Dulippo, who is valet to Erostrate, demands her in marriage in the name of Erostrate, thus to favour the *amour* of his master, and outrival the Doctor; but he is absolutely without the means of proving his identity to Damonio (the father of Polineste), that he really is Erostrate, and that his pretended father consents to give him 3000 ducats on his marriage.

Luckily he meets with a Siennese, a man of great simplicity, whom he terrifies by telling him of his imprudence in setting foot in Ferrara, the Duke having ordered the arrest of all the Siennese. "Now this is what I will do for you," continues Dulippo; "I am a Sicilian; my name is Erostrate; my father Philogono is a rich merchant of Catania: pass for him; come home with me; I will observe all the respect due to a parent; on your side you will do all to me that a father would do to a child. In a few days you will escape without disturbance and without fear." The simple Siennese is overwhelmed with gratitude. He goes home with him under the name of Philogono. Dulippo determines to make him support the character, even to the signing of the promise of 3000 ducats. In the meanwhile, however, a servant has discovered the secret of Erostrate and Polineste, and denounces the false valet to Damonio, who confines him in a dungeon till he can arrange this irritating affair, and revenge himself without inculpating the honour of his daughter.

Now the real Philogono arrives from Sicily. Dulippo, who passes as his son Erostrate, is in the greatest embarrassment. Philogono arrives at the house of his son, and the servant says that he cannot enter, for Erostrate is not there, and that he has given up the apartments to his father. "His father!" exclaims Philogono. "Yes—the rich Philogono of Catania," replies the servant. Philogono, who understands nothing of this, makes him repeat it in various ways, and at length demands to see this father of Erostrate. The Siennese appears, and stoutly maintains that he is Philogono, rich merchant of Catania, &c. The real Philogono treats him as an impostor. The Siennese enters the house, and leaves him storming in the street.

Dulippo now appears, and maintains with inimitable coolness that he is the son of Philogono; the latter denies it in vain; in vain does he recognise him as Dulippo, whom he had brought up from childhood, and given to his son Erostrate as a valet; in vain does he fly into a passion, and deplore the loss of his son, whom this perfidious Dulippo has killed, he is certain. Dulippo remains imperturbable — persists in calling him his father, and reproaches him with denying so good a child. A Ferrarese, who is present, gravely attests that the young man has always been looked upon as Erostrate, and that all Ferrara will attest the same. Philogono gets out of all patience — he vows to complain to the authorities. The Ferrarese proposes to present him to an advocate, who has the singular merit of being honest. This happens to be the very Doctor who is Erostrate's rival. Philogono cannot understand how this pretended Erostrate can dare demand in marriage a girl of condition; but at length he accepts the proposal, and goes with him to the Doctor.

This, which seems to complicate the intrigue, and excites the interest to the highest pitch, only serves in the end to unravel it. The Doctor, it appears, had formerly a son, who was carried off by the Turks; this son Philogono accidentally had bought as a child, had brought up and placed him by his son as valet. This son is Dulippo, who, taking the name of Erostrate, finished his studies at Ferrara, while Erostrate, taking the name of Dulippo, served Damonio: all is therefore soon arranged: the Doctor, delighted at recovering his son, renounces the idea of a second marriage. Erostrate is released, and marries the lady of his love.

Even from this analysis (and as to the dialogue, the reader can imagine that in the hands of Ariosto), it will be seen that this was a piece not only outstripping every thing of the kind that they had ever known, but also opening and suggesting such a new field as must instantly have produced a revolution, had the stage been ripe for it; but the stage was not ripe, and consequently, we find Lily, in 1584 and 1594, writing *Alexander and Campaspe* and *Mother Bombie*, which, though wanting in all dramatic merit, yet found applauders and imitators. There is some capital writing in *Alexander and Campaspe*, although it is too uniformly antithetical and epigrammatic; but the piece itself passes off in the most discursive dialogue, without the shadow of an action. The following song in it is very elegant: —

“Cupid and my Campaspe play’d  
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;  
His mother’s doves and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too, then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on’s cheek (but none knows how)  
With these the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes.  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O, Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?”

Is it not a final argument for the want of such a work as we suggested should be written, and for which these papers afford loose hints, that such a fact as this comedy of Ariosto’s having been acted and producing no immediate effect, should have been passed over without comment by Historians? The complaint we make against all these men without exception is, that they do not read History, but black letter; they do not see the fact in its vitality and strength, but in its name and *date*. They are diligent, and combat



about a word or a date with extraordinary perseverance; but for any real fact in its potency, you must look elsewhere. Hence it is that the History of Dramatic Literature remains still to be written, Mr. Collier having collected materials. Do, reader, consider the following passage — from a professional historian and critic, and published last year — “The ‘Supposes’ of George Gascoyne, acted at Gray’s Inn, in 1566, is but a translation in prose from the ‘Suppositi’ of Ariosto. *It seems to have been published in the same year.*” \* Not a word more! Yet surely this fact has a meaning, and a potent meaning? If the statue of the Theseus were presented to the Egyptian sculptors, and they were still to continue in their own grotesque style, it would surely indicate one of these two things: either insensibility to its beauty in the Egyptians, or utter incapacity on the part of their sculptor. Were the Dramatists or the public incapable? — this is the historical query, which this present writer thinks must be answered ambiguously, viz., that it was partly one and partly the other. The audience must have relished the action and the *equivoque*, although probably too complicated for them to follow entirely through; and the Dramatists, though they might have made faint imitations, could not be supposed to attain this excellence at once, and so relapsed into their old style. A counterproof of the indifference of the audience to a species of drama distinct from their own may be seen in the coldness with which *Gorboduc* and *Jocasta* (translated from the Phœnissa of Euripides) were received. Of *Gorboduc*, Hazlitt says, —

“This tragedy being considered as the first in our language, is certainly a curiosity, and in other respects it is also remarkable; though, perhaps, enough has been said about it. As a work of genius, it may be set down as nothing, for it contains hardly a memorable line or passage; as a work of art, and the first of its kind attempted in the language, it may be considered as a monument of the taste and skill of the authors. Its merit is confined to the regularity of the plot and metre, to its general good sense, and strict attention to common decorum. If the poet had not stamped the peculiar genius of his age upon this first attempt, it is no inconsiderable proof of strength of mind and conception sustained by its own sense of propriety alone, to have so far anticipated the taste of succeeding times as to have avoided any glaring offence against rules and models, which had no existence in his day. Or perhaps a truer solution might be, that there were as yet no examples of a more ambiguous and irregular kind to tempt him to err, and as he had not the impulse or resources within himself to strike out a new path, he merely adhered with modesty and caution to the classical models with which, as a scholar, he was well acquainted. The language of the dialogue is clear, unaffected, and intelligible without the smallest difficulty, even to this day; it has ‘no figures nor no fantasies,’ to which the most fastidious critic can object, but the dramatic power is nearly none at all. It is written expressly to set forth the dangers and mischiefs that arise from the division of sovereign power; and the several speakers dilate upon the different views of the subject in turn, like clever school-boys set to compose a thesis, or declaim upon the fatal consequences of ambition, and the uncertainty of human affairs.”

But he is hasty in the assertion that it contains hardly a memorable line or passage. The very opening, —

“The silent night that brings the quiet pause  
From painefull travailes of the wearie day  
Prolonges my carefull thoughts,” —

is of unaffected beauty. And the strength of Ferrex’s remark when his mother warns him against the meditated injustice of his father, —

“Just hath my father bene to every wight,  
His first injustice he will not extend  
To me;”

\* Hallam, *Introd. Lit. of Europe*, ii. p. 370. A book worthless except as a catalogue — written like a lawyer’s clerk, with a priggishness and affectation of profundity, rendered more absurd by the real shallowness of his judgments.

or the fierce imprecation of

"The wrekefull gods powre on my cursed head  
*Eternall plagues and never dying woes ;*"

or this, —

"And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow  
*The dead black streames of mourning, plaints, and woe ;*"

or the account of the murder of Porrex by his own mother, —

"The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,  
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,  
Whose strength now fayling straight he overthrew,  
*When in the fall his eyes even now unclosed*  
*Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe ;*  
We then, alas, the ladies which that time  
Did there attend, seeing that heynous deede,  
And hearing him oft call the wretched name  
*Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,*  
*Whose direfull hand gave him the mortall wound,*  
Pitying, alas, (for nought els could we do)  
His ruthfull ende, ranne to the wofull bedde,  
Despoyled straight his brest, and all we might  
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand.  
The sodeine streames of blood that flushed fast  
Out of the gaping wound. *O what a looke !*  
*O what a ruthefull stedfast eye me thought*  
*He fast upon my face ; which to my death*  
Will never part from me.  
A deep fet sigh he gave, and therewithall  
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight,  
*And straight pale death pressing within his face,*  
*The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke."*

Sir Philip Sidney says of this tragedy, "Gorboduc is full of stately speeches, and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality; which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby attain the very end of poetry."

After Lily comes Kyd, whose *Jeronimo* and *Spanish Tragedy* are familiar to all dramatic readers, from the constant ridicule to which they were subjected by contemporary poets. It is certainly a glorious specimen of the "Ercles vein," and we doubt not that our old friend Bottom would do it rarely. A specimen of the bombast may amuse our readers. Jeronimo having been created Marshall of Spain, says, —

"My knee sings thanks unto your highness bounty ;"

or the description of

"A melancholy discontented Courtier  
Whose famished jaws look like the chap of death,  
Upon whose *eyebrows hang damnation,*  
*Whose hands are washed in rape and murder bold."*

One more ; —

"Dare I ? ha, ha !  
I have no hope of everlasting height,  
My soul's a Moor you know, salvation's white !

These are selected from the first scene ! But with all its faults, and they are numerous, there is a visible increase in dramatic excellence, the fore-runner easily traced of Greene, Peele, &c. But we must reserve these for another article, wherein we may be more able to develope the ideas hazarded in our first paper.

## SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

### No. XI.—THE COUNT DE ESPAÑA.

“Nullâ virtute redemptum.”—JUVENAL.

THE village of Avia is situated in one of the wildest and most romantic districts of High Catalonia. Planted, as it were, at the base of a hill, one of the off-shoots of the eastern Pyrenees, but which, approaching the banks of the clear and rapid Segra, is gradually softened down to a more lowly eminence, the small hamlet seems actually buried in the embraces of the luxuriant wood which droops above it. Though not more than three quarters of a mile distant from the important town of Berga, to which it seems to some as a sort of retiring grove, and with which it is connected by a narrow and winding pathway through the trees, yet, even in so close a vicinity, a stranger would not suppose that the habitations of two or three hundred inhabitants were congregated together at so short a distance from him. The massive turrets of the church, scarcely beheld above the foliage, suggest the idea that religion could not well select a more lonely spot for her communings with the Great Spirit; and the sound of the convent bell at those stated intervals instituted by the Roman ritual for conventual devotion, sheds an interest and a romance even over the monotonous detail of monastic piety. There are many secluded spots in the north of Spain; but the retired village of Avia presents the appearance of the most complete isolation. Its inhabitants are so few, and their wants, in consequence, so trifling, that no mechanical art, except, perhaps, the silent and sedentary one of the hempen sandal-maker, or the like, is practised there. The faint echo of the woodcutter's axe, issuing from the very depth of the forest, may sometimes startle the drowsy ear of the noontide loiterer; but the anvil of the blacksmith, or the din of any other noisy artisan, is not heard in Avia. Berga, being the capital of the district, and lying in its immediate vicinity, supplies the whole of its necessities; and presenting, from its very helplessness, no temptation to the marauder in time of war, the village of Avia is left to enjoy the most complete repose that human heart could desire.

About seven o'clock on the evening of the 25th of October, 1839, there were assembled in the house of the curate of Avia the members of the *Junta* of Berga. The place of meeting was in the apartment on the first floor of the building, which was attached to the church, and with which it communicated by a narrow and secret staircase, formed expressly for the convenience of the priest. The sacred edifice stands a little outside the village, in a spot still more tranquil, and more retired, than the lowlier habitations of the parishioners. Avia, however, was not the ordinary place of meeting for the Junta. The seat of the provincial council of the insurrection was Berga, from whence the necessities of the war, the state of the army, and the difficulty of procuring subsistence for the troops (particularly since the treaty of Bergara), and the dread of a siege or an assault, compelled the captain-general to exclude all those whose functions were merely of a deliberative or civil nature, and who, from their profession or station in society, could not be called on to do active service in the field. The members of the Junta of Berga, being, with two or three exceptions, eccle-

siaistics or advocates, were included in the same category, and were consequently removed to a short distance from the town.

The leading members of the Junta, at the period to which we allude, were, the curate Ferrer; the canon Torreadella; the canon Espar, rector of the university of Portella; the intendant of the army, Labandero; and the brigadier Orten, who was vice-president. Those individuals, as well as others whose iniquity was not of so pre-eminent a nature, were the very incarnation of the ultra absolutism of Catalonia. One superiority, however, attached itself to the sacerdotal portion of that deliberative assembly. The reverend fathers exceeded their more profane colleagues as much in the enormity of their personal crimes, as in their exalted absolutism. The curate Ferrer, a man of some intellect, short in stature, but Herculean in physical strength, was a monster of iniquity. The habitual practice of vices, such as we shall not stain our page to enumerate, did not very materially interfere with the due and rigorous performance of his clerical as well as municipal functions; nor was his burning passion for the supremacy of his order, or the triumph of his political opinions, ever lulled to sleep by his gross sensualism. The canon Torreadella, meagre and *chétif* in appearance, with passions originally violent, but subdued by progressive physical incapacity, was a cool, calculating, determined, unforgiving hypocrite; his ambition to behold the banner of the church float to victory over seas of blood, was not deadened, or turned aside, by those grosser indulgences of sense which characterised his brother ecclesiastic. Never dismayed, and never wearied by delay, he watched, with the untiring patience of refined ferocity, for the moment to spring on his victim — even if that victim were the mother that bore him. His apostolicism was of a most overwhelming nature, because it contained the very essence of a multitude of passions which still burned within him most fiercely, but which, having no legitimate vent, became absorbed in the intensity of religious fanaticism! The rector of Portella was a priest, intolerant, brutal, cruel, gross, and ignorant, as one may wish to meet with, either in Spain or in any other country; with intellect enough to understand that the Virgin was appointed generalissimo of the Carlist army, and that Cabrera was her chosen child, as well as her second in command. Labandero and Orten were, with various other qualities, particularly remarkable; one for cunning, cowardice, and treachery — the other for stupidity, combined with a sanguinary and unrelenting bravery.

The apartment in which this reverend and gallant council was assembled was large, and lofty. An alcove, with the curtains closely drawn together, was at the extremity; immediately in front of which, contrary to the usual arrangement, was, on this evening, placed the president's chair, with the table spread out before it, flanked by the benches of the members. It was almost dark; and, in the obscurity of the evening shadows, the members who were yet assembled were conversing with each other in whispers. From their manner it appeared that the business of the evening had not yet regularly commenced, as they seemed waiting for the arrival of some distinguished member of the meeting.

"I am astonished," whispered the low asthmatic voice of Torreadella, "at the long delay of Labandero; — I trust he has not betrayed the interests of religion, nor given to the traitor any intimation of what our intentions are in his regard."

"If he have," replied Ferrer, "we may expect at Berga a repetition of the Estella drama."

"If I suspected so," said the other, "I could almost summon resolution

enough to go to his head-quarters — enter his apartment, unknown to his cossacks, — creep under his bed, — stay there till he slept; and then — then — why give his soul a chance of mounting to heaven before it become sufficiently ripe for damnation by his desertion from our holy cause; — ay, put my knife between his ribs. Heaven help me! I may suffer martyrdom in the attempt; but Aragon would avenge me!"

"If such an incident occurred *there*," observed Orten, "you might perhaps hope so; but Cabrera, all-powerful as he is at the other side of the western river, knows his position here too well to exasperate the army of Catalonia. Let a hair of the traitor's head be touched in anger, and let him but lift his finger, and the 7th battalion will massacre every man, woman, and child, on whom suspicion, or the shadow of a suspicion, may fall. The very pioneers and drumboys would die to defend him; — you little know the devotion of his royal guard. No — no; the traitor, the apostate, must be removed in secret, and in silence; — at least at the present moment."

The conversation was interrupted by the trampling of horses outside the door; and perceiving, from the balcony, the arrival of a person of some consequence, for whose presence they seemed to have waited, the members of the council called for lights, and instantly assumed, in a most respectful manner, their several places at the board. In a few moments the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and there entered a man clothed in the gorgeous uniform of a captain-general, decorated with many military orders, and his waist encircled by the crimson *faja* or sash of a field-marshal. He was followed by the intendant of the army, Labandero. He was a person of a lofty and commanding presence, and apparently about sixty-nine years old. In stature he was far above the middle height, and his frame was cast in a most robust mould. His hair was white with age, and flowed in beautiful ringlets about his shoulders. His forehead was high and large; his features were well and regularly formed, and characterised by an expression of mildness and goodnature; and the casual observer could not trace an expression of ferocity in that venerable countenance. His step, as he moved onwards, firmly and slowly to the council table, and as he gracefully and with most winning dignity acknowledged, hat in hand, the low and humble obeisance of the Junta, was that of a soldier long accustomed to independent command; and his manner appeared most happily blended with the frankness of a warrior, and the polished bearing of a gentleman habituated to, and well practised in, the more elegant courtesies of a palace.

Who was this man so attractive in appearance, so mild and so winning in manner, whose countenance was beaming with amiability and kindness? — It was the COUNT DE ESPAÑA! — the infamous executioner, for so many years, of the cruelties of Ferdinand VII.; he whose butcheries in Catalonia, of Carlists as well as of Liberals, will never be forgotten; he whose bosom never yet felt remorse or compunction, and whose heart was never yet touched by compassion — the lawless, lustful, brutal assassin; on whom the curses of the violated virgin, the widowed mother, and the childless father far, far outnumbered the hairs on his grey head!

On his entrance into the council chamber, the curate Ferrer and the canon Torreadella humbly prayed him to excuse their departure for a moment, for the purpose of summoning to the meeting those members of the Junta who were yet absent. He requested them, in a most graceful manner, to wave all ceremony; and, on their leaving the room, he commenced an easy and familiar conversation on the topics of the day with the brigadier Orten, and some others who were present. The two priests closed

the door as they went out, and, after conversing in whispers for a few moments on the staircase, Torrebaddella returned to the chamber. Ferrer descended to the ground floor; and summoning to his presence Pallares, the commander of the escort that had accompanied the captain-general, ordered him, in the name of his excellency the Count de España, to deliver up his arms, and to consider himself under close arrest for a time. Not suspecting any thing like treachery from so eminent a member of the Junta, though much astonished at such an occurrence, he complied with the order thus communicated in the name of their chief. The men were then sent out to two houses, at some distance from each other, and apart from the town, where they were directed to take up their quarters until further orders. Amongst other measures adopted by the Count de España for gratifying the cruelty of his nature, he had organised a corps of irregular cavalry, which he called his *Cossacks*, and which surpassed in barbarity the favourite volunteers of the Russian emperor. A section of that corps formed, on the present occasion, a portion of his escort. Those savages were equally removed out of the way by order of the priest, and they were so disposed as to have no communication with the others. These precautions against interference being taken, Ferrer then summoned two brother ecclesiastics, Millar and Samponiz, men of a similar stamp with himself; and the three proceeded, without further delay, to the council chamber.

The count took the chair, and began to open the business of the evening for which they had met together. This was to devise some mode of raising a sum of money sufficient to afford a supply of double rations, and a gratuity of half a month's pay, to the soldiers, for the purpose of celebrating the approaching *fête* of Don Carlos. He had commenced making some suggestions on the manner of effecting the object proposed, when the curate Ferrer suddenly rose from his seat, and, in a loud voice, desired the traitor to be silent; declared that he ceased to be any longer commandant of Catalonia; and ordered him, in the name of the king, to surrender his sword to the Junta of Berga. The count was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment at such an interruption; but, after a short pause, he replied, with much presence of mind, that he should comply when he saw the order in writing to that effect, signed by his majesty, but that he would never yield to violence. In saying this he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and drew it halfway from the scabbard. At this moment the curtains of the alcove at his back were dashed aside, and two men rushed forward and presented their pistols at his bosom. One was the brother of Ferrer, and the other a medical student of Berga. The count still manifested a disposition to offer resistance to his assailants, when the priest Ferrer, drawing a heavy cavalry pistol from beneath his *soutan*, with all his force struck the old man on the bald temple with its massive handle, and felled him bleeding and senseless to the earth! He then tore from his person his sword, and the other insignia of command.

He lay for twenty minutes, and more, in this condition, and when he awoke from his trance he felt very faint. His throat was parched, and his lips were clinging together. He demanded, in a faint and trembling voice, a glass of cold water; but the priests mocked him, and refused his request. Seeing then, for the first time, the advocate Ignacio Sanz, his ancient confidant and his friend from childhood upwards, and on whom he had bestowed wealth and honours, he implored him to moisten his lips; but Sanz smote him on the face as he sat upon the ground, and passed him without other reply.

It was then about eight o'clock in the evening:—about half past eleven

the assassins forced their victim through the narrow staircase which led from the priest's house to the church. At the gate stood a mule ready, on which they placed him. They moved on in the darkness and silence of the night, with a loaded musket pointed at his head. His companions were the vice-president of the Junta, Orten, the priest Samponiz, Ferrer and his brother, the medical student, and Llabot, the commandant of the escort of the Junta, with twenty-six armed guides. They proceeded to a lone house about three leagues distant from Berga, where they stopped for some time, keeping guard in the same apartment with the count, but refusing him either a light or a bed. Early in the morning of the 26th, Orten and Samponiz returned to Berga, and entrusted to Ferrer the consummation of the bloody deed. They again proceeded onwards in the same manner as before, but through the most secret paths they could find, and took the direction of Coll Oden. Arriving about noon in a retired and remote spot, the count was ordered to dismount and strip himself of his uniform, and to assume the tattered dress of a mountainer. On his refusal, the guides, by a signal from the priest, tore his clothes in pieces from his person, and forced upon him the rags of a peasant, in spite of all his efforts to repel the indignity.

They then moved towards Urgel, in the direction of the frontier, and, after wandering about for some time, they passed the night, and the greater part of the next day, near the village of Canbrils. They remained at Orgañá on the 28th, and in the evening they made a retrograde movement, and again retraced their steps to Canbrils. The next day they informed their prisoner that they were about to conduct him immediately to the frontier, and would soon leave him at liberty to go where he pleased. This assurance infused some hope into the heart of the old man, and he flattered himself for a moment that he might finally escape assassination. Two days more, however, passed away, and they evinced no symptom of moving forward. On the evening of the second day, the impatience of the count became so great, and his anger so fierce, that he could restrain himself no longer; and he began not only to utter the most bitter reproaches against his tormentors, but even to manifest a disposition to use personal violence. His physical force was gigantic; and his frame, notwithstanding his years, had now nearly recovered from the ill usage to which it had been subjected for the last few days. His fury rose to such a pitch that it was with much difficulty Ferrer (who was himself a powerful man), together with six of his companions, could succeed in binding with strong cords his arms and legs to a beam which stood upright in the apartment. In this condition he remained until the 31st, venting his wrath in uttering the direst imprecations on the conspirators, who revenged themselves by casting their spittle in his face, smiting him on the head, and inflicting such indignities as their rage could suggest.

Late at night a messenger arrived bringing despatches to Ferrer. A long and secret conversation ensued, at the termination of which orders were issued to prepare for immediate departure. The prisoner was again unbound, and once more placed on his mule, and he was assured with an air of sinister pleasantry that the moment of his final liberation was at hand. They proceeded onwards towards the banks of the Segra. On arriving at a narrow wooden bridge, called La Espia, which crosses the stream at a most precipitous and dangerous spot, they were met by a party of armed men, who were evidently placed there in ambush, and whom the count at once recognised as belonging to the 4th battalion. He lost all hope on perceiving their commanding officer to be Antonio Ponz, brother of the infamous Bep-al-Oli, who was also accompanied by the General Bartolomeo

Porredon. Those men had, in 1827, been leaders of the Carlist insurrection in Catalonia, and had been banished by the count to the condemned fortresses on the coast of Africa; and, as may be supposed, they became his most unrelenting enemies. He recognised, too, his own aide-de-camp, the Brigadier Orten; and, as he pronounced his name, and was about to call on him for protection, the ruffian coolly and deliberately presented his pistol, and discharged its contents into the bosom of his aged chief. This became the signal for general vengeance: as he fell to the ground, the other assassins, headed by the priest Ferrer, cast themselves upon him, and buried, again and again, their knives in every part of his body. The murderers had come supplied with all the means necessary to consummate the work of blood, and to bury, if possible, in the depth and silence of this mountain solitude, their horrible crime. The body lay bleeding on the ground; but life had not yet entirely left the palpitating members. They stripped him naked; and forcing the neck and hams to meet together, in such a manner as to break the spine, they bound the limbs with strong cords: they then fastened a huge stone on his chest, and lifted him from where he lay. The priest Ferrer, and the aide-de-camp Orten, bore the body between them to the centre of the frail bridge, and swaying it to and fro for a moment, flung it, with all their force, down the precipice, and into the torrent which raged far below. The silence of that mountain pass was, for a short space, wounded by the crash, as the body forced its headlong way through the shrubs and briars which covered the edges of the crags; but all was again hushed to breathless silence. The bleeding carcass bounded from rock to rock, staining their sharp points with gore, and at length, to all appearance, sunk sullenly into the boiling flood below! But the water, no more than the earth, will not hide a deed of blood; and inanimate nature, as well as the voice of man, will proclaim the work of murder. Either from the bursting of the cord, or the separation of the stone from its ligatures, the body did not long remain within its watery grave, but floated the same night along the stream, and was cast on a bank of sand and mud near Coll de Nargo, where it was found the next morning by some peasants. The Count de España had been known throughout Catalonia for the ferocity of his character, and his insatiable cruelty: the country had groaned for years beneath his iron rule; yet "surely nothing dies but something mourns:" — two or three rude peasants, compassionating the grey hairs of the aged man whose name had once struck terror into the hearts of all, bestowed, in the dead of night, a rude and hurried sepulture on his smashed and gory remains!

The murderers returned immediately to Berga, and, notwithstanding the mysterious rumours which ran along the frontier of the High Pyrenees that the body of the Count de España was found in the Segra, they persisted in guarding the most profound silence with friends as well as enemies, and they used every effort to cover with an impenetrable veil of secrecy the deed they had done. Ferrer drew up an official report for the Junta, which was published in a Catalan newspaper, and in which it was announced, that the count had been left on the French frontier, in health, and in the most perfect safety. But few were really in the secret, and it was the interest of those few, at least for the present, to guard it carefully. It will be in the recollection of our readers that, for many months after the event we have detailed took place, there were a thousand conjectures as to the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the Count de España. Some there were who suspected the truth; but many, including his partisans as well as his enemies, declared that he was still living in concealment, and was wandering about the mountains of Catalonia and Upper Aragon, in order to effect his



escape across the frontier, which was begirt by his enemies; and that, to baffle their pursuit, he himself had originated and spread abroad the rumour of his death. The tale was credited by many, as such a stratagem suited the character of the man, who was remarkable no less for his sanguinary disposition than for his cunning. Though time has revealed the fact, yet there are other circumstances of a mysterious nature connected with the event which still remain to be known, and which will doubtless be equally laid open to the world, as soon as the pacification of the district where the deed was perpetrated shall have become more general and more sure.

It is now time to inquire what could have been the motive for removing, in such a manner, an individual who had perpetrated so many enormities in order to insure the triumph of that principle of which his murderers were themselves the most zealous apostles. The difference which is found to exist between the provinces of Spain is no where so striking as in Catalonia: the only portion of the Spanish soil to which it appears to bear a resemblance is Navarre; but even here a marked distinction is observable. The influence exercised by the clergy in Navarre, if not opposed, is certainly equalled by the power of the nobles, whose claims to supremacy in the management of public affairs from the remotest period have been established without resistance, and recognised without a murmur. It must be admitted also, that detestable as an oligarchy is in all countries, no where has the authority of a powerful and extensive aristocracy been more mildly and more patriarchally exercised than in the valleys of Navarre. There, also, aristocracy seems stripped of that odious selfishness by which it is characterised in almost every other part of the globe; and, if any thing were still wanting to bind more strongly the fidelity of the people to their ancient rulers, the recollections of the war of independence would invest with a holier character the government of their mountain feudalism. The supple character of Romanism followed where it could not lead; and, though its power was undisputed, and its importance in the deliberative councils of the province acknowledged, yet its interests were never permitted to be paramount, nor could the exclusive intolerance of its nature and its institutions present so odious an aspect there as in other countries. The valleys of Navarre, besides, are most rich and fertile, and the resources of the soil are more equally distributed throughout; whilst, in the absence of any great and important mart for trade, there exists no single favoured spot on which commercial speculation, and a beneficial intercourse with foreign countries, may accumulate vast wealth, or impart a high tone of civilisation, to the total exclusion of the remainder of the province.

In Catalonia the case is entirely different. Its capital, Barcelona, is the richest, as well as the most enlightened, city in the Peninsula. The intercourse existing for so long a time between it and the most civilised countries has produced the usual results, and the political feelings of the inhabitants of that superb city are remarkable for their liberality. The mountaineers of Catalonia are grossly ignorant, and the bitterest hatred subsists between them and the inhabitants of the sea coast. Wanting the hardy spirit of enterprise, the disinterested fidelity, and the aptitude for organisation which distinguish the Navarrese, they are merely the blind and stupid instruments of a priesthood as ignorant, as fanatical, and as brutal as themselves. There, indeed, the sway of the clergy is complete and unbounded; neither opposed nor neutralised by any other rival interest. The Navarrese fought for his privileges, as well as for what he was led to suppose was religion; whilst the Catalan plundered, violated, and massacred, solely to maintain the supremacy of the church. A spirit of republicanism entered into the

Carlism of the one, whilst the pure theocratic principle gave life to, and directed, the enormities of the other. We shall not then be astonished at the inhuman crimes perpetrated by the Catalan faction, when we remember who were its leaders; and we shall, without difficulty, be able to account for the savage character which marked its career, when we call to mind that the ecclesiastics of the Junta of Berga, whom we have noticed above, represented in their own persons, in a most eminent degree, the fanaticism and the ignorance of the barbarous priesthood that ruled paramount in those wild and barren mountains. Though the career of the Count de España had been marked by cruelties of all kinds, yet they did not reach the blood-hot point noted down by the members of the junta; and, though his deeds of wickedness might have more than satisfied the consciences of any ordinary villains, yet they did not attain that unearthly perfection in guilt conceived by spirits far removed from the sinful contamination imparted by any foolish feeling of human pity still clinging, though loosely and like a tattered robe, around the hearts of more worldly and less zealous miscreants. In some profane moment of weakness, or oblivion, or satiety, he had relaxed a little from the stern system established by the unforgiving priesthood; he had hesitated for an instant between a compassionate thought, suggested by the feebleness of the flesh, and the strict and uncompromising duty which he owed to the Inquisition; he had permitted his cunning and his cruelty to snatch a moment of wild and disturbed repose: humanity, torpid for so many years, showed for one unholy minute that she had not been annihilated in the bosom of even the Count de España; and the priest Ferrer, and the canon Torrebadella, from that hour marked him for destruction.

The treaty of Bergara proved to them a most stunning blow; and the abandonment of the cause of Don Carlos by Maroto suggested that other men, however wicked, might not preserve the same consistency in crime as themselves. The overtures even then reported to have been made to the Count de España by an English commissioner on the part of his government, and the interviews with the agents of the Spanish ambassador in France, induced them to hasten the execution of their plans. Cabrera was communicated with on the subject; and he too much detested any man who might be supposed to dispute the absolute authority he wished to establish for himself in Spain, not to embrace with eagerness any proposal for ridding himself of a formidable rival. The jealousy always entertained by Cabrera against the captain-general of Catalonia was still more increased by the letter addressed by Don Carlos, after the treaty of Bergara, to the army, in which he declared that the good cause depended for success solely on the heroism of his faithful vassals and generals, the Counts de España and Morella. The ambitious son of the fisherman, the pauper student, chafed at the idea that the Count de España should receive an equal portion of that eulogy which he considered that his own deeds in the cause of the church alone merited; he was disappointed, besides, at not being nominated to the command in chief of the whole of the Carlist army. The active operations undertaken by his rival against the Cristinos immediately after the receipt of the letter, and which were attended with partial success, filled up the measure of his indignation; and though he could not well originate any measure for his removal, as the count was really popular with the troops, he yet grasped at the suggestion offered to him by the terrible Junta of Berga, who, it is asserted, did not in the commencement intend to have recourse to assassination, but only to remove him from the command and banish him to France. Having once, however, used such violence with their

chief, they had no other means left to purchase their own safety from him than murder.

It must be remembered, too, that in the army commanded by the count were then serving the brothers, the sons, and the relatives of those who, in 1827, had raised the standard of insurrection in Catalonia in favour of Don Carlos, and who had been either ruthlessly massacred by him, or sent to languish for years in the burning wilderness of Africa. The Count de España had been the faithful and unscrupulous agent of the infamous Ferdinand: whether his talents for persecution were to be exercised on republicans or Carlists, it was all the same to him, provided that his sanguinary appetite was gratified. It is true that years had passed by, and the persecutor and the persecuted found themselves linked together in a common cause; but in no country in the world is the "*jaciens odia in longum*" better understood, or with more patient fidelity acted upon, than in Spain; and though those unforgiving enemies did not dare to practise openly against their general, they yet watched every opportunity that might be presented of gratifying the vengeance they had long gathered up. It is probable that there was no intention originally entertained of shedding his blood; his popularity with the army might have rendered such an attempt dangerous. A forged order was produced, purporting to have been signed by Don Carlos, by which he was removed from the command. His removal from authority did not appear to cause any mutiny or insurrection, though it was published that he had been banished to France: the time passed in wandering about the country, where he might have been at once despatched, was for the express purpose of watching the effect his absence might produce; and the conspirators soon finding that they might gratify Cabrera without personal risk, came only on the last day of their journey to the determination of putting an end to his life, but of still leaving his death a matter of mystery to the public, which could only be revealed when every fear of danger to themselves should have passed away.

Amongst the rapid sketches which we have, from time to time, traced of the leading men in Spain, it has been our lot to present, except in a few instances, pictures of human turpitude which have oftentimes surpassed the gloomy horrors imagined by fiction. We have had to expose the loathsomeness of vice, the disgusting wantonness of licentious villany, and the unforgiving vindictiveness of religious fanaticism. But most of the gloomy portraits were those of men who, from defect of education, from certain powerful external causes, or from the violence of political frenzy, were urged to perpetrate outrages on human nature. The persecuting spirit infused into the heart, and summoned into life, by the narrow theology of the monk's cell — the giddy pride produced by a sudden and most unexpected elevation from the vilest and most obscure station to one of undisputed and absolute authority, with the means of inflicting cruelty and of gratifying vengeance offered in abundance, — these and similar causes might serve to explain that strange propensity to crime which has so darkly marked the career of many of those men whom the late civil war has rendered so notorious. But what shall we say of one for whom no such sinister apology is made? of one who was by no means uneducated or unenlightened; and who was never raised to any rank, or endowed with any dignity, to which he was not well entitled from the nobleness of his birth, and the influence of his family? to whom rank and honours were by no means new or unfamiliar; whose intellect was vigorous; whose mind was stored with the learning of ancient days; and whose experience was not borrowed alone from books, but obtained from long practice in the ways of the world and the doings of men?

The Count de España was descended from an ancient and noble French family. At the period of the execution of Louis XVI. his father emigrated to Spain, where he became naturalised, and where he changed his title of *Espagne* to *España*, thus bestowing on his name a termination more suited to the language of his adopted country. The young count obtained at an early age a commission in the Royal Guards, and, during the war of independence, distinguished himself in Catalonia. On the restoration of Ferdinand he was promoted to the rank of general, and was appointed governor of Tarragona, where, to the present day, his name is held in execration. On the breaking out of the constitutional war he sided with the Absolutists; and, after the temporary overthrow by French bayonets of the liberal party, was named by Ferdinand to the command in chief of the Royal Guard. From 1822 to 1827 he was the principal instrument employed to gratify the cowardly and cold-blooded vengeance of his royal master; but from the latter period, particularly, may be dated his infamous notoriety. The attempt made by the Apostolics, in 1827, to place Don Carlos on the throne is well known to those acquainted with the modern history of Spain. Ferdinand, monster as he was, did not come up to the idea entertained by the Catalan monks of what a Catholic monarch should be. An army of 80,000 men was raised in the mountains, and the command given to the notorious Jep-del-Estanys, who had practised the calling of a fisherman until 1822, when he joined the standard of the Faith as a simple volunteer. The insurrection assumed so threatening an aspect that Ferdinand determined to proceed to Barcelona, and exercise his personal influence to put it down. He was attacked on his way by the insurgents, who were, however, entirely defeated by the royalist troops, and their leader taken and shot. On leaving Barcelona, Ferdinand appointed the Count de España captain-general of Catalonia, with instructions to root out every remnant of the rebellion; and the faithful viceroy well understood the import of his mission.

We shall not sicken our readers with the disgusting details of the enormities of the captain-general during the seven years of his government. The pen cannot describe, the tongue can scarcely utter, nor can the heart of man conceive, the barbarities inflicted on all indiscriminately by this savage satrap. Carlist and Constitutionalist, Liberal and Legitimist, all alike furnished the same material for his refined cruelty. The *hymn of Riego*, the *Tragala*, and other patriotic airs, were, by his order, performed at the foot of the gallows, in order to mock the last agony of the expiring Constitutionals. The gibbet, the poniard, and even the deadly drug, were alike the instruments of punishment employed by him; and torture of the most ingenious construction was added for the purpose of augmenting the excruciating pangs of death. His vengeance was not alone lavished on the living, — the cold and decomposed remains of his victims were again torn from their graves, and exposed to indignity along the public highways; and the inhabitants of Barcelona and Tarragona beheld daily the decaying remains of their friends and their relatives suspended along the walls of their cities, and blackening in the noonday sun! He was cruel by nature, and a monster by constitution — the Count de España! In early childhood he is said to have manifested a similar disposition for inflicting torture on the helpless; and it is related of him that he was in the habit of frequently amusing himself by applying to the limbs of his aged and blind father a red-hot iron, and of expressing the most unbounded delight at the anguish of the old man. His acts at a more mature period of life render such a tale highly probable.

*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* The Count de España had been warned on several occasions of the doom intended for him by the priest Ferrer, and the intimation had been given by several persons a short time previous to the execution of the plot. But, with the blindness of a fore-doomed man, he not only disregarded the admonition, but, strange to say, severely punished the informer, without any inquiry into the truth or falsehood of the story. What is still more extraordinary, he himself had intimated to more than one of his confidants his fear of the Junta, whilst he neglected to adopt sufficient precautions against its members. How shall we account for such blindness? We cannot enter into any speculations on the subject. We do not approve of murder, *under any form*, as the punishment of crime; but yet it must afford some consolation to the oppressed to see that their oppressors, who laboured together in the work of iniquity, sometimes turn round and destroy each other; that the tyrant, sooner or later, at home or abroad, meets retribution; and even that, not rarely, the destroyer of human liberty and the contemner of human rights inflicts on his own infamous person, with his own infamous hand, the punishment which had been long since awarded to him by the united voice of mankind. And so may it ever be!

## THE POET AND HIS BRETHREN.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Take hence the world," (said sovran Jove  
To mortals, from his lofty height,  
"She shall be yours." A fairer gift  
Ne'er bless'd the human sight.

Launch'd from the great Creator's hand,  
The pond'rous globe was swung on high  
And, clothed with vernal glory, took  
Its orbit in the sky.

"The world is yours! ye living men,  
Without reserve do I impart;  
Therefore the same among yourselves  
Share with a brother's heart."  
Forth rush'd they all — both old and young —  
The farmer seiz'd the fruitful field,  
The haughty squire the forests claim'd,  
And all their coverts yield.

The plodding tradesman took the stores,  
And cried, "These warehouses are mine;"  
The jolly abbot laid his hands  
On venison and wine.  
Then came the king: with lofty gates  
He barr'd the roads and bridges too,  
And said, "I must be paid for these;  
A tax to me is due!"

Long after, when the whole was shared  
From distant clime the poet came;  
All had its lord — there was no spot  
The hapless bard could claim.

"O, woe is me!" the poet cried,  
"Shall I, forgotten, be alone,  
I, thy most faithful son;" and straight  
Fell at Jove's awful throne.

"If, in the realms of shadowy dreams,  
Thou' musing stayed," the god replied,  
"How canst thou blame mankind or me? —  
Thou hast thyself to chide.  
Where strayed thy steps, when human kind  
Shared 'mong themselves this earth so fair  
Perchance thou roam'd amid the stars,  
Seeking thy birthright there?"

"O, sovran Jove!" the bard rejoind'd,  
To thy bright presence was I near;  
And heaven's eternal harmonies  
Were swelling on mine ear.  
And on the radiance of thy brow  
My raptur'd eyes in strongest trance  
Were fix'd — nor could I pluck my sight  
From thy bright countenance.

"Pardon! O pardon! to that soul  
That, with thy glorious light o'erfraught,  
Linger'd among the heavenly groves,  
Nor earthly treasures sought."  
Jove beam'd a gracious smile, and said,  
"Since to thy brothers Earth is given,  
Come, dwell with me; and from henceforth  
Thy home shall be in Heaven."

THOMAS POWELL.

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

## No. IX.

## THE SAXON WITCH.

LEOFRIC and Adhelm were of a shy disposition and retired habits, but they were extremely popular notwithstanding, not only at Greenford, where they were venerated with a peculiar reverence, or even worship, but throughout the neighbourhood. They bore in the mouth of the people an appellation which had been bestowed on several of their ancestors, but to which they were eminently entitled,—they were called “Men of Peace.” In the public meetings and assemblies that were so frequent amongst the Saxons, but of which it does not concern us to treat at present, their patience, cheerfulness, and good temper were useful and agreeable, in softening the burden of of irremediable evils, in allaying anger and irritation, and in promoting merciful and conciliatory measures that tended to reconcile enemies and to preserve harmony amongst friends. There was no presumptuous insolence, no arrogant pretension, no offensive affectation; in their deportment all was candour, simplicity, modesty, frankness, truth, openness, artlessness, and fair dealing. In such accumulated terms of praise did their contemporaries speak of them, and declared that they were utterly incapable of guile or injustice. When we consider that the family had always borne the same character; that, by good conduct and prudence, they had retained their property for several ages without aggression or diminution; that, in times eminent for religious zeal, they were accounted truly pious; and that they had always been prompt, in case of hostile invasion, to take up arms for the public good, and had exerted themselves with judgment and valour; and, having often wrought deeds of renown, had always, on the cessation of hostilities, instantly become again peaceful retiring citizens; we cannot wonder that their neighbours greatly desired the continuance of such a race, the sole representatives of which were distinguished, moreover, by great personal beauty and highly attractive manners.

The solemnisation, therefore, of the long expected nuptials of Leofric and Bebbra, and of the unexpected marriage of Adhelm, was a source of hearty rejoicings; the permanence of the beloved house was insured: they spoke triumphantly and confidently of the heirs of Greenford, and congratulated one another, and the parents, on account of children that were yet unborn. A year passed away quickly amidst these exultations, and still there was no reason to exult: another year rolled on with less rapidity, and perhaps some anxiety. At the fall of the leaf (and it is a gloomy season) in the year 1062, everybody became serious, and, by degrees, sad; nor was their sadness dissipated: the subject was fully discussed during the winter in all its bearings, especially by the females, and it was determined to set to work in earnest in the spring.

It would be tedious, and, as they were unavailing, useless, to enumerate all the expedients to which recourse was had. Penances were duly and rigidly performed; prayers were lavished; the advice of the most learned spiritual fathers was had; pilgrimages were undertaken, principally, it is true, to places in the vicinity; every orthodox weapon was tried again and again, and these were often privately aided by succour of a more ambiguous character; as spells, charms, incantations, and all the minor offences of

witchcraft. When the latter were found to be unavailing, they were renounced, repented of, and for ever abjured, and the renewed efforts were solely directed with fresh vigour in the legitimate channels. Many ghostly directors tendered their services: they were tried in their turns, but were all found wanting.

It was not unusual with the Saxons of either sex to live in a state of celibacy, in which case they resided with some of their relations who were married; but, as they were a people remarkable for their domestic habits, if any one entered into the married state and had no children, he was much distressed, and his friends and acquaintance considered him as very unfortunate, and an object of compassionate condolence: a female in such a situation was entitled to infinite commiseration.

The health, strength, and beauty, and, indeed, the whole outward appearance of the parties were so perfect, that there was evidently no need of the skill of the physician, — scarcely anything, indeed, that the fancy could desire to change; people were disposed, therefore, to attribute the misfortune to some mysterious agency. Those who were inclined to believe that the fascinations of witchcraft were the cause, were unable to fix upon any person who had ever received provocations that could incite them to take such a cruel and malicious revenge; it was possible that there might be a secret enmity to one of the parties, but it was altogether incredible that it could extend to the whole family—to a family that had no enemies, and was deservedly and generally popular. Those who, disregarding the superstitious tales of the dominion of magic and the powers of darkness, attributed this dispensation to the immediate control of Providence, could not say that it was a judgment for past offences, but one of those trials to which, in this state of probation, the just are frequently exposed. The good sense and equanimity of Leofric and Adhelm soon taught them to submit to their lot: in every other respect they were perfectly happy, and experience proved that those who are long childless are sometimes blessed with a progeny after they had ceased to expect it. If it was destined that their hospitable tables should never be garnished with olive branches — that the race of Thorfastor should end with the survivor of them, they would not want heirs, and such heirs as would do honour to their ancestors; the estate would be managed judiciously by the Abbey of Westminster, and the revenues would be honestly and wisely expended in encouraging piety and learning, in ample charity, and a large hospitality. The example and admonitions of their husbands were effectual, on the whole, in reconciling Bebbu and the fair OEdilberga to their disappointment: they ceased to repine openly and to bewail an irremediable calamity; they appeared cheerful, and were inwardly contented, except that at times their grief would recur with bitter and secret lamentation; then new hopes of succour would arise, a new project for obtaining effectual intercession was devised; it was undertaken, and proved, like the rest, fruitless.

Whilst all the inhabitants of Greenford were much mortified at the disgrace of their chiefs, there was one who felt it more keenly than the rest, because she feared that it might be imputed to her, and she was especially bound to love those whom all esteemed; and the thought that she could be supposed capable of such black ingratitude was indescribably painful to her, and cost her many tears.

In these simple times genuine piety was common; but it is not to be denied that a belief in the power of magic was also very prevalent; and in every village throughout England there was a common public witch. Like the parish constable, this officer was elected by the inhabitants, and was

compelled to take upon herself the burden of a very onerous office. An old woman was chosen by the unanimous voice of the rustics, who possessed the requisite qualifications: these were—extreme old age, eccentric habits, and great ugliness: it was desirable, moreover, that she should add to these a strange tone and manner of speech. At Greenford the witch was the village doctress; and this union of professions was not unusual: she was believed to possess, not only many potent spells against fascination, and the various influences of malignant spirits, but several secret and valuable remedies against diseases, either to cure or to prevent them. She was proud of her skill, and scorned to degrade the two liberal arts of magic and medicine by receiving any fee for her services: a payment in money was sternly refused; and any present that was made so soon after as to appear to be a remuneration for her assistance was invariably returned. A sack of oatmeal, however, in the winter, or a load of faggots, or some salt-fish, in Lent,—and this was the most welcome donation,—so that these things were sent to her for the love of God, and for our dear Lady's sake, and through mere charity, that she might not starve from hunger and cold,—were accepted with lively gratitude, the expression of which, often and loudly reiterated, was somewhat fatiguing to the donor. To the heads of the house she was warmly attached, and she felt much pride in them; for she attributed the uninterrupted prosperity of the family to the success of her own operations, and those of her predecessors in office.

One afternoon in the autumn, a few years before the marriage of Leofric, a servant returned from London, where he had been to purchase salt to cure the stock of provisions for the winter, who brought this intelligence, which he immediately communicated to the witch, — that five men were to be hanged out of the same cart on the Monday morning, for housebreaking, and that her grandson was one of them. He was her only kinsman. At an early age, the little orphan was thrown upon her hands: she had nursed him tenderly, and fenced his head round continually with her most powerful spells, so that no harm had ever come near the child. She had brought him up in honesty and industry; he grew to a great stature; and she had lately placed him, an obliging and harmless youth, as servant at a small inn in London; he had just completed his seventeenth year; she had never heard ill of him, and now she learnt suddenly that he was to die so soon and so rudely.

She flew, like one frantic, to Leofric, and found him pacing his hall. A favourite mare, of a bright bay colour, had been seized with sudden fits and violent spasms: a farrier would know the right name of the disease: they had bled her, and applied other remedies; she was quiet, being either better, or weaker; and the family were anxiously watching the result in the shed, where she lay upon straw, whilst her master was waiting to be informed of the first change of symptoms. The witch found him, seized him by the arm, and with a wild vehemence related the dreadful tidings, and earnestly besought him to befriend her — to befriend her poor boy. He broke from her grasp, and went hastily in succession to different parts of the house; she followed him, clung to him, and repeated her prayers with a terrible vehemence, for she supposed that he sought to escape from her importunities; but he was making preparations for his immediate departure. With difficulty, so energetic was her despair, was he able to complete his short preparations, to saddle his iron-grey nag with his own hands, to lead him from the stable, and to mount; for, like a man prompt in action, but of few words, he was already on his way before any of the servants had observed him. But he could not thus escape the vigilance of his affectionate



sister; she had seen him struggle with the witch, and hastily mount his horse. With some alarm she flew to him, and, seizing his bridle, inquired whither he was proceeding. He gently removed her hand from the reins, and said, "Oh, I must go directly about this business; I must see what can be done: there is no time to be lost;" and touching his horse's sides with his spurs as he spoke, he took the road, and was soon out of sight.

The unhappy old woman seeing him gone, wildly seized on Bertha, and in incoherent language entreated her to supplicate her brother to assist her. It was some time before she was sufficiently calm to explain the cause of her distress, when Bertha understood the motive of her brother's abrupt departure, and was able to console the witch by assuring her that he had already set out to intercede for her grandson, and would doubtless use his best endeavours to procure a pardon.

The sun was setting when Leofric left his gate; the evening closed in rapidly, but the harvest-moon rose and lighted him on his way with her glorious lamp. As he rode along, he considered within himself whether he should go to London or to Westminster; at the latter place he had powerful interest, but it moved slowly. This was Thursday; on Monday morning the youth was to suffer: the time was short, and if it was consumed in prayers, and tears, and good intentions, the culprit would have satisfied the law before succour could be afforded. Without the walls of the city, on the north side, was a moor, which afterwards, when it was inclosed, was called Moorfields, and is now covered with various edifices: here stood the fatal tree: the victim, and those who sought his life, were all in London; to London, therefore, he resolved to go. He determined, moreover, not to visit any of those friends with whom it was his custom to reside; for, on urgent occasions, the hospitable assiduities of friends are an impediment. He reached the gates; after a short delay, was admitted; he rode straight to an obscure inn, — to that little inn where the criminal had been a servant.

The first care of every just man, on arriving at an inn, is to provide for the wants of that dumb friend who cannot assert his own claims to attention. When Leofric had seen that his horse was properly lodged and fed he commenced his inquiries, and, after a scanty supper, retired to bed. He rose before day-break, and diligently resumed his investigations, of which the result was, that the youth had been a helper in the stables, and that, under the superintendence of the ostler, a strict and sober man, his conduct had been irreproachable; but the upper servant was absent for some weeks, several ribs on his right side having been broken by the kick of a vicious horse, and he was left without an immediate superior. When he was a child, as Leofric himself remembered, he had been remarkably deficient in understanding; so much so, that it was feared he would be an idiot; but by the care of his grandmother, his reason was in some measure unfolded, and her partiality made him appear wiser than he was. He was, indeed, very good-tempered, laborious, and remarkably docile; but, from the want of understanding or of resolution, he was unable to refuse, and immediately consented to whatever was proposed. Whilst he acted alone as ostler, some highwaymen, who put up their horses at the inn, became acquainted with him, and thought he was a proper instrument for their purpose, which was to break by night into the house of a goldsmith. They saw that he would do as he was bid in all cases; they remarked that he was shy and reserved, and without acquaintances, and was not likely to blab; they understood the advantage that might be made of the hay-chambers of an inn, where they were strangers, and which, though humble, was of good reputation, for hiding their plunder; and they thought that his prodigious strength would

be very serviceable in carrying away the large sacks of massive plate which their credulous cupidity believed would be found in the house. They designed, moreover, so to order matters, that, after they had quitted London with their booty, the foolish youth should be detected; for they judged that if some one was executed for the offence, the goldsmith and his fellow-citizens would be appeased, and they would be able to return more speedily to perpetrate fresh villanies. With this view, when the robbery had been committed, they picked out some remarkable pieces of money, — old and foreign coins, — and gave them to him for his share: he laid them by amongst his clothes for his grandmother. By an unlooked-for accident, the robbers were discovered; they were apprehended the next morning in the stables of the inn, with their spoil. They were tried forthwith, found guilty, condemned, and the day and hour were appointed for their execution.

When Leofric had procured all the information he required, he proceeded to the residence of the chief judge of criminal matters, and requested an interview; he was introduced immediately, and detailed with great minuteness the whole of what he knew and had heard, and offered to bring witnesses to prove the truth of all he had alleged. The magistrate listened attentively. "It is unnecessary to send for your witnesses," he said, when Leofric had finished, "I will admit that all you have stated is true; do you know anything further in behalf of the unhappy young man?" "I believe I have told you all," he answered. The magistrate was silent, to give his suitor time to reflect: the image of the wretched old woman, frantic with despair, was present to his mind; the tears came into his eyes, and he said, in a half suppressed voice, "I pity his poor grandmother." "So do I sincerely," added the judge; "but it was a daring and premeditated robbery, skilfully planned, and successfully executed, and discovered by a singular accident only; and the evidence was full and complete; the citizens of London have no sympathy with burglars; they will not endure that one should escape; they must all die." He then said some civil words respecting the humanity of Leofric, and his goodness in interesting himself so much about such persons and such a matter, and adding something about the duties of his office, concluded thus: "I am very sorry for his mother," — "Grandmother," said Leofric, — "for his grandmother," he resumed; "but you must be aware that if we were not to execute criminals until their mothers and other female relations consented, the criminal justice of the city would stand still." He then urged Leofric, according to the invariable custom of the times, to eat and drink; but he excused himself, saying that he must go to the king without loss of time.

On returning to his inn, he found the landlord standing in the gateway, anxiously awaiting him; he was a plain and humane man, and desirous that the life of his servant might be spared through tenderness, and also for the credit of his house. His dejection showed how ill he had sped. "I must apply to King Edward himself," he said with a sigh; "saddle my horse, I will ride straight into Essex." "You need not go into Essex to see our blessed king," said his host, "he is to be present at mass in the Abbey this morning; you have only to ride to Westminster: I will fetch your horse." He went away, but, returning instantly, added; "There will be such a crowd, that your horse will only impede you; you will get on better on foot; you have plenty of time, the service has hardly begun."

He was on his way before the last words were uttered; he reached the gate, and following the footpaths through the fields, he soon arrived at the Abbey. He entered it by the great western doors; the pavement was covered with a dense body of people; he could discern nothing but the

candles at the other end, over a mass of heads. "Is the king here?" he hastily asked. — "Yes, yes, he is here, God bless him," several voices quickly answered. Immediately the host was elevated, the people fell down on their knees, and the king might be seen, or at least his robes, prostrate on the steps of the high altar. Leofric withdrew quietly. "I suppose the king will stay to dinner?" he said to a man who stood before the doors. — "They say not," he answered, "he is going away immediately." At this unexpected intelligence he ran to the gates of the convent. He knocked, no one answered; he tried the gates, they were fastened; he knocked again, but in vain; he knocked with his utmost force, a head appeared at a window, and was immediately drawn back. Presently a servant, who had recognised him from the window, spoke to him within the gate. "I am glad to see you, sir; I am glad you have come: the porter is in the church, but I will let you in in a moment, as soon as the king is gone." "Bring the key!" said Leofric, striking his hand upon the door. — "It is on the table in the sacristy," said the servant. "Bring the key!" repeated Leofric. — "Indeed I dare not," he said timidly. "Bring the key!" roared out the impatient Saxon. — "What will the sacristan say?" he asked. "Bring the key! I say, bring the key!" was the terrible answer. It was brought, for the terrified servant thought the Danes had arrived.

The door was opened, Leofric rushed through the cloisters into the church, and eagerly addressing the first monk he met, said, "I must see the king instantly." — "That is absolutely impossible," answered the monk coolly. "I must see the king instantly," repeated Leofric. — "That is absolutely impossible," repeated the monk, "he is going away immediately into the country; he will not even stay to dine; you can judge, then, if it be likely that he will stay to talk with any one." "Whither is he going?" Leofric asked anxiously; "to Essex?" — "I do not know," said the monk; "but I should imagine further, since he will not stop to dine." "I must see the abbot, then," he said. — "When the king is gone, you can see him," the monk replied, and passed on.

Leofric now despaired, but his despair made him resolute; he determined forcibly to arrest the abbot, or, if it were necessary, the king, as they passed from the church into the convent. He took his station accordingly. The procession presently advanced; the king was surrounded by so many persons, that it was not possible to see, much less to approach, him. His attendants followed, then came the abbot; it was his only chance, and he resolved to seize it. He advanced, therefore, putting the bystanders aside, and touching the old man's arm with so much force as to make him totter, he exclaimed with vehemence, "I must see you, I must see the king — now!" The abbot turned his eyes towards him, but preserved that fixedness of countenance that becomes men who walk in processions. The spectators stared at the rude interruption, and Leofric was abashed; for it appeared that he had committed a gross breach of decorum, and without any profit. All that remained was to ride after the king, as soon as he could ascertain whither he was going; and he began to regret that he had left his horse in London.

Whilst he was waiting in the Abbey until the crowd had dispersed, that he might learn what route the king was to take, he observed, to his great joy, the abbot, disencumbered of a part of his heavy robes, entering from the cloisters, who, perceiving him, advanced with a smiling countenance, and taking him by the hand, said, "The king is preparing to depart, it will be exceedingly inconvenient to him to be detained; but if your business be urgent, I will name it to him, — can you trust it to me?" Leofric brie y

related the object of his visit. "If your errand be of that kind," said the abbot, "I am sure the king will see you immediately," and quitted Leofric suddenly, who was about to express his joy in apologies.

Presently a young deacon approached him, and saying, with a bow, "His highness desires to see you," conducted him to the apartments of the abbot.

He paused for a moment on entering, being struck with reverence and with sorrow; for the blessed king appeared to have become of late old and infirm. The pious monarch had not yet broken his fast, and was exhausted; he welcomed Leofric with a sickly smile, and extended his hand; Leofric kissed it, and a few others took the opportunity to do the like. In a faint voice, Edward then inquired whether he had not come to intercede for a prisoner under sentence of death, — Leofric bowed assent, — and whether, in his judgment, it was a case in which mercy ought to interpose; — he bowed again, — the king was silent. Leofric then offered to attend the king into the country, that the matter might be discussed there, and began to excuse himself for his unseasonable intrusion. "No apologies," said the blessed king; "the question can be discussed more conveniently here. I shall not want counsellors learned in the law," he added, looking round, "who will advise me whether I may follow my own inclinations, and those of my faithful Leofric. I give up all thoughts of the country to-day; I will lie here to-night, but first we will dine." "Then I will go immediately and bring my witnesses," said Leofric, who was about to depart. — "No," said the king, "not yet; a man must dine. Stay here and dine with us; after dinner I will repose for two hours, for I am not so young or so strong as I have been, and I cannot do without rest; whilst I lie down, you can go to London." Leofric seemed to hesitate, but the good king added, with a smile, "A man must dine;" and he remained.

Dinner was served; when it was over, Leofric procured his witnesses and his horse: all parties were fully heard, who favoured or opposed the petition for royal clemency; and it was late before it was decided that the forfeited life should be spared.

The next morning at day-break Leofric was on his way to Greenford; the old woman had patiently expected his return, and she heard the glad tidings without surprise, and without any great demonstrations of joy. When she first understood that Leofric had undertaken her cause, her delight was wild and uncontrollable; but she could not believe that he could fail in anything he took in hand; and his success seemed therefore to follow of necessity. All the monks of Westminster rejoiced that their convent had been the scene of an act of grace, and that it had been promoted by Leofric, whom they loved; they all triumphed, except the old sacristan, who could not forget that the gate had been opened at an improper time. He was humane and benevolent, but a rigid formalist, and for many days afterwards the toothless old man hopped about the cloisters muttering, with a look of indescribable horror, — "Oh dear! what will the world come to, since, just to save somebody's life, a man can be brought to take the key of the gates off the table in the sacristy during divine service!"

It had been proposed that the young man should receive a severe and public whipping in the street where the robbery had been committed, as a warning; the magistrate, however, deemed that it would be more salutary to allow him to have a near view of the terrors of death. Accordingly, he was not informed of the change in his destiny until the sheriff's cart called at an early hour on Monday morning for his companions. The turnkeys having removed their irons, the gaoler took the youth by the hand, and leading him away from the rest to the door of the prison, threw it open,

and said, "Our blessed king Edward has pardoned you: you may go whither you will. But," he added, "the people may recognise you; it will be prudent to remain here till the evening, or at least till the crowd has dispersed. If, however, you desire to depart now, you are free." He remained; a servant of Leofric led him out of the city in the evening, and afterwards into the solitude of the forests, where he had procured employment for him with the woodcutters.

Here, remote from the guile and temptations of a city, for which the simple youth was no match, his docility, good temper, industry, and vast strength were valuable; and he not only maintained himself in a rugged plenty, but hoarded small sums for his grandmother. At midsummer, when the nights are short, he used to visit her, the scene of his labours being at a considerable distance. In order that he might pass the Sunday at Greenford, it was necessary to spend the greatest part of the Saturday night in journeying thither through the woods, and of the Sunday night in returning. That he should personally return thanks in Leofric's presence, and on his knees, was the main object of his grandmother's desire; but no threats, no promises, no prayers, no arts, neither spells nor medicine, could effect this; he felt and declared that he was unworthy to come into the presence of such a man. She often and strictly enjoined him whenever, in emerging from the forest, he came in sight of the Roman Dovecot, as, by mixing the past with the present, the brick tower was called, or of the smoke of the high chimney, or quitted them on entering the woods, to throw himself upon his knees, and earnestly and heartily to pray to God to bless the family of that good man to whom he owed his life. This injunction was always faithfully obeyed, partly through a deep sense of gratitude, and partly because he dreaded the wild mysterious beings that haunt the woods; and the witch assured him that they would visit the first omission with a terrible vengeance. His grateful piety, however, could not preserve him long from those calamities to which woodmen are subject. His sense of hearing had always been dull: by reason of the cold damps of the forest, or the natural defect of his brain, he soon became perfectly deaf. He neither heard the crashing of the branches nor the loud warning shouts of his fellow-workmen; a falling tree struck him on the head, and he fell with it, as dead as the huge and lifeless trunk. His grandmother had predicted his fate, and it was easy to prophesy it, for he had continually been in danger from the horses and cattle on the roads, as he could not hear their approach.

The intelligence, however, was not the less bitter to her: such as he was, he was her all; she had done much for him, — she had snatched him once miraculously out of the fire; — he was helpless, and she hoped to protect him: it went hard with the old woman on the day a youth brought the news, and the day after. The following day was dark and rainy; about sunset the body arrived, and it was a great consolation to her. The spot where he fell was distant, the woods could not be passed by a cart, scarcely by a horse; but the labourers, pitying his untimely fate, and considering his good qualities, and that his defects were not his own, made him such a coffin as woodcutters are used to rest in; placed the body in it, and brought it on their shoulders. It was a toilsome march, by slippery and uncertain paths; yet, through the kindness of these good people, the poor ill-starred boy sleeps in the churchyard of his native Greenford. The neighbours thought that the death of her grandson had some effect on the understanding of the witch; however that might be, it is certain that intense as her feelings of gratitude towards Leofric were, they were greatly sharpened and increased by her loss; for the welfare of his family was now the sole object of her desire.

## THE GRAVE!

## A CHAUNT!

## I.

I stood beside my darling's grave,  
 One azure morn in breezy Spring,  
 The trees were budding forth their leaves,  
 And birds were on the wing;

All nature was astir with joy, —  
 But I, a dark and cheerless thing,  
 Stood pondering on that dreamless rest  
 The grave would surely bring;

And yet a faint hope lingered on,  
 That happy days at length might come,  
 And that the voice of joy would not  
 For evermore be dumb.

I nursed this pensive languid hope,  
 With listless, wan, desponding fear,  
 Like one who *looks on budding leaves*,  
 But *thinks* upon the *sere*.

## II.

Again, at Summer's noon, beside  
 This spot of sacred peace I stood,  
 The leafy trees were blossomfull,  
 The birds were fond, and wooed;

A murmuring sound of living joy,  
 Was pulsing on the balmy air,  
 And Nature, with her sunniest smile,  
 Proclaimed that all was fair;

Clear was the o'er-arching sky — the earth  
 Was crown'd with rocks, and woods, and flowers —  
 While brightly o'er the mossy tombs  
 Rolled the untiring hours.

O what a world were this, if man  
 Would learn what mighty Nature sings,  
 And gather music from the trees —  
 Wisdom from crystal springs:

*The Grave.*

To take from *one* his tone of joy,  
 For leaf and flower wait patiently ;  
 (O man ! thy root is in the earth,  
     Thy blossom in the sky !)

To lie upon the grass and rest,  
 Then wander like a breeze in Spring,  
 Scaling the mountain-tops as though  
     He had an eagle's wing :

To pluck the herbs and fruits and flowers,  
 Which Nature gives, nor feels the loss :  
 To lave our hands in the forest streams,  
     And dry them on the moss ;

Then roam the fields till sunset dyes  
 The western skies with lustrous red ;  
 Then watch the old familiar stars  
     Come out, by Vesper led ;

When, weary, seek some shady nook,  
 Where, in midday the light is dim,  
 And fall asleep, to slumber lulled  
     By the wood's solemn hymn !

## III.

Beside the grave once more I stood,  
 But life no music had for me ;  
 I loathed the world, yet from the tomb  
     Shrunk most despondingly.

Bright Summer died, and Autumn came  
 With chaplet wreath of oak-leaves sere :  
 Spring seems to me the flattering Hope —  
     Autumn the Memory of the year !

In Spring I feel the fluttering throb —  
 The restless joy — the turbulent pleasure ;  
 In Autumn days, my spirit mourns,  
     As o'er some buried treasure !

I long to lie at some grave's side,  
 To weep a prayer, and feel forgiven ;  
 To say " Good night " to all on earth —  
     " Good morn " to all in heaven.

O what relief to turn aside  
 From human ken, in this deep mood,  
 And change the leaden look of man  
     For the bright eye of solitude !

Comfort has she for every child ;  
She sets us from man's bondage free :  
I feel the *less* I am with *man*,  
                    *God* is the *more* with me.

IV.

Thus mused I, as the dying glow  
Of a most solemn sunset faded ;  
When, looking on the mound, I saw  
                    My form the grave's length shaded !

I turned around : the gracious moon  
Had risen, and her light was streaming  
Unconsciously, as though she glid  
                    Through the blue heavens a dreaming !

It touched my heart : a pallid joy  
Stirred there, and woke within my brain  
Vague memories of hopes and fears,  
                    Too dim for joy or pain !

A kind of languid thought — a sense  
That all around had living spirit,  
And that a conscious loveliness  
                    All things by right inherit !

The dead, rejoicing in their rest ;  
The living, full of hope and bloom,  
Walking erect with cheerful steps  
                    Right onward to the tomb !

The grave is *my* appointed bed !  
Perchance the very shroud is spun,  
Destined to wrap my weary limbs,  
                    When my life's work is done !

I mourn not that so many years  
Have rolled their winters o'er my head ;  
They are the wings that waft us to  
                    Those happy things — the dead !

All seemed around to breathe of peace, —  
To love me as a kindred child ;  
Yea ! death grew beautiful to me,  
                    Like to a mother mild !

The quiet glory of the stars,  
Whose home is the eternal sky, —  
The moon, that smiles with solemn glee,  
                    When her loved star is nigh !



*The Grave.*

The silvery voice of nightingale, —  
 The cuckoo's note from cypress tree,  
 With fitful echoes borne from far,  
     Dim pulsings of the sea !

All breathed of rest intensely calm !  
 Sound, but the murmur of a dream,  
 Like to the quiet song which flows  
     From some deep under-stream !

Rest — rest — all passions that once stirred  
 My spirit, faded now ; and I  
 Thirsted for quiet, as a star  
     Thirsts for the midnight sky !

And rest was given ; for, one by one,  
 I felt the senses fall asleep ;  
 The slumber grew by sweet degrees  
     Most passionately deep !

The eye cast off its outer sight ;  
 Sound came, and wooed the ear in vain ;  
 Flesh threw aside its sense, and scorned  
     To be the slave of pain !

I was emancipate ! I knew  
 Things that I had not dreamed on earth —  
 Those glorious mysteries that wait  
     Upon the second birth !

Two things alone may I reveal :  
 One is, the most like bliss above,  
 The happy atmosphere of heaven —  
     The breath of saints — 'tis Love !

The next is full of thought — O ye  
 Who groan o'er life — king, bard, or slave —  
 Know ! those who find no peace on earth,  
     Will find none in the grave !

THOMAS POWELL,  
 1840.

# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

### MR. LAING'S REPLY TO A PAMPHLET

*"On the Moral State and Political Union of Sweden and Norway, in answer to Mr. Laing's Statement."* London. J. Murray, Albemarle Street. 1840.

IN 1836 Mr. Laing published "A Journal of a Residence in Norway," and, in 1838, "A Tour in Sweden." These works were much read. The views they gave of the physical and moral state, and comparative well-being, of two nations living in the Scandinavian peninsula, under totally distinct social systems, were considered very curious and interesting. They directed the attention of political philosophers to singular results developed in Norway upon the multiplication, well-being, and morality of its isolated population, by the great diffusion of property and of legislative power, and by the perfect political equality of all classes in the social body; and to equally singular results in Sweden, arising from a social structure altogether the reverse of the Norwegian. Trifling as these works were as literary productions, they awakened the public mind in Europe to the unprincipled attempts of the Swedish cabinet to subvert the liberal constitution of Norway, although virtually guaranteed to the Norwegian nation by England and the other allied powers, and formally accepted and sworn to by the Swedish monarch himself; and they had the effect of raising around the Norwegian constitution the impregnable barrier of the European public opinion which the Swedish monarch and his cabinet are forced to respect. When the last of these two works appeared, a semi-official notice was given in the government newspaper of Stockholm, that a refutation of the statements and reasonings contained in them would be published — that is, observed the other newspapers, provided they can be refuted. Two years, and much diplomatic wisdom, have been expended in doing into English those Swedish ideas on government and national morality which constitute this official long-promised refutation. It has at last dropped unnoticed into the world, in the shape of a two-shilling pamphlet of sixty-five pages, "On the Moral State and Political Union of Sweden and Norway, in answer to Mr. S. Laing's Statements." Two shillings are not much money, yet a pamphlet may be very dear at two shillings. But this is a work of the state, an official defence of a nation and its government, of a king, cabinet, and diet, in sixty-five pages, price two shillings. Let us pay that respect to the outward official position of this two shillings' worth of printed paper which we would deny to its intrinsic merit and value — this is the principle on which the monarchy itself is based in Sweden.

The statements of Mr. Laing which chiefly interest the public, and which, from the importance of the deductions made from them, the public may

reasonably expect to see specially refuted in this pamphlet, are these : — First, his statement that the Norwegian constitution works admirably well — that the people of Norway, with their legislation entirely in their own hands, without a nobility or privileged class in their legislature, and with the power of the king limited constitutionally to a mere suspensive veto in the enactment of laws, without any exclusive right to the sole initiative, are prosperous and thriving in a remarkable degree — that they have, by the economical measures of their legislature, paid off their national debt, have reduced their taxes, have, notwithstanding, provided for military, naval, and civil establishments suitable to their just position in the political world ; are removing gradually and judiciously, not precipitately, restrictions on the freedom of industry and trade inherited from their Danish masters ; are allowing no superfluous functionaries, military, naval, or civil, Swedish or Norwegian, to batten upon the means of the industrious classes, and are evincing the most unquestionable and enlightened loyalty to the monarch to whom they have sworn allegiance, although steadily, firmly, but respectfully, exposing and defeating his want of loyalty to the constitution he had sworn to accept and maintain. Now is this statement true or false ?

This Swedish statesman tells the world that the Norwegian constitution is bad, because Aristotle and Cicero, Bacon and Machiavelli, Montesquieu and Madison, Jeremy Bentham and Sismondi, Tocqueville, and Guizot, and himself, are all master-minds, who have declared that “ a national representation, formed in one democratical chamber, will fall into frequent mistakes ; will, by its single position against royalty, get into conflict with it, which must either lead to absolutism, or, what is still worse, to anarchy ; ” and, moreover, this Swedish master-mind tells the world, that the division of the Norwegian representative assembly into two chambers is insufficient to take it out of this anathema of great authorities against a single democratic chamber.

Mr. Laing's reply to all this array of authorities is a simple reference to the facts — contradict them who can — that this Norwegian constitution has been in operation now for a quarter of a century, going on smoothly, unless when the royal finger is laid hold of by the Swedish counsellors of his majesty, and unadvisedly thrust into the machinery, when it gets an ugly squeeze, and is precipitately withdrawn. This practical working of the legislative machine in the Norwegian constitution is held by Mr. Laing to be worth all the master-mind nostrums and theories of speculative philosophers, from Aristotle, Bacon, and Jeremy Bentham, down to this pamphleteer. In this constitution there is an effective check upon absolutism, from the legislative body in it having a self-existence independent altogether of the will of the executive power. It is elected and constituted, *suo jure*, once in three years, without writ or warrant being necessary from the king. It has a check upon anarchy, from the simple principle that no alteration in the constitution can be adopted by the same legislative assembly in which it is proposed. Every alteration must be proposed in one *storting*, and taken into consideration, and adopted or rejected, by the next *storting* : that is, by a new legislative assembly, after a lapse of three years, during which the proposed alteration has been before the nation at large, and is fully discussed and understood by all. The efficiency of these checks, against absolutism at least, have been pretty well tried in the present reign. But, says this Swedish political philosopher, the second or upper chamber of this legislative body, elected out of the mass of representatives, is an abomination in the Norwegian constitution. He tells us that, in the last *storting*, the *lagthing*, or upper chamber, actually consisted of “ peasants,

non-commissioned officers, parish clerks, provincial vaccinators, and the rest lawyers and attorneys," instead of counts and barons, with a pennyworth of red riband at their buttonholes, or of dukes, lords, and bishops. "And is this," exclaims the Swedish statesman, in aristocratic ire, "the chamber Mr. Laing presumes to compare with the British house of peers?" Mr. Laing would just presume to whisper in his ear, that as an upper or deliberative chamber in the legislature, as a body of legislators of the same class, and with the same interests as the legislates, and therefore capable of judging of the suitableness of the laws sent up to them from the lower chamber for their consideration, this same upper chamber may well be compared with the British house of peers or the Swedish house of nobles, and be admitted, too, to be, in the principle of its construction, superior to either for legislative purposes, better constituted for wise legislation. But, says this master-mind of sixty-five pages of foolscap, this upper chamber in the Norwegian *storting* has no effective veto upon the measures of the lower chamber, or main body of the national representatives — has no obstructive power in the constitution. Mr. Laing would again whisper in his ear, that this is exactly its merit. It has a sufficient suspensive power to prevent hasty enactments, a sufficient deliberative power to examine the bearings and effects of every measure, to amend, to reject, until its own views are again considered in the lower chamber, but has no obstructive power. It cannot, like the British house of peers, or Swedish house of nobles, be made the tool of any aristocratic faction, to obstruct all useful public measures that clash with the interests of a privileged few. It has, in the legislative machinery, a sufficient suspensive, deliberative, amending power, but no obstructive power; and the British house of peers ought to have no more. True it is, that this upper chamber of the Norwegian *storting* is composed of very ordinary vulgar fellows — just such people, indeed, as those for whom they are acting. Compare them, forsooth, to the chamber of nobles in a Swedish diet — a chamber composed, in one diet, since the acquisition of the Norwegian crown by the Swedish monarch, of sixty-seven ensigns and lieutenants, forty-nine captains, one hundred and five colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors, thirty-eight chamberlains, twelve presidents or vice-presidents of departments, twelve prefects, and twenty in various other court offices, — in all, four hundred and seventy-five government functionaries, out of a chamber of four hundred and ninety-two members! Yet, Mr. Laing would quietly ask — in a whisper — in which of these two legislative chambers will we find men who betrayed the king to whom they had sworn allegiance — who sold the crown of their native race of sovereigns — which, if the sovereign who wore it was incapable or unworthy to reign, should, on every principle, radical or conservative, have ultimately devolved on his infant heir — to a foreigner — and who delivered up to the enemy for money the finest provinces of the realm, the strongest fortresses and positions in Europe?

But this Norwegian constitution is too democratic in one page of this statesmanlike pamphlet, and too little so in the next. He complains that the representative is not elected directly by the people in Norway, but by their election-delegates. It is certainly an evil of this intermediate wheel between the constituency and the representative, that the public takes less interest in the elections than where they appoint their representatives by direct election. This disadvantage of the system of election-men was pointed out by Mr. Laing. He also pointed out its important advantages. It defeats all attempts at bribery, all undue influence over the electors, and is, in reality, the only system, except the vote by ballot, which secures the

purity of election. Time alone — that greatest of all political philosophers — can discover whether this system be or be not good. In the peculiar situation of Norway, with a corrupt Swedish aristocracy, eager to use all the royal power and patronage for the end of obtaining an influence in the legislative body of Norway, and an exclusive management of her affairs, the system of electing representatives through election-men works admirably. Influence, intimidation, or bribery, cannot get through a double row of electors, and that of the immediate electors, the election-men, not known, until they are assembled to act for their constituents in the election of a suitable representative. No wonder such a system is too much and too little of a democracy to suit the Swedish nobility, gaping for posts, and places, and public money, from the executive branch of the joint governments. Mr. Laing replies to all the observations upon the theoretical defects of the Norwegian constitution with the simple facts — that the people living under it are undeniably in a state of high and progressive prosperity; their trade, shipping, exports, imports, industry, well-being, and property, rapidly increasing; while the commerce, shipping, and physical and moral condition of Sweden are notoriously not advancing. That their taxes are reduced — their debt paid off — their money good in all countries — their credit excellent; and, above all, with the fact that the Norwegian people are content with their constitution as it is, while Sweden and Denmark are both clamorous for a constitution similar to it. How comes it, he asks, that a committee of the Swedish diet, now assembled, recommends a reform of the Swedish constitution, and that one single representative assembly be elected without distinction of privileged classes, and that the second or upper chamber be elected out of and by this representative assembly? This is exactly the principle of the Norwegian constitution; and this is the substance of the report of the committee of the present diet appointed to consider the reforms necessary in the constitution of Sweden. Denmark, also, is at this moment in a state of great excitement: the nation almost peremptorily demanding a constitution from their new sovereign — a constitution similar to that of their late fellow-subjects. And why? Because, while they are pressed to the earth with taxes, and public expenditure, and a wasteful irresponsible government, they see their former fellow-subjects happy and flourishing — a constitution which those who live under it are content with, and those who live around it may and are intent upon obtaining one similar for themselves, may well do without the approbation of the aristocracy of Sweden. But as the prosperity of Norway under its present constitution is not to be denied — is notorious to all Europe — is loudly proclaimed in every sea-port which has relations of trade with that kingdom — our Swedish pamphleteer slyly changes his ground, and insinuates, that this undeniable prosperity is not owing at all to the liberal constitution of Norway, to the general diffusion of property among her people, to the wisdom, intelligence, and Joseph Hume-like economy of her native legislators in expending the public money, but to Sweden! And why? Because Sweden keeps up a puppet show of a court, a diplomacy, an army of many officers, a navy, and apes the establishments of a great power without the means to support them. Norway, he says, is spared all this expense of establishments for defence or display as a nation, and therefore is flourishing at the expense of Sweden. The Norwegian *storting* is certainly wise enough to see that the people of Norway have property to defend, a constitution worth fighting for, and a sovereign to whom, as the head of that constitution, they are as zealously attached as his foolish attempts to subvert it will permit them to be; and, peasants though they be, have political tact enough to estimate much more justly than the

Swedish cabinet their real position among the European states; to see that their safety, independence, and importance, depend not upon the half dozen regiments and frigates which they could maintain, and still less upon an army of noble officers without men, strutting about the streets in idleness, demoralising the town populations, and devouring the means of the people, but upon the commercial relations of their country, which bind it, and its safety, independence, and present constitution, with the interests of European commerce, so that a shock given now to Norway would be felt on every exchange in Europe, from Naples to Archangel. They act with far more political wisdom, in expending as little as possible of the means of the people in taxes, to support an idle show of military and naval power, and in putting their country in the best state of defence which their real means permit them to do, viz. that in which the people have rights and property to fight for — arms in their hands to fight with — and a sufficient but not oppressive military organisation to defend their own rocks against direct invasion; but resting the defence of their national independence, as all secondary powers must do, not upon their own military power, but upon the intimate junction of their interests, industry, independence, and government, with those of greater powers.

Which country is in the best state of defence? Norway, with little or nothing of an army, navy, diplomacy, and no privileged class of nobility, but with its industry, commerce, and welfare binding it up with those of every trading nation in Europe? or Sweden, isolated politically and commercially compared to Norway, and with the hereditary ties of a nation to its sovereign broken by a venal court faction, its crown upon the head of a foreigner, ignorant of the language or civil affairs of the country he governs, its idle dissolute nobility living as useless military, civil, or courtly functionaries upon the means of the people, and looked upon by the people, since their sale of Finland, and of their native race of princes, as quite capable of betraying every interest but their own; and the people themselves, driven by misgovernment and oppressive military arrangements into poverty and its natural consequence, over-multiplication, into drunkenness, and its natural consequence, immorality? Which country is the best governed? — that in which the people are governed by their own laws, and employ their own time, and labour on their own property to their own advantage? or that in which the people are without any real voice in the legislature, are oppressed with taxes to support military and civil establishments altogether ridiculous in the present political state of European powers, their time and labour wasted in military drills and shows for the gratification of a body of mustachioed nobility as officers, numerous enough to command all the armies of a first-rate power, and to exhaust the finances of such a third-rate power as Sweden, even without men to command?

This writer seems to depend upon the gullibility of the English nation, its proverbial ignorance of all foreign countries, and its good-natured readiness to believe whatever is told it by those who are in a situation to know the truth. It enters not into the conception or character of our public to doubt that a broad assertion can be false. This writer broadly asserts that the Swedish people enjoy a free representative constitution; yet at this very moment the committee of the diet itself recommends the abolition of the present constitution, if such a thing as the diet can be called a constitution, and, instead of it, that a fair representation of the people of all classes, and not merely of nobility, clergy, burgesses, and a small portion of peasantry, be given to the nation. He asserts that the press in Sweden is free: if so, why was Captain Lindenberg condemned to death? Why is Mr. Crusenstalpa

suffering imprisonment in a fortress? Why has the newspaper, the most generally diffused, bearing on its title the *Twenty-fifth Aftenblad*, that is to say, it has been suppressed twenty-four times by an arbitrary censorship? Gullible the English public undoubtedly is; and, in the eyes of diplomatists of a third-rate order, it may be a virtue to deceive the public; to give an importance to small things, and little minds in kingly station; to confound the right and the moral in political affairs, for the purpose of supporting a poor faction of nobility in a systematic oppression of the people. But the public seldom errs in its judgment when it has the means of judging: the means of judging are before the British public. The analysis of the Swedish diet, the historical facts of the conduct of the Swedish nobility in their surrender of Finland; in their court intrigues, by which Charles XIII. seized the throne of his brother's children; and in their transfer of the crown from a native race of kings to a foreigner of second-rate military reputation in this age, ignorant of the language, people, and institutions, and without any other real recommendation to the throne of the Vasa dynasty, than that he would be a more convenient tool in the hands of the faction that disposed of it than its legitimate heir.

These are the means of forming a judgment, which, in this country at least, are before the public. "*The Foreign Quarterly Review*" has lately, in an able article, recapitulated the historical facts. "*The Annual Register*," and the numerous other collections and narratives of the public affairs and documents of this eventful century, give the British public at least the means of forming a judgment upon the statements and opinions of Mr. Laing's work, which this writer controverts with his bare unsupported assertion. The consistency or inconsistency of Mr. Laing's political opinions are as unimportant to the public as Mr. Laing is himself. This poor tool of a faction of Swedish nobility cannot understand, it seems, how a man can advocate liberal opinions, and at the same time legitimate opinions. He does not comprehend — and how should the noble who sees only his party, and his small party-objects or advantages, in every public question, and not the moral and political right or wrong, the social good or evil, how should he comprehend — that the liberal is far more conservative than the aristocrat? The liberal seeks only the preservation of each power in the state, — the executive, the legislative, the administrative, — by confining each to its legitimate province. He would strip the executive power of legislative authority, because the usurpation endangers the safety, and destroys the utility of the executive itself: he would purify the legislative authority from the admixture of executive with legislative influence exercised by the oligarchy of a nobility: he would establish the throne upon its proper rights, and make it, as the executive power in the state, independent of factions of nobility, and of military power: he would respect the legitimate succession to the legitimate rights of sovereign power; and if, unhappily, any individual in the line of succession should break the original contract with the people, he would resist, depose, bring to trial, and even to the scaffold, the individual monarch guilty of such misgovernment; and would establish such a constitution as would render the personal character of the future sovereigns of little importance, in the government of the country, for any evil to the community; but he would not alienate and sell the crown of his native land and his native race of sovereigns, nor suffer a faction of nobility to dispose of it to a foreigner, alien in religion, alien in language, alien in habits, for their own interests and advantages. The liberal is the real conservative of the monarchical principle in Europe: the aristocrat is only the conservative of the influence, privilege, and power

in a faction around the throne, as dangerous to the monarch as it is useless to the people. The history of Sweden, since the usurpation of the late deposed king's uncle, Charles XIII., is a memorable instance in modern history of the working of a government called into existence by an aristocracy, and conducted by an aristocracy, for its own advantages and interests as a privileged class: it shows the legitimate sovereigns of Europe what they and their families have to expect from their conservative nobility, where the voice of the people is not heard, and their right to a share in the legislature is usurped by the factions of the privileged orders. Had the voice of the Swedish people been heard, the race of its ancient sovereigns, under constitutional restrictions on the abuse of monarchical power, would at this day have been on the Swedish throne. The Swedish nation would as soon have thought of electing Tom Thumb the Great for their sovereign as a French general, whose name not one in a thousand had ever heard of in Sweden, and whose whole life and career, however distinguished, whether great or little, had been totally unconnected with Swedish interests or honour, and were connected only with a few needy intriguing Swedish nobles in Paris, who had no stake at home. Sweden, in this age, is as badly defended by her nobility in the fields of literature as of war.

The other statement of Mr. Laing, which it would be interesting to the public, and important to political science, to see fairly met and refuted, or else fairly admitted, is that Sweden, with a population almost entirely agricultural, not manufacturing or commercial, with a powerful church establishment, undisturbed by dissent or sectarianism, and with national education, as far as regards reading, writing, and the first principles of religion, very widely diffused, is notwithstanding in a more demoralised state than any country in Europe — more demoralised even than any equal portion of the British manufacturing population — stands, in short, at the very bottom of the scale of European morality. The conclusion which Mr. Laing draws from this is, that bad government, bad laws, bad social arrangements, unjust or unequal political rights and civil condition, enjoyed by privileged classes, at the expense and to the oppression of the great body of the people, the want of free agency as moral beings, by the interference of a military government with the time, labour, industry, and doings of the people, reducing them to the state of a soldiery in country quarters, are such demoralising influences in civil society, that even a powerful church establishment, and an effective system of national education, cannot counteract their tendency. Mr. Laing's conclusions must depend upon the truth of his statements. His statements are clearly and distinctly made. They do not rest upon his personal observations, or experiences as a traveller. He justly, it is conceived, observes, that the merely personal observation of the traveller, however good his opportunities, or long his experience of what he remarks in his own confined circle, as a stranger, is of no value whatsoever, either for establishing or refuting such a statement as he ventures to make respecting Sweden. Mr. Laing states that he makes it upon documentary evidence, upon the official returns of the Swedish ministers of justice, of the crimes committed within a given year, 1836, compared with the official criminal lists of other countries for the same year. Here, one would surely say, there can be no room for a conflict of opinions, or a reference to authorities. Here are facts to be admitted or denied, and facts only. Here is a list of specified crimes — murders, poisonings, unnatural crimes, robberies, thefts, or whatever they may be — committed in one country, to be compared with a list of the very same crimes committed, during the very same period of time, in another country. Are these lists true or false?



Here is no room, surely, to rebut officially specified crimes, with the opinions of the Marquis of Bute, Lord Strangford, Lord Fitzgerald, Lord Bloomfield, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Howard de Walden, Honourable J. D. Bligh, Sir Thomas Cartwright, Honourable J. Bloomfield, &c. Opinion against opinion, it may be reasonably doubted, whether observers in their rank, and necessarily confined in their intercourse to one class of society, are in a position, however long they may have resided in the country, so favourable for forming just opinions on its moral condition as an obscure ordinary traveller, like Mr. Laing. But here are facts specified, facts officially established. Of what value against these facts are the opinions of any number of diplomatic lords or travelling gentlemen? Is it pretended that their opinions should be received rather than facts? This may be a privilege, perhaps, of Swedish nobility, and diplomatists; but, in this country, opinions pass for no more than they are worth; that is, for nothing at all, in opposition to facts established on authentic official documents.

But this writer quotes opinions of more weight. He states it to be the opinion of Mr. M'Culloch, and also of the editor of "The Polytechnic Journal," that the mere amount of committals or punishments for criminal offences in different countries gives no just view of their relative moral state, because offences against police regulations, involving in them no moral delinquency, may be classed as criminal offences, and punished as such, in some countries, and altogether passed over, or at least not included, in the criminal calendar of other countries. Without stopping to consider the demoralising effects of such an indiscriminating system of law and misgovernment, that mere police transgressions, such, for instance, as a peasant appearing too late at a posting station with his horses, to drive an impatient noble to the next stage for an inadequate recompense, are treated and punished as moral offences; and without stopping to consider the demoralising influence of such a system of police and criminal regulation together, that one person in every 112½ of the whole population, infants, females, sick and aged inclusive, could be accused, and one in 134 convicted and punished — for there is a moral degradation in being accused, convicted, and punished, even for mere police transgressions, — it is, Mr. Laing observes, "not upon the amount of committals and punishments, to which the opinion of those enlightened statistical writers specially refers, that he founds his statement. He comes to close quarters. He does not merely state that in 1836, out of every 134 persons, women, infants, aged, sick, all included, one person had been convicted: he specifies the crimes themselves, the number of murders, of robberies, of offences against nature, of poisonings, of fire-raising, of thefts. He gives the number of those specified crimes in the official lists which no juggle about classification of offences, or about police regulations, can in any way diminish or exaggerate, as acts involving the highest moral guilt; and he asks if any other community in Europe, of the same population, has produced so many criminal offences of the same moral guilt within the same period? He does not merely state the gross number of crimes in all Sweden, but he takes one or two distinct provinces, as Gothland, Geflelau, Stockholm, and gives the number of people implicated, and the number of murders, robberies, and other crimes committed in the year 1836, and asks if such a criminal list in the same year can be produced from the most disturbed province of Ireland, or the most depraved portion of the manufacturing population of England? This Swedish moralist appeals to the Scotch nation, whether, if they "were placed in a jury box in an action against Mr. Laing for libelling the Swedish nation, they would not pronounce the verdict of "*guilty*." Before pronouncing their verdict, they would be requested by Mr. Laing to read the following

list of crimes committed in 1838 within the kingdom of Sweden, carrying in their minds that the population of this kingdom is little, if at all, greater than that of Scotland; that its metropolis contains about half the population of Edinburgh, viz. 75,000 people; and that it has no Glasgow, no manufacturing population, no influx of strangers. Mr. Laing takes the official returns of the Swedish minister of justice for 1838, being a return later in date by two years than that upon which he founded his statement of the low moral condition of the Swedish nation in his "Tour in Sweden."

In 1838, then, 26,357 men and 3626 women have been prosecuted for criminal offence; being 1 person in every 161 of the whole population. Of this number, 22,005 men and 3013 women have been condemned; 3191 men and 398 women acquitted; and the rest, at the date of the report, 18th December, 1839, were still under trial. Among the crimes tried in the country courts were twenty-eight cases of murder, for which thirty-one men and eight women were condemned; further, twelve cases of child-murder, and twelve women condemned for this crime; further, seven cases of poisoning, and three men and five women condemned for this crime. Besides these capital crimes tried in the country courts, there were tried in the town courts one murder, committed by one man; one case of incendiarism and murder, by a woman; and one case of murder, robbery, and incendiarism united. We have here, of capital crimes involving human life, in this population of less than 3,000,000, fifty cases, and sixty-two persons condemned for murder. Is this our proportion in Scotland of this crime? Is there any classification of offences? any juggle between police transgressions and criminal offence, by which this amount of crime of the most heavy description may be explained away? But, further, we have six cases of violent robbery, and ten men and one woman condemned for this crime; also, sixteen cases of perjury, and twenty persons condemned; further, four cases of incendiarism, and two men and two women condemned. The inquisition, too — the church establishment — has had its victims through the arm of the civil courts: twenty-one persons condemned for contempt of the public church service. We have not yet done. We have 126 cases of theft repeated three or more times, and 104 men and 19 women condemned under this indictment; also, 274 cases of theft twice repeated, and 340 men and 41 women condemned; 947 cases of theft for the first time, and 833 men and 205 women condemned; and, besides all this, 478 cases of petty thefts, and 397 men and 118 women condemned. But we have not exhausted this record of Swedish morality. We are only in the country courts. In the town courts, besides the three cases of murder and incendiarism before mentioned, there have been tried 112 cases of forgery, and 105 men and eighteen women condemned; 892 cases of theft, and 907 persons condemned; 479 cases of petty theft, and 596 persons condemned. In the year 1838, the number of persons condemned to death for capital offences has been sixty-eight, of whom nineteen have been executed, and forty-nine pardoned, or sentence commuted. Is this the proportion of capital offences, and of executions, in one year in Scotland? Is Mr. Laing confounding mere police transgressions with moral offences in this statement? In 1838, the divorces — no inexpressive test of the morality of a people — were 147; viz. ninety-five at the instance of husbands, and fifty-two of wives. One hundred and seventy-two cases of suicide came under the cognisance of the local authorities in all Sweden, in 1838. Now are these of the description of crimes which any classification, or non-classification, can take out of the catalogue of moral delinquency, and range under the head of police transgression only — of infractions of conventional regu-

lation, involving no moral delinquency? Is there at this day any civilised community in Europe with such a frightful list of crime for the year 1838, in every 3,000,000 of its population? Is Mr. Laing guilty, or not guilty, of a libel on the Swedish nation, when he places it at the bottom of the moral list in Europe? If the Scotchman acquainted with the moral condition of Scotland were to answer the appeal of this Swedish writer to find Mr. Laing guilty of a libel on the moral character of the Swedish nation, Saunders would probably take a snuff, and quietly observe, that there are nations, as well as individuals, whom it would be very difficult to libel.

This moralist seems to be particularly shocked at Mr. Laing's statement, that the Swedish population, at least the town populations of Sweden, is remarkably unchaste. Mr. Laing states that the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births in Stockholm is as 1 to  $2\frac{5}{10}$ , while in London and Middlesex it is 1 to 38 legitimate births; and in Paris 1 to 5, and in the other French towns 1 to  $7\frac{1}{2}$ . Mr. Laing admits that he has here made a mistake—a very important mistake—in his statement; but it happens to be a mistake in understating instead of overstating the amount of illegitimacy in Stockholm in one year. In the year 1838, there were born in Stockholm 2714 children, and of those 1577 were legitimate, and 1137 were illegitimate, making a balance of only 440 chaste mothers out of 2714: so that instead of 1 illegitimate birth for every  $2\frac{5}{10}$  legitimate, it is actually 1 illegitimate for every  $1\frac{1}{2}$  legitimate. In the town populations of Sweden, Stockholm not included, there were born 4083 legitimate and 926 illegitimate children in 1838, so that there the proportion is about 1 illegitimate to 4 legitimate births. Now these are, in general, petty country towns, without manufactures or commerce, towns of three or four thousand inhabitants. Is it the state of morals in our small towns, that 1 illegitimate child is born for every 4 legitimate? Aberdeen approaches nearer in population to Stockholm than Edinburgh. In Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, in any town in Christendom, is the proportion of bastards to legitimate children as 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ? It is in vain to quote the opinion of the editor of "*The Polytechnic Journal*," that the returns of illegitimate births in the towns of England and Wales are, or may be, erroneous—that London and Middlesex swarm with prostitutes, so that, in reality, the male sex may be quite as unchaste there as in Stockholm. The plain common sense of every man tells him that such an enormous proportion of illegitimate births proves that the want of chastity in the female sex is not confined, as in London, to an outcast class of females, but is spread very widely over the female community of other classes, among whom, with us, a breach of chastity is of very rare occurrence. All the Swedish moralists and polytechnic journalists in the world will not make out that a nation is in a high moral condition with one unchaste for every four chaste mothers in the small towns, and two unchaste for every three chaste mothers in its metropolis.

This writer passes over in prudent silence the enormous proportion of the population of this metropolis which has gone in the course of a year through the public hospital, viz. 1 in every  $60\frac{7}{10}$  of unmarried adults, for the treatment of an infamous disease; and also the attempt of this moral government, a few years ago, to establish brothels, either as a financial or as a sanatory speculation. Mr. Laing is conscious that he has fully established by the official returns for 1838, which he now quotes, as well as by those for 1836, which he quoted in his "*Tour in Sweden*," that Sweden stands at present at the bottom of the moral scale of Europe, that chastity is not a Swedish virtue, and that he is not guilty of a libel on the Swedish nation in publish-

ing their own official returns of the crimes committed among them in 1836, and now in 1898, and drawing obvious unavoidable inferences from them of the very low moral condition of Sweden.

What may be the causes of this frightfully demoralised state of a country in which the church establishment and the educational system are vigorous and effective? This silly pamphleteer would insinuate that Mr. Laing attributes the demoralised state of the Swedish nation to religion and education: Mr. Laing attributes it now, and in his "Tour in Sweden," distinctly to misgovernment, and to the privileged classes in the social structure of Sweden keeping down all free agency as moral beings among the people, reducing them to the state of a soldiery, with regulations, interference, and conventional laws and observances, instead of moral duties to guide them, and liable, like a soldiery, to fall into excesses and transgressions of all civil duties, when occasionally escaping from the kind of military surveillance of the public functionary.

The Swedish people are not vicious naturally. No people are so. But they are not treated by their government as free agents. Their time, labour, industry, property, are interfered with, and taken from them by government and its functionaries, by privileged classes, by a greedy and poor nobility living upon the taxes. They have consequently the vices of men who are not free agents — not bred under moral restraint, but under discipline, police regulation, or conventional restraint. In spite of religious and educational establishments, they are demoralised by misgovernment, bad laws, and a faulty structure of society; and Mr. Laing draws, from the striking moral condition of this people, the important conclusion, that the cause of reform is the cause of morality; that the pious and good men among us who would make every sacrifice for the diffusion of education and religious instruction among the people, yet oppose every innovation or reform in the civil institutions and government of a country, are involved in contradiction and inconsistency. The very remarkable diminution of crime in Ireland, which has accompanied the more liberal administration of government under the present Whig ministry, the equal bearing of law at present towards the Catholic and Protestant population, strengthens this conclusion, proves that national morality is more intimately connected with good, even-handed, liberal government, and the equal rights of all in the social system, than with the religious and educational establishments of a country. The latter, as moral influences, are inefficient without the former.

This writer attributes the immorality of Sweden, which, after a long juggle with opinions and authorities against facts, he is forced to admit, to the drunkenness of the people, and their drunkenness again to the too powerful spirit of democracy in the Swedish constitution, by which the peasantry "enjoy the right to distil their own brandy as freely as to make their own soup." In the Swedish diet — this too liberal, too democratic assembly — there are three chambers, besides that of the peasantry — the chamber of nobles, of clergy, and of the burgesses of corporate towns, each of which can stop any prejudicial or any beneficial act proposed in any other chamber, and hinder it passing into a law. How comes it that this excessive and demoralising right of every man to distil brandy at his pleasure passed into a law through these three conservative chambers, any one of which could have stopped it? Is it that the nobility, clergy, and privileged shopkeepers get their rents, their church dues, their shop accounts, better paid; and therefore they allow this universal distillation among the people, have no objection to a demoralising influence, provided it

fills their purses? If the Swedish clergy and nobility sincerely believe that the general depravity, the low moral condition, of the Swedish nation proceeds from drunkenness, fostered by this general unchecked distillation of spirits, why do they not restrain, or at least propose a law to restrain, this right of distillation? They themselves furnish the proof that their diet is merely a meeting of delegates of certain privileged bodies, for the purpose of legislating for their own advantage, without regard to the morality, well-being, or prosperity of the country. But to consider drunkenness as the cause of the low moral state of the Swedish nation is like the reasoning of the murderer Courvoisier the other day, who held that his petty theft of his master's silver spoons was the cause of his midnight murder of his master; and that the deeper crime was only a consequence of his theft, necessary to conceal it.

Drunkenness is the cause of crime but too often in the individual; but it is the effect of a low and degraded moral state of the national mind and habits that individuals drink to excess. It is not, as this writer supposes, a necessary consequence of the people enjoying "the right to distil their brandy as freely as to make their soup," that the people should be addicted to excessive drinking, and become demoralised. The people of Switzerland enjoy the right to distil as freely as the people of Sweden, and have much better stuff to distil and make spirits of; but they are not addicted to excessive drunkenness; they are not demoralised by this democratic liberty to distil what they please, and as much as they please. But, then, they are free agents in all things, as well as in distillation; they are men under moral restraint in all their doings, not under functionary regulation. The difference of race, or the difference of climate, must not be alleged as sufficient to account for the Swiss peasant being, with a perfectly free distillation of his wines, his cherries, his barley, a sober moral man, and the Swede the reverse. The Swiss peasant in Haslethal considers himself to this day a descendant from a Swedish stock; and the language, mode of building their dwellings, personal appearance, and habits of living in that district, furnish many striking proofs that the tradition is not without some foundation—that the races may have been originally the same. The climate of Sweden is to be found in the upper end of every alpine valley; but, in Switzerland, the free distillation does not demoralise the people! And why? Because the people have rights, have freedom; are not enslaved by privileged bodies of clergy, nobility, and merchants, and by a government acting entirely for the interests of these privileged bodies, and with no ties to the mass of the nation, but those which military and civil functionaries can create; with no support in the feelings of the people, in their hereditary attachments, or prejudices, or principles, and therefore a mere tool in the hands of the privileged classes who set up the puppet, and pull the strings by which it moves, nods, and gives signs of intelligence and approbation to whatever they whisper in its ear.

This writer is obliged to distort, misrepresent, and falsify the opinions he endeavours to refute, in order to answer them. He ascribes to Mr. Laing the opinion that, "to procure sugar and coffee cheaper for Russia, Norway and Sweden should be incorporated with Russia." He says, "This enlightened and patriotic Scotchman wants to establish Russia opposite to the very coasts of Scotland, and would make Russia a first-rate naval power, on purpose to procure cheaper coffee and sugar for her serfs." Now, what is the fact? Mr. Laing says, it is no unreasonable object of ambition in Russia to get possession, if she can, of an ocean coast, through which her immense population may be supplied with those productions of

the tropical climes — cottons, tobaccos, sugar, coffee, &c. — which, in this age, are the main objects and stimulants of human industry and civilisation — that this ocean-coast is the coast of the Scandinavian peninsula, which, if it fell into the hands of Russia, would at once raise her to a first-rate naval power, and would change the face of the civilised world — and that the defence of such a maritime position, of so important a stretch of ocean-coast, ought not be left, as it would be by the amalgamation of Norway with Sweden, in the hands of a Swedish nobility, who had shown, in our times, that they were capable of selling to Russia the province of Finland, with its Gibraltar, Sweaborg, which were the main bulwarks of Europe on this side against Russia, and of selling the crown of their native race of princes to a foreigner. Mr. Laing's opinion, which this writer does not venture to quote fairly, is, that the nobility who sold, or permitted to be sold by a faction among themselves, the province of Finland, the islands of Aland, the fortress of Sweaborg, and the troops under their command; and who sold, or permitted to be sold, the crown of their native dynasty, without any constitutional amelioration, or any political or civil improvement in the condition of the people from the change, but solely for party advantage, may be capital courtiers, excellent iron manufacturers, may bear high-sounding titles, great historical names, and ribands at their buttonholes of all the colours of the rainbow, but are not to be trusted with the defence of an European bulwark — that Norway and her coasts are safer in the hands of her independent noble peasantry than of a nobility, who have shown, in this age, that they are capable of betraying for money all that nobility hold sacred in other countries — the military trusts reposed in them, the sovereign to whom they had sworn allegiance and pledged their honour, the crown of their native dynasty, from whom their own titles and distinctions were derived by their ancestors.

The extensive circulation of "The Monthly Chronicle" among that class of readers to whom every author is most anxious to address himself — the educated of the middle and upper classes, who read with intelligence and reflection — induces Mr. Laing to request the editor to admit into his "Chronicle" this reply to a very obscure pamphlet, but of no obscure origin, which endeavours to impugn statements and opinions founded upon undeniable official documents and incontrovertible historical facts; to hoodwink the public, and mislead the future historian and political philosopher, by representing simple plain conclusions, drawn from authentic sources, as the mere delusive observations of a hasty traveller, which the authority of other travellers may overturn. The reading public of this country is able to appreciate the justice of conclusions, and the validity of the authority from which they are drawn. Writers have only to state their data and their conclusions fairly and fully to the public, to demolish all attempts to impose upon or mislead its judgment.

SAMUEL LAING.

*Edinburgh.*

## NIGHT AND DAY.

## I.

Now the young Night divine  
 Hath crown'd the dying day  
 With throbbing stars o' light !  
 And beneath the pale Moon's shine  
 She slowly bends her way  
 To meet the Morrow bright !  
 Doffing, as she nears the dawn,  
 Her starry vest, and gradually  
 She putteth on a purple sky  
 To meet the dew-lipped morn.

## II.

There is the Harbinger of Day,  
 Bright Phosphor ! O'er the eastern throne  
 He pauses to announce the king.  
 He shineth now with dimmer ray,  
 And sees — and oh ! he sees alone —  
 The God of Light come triumphing !  
 Day has caught the dying Night,  
 And o'er her pale and misty brow,  
 He bends in silent love to throw  
 His mantle of the rich sun light !

## III.

Night glorifies departing Day : —  
 The Morrow folds in her blue shroud  
 The Night, which glides unto the brink  
 Of a new Morn, then dies away —  
 Dying upon some crimson cloud !  
 How softly the light flushes sink  
 From the mute clouds that darker lower ;  
 Till, gathering on the mountain brow,  
 Stern diadems of silence grow  
 To crown the midnight hour !

THOMAS POWELL.

## LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

BY A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

JOURNEY FROM NAPLES TO ROME — ROME — THE ETERNAL CITY — FIRST  
IMPRESSIONS — ANTIQUITIES. — PALATINE HILL — COLOSSEUM.

I LITTLE thought a year ago that it would ever be my lot to date a letter from the eternal city. Yet so it is, and here I am in Rome — Rome, the ruined capital of the world, the shrine of departed greatness, the fallen mistress of nations — Rome, the fountain head of all that is most interesting in the history of our species, the seat of spiritual dominion, the sanctuary of art — Rome, the city of the scholar and historian, the artist and poet, the Capitol whose citizens are the educated men of every age and country. It seems like a dream that I should be actually living on the Quirinal, passing the Capitol in my daily walk, and spending my time in the galleries of the Vatican, and amidst the ruins of the Forum. Like Gibbon, I felt myself for many days in a state of excitement, which did not permit me to descend to a cool investigation. I gave myself up altogether to the feelings called forth by the solemn and impressive monuments around me, without attempting to analyse or reflect upon them, or to dwell long upon any single object. Even now that these feelings are somewhat sobered, and I have had leisure to examine things more minutely, I am overwhelmed by the variety of impressions, the vastness and multiplicity of objects which claim the attention, and am at a loss how to begin to convey any adequate idea of what Rome is, and of the impression it makes on the mind. Perhaps the best plan is to take up my narration where I left it off, and introduce you to Rome as I first saw it myself on arriving from Naples.

When I wrote you last I told you I was on the point of leaving Naples. I started next morning with my father and two Italian gentlemen, in charge of a vetturino driving his own horses, and undertaking to pay all our expences on the journey; an arrangement general throughout Italy, and very convenient for travellers, who would otherwise be exposed to the merciless rapacity of innkeepers. It is characteristic, however, of the low state of moral feeling in this country, that for a short journey like this we had a written contract drawn out with all the formality of a legal document, and stipulating with precision the rights and obligations of each party in the minutest particulars. It is plain there is no such thing known as trusting to a man's word, where there is a possibility of his cheating you.

The first day's journey brought us to Mola di Gaeta, passing on the way through Capua. Every where the scene is the same — rich cultivation and exuberant fertility in the soil, and wretchedness past imagination or belief among its inhabitants. I thought the lazzaroni of Naples immeasurably the lowest of the human species, but I find there are depths in degradation I had not calculated upon. The beggars of Capua are clearly lower in the scale of creation than those of Naples. I saw objects in the streets there which made me shudder, so little human, so utterly and abjectly wild-beast-like was their appearance. Oh, believe me, freedom is no theoretical good, no visionary idol of a few educated men; to all, and to the low even more than to the high, it is the first and greatest of blessings. Worse, a thousand times worse than pestilence or famine, are institutions which grind men down to a level with the beasts that perish, and leave them in the midst of



a land overflowing with corn, and wine, and oil, without food to satisfy their hunger, without rags to cover their nakedness.

Mola is a lovely spot. The Apennines with their snowy peaks, and myrtle-clad skirts, come close down to the sea, and the little town lies at their foot on the shore of the blue Mediterranean. As we approached it the sun was going down beneath the western wave with all the gorgeous and brilliant splendour of a southern sunset — the whole heavens in a glow, the burnished waves flashing like a sea of molten gold, and a flood of rosy light poured over the landscape fading slowly into darkness, and lingering after day was gone on the snowy peaks of the distant Apennine. Nature is far more brilliant here than in our northern climes. With us her charms are of a softer and milder character, winning the heart gently, and winding themselves about the affections — here she is an imperious beauty, dazzling all eyes, and captivating all hearts, at a single glance. The clearness, the dazzling purity and transparency of the air, give this difference of character to the scenery. Colours are brighter, objects are seen more distinctly, and effects of light and shade are more decisive and strongly marked. From Mola to Terracina the scenery is beautiful. The road winds along the flank of the Apennines, wild, uncultivated, and overgrown with myrtle and flowering shrubs, and forests of the evergreen oak, with here and there an old fortified town, or feudal tower built on some commanding eminence, and below a small tract of level marshy ground extending to the sea. Here, in the very jaws of the pass where prudent Fabius checked the advance of the Carthaginian, stands the custom-house which marks the junction of the Papal and Neapolitan states. Directly we pass this imaginary frontier line there is a marked improvement in the appearance of the people. They are still poor, still rude and uncivilized, but they have no longer the abject look of slaves, and they have some regard for the decencies and respectabilities of life. You no longer see objects in a state of indecent nakedness; you see the peasants with their clothes carefully patched and mended — a thing I never saw in Naples, and which indicates some degree of self-respect and regard for appearance. They are also, though far from handsome, decidedly better looking than the Neapolitans, who are, I should think without exception, the ugliest race on the face of the earth. There is also a marked difference in the density of population between the two states. Naples swarms with inhabitants, every inch of ground is cultivated, and, like Ireland, the country seems to be one vast overpeopled pauper warren. In the Roman states, on the other hand, vast tracts of land lie deserted and uncultivated, and the country does not seem to be peopled up to a tenth part of its capabilities. This arises, however, in a great measure from the malaria. The whole tract of the Maremma, as it is called, or district which stretches from the foot of the Apennines to the sea, is dreadfully unhealthy. In the whole country to the west of the great central range of Italy, from Pisa on the north to Terracina on the south, there are but a few habitable spots. The whole Maremma of the Roman states, including the Campagna of Rome, contains only 30,000 inhabitants. The greater part of this vast tract lies wholly uncultivated, or in rude pasture grazed over by wandering herds and flocks, the rest is tilled chiefly by peasants who come down from villages among the slopes of the mountains, and encamp in the open air during seed-time and harvest. Whatever may be the cause of this dreadful scourge of malaria — the want of drainage, the extent of uncultivated land, the rankness of luxuriant vegetation allowed to go to decay, or the volcanic nature of the soil — the squalid unhealthy look of all who live within the districts subject to its influence, sufficiently attest the fact of its existence.

At Terracina I was surprised to find the palm and aloe growing wild among the rocks, and altogether more appearance of tropical vegetation than at Naples, which is nearly 100 miles further south. Terracina is shut in between high rocks and the sea with a southern aspect, and sheltered from the chilling blasts which come down from the snowy Apennines, and make Naples any thing but a warm place during the winter months. There is a great change, however, in the climate when we get to the north of this spur of the Apennines, which runs out into the sea between Terracina and Mola di Gaeta. We take leave altogether of tropical vegetation, and enter a climate differing little from that of the south of France and Germany. A gentleman who had lived long in Italy observed to me, that the change of climate was greater in going from Rome to Naples than from London to Rome.

After leaving Terracina we traversed for twenty miles the dreary Pontine Marshes, which, however, are not so much of a swamp or morass as I expected to find them, but low grass land like the fens of Cambridge or Lincolnshire, over which vast herds of cattle and buffaloes were grazing. Beyond these marshes the ground rises in a series of steep irregular hills of volcanic origin, which separate the flat district of the marshes from the Campagna of Rome. Several of these small isolated hills are crowned with the remains of old Pelasgian walls, solid as the rock itself, and the more recent ruins of little Latin fortresses memorable in the early annals of Roman warfare. The highest of the range is the famous Alban Mount, on whose summit stood the temple of the Latian Jupiter, visible far and wide over a vast expanse of country. The view from Albano, and during the descent from that town into the plain, is fine. The wide Campagna lies stretched out before you like a shoreless sea — desolate, dreary, without a house or tree to break the monotony of its level and uniform surface. In the midst of it is a little spot, which, at first sight, you take for the shadow of a summer cloud — and this is Rome. The imperial city, the mistress of the world, seems but as a speck upon the vast and desolate plain which surrounds her; a fleeting shadow upon the face of infinite and eternal nature. As you leave the hills and advance into the plain, the grandeur and desolation of the scene becomes more impressive at every instant. The Campagna is a noble introduction to Rome, a prelude which attunes the mind to sad and lofty thoughts. No sight, no sound of human industry, meet you on this lifeless plain; no trace of man or his works, except here and there a shapeless mass of brickwork, a hillock of ruins overgrown with weeds, a solitary tomb, a ruined and choked up fountain, and the broken arches and fragments of an ancient aqueduct; at length, perhaps, the figure of a solitary shepherd seen against the sky in the distant horizon, or a single house standing up like a ship amidst the trackless ocean, remind us that we are still in the abodes of life, but only make the silence and solitude around more striking and impressive. Why is this vast tract, once covered with the suburbs of Rome, and the country-houses and villas of her wealthy citizens, thus lifeless and deserted by the hand of man? There seems no reason why it should be unhealthy. Except about the mouth of the Tiber, and in the immediate vicinity of the sea, it is by no means wet or swampy, but a dry open down with swells and undulations on the surface, and covered with a fine short sward of grass, like many of our extensive downs in England. The chief reason I believe is, that it is held in large estates by nobles and ecclesiastical bodies, who derive a considerable income without any outlay by allowing flocks and herds from the adjoining mountains to graze over it in winter and spring, and are therefore unwilling to encourage cultivation.

Be this as it may, it now presents an image of utter solitude and desolation, and forms a noble and appropriate introduction to the ruins of Rome. As we approach the city, instead of meeting with increasing signs of population and industry, the few there were entirely disappear. Instead of people, and carts, and carriages, ruins begin to thicken and crowd about us; and without other warning we find ourselves before a massive venerable brick wall, and are at the gates of Rome. A sleepy sentinel nodding to a drowsy custom-house officer, and two or three peasants with their mules bringing vegetables from the country, are now all the concourse at these gates, whence once such conflux issued forth: —

“Prætors, proconsuls, to their provinces  
Hasting or on return, in robes of state,  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings,  
Or embassies from regions far remote.”

You pass the gate, you enter the city; but where are the houses? where are the people? You see a church, an obelisk, fields, gardens, wildernesses, and ruins; but not a dwelling is to be seen, not a living soul is stirring — all is silence and solitude; churches standing alone amidst ruins — such is the first impression of Rome! For nearly half an hour we drove between high stone walls, in the midst of vineyards, gardens, and ruins, without seeing any sight of life, or any thing to remind us that we were within the walls of a great city. At length a few straggling houses began to appear, and here and there a peasant is seen returning from his work, a monk gliding along with eyes fixed on the ground, or a group of idle fellows wrapped in ragged cloaks and lounging in the sun. As we advance the stream thickens, and the road becomes a street — a dirty narrow street, called after some saint or apostle, with old-fashioned irregular houses, churches, palaces, ruins, fountains, obelisks, and statues — shops, eating-houses, and a throng of people and carriages, and we are in the heart of modern Rome.

The first week I was in Rome I spent almost entirely among the ruins. These memorials of departed greatness, these colossal fragments of a fallen empire, fill the mind with a solemn yet pleasing awe, “disturb it with the joy of elevated thoughts,” and carry it above the beaten dusty paths of ordinary life into lofty questionings of the past history and future destinies of the world we live in. In presence of the ruins of an empire we forget the cares of our own petty existence, and almost merge our individuality in that of the human race whose revolutions we are contemplating. Goethe has well said, that “at Rome we read history from within to without, while elsewhere we read it from without to within.” Yes; history is here *felt* rather than *learned* — its spirit is breathed in with the air, instilled into us by surrounding objects, until it becomes a living truth to the imagination, instead of a dry abstraction to the intellect.

I take my walk every morning to the Palatine; leaving my lodging in the Quirinal, and stopping a few moments to gaze at the Castor and Pollux, masterpieces of Greek sculpture which adorn the square in front of the pope's palace, a short walk brings me to the Capitol. Here the modern city ends, and all beyond is waste and vineyard and ruin. I mount the broad flight of steps where so many consuls and senators have mounted before me, and descend on the other side by the sacred road along which the triumphal car ascended to the Capitol. On my right I have the solid blocks which formed the foundation of the senate's palace, on my left a church built over the old Mamertine prisons, the state dungeons where so many fallen kings and emperors were confined. At my feet are the triumphal

arch of Severus, and the ruins of the temples of Jupiter, Fortune, and Concord. Before me the Forum, a wide open space thickly strewn with ruins, and shut in by low hills covered with ruins and vineyards, and here and there a solitary church or chapel. Of all these hills the most deserted and solitary is the Palatine. The site of the imperial palace of Nero's golden house is now a crumbling mass of ruins, a confused heap of mouldering brickwork overgrown with weeds and brushwood, amidst which a few poor peasants till their little plots of garden-ground. Not many years ago this hill was a splendid garden, with fountains, statues, summer-houses, walks, and terraces; but the Farnese family, to whom it belonged, became extinct, their possessions passed into other hands, and now the garden has gone to decay, the paths are overgrown with grass, the flower-beds with weeds, and the terraces and summer-houses are crumbling down upon the massive ruins on which they were built into a second generation of decay. It seems as if a curse had blasted the spot which had witnessed such scenes of gross unbridled sensuality and abandoned crime. I love this lonely Palatine, for here I can sit and think or read for hours together without being disturbed, or look down upon the city and ruins which are stretched out before me like a map. Casting my eyes northwards, I see the Capitol and Tarpeian rock, and the modern city with its confused wilderness of flat weather-beaten roofs and rusty domes and belfries, with St. Peter's in the distance, and the low hills on the other side of the Tiber. On the east the Forum and its ruins lie at my feet, with the Quirinal and Viminal hills beyond; on the west a narrow valley, once the Circus Maximus, where games and chariot races were held, separates me from the Aventine; and to the south the huge Colosseum and the Cœlian Mount bound the view. By studying Rome from this point with a map, I soon formed a clear idea of its situation and of its seven hills. Through the midst of the wide open downs of the Campagna, the Tiber, a small deep muddy river, winds its way to the marshes of Ostia and the sea, in a channel cut down somewhat below the level of the surrounding country. About twelve miles from the sea it enters an oval basin, four or five miles in length from north to south, and about three in its widest part from east to west, shut in by ranges of low volcanic hills. The river enters this basin at its northern end, by a narrow valley between the Marian and Pincian hills, and after winding through it in a serpentine direction, flows out in the south, close under the steep slope of the Aventine. The city and the ruins stand on the left bank of the river, and cover the plain and the low hills which form its boundary on the eastern side. On the right bank stands the Vatican and St. Peter's, and lower down the small dirty suburb of Trastevere. Ancient Rome began among the small hills on the south and south-eastern side of the valley, the Palatine, Capitoline, Cœlian, and Aventine hills, and gradually extended itself to the north, over the other hills, along the banks of the river and over the plain between. The northern part of the plain, however, and the northern slopes of the Pincian and Quirinal hills never appear to have been densely peopled, but always to have been occupied by villas, gardens, baths, and places of public amusement. Here were the famous gardens of Sallust and the baths of Diocletian, a vast inclosure containing a circus, theatres, and public walks. The walls which were extended by Aurelian inclose all the hills and a considerable space beyond them, and on the right bank of the Tiber. They are said to be fifteen miles in circumference, but not a fourth part of the space inclosed by them is now inhabited. The modern city is lost among the ruins; it seems to have shrunk away from them, and grown gradually towards the

northern side of the plain, which was formerly the least thickly inhabited. The best parts of it lie on the Quirinal and Pincian hills, and between them the Capitol and the river. Lower down, and along the banks of the Tiber, are the Jews' quarter and a number of filthy miserable streets, worse than the worst parts of Saffron Hill or St. Giles's. The modern city itself has an air of antiquity; whitewash is unknown; the roofs have a rusty weather-beaten look; fragments of ruin and half-effaced inscriptions meet the eye at every step; and every thing has a quiet, ancient, and venerable appearance. Looking down upon the town from any of the hills, there is no appearance of regularity, nothing like an uniform plan to be traced, but houses, churches, palaces, domes, belfries, obelisks, and columns, are huddled together in utter confusion. And so you find it when you enter it, a perfect labyrinth of little, dark, narrow streets, where, however, some work of art, some monument of antiquity, meets the eye at every step. It is utterly unlike all other cities I have seen — a city without life, or stir, or bustle — a city which seems to live on the memory of its ancient glories — a city of the past and not of the present.

But to return to the Palatine: here, with ancient and modern Rome spread out like a map around me, with the ruins of the Cæsars' palace under my feet and the blue Italian heaven over my head, I linger whole mornings, drinking into my inmost soul the spirit of the spot. Here Rome began — here Romulus built his hut — his first battle was fought in the little hollow below with the Sabines, who had possession of the Capitol. A few outlaws and adventurers seized on this little hill and made it their strong-hold, and hence sprung up a power which overshadowed the world. This spot is the centre whence came forth the crystallising power which made order out of chaos, and reduced the jarring elements of European society into the regular shape and form of one mighty empire. What was Europe when Romulus raised his standard on this little hill? — a rude, tumultuous assemblage of innumerable little states and nations, without communication, without the ties of common laws, language, or religion; without any principle of unity, enjoying a rude freedom, without progress or improvement, and exhausting their energies in an endless succession of petty and domestic wars — what hope, what prospect was there for a society so constituted! The iron men of Rome conquered one after another all of these petty nations. State after state was swallowed up and incorporated with the growing empire, till at last its boundaries were almost co-extensive with those of the known world. Hence common laws and common government; hence the possibility of a common religion; hence standing armies and fleets, roads, bridges, posts, an organised system of centralised government, all the practical material elements of a common civilisation. Such was the mighty tree which Providence raised from the little seed sown on this hill. And yet the Palatine is in ruins. The mighty empire has passed away. Its religion and literature, its civilisation and philosophy fulfilled their appointed task, and in the fulness of time were replaced by others. Other empires, other religions, other forms of society and civilisation have arisen. Who shall tell how long they may last? Who shall venture to say that the modern civilisation of Europe is a perfect and final state? Who shall venture to assure us that the fate which has fallen on imperial Rome shall never befall our own proud cities and palaces?

One thing only is certain, that amidst these mighty vicissitudes, these risings up and fallings down of empires, these flowerings and fadings of art, these flourishings and passings away of opinions and social forms, the human race is steadily advancing in the track marked out for it by a wise and over-

ruling Providence. Stand on the sea-shore and watch the waves: wave after wave rolls in and dashes on the beach, and rushes forward as if it would swallow up the narrow strand of sand or pebbles; but wave after wave sinks back, wearied and exhausted, into the bosom of its parent deep. You watch each wave in vain to know whether the tide is advancing or receding. But fix your eye on yonder rock, which just shows its head above the surrounding waves. Watch it steadily for a few minutes, and now you see that the ocean is gaining on it; now you know that the tide is on the flow. Even so it is when you turn from the turmoil and strife of politics, the flux and influx of parties, and all the baffling and disheartening confusion of the world around you, to these venerable ruins which stand up like landmarks amidst the tide of time. Never I think was this truth so strongly impressed on my mind as on the night when first I stood within the mighty round of the Colosseum by moonlight. It was the second night after my arrival in Rome. The air was mild and balmy, so wrapping myself in my cloak I left my lodging, and passing quickly through the quiet streets and winding my way round the base of the Capitol, came out on the wide and solitary space of the ancient Forum. Stopping a moment to look at the triumphal arches, the tall columns, the shattered fragments of temples and palaces, and all the mouldering remains of departed greatness by which I was surrounded, I paced slowly along the ancient pavement of the Via Sacra, once the favourite lounge of the gay idlers of imperial Rome, but now still and silent as the grave. Passing through the arch of Titus, which the senate and people of Rome erected to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem, a few steps brought me to the entrance of the Colosseum. Here I was stopped by a sentinel, the first living being I had seen since I entered the ruins of the ancient city. A few *baiocchi* satisfied his scruples—I passed on, and in another instant stood within the circuit of the mighty ruin. I shall never forget the impression of that moment. The moon, about half full, was shining bright and clear in the cloudless heaven, pouring a flood of mellow light and broad massive shade on the majestic pile, and making pale the light of the stars which twinkled through its ruined windows and arches. Not a sound was heard except an occasional peal of bells from the distant city, and the chirping of the cricket in the grass. When these ceased, so profound, so death-like was the silence, that I was afraid to draw my breath lest I should break it; and around me on every side towered up the mighty mass of building, tier above tier, row above row, and arch above arch, till it seemed too vast for the work of human hands, and more like some gigantic monument raised by superhuman power to mock the fleeting generations of man who should perish at its base, itself eternal, unperishable as the earth out of which it grew, and the stars which shone above.

For some minutes I was so overwhelmed by the impression of awe and sublimity, which the vastness of the ruin, and the still and solemn silence of the night called forth, that no other thought or feeling could find place within my mind. But soon the historical recollections, the thousand associations connected with the spot, came thronging thick upon me. Here, where now the sound of my own footstep sounded strange in the stillness of the night, the air had once rung with the shouts of assembled thousands. *Habet!*—*Habet!* He has it!—He has it!—I could almost fancy I heard their eager screams, and saw the countless multitude drunk with blood and frantic with excitement, leaning forward from box and gallery to catch a sight of the death-thrust which ended some well contested combat. And there was the vaulted passage through which the wild beasts entered. Here, on this

very spot perhaps, had stood some Christian martyr, listening to the roar of the lion which in another instant would rush out and devour him, and in that last moment of agony summoning up all his energy to die as becometh a champion of the true faith.

What a mass of human feeling and suffering, of fierce contending passion, of terror, agony, and despair, of dogged obdurate fortitude, of high-minded heroic resolution, had these walls, now silent and mouldering in decay, seen within their circuit. Had they not witnessed also one of the noblest acts of self-devotion of which the annals of humanity can boast, when the heroic monk, from no sudden impulse, but in pursuance of a deliberate and long-cherished purpose, rushed between the combatants, and by the sacrifice of his life put an end to these cruel sports!

As I stood thus, with these and a thousand other recollections floating through my mind, the thought came over me, that after all these mighty ruins had a moral meaning, and significance of higher import than that which addressed itself to the senses—a nobler aim than to fill the mind with idle unmeaning admiration. Did not this colossal monument stand there as a perpetual landmark to point out the progress of true civilisation and humanity; to teach us never to despair of the destinies of our race, or doubt of the final triumph of good over evil. There are moments when, baffled and confounded by the complicated evils which the very progress of wealth and civilisation entail upon society—sick of the heartlessness and insincerity of the world and all the endless train of

“Smooth and solemnised complacencies  
With which in Christian lands, from age to age,  
Profession mocks performance,”

we feel the cheerful faith within us sorely tempted, and are driven to doubt whether the progressiveness of society be not, after all, an idle dream of visionary philanthropists. But who can think of the Colosseum and doubt that the human race really is progressive—that the elements of a higher morality and sounder civilisation are slowly but surely evolving themselves—and that we may safely trust to religion and philosophy, before which the gigantic vices of imperial Rome have disappeared, for a cure of those lesser evils which still surround us? Or who can see this vast slaughter-house, where thousands and tens of thousands of human beings were butchered for the amusement of a ferocious populace, as I have seen it softened and mellowed by the hand of time, silent and deserted, save by the solitary pilgrim who comes to meditate among its ruins, without feeling how vast already has been the march of improvement, and what a mighty influence Christianity has exerted over the evil passions of men?

#### ST. PETER'S—HOLY WEEK—MUSIC—CATHOLICISM—FRANCISCAN CONVENT.

I ENDED my last letter with the Colosseum. I shall begin this with St. Peter's; the one the representative of ancient, the other of modern Rome; the one the emblem of the iron empire of military force which held the outward physical world in chains, the other of that second empire, whose dominion extended no less widely over the inner and spiritual world. Strange, is it not, how this spot seems marked out for empire! No sooner does one fall than another springs up in its room; no sooner does physical force fail than moral force supplies its place, and Rome still remains the centre of the civilised world. The first volume of the world's history is written in her ruins, the second in her churches.

Agès, however, must elapse, the hand of time must crumble these stately shrines and proud temples into mouldering masses of ruin ; the spiritual empire of Rome must have become a thing of memory like that of the Cæsars, before this second volume can read as impressively and grandly as the first. The present with its vulgar tinsel and finery, its round of frivolous ceremonies, its "palpable array of sense," its open barefaced superstitions and all its thousand littlenesses and meannesses, presses too much upon us, for the imagination to wing its flight to distant ages, and clothe what it sees around it with the grandeur and glory of departed centuries. I always feel this to be the case when I look at St. Peter's. It is connected with a thousand associations, a thousand historical recollections. There is something grand and impressive in the idea of the first temple of the Christian world, the sanctuary of the Catholic religion, the mightiest monument which human hands have reared to the honour of their Maker. And yet when I see it, these feelings vanish, and nothing remains but disappointment and disgust. As a work of art it is contemptible—I say it advisedly, in the teeth of all the grandiloquent eulogies which have been penned upon it—St. Peter's, as a work of art, is contemptible—a monstrous compound of presumptuous ignorance and bad taste. I came prepared to admire it ; I came expecting to see one of the wonders of the world ; I came with De Stael's description and Byron's lines in my head, confident that I should be struck with a pleasing awe, a sense of vastness, grandeur, and sublimity ; and I saw—what?—a huge cumbrous pile of columns and porticoes, of balconies and pilasters, of every architectural ornament under the sun, put together without unity or design by twenty different architects, on twenty different plans, and surmounted by a heavy dome. Simplicity and unity of design, the first elements of architectural beauty, are entirely wanting. The only tolerable feature is Michael Angelo's dome ; and that, seen from a distance, seems to have no connection with the irregular pile of building it stands upon ; and, when near, is hidden by the façade which with its scattered multitude of windows, its broken irregular lines of cornices, its paltry portico and unmeaning rows of pilasters, its clumsy overgrown statues and profusion of tawdry ornament, seems to me the very *ne plus ultra* of elaborate bad taste. The most astonishing part of it is, how the building can look so small. So far from striking me by its vast size, my first impression was, that I had seen a dozen cathedrals at least much larger. There can be no question that St. Peter's is loftier, and stands on more ground than St. Paul's ; and yet there can be no question that St. Paul's looks the larger of the two, and is a much more majestic and imposing building. And yet St. Peter's has every advantage ; it stands on a slight elevation, has a large open space in front, inclosed by a noble colonnade and a magnificent flight of steps leading up to it. I can only account for its insignificant appearance by what I have already mentioned,—the want of unity in the design, and the frittering away of the effect of the whole, by the multitude of parts and profusion of injudicious ornaments.

The fact is, the style of architecture which prevailed in Italy throughout the period of the construction of St. Peter's, was radically bad and based on false principles. The whole cinque-centist style was based on the precepts of Vitruvius, an ignorant and inaccurate writer, of the age of Augustus, when architecture had altogether degenerated from the purity of the true Greek taste. The Italian architects of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gave themselves out as the restorers of good taste, and affected to stigmatise, as barbarous and Gothic, the truly noble style of church architecture, which had grown up in the north of Europe during the Middle Ages. Having a Latin author



on their side, they contended, in that age of implicit veneration for the authority of the classics, to get their pretensions generally submitted to; and even in England, which can boast so many beautiful specimens of the Middle Age architecture, their authority succeeded in subverting the old national style. Little now remains of the triumph of the cinque-centists, except the name of "Gothic," which has become so associated with the grand cathedral style of the North, that it is impossible to substitute another. The name survives, but it survives only to perpetuate the presumptuous ignorance of those who affixed it as a stigma to a style of architecture which they had neither the skill to imitate nor the genius to comprehend. There are, in fact, two styles only, in which architecture may be said to have risen to the dignity of one of the fine arts — the Gothic and the Greek. The Greek with its pure harmonious beauty, its chaste and noble simplicity, and its impression of symmetry and completeness, arising from the perfect proportion of all its parts, and the admirable adaptation of the means to the end to be attained; the Gothic soaring and spiritual, with its thousand pinnacles shooting upwards towards heaven, its lofty arches, its long narrow aisles, its storied windows with their "dim religious light," its high embowed roofs, its quaint fantastic ornament, and all its endless multiplicity of parts animated with a single spirit.

As for this Italian style it is but a tasteless imitation of the Roman, which was itself an imitation and corruption of the Greek. It is a poor ineffective style, especially unsuited for church architecture, as any one may see by comparing the churches of Italy with those of England. Nothing can be more wretched, in point of taste and architectural beauty, than the churches of Rome and Naples.

However, even in this miserable style something grand and imposing might have been produced, if a man of genius, like Michael Angelo, had had the sole direction of such a colossal work as St. Peter's. But it was put together piecemeal; it is the production not of one mind but of twenty; it is notorious that the plan was changed by every successive pope and architect who had any thing to do with it. Begun by Bramante Lazari, about the year 1500, by order of Julius II., it was continued by Raffaello, Sangallo, Michael Angelo, Fontana, Madorno, Bernini, and a host of other architects, under the superintendence of a jobbing committee of cardinals, and not completed in its present form until the popedom of Pius VI. in 1775. The plan was four times changed during the construction of the building, from a Latin to a Greek cross, and back again. It was finally completed as a Latin cross, according to Bramante's original design; but the dome is after the designs of Michael Angelo, who intended it for a Greek cross, with a gigantic portico to correspond. Had this plan been executed according to Michael Angelo's design, which is to be seen in the Vatican, the effect would doubtless have been grand; for, although a dome and portico together make sad discord, as may be seen from the effect of the Pantheon, each separately would have been an imposing object from its vast size. As it is, there is no unity of effect — no great whole to catch the eye. When near, the façade spoils the effect of the dome, without being a fine object in itself; when at a distance, the dome seems planted on a confused mass of irregular building. It would be a much finer object standing alone upon a hill the height of the church, without any church at all.

But for the interior, —

"Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not."

So says Byron most truly; and however he may explain away the

effect of this admission by talking of musical proportions deceiving by their gigantic elegance, and of the mind's requiring time to expand itself to the dimensions of the building, in this line I read its condemnation. Why boast of the size of the building, if its merit is to consist in looking small? or what is the test of grandeur, if it is not to look grand? It is astonishing what nonsense passes current about St. Peter's, because people have not the courage to think for themselves, and apply common sense to questions where taste is concerned. On entering the church first I was shown two marble figures of infants supporting the basins of holy water. They looked about the natural size, but when I walked up to them I found them colossal. My *cicerone* turned to me with an air of triumph, and appealed to this as a convincing proof of the vastness of the building. I have seen this very circumstance of the deceptive size of the infants mentioned by writers, who ought to have known better than the poor valet, as an astonishing triumph of genius, as if genius consisted in producing small effects with great means. If the infants only look of the natural size, what better are they for being colossal? To walk up to them, to measure their height, to pace the length and breadth of the church, may convince the intellect that the building is enormous; but the imagination remains unconvinced; and it is by its effect on the imagination, not on the intellect, that we test the merit of a work of art. This nonsense about "harmonious proportions" arises from confounding architecture with sculpture, and not seeing distinctly the difference between the ideal of a statue and a cathedral. The ideal at which the statue aims is the perfection of the human form—a perfection which consists in harmony and proportion, not in size. It may well happen, therefore, that in a fine statue of colossal dimensions, the impression of size is lost in that of symmetry. But the ideal of a Christian temple is something entirely different. Its aim is, or ought to be, to overwhelm the mind with an impression of grandeur and sublimity—to fill it with feelings of solemn and religious awe. If it fails in this, it is a failure—a poor and imperfect work of art. And so it is with St. Peter's. The colossal babies, which look of the natural size, are a type of the church; every thing looks less than it really is: at every step we are obliged to call on the understanding to correct the sense and imagination. When I first drew the curtain aside to enter the church, my heart beat quicker, and I paused a moment in expectation of a sight of unrivalled majesty and grandeur. I looked, and what did I see?—a gilded, gingerbread, theatrical-looking show box, with nothing whatever grand or impressive about it; a profusion of tawdry overcharged ornament, and a total want of simplicity and unity of effect. Michael Angelo boasted that he would raise the Pantheon in the air. He has done so, and the result is that it is not half so grand as standing on the ground; and so it will always be when genius wastes its strength in vanquishing difficulties for no other reason than to boast of having overcome them. The first elements of grandeur are simplicity and regularity. No matter how vast a building may be, if it seems put together by accident or caprice, it produces little impression on the mind. On the other hand, the effect is always impressive, when we see at a glance the stamp of mind, the presence of a creative power like that of nature, working according to fixed and determinate laws, and arranging the mass of brute matter into simple and regular forms. Where this is seen on a large scale, as in the Pyramids or Colosseum, the effect is sublime. In the interior of St. Peter's there is none of this unity of purpose: the eye catches nothing but a multitude of lines and circles, crossing and intersecting in every direction, and a profusion of parts which have no bearing or

relation to the whole. The effect is also injured by over ornament. All this carving and gilding, this profusion of many coloured marbles and silk hangings, destroy the impression of solemnity and religious awe which we should feel on entering a temple consecrated to the purposes of Christian worship. I do not object to works of art in a church; perhaps, as a matter of taste, I may prefer them elsewhere, and think the more plain and simple the building is, the better is it adapted for the service of a spiritual religion: still I see nothing indecorous or incorrect in adorning a place of worship with works of art in which genius has successfully exerted itself in illustrating the history of Christianity, or embodying high and religious feelings. One of the fine arts — music — is, by the common consent of all Christian nations, made a prominent part of their public worship; and if art be once admitted, if we once appeal to the imagination through the senses, in order to excite religious feeling, — as we do even in the rudest psalmody — it is hard to say where the line is to be drawn, or what right we have to blame the Catholics for calling in the sister arts of painting and sculpture for a similar purpose. But the case is different with all this tinsel and finery, — this “barbaric pomp and gold,” — which would become better the palace of some monarch of the “gorgeous East,” than a church dedicated to the pure and spiritual religion of a Saviour who preached in the streets and highways, on the mountain side, and from the fisher’s bark. That the effect is not favourable to religious feeling is clear, from the behaviour of the people who enter the church. I do not speak of foreigners and Protestants, but of the Italians themselves, and especially of the lower orders, who are commonly so very devout. After having made the sign of the cross in entering, and kissed the foot of the bronze Jupiter who has been converted into a St. Peter, you see them all strolling about, and looking at the pictures and statues, as if they were in a museum or a theatre. I have seen more apparent devotion at the foot of the little crucifix which stands in the centre of the Colosseum than in the pope’s cathedral.

There has been a vast deal of exaggeration about the works of art in St. Peter’s, as about every thing connected with it. I have seen it called a shrine of art — a repository of the most celebrated productions of human genius. Now what is the fact? with the exception of Canova’s tomb of Clement XI., and perhaps Michael Angelo’s *Pieta*, there is nothing in St. Peter’s that can claim to be considered as a fine work of art. There are statues and monuments enough, but almost all by Bernini and his followers, and models of the most detestable bad taste. There are also mosaic copies of some famous pictures; but there is a wide difference between the original works of genius themselves, and copies of them in glass beads. The Vatican is the true temple of art, and St. Peter’s has no claim whatever to the title.

I arrived in Rome just before the commencement of the Holy Week, the great festival of the Catholic Church. I am no great lover of pageants and ceremonies, and generally preferred wandering among the ruins to squeezing into little chapels with a well-dressed, ill-behaved, fashionable mob, to stare at cardinals and listen to tiresome masses. However, I did not fail to go down to St. Peter’s on the evening when Allegri’s celebrated *Miserere* was performed in the Sistine chapel: I had heard so much of this famous piece of church music, which is performed nowhere except at Rome, and there only on one or two of the most solemn occasions of the Catholic church, that I looked forward to a great treat. Accordingly I hurried down to St. Peter’s, to secure a good place, and waited patiently through a mortally long mass, during which the thirteen penitentiary

psalms were chanted. Thirteen wax tapers, arranged in the form of a pyramid, were extinguished one by one, as each psalm was concluded. At length the last disappeared, and the chapel was left with no other light than that of the white moonshine streaming in at the windows. A dead silence reigned, and the crowded chapel was so hushed and still, that you might have heard a pin drop. Suddenly arose a shrill, prolonged, wailing cry, and then the other voices joined in, and the *Miserere* began. This *Miserere* is a sort of psalm sung by twelve male voices, without any instrumental accompaniment. The character of the music is wailing and plaintive, without any well-defined melody, or broad and striking harmony, and, on the whole, not unlike a good deal of our old church music. The voices were beautiful, and admirably managed; and for the first few minutes the effect was striking. Every thing combined to heighten the effect — the gloom of the chapel, the ghost-like priests in their white surplices, the dark mass of listeners, and the solemn funereal chant, now swelling into loud bursts, and now dying away into a faint and feeble note. But the effect soon wore off — the chant, from the want of melody and the monotonous repetition of the same effects, became wearisome, and in five minutes from the time it commenced there was a hurr of suppressed conversation, a scraping of feet, and movement to and fro among the crowd, and long before it ended every one seemed to be heartily tired. I came away thoroughly disappointed, and convinced that whatever superiority Catholicism may claim on the other fine arts, it can no more pretend to vie with the sublime compositions of the Protestant Handel in religious music, than it can with the lofty effusions of the Protestant Milton in religious poetry.

The defect of this *Miserere* is inherent I think in its very nature. Properly speaking, it is neither vocal music nor instrumental, but a sort of mongrel production between the two. It is vocal, for it discards the use of instruments; it is instrumental, for it uses voices, not as *human voices*, expressing fear, love, anger, or emotion, but as so many flutes, hautboys, or fiddles, for the sake of their musical qualities. Vocal and instrumental music are things in their nature entirely distinct, and should never be confounded. Vocal music is, properly speaking, an elevated and impassioned species of poetry: it is the daughter of poetry; the offspring of the same instinct which leads men to clothe beautiful thought and feeling in verse, and impart to them the charm of regular rhythm and metre. The poet who wandered along the banks of a lonely brook, and

"Murmur'd a music sweeter than its own,"

was the first vocal composer; and to this day song never appears to advantage when divested from its lawful wedded spouse — immortal verse. The plain unsophisticated feelings of those who, knowing nothing about music, ask for a "gude Scot's song," a homely ballad, or something they can understand, make them sounder critics than the amateurs who dwell with rapture on the meretricious flourishes, the shakes and quavers, of a Rubini or Persiani. Above all, vocal music ought to be intelligible. It must not confine itself to the mere sensual gratification of the organ of hearing — instrumental music can do this far better: nor must it seek to imitate the vast and impressive, but vague and indefinite effects of the instrumental symphony: the voice is but a single instrument, and cannot vie with an orchestra which contains a hundred. Its first duty is to speak in tones which can be felt and understood. It must express, if not words and

ideas, at any rate feelings and emotions. In a word, it must express something which either is, or is capable of being, expressed in poetry.

Instrumental music speaks in another and quite a different language — a language which not all can understand, but which those who do, feel to be the true language of the ideal and infinite. Vague, evanescent, incapable of being analysed, and yet spirit-stirring and entrancing beyond all bound or measure, are the effects of fine instrumental music. Unlike any thing on earth it resembles rather the sublimated and transcendent poetry in which pure spirits may be supposed to hold converse in heaven. Boundless, aspiring, and spiritual, it seems created for the purpose of expressing religious sentiment. If vocal music is the handmaid of poetry, instrumental is the daughter of religion. The undue ascendancy of the orchestra has ruined the opera, which is in its nature vocal and dramatic. The poor effect of *Allegri's Miserere* teaches the converse lesson, that in sacred music voices must not usurp the province of instruments.

I went down once more to St. Peter's during the Holy Week, to see the grand ceremony of the benediction of the people by the pope. It was a brilliant animating scene — a vast multitude of every age, sex, and station, crowded the steps of the cathedral, the colonnades, and the wide open space in front. The gay dresses, the variety of brilliant colours, and the bright beams of the sun, gave the pageant a splendour quite unlike the dingy monotonous look of a London crowd. It was the most picturesque scene I ever saw — cardinals in their gilded coaches, ladies of rank in their open carriages, the pope's guards and dragoons with their splendid uniforms, citizens with their wives and families, foreigners from every country in Europe, and wild half-civilised looking peasants from the surrounding country. After waiting till we were all beginning to get impatient, the first symptoms of the pope's approach showed themselves in the appearance of a battalion of grenadiers filing out of the door of St. Peter's, and stationing themselves in front of the church — an odd enough preparation I thought for a blessing. Presently there was a stir among the cardinals in a little balcony in the front of the building; hats were taken off, and a few of the more devout fell on their knees; a chair was lifted up above the heads of the cardinals, with the figure of an old man in white in it; it remained stationary about a minute, and then disappeared; the people put on their hats, and the thing was over.

And this, then, was the famous benediction, — this paltry pageant the passport to heaven, the solemn remission of the sins of God's people by his vicegerent on earth. The Catholic religion gains nothing by a near approach. At a distance it seems great and venerable. There is something grand in the idea of Christendom, united under a common spiritual head, and reposing on the bosom of a common faith, — something noble and elevated in the conception of an empire supported by moral force, and based on the religious convictions of half the civilised world. The benefits, the clear undoubted benefits bestowed on the world in olden time by the existence of this spiritual power, the services rendered to humanity by the Catholic church throughout the darkness of the Middle Ages, the lustre thrown over the papal seat by the noble works of art executed under its patronage, and more than all, perhaps, the natural reaction of the mind against Protestant intolerance, dispose many who dissent most widely from its principles to look up to it with respect and veneration. But this abstract veneration is hardly proof against the feelings engendered by a closer inspection of the details and actual working of the system. When I see the glittering gaudy pomp, the tasteless tawdry ostentation of the ~~flour~~ and

churches, the crowd of dirty mendicant friars, the little tinsel images at every corner, the plenary indulgences promised at every chapel, and all the melancholy signs of priestcraft and superstition, I confess my respect for the Holy Catholic Church is very much diminished. And yet I am not blind to much that is good and beautiful in it. If I turn away disgusted from the pomps and festivals, my feelings are very different when I witness the simple and sincere, though unenlightened piety of the lower classes. Many a time when I have been in the churches looking at pictures, have I seen peasants going to market, or coming from their work, slip in, and standing like the publican afar off, offer up a humble prayer, and then slip quietly out again to resume their daily avocations. A crucifix stands in the centre of the Colosseum, and here, in this lonely spot, I often see labourers, common soldiers, women, beggars, and children, kneeling down to worship in solitude and silence. Far be it from me to call their prayers superstition, because they are offered up before stocks and images. On the contrary, there is something beautiful in this absence of worldliness and calculation, this simple confiding faith, this childlike and credulous piety. Far be it from me to say that these prayers may not find as ready an acceptance at the throne of grace, as the ostentatious devotions of many a Protestant pharisee, who goes to church in stately procession to give the world the benefit of his example, and reads the Gospel, which teaches that all men are brethren, in an aristocratic pew, safely fenced in from vulgar intrusion. There is much that is beautiful also in the way in which religion is interwoven, in Catholic countries, with the pleasures and amusements of life, and with the finer and more susceptible tastes and enjoyments. There is a harshness and austerity about those forms of religion which appeal exclusively to the reason, which is not seen where the exercise of reason is proscribed, and religion addresses itself to the feelings and imagination. When I hear the little children coming from school, carolling out their hymns to the "*Madre di Dio*," I am reminded of the graceful sunny spirit of pagan mythology, and feel what a wide chasm there is between this religion and the stern severe simplicity of the Scottish kirk.

Still, even in this its most attractive aspect it is a childish religion. The influence which it exerts in checking the development of the higher faculties, is not to be mistaken. These Italians—I do not speak of the educated classes, but of the mass of the people—are children compared to the inhabitants of countries which enjoy civil and religious freedom—children, with much of the docility, grace, and ingenuousness, and many of the lively and attractive qualities of childhood, but destitute of prudence, foresight, self-control, self-respect, moral energy,—in a word, of all that constitutes a manly character. The distance is infinite between a Scotch labourer and one of these Italian peasants, who confesses himself to his priest, crosses himself before the image of the Virgin Mary, and spends half his time in basking in the sun, and playing at bowls or ninepins. There is much that is rugged, angular, and repulsive in the character of the first, much that is amiable and attractive in that of the last; but the one is a full grown man, the other is but a child. If progress, moral and intellectual progress, be indeed the end and object of our existence, Catholicism is an evil, for it counteracts this end; it offers us the simplicity of the dove, but it rejects that without which simplicity is no better than childishness,—the wisdom of the serpent.

This childishness of character is by no means confined to the lower classes. The family in whose house I lodge are people of some standing and respectability. The old gentleman is a landed proprietor; he has two

estates, a vineyard outside the Pincian gate, and a Sabine farm among the hills near Marino; he is a count, and a captain in the pope's national guards. In Paris or London he would be a person of some importance; and his family persons of education and refinement. Now, God forbid that I should say or think the least harm of the worthy old gentleman or his good lady, who insists on cooking dainties for me when I am unwell, or the young countess, who waits at table, and asked as a favour to have the washing of my linen, or the children, who kiss my hand every morning, and play about the house singing hymns to the Virgin. They are good, simple, honest, kind-hearted creatures as ever lived; but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that their education is more imperfect, their range of ideas more limited, their tastes and intellectual faculties less expanded, than they could possibly have been had they lived in any Protestant country. The functions and ceremonies of the church and the gossip of the Papal court seem to constitute almost the sole object of their interest beyond the routine of their daily occupations.

It is surprising, certainly, how in an age of great intellectual activity, a church, like that of Rome, whose fundamental principles are opposed to freedom of thought, should have not only maintained itself, but extended its conquests and regained a portion of its lost ground. For it is idle to deny that the Catholic Church has done so, and that its present condition and prospects afford some ground for the sanguine hopes of those who predict its restoration to its ancient supremacy. The reaction towards Catholicism is one of the most singular phenomena of the age in which we live. It is an effect, however, of a more general cause — the reaction towards religion, aided by Protestant intolerance and the narrow and timid policy adopted by the churches of the Reformation. To those who compare the present aspect of European literature and society with that presented during the last century, the reaction which has every where taken place towards religion must be apparent as a leading fact. All who know anything of the literary history of that period, must be aware that Christianity had in fact ceased to be the religion of the educated classes in most of the civilised countries of Europe. The prevalence of the philosophy of Condillac, Helvetius, and the French school of Materialists, and the influence of the keen witty irony and scoffing sarcasm of Voltaire, so singularly adapted to give a tone to the opinions of high society, had introduced every where a sort of shallow and epicurean atheism. It was one great phase in the history of the human mind: that in which the understanding, recently emancipated from a slavery of centuries, sought in its turn to found a despotism, and to proscribe faith, poetry, religion, and all the spiritual aspirations of man's nature after the ideal and infinite, which it could not bring within its own limited range, or submit to the rules of its own narrow logic and analysis. A new order of things commenced with the opening of the present century. The influence of German philosophy, German literature, and German ideas, began to diffuse itself through society, and effect a revolution in the empire of thought. Men began to see the flimsiness and hollowness of the pretended philosophy which had so long enthralled their nobler faculties; and the signal failure of this philosophy to bring about a regeneration of society, and found a new religion of reason; as shown by the result of the French Revolution, contributed not a little to restore a sounder way of thinking. The reaction once begun was rapid, and has gone on increasing down to the present day, — in England, showing itself in a more practical and exclusively religious direction, in the shaking off of old lethargy and indifference, the rise of new sects, the pressure from

without upon the church, and the renewed zeal and activity of the church itself; on the Continent, more in a philosophical direction, in the disappearance of the old mocking sceptical spirit of unbelief, and the installation of a new philosophy of an eminently lofty, earnest, and religious character. With this returning belief, or disposition to believe, in Christianity, spreading itself through the educated world, numbers must naturally have felt disposed to unite themselves to some religious establishment, some great body of Christians, for the purposes of common worship. That the Catholic Church should, as undoubtedly has been the case, have carried off a large portion of these new converts, is not, when we consider the circumstances, at all surprising. Where else were they to go? There was no such thing as an universal Protestant Church, boldly appealing to the fundamental principles of Protestantism, uniting itself frankly and fearlessly with philosophy, discarding the old sectarian trammels of creeds and articles, and rallying all shades of religious opinion round the common banner of freedom of thought. On the contrary, every Protestant sect stood bristling apart, entrenched behind as formidable an array of theological batteries as the Catholic Church itself, and cut off from the rest of the world by its local organisation and political connections. Half the Protestant churches are by their Calvinistic creeds placed in a more direct conflict with philosophy; and, what is of more consequence, with the moral instincts of the human heart, than the Church of Rome itself. The Church of England, in a religious point of view, the most liberal and enlightened, the most tolerant and philosophical of the reformed churches, is peculiarly a local church, and, from its political relations with Ireland, is placed in a false position, and made to appear in the eyes of the world narrow, intolerant, and persecuting. Catholicism has had no more valuable ally than the Protestant Church in Ireland. The sects which really do proclaim the freedom of thought are few and inconsiderable. Rationalism is rather the name of a philosophic school than of an organised religious body. Quakerism is a spark buried under a rubbish heap of outward forms and ceremonies. Unitarianism, the only avowed and organised form of Rationalism, to say nothing of the nature of its doctrines, which necessarily create in many minds a prejudice against it, came too late into the field. Its great champion Channing — Channing, the only man who has appeared in modern times in the regions of religious philosophy, of grasp and power enough to make and unmake empires, is only beginning to be known — his writings are only beginning to find their way across the Atlantic. Where, then, were the returning converts to Christianity to seek refuge, if not in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church?

In an age like the present, in which, on the Continent at least if not in England, a strong spirit of metaphysical inquiry and philosophical discussion is abroad; that which at first sight might seem to be the peculiar disadvantage of Catholicism, proves, in fact, to be its great advantage. I mean the unlimited demands which it makes upon the reason. Its creed is like those voluminous codes of laws which fall into disuse because nobody knows what they contain. In most Protestant churches the strict line of belief is marked down in precise and definite articles, and there is no swerving from it to the right or the left. The Catholic, who is told he must believe every thing, whose creed consists of all the decrees of all the councils and popes who ever existed, in practice may believe any thing he likes which is not expressly prohibited. Hence the Catholic faith is often more pleasant, more easily accommodated to individual views and different philosophical systems, than Protestant creeds which profess to be founded upon reason. Coleridge,



by going up into the subtle and airy regions of transcendental metaphysics, and looking down on the world below through the wavering and indistinct atmosphere of a misty philosophy, contrived to prove, to his own satisfaction and that of his followers, that Church of Englandism, in all its relations, religious and political, was the perfection of pure reason, a sort of living incarnation of the great primeval idea of the Supreme Intellect. There have been plenty of Catholic Coleridges, and their task has been to the full as easy. A remarkable instance of this pliancy of the Catholic faith is afforded by the strange alliance which has taken place in France between Catholicism and extreme democratical opinions. The great object of all the most distinguished champions of the Catholic Church, from Chateaubriand to Lamennais, has been to make it appear that Catholicism is essentially democratic, and Protestantism essentially aristocratic. "The reformed religion," says Chateaubriand, "has never been so popular as the Catholic; of patrician and princely origin it has no sympathy with the multitude." And again, "the Christian religion is entering into a new era; it is ceasing to be a political religion according to the old social artifice; it is marching onwards to the great principle of the Gospel—*democratic equality*—a natural equality before man, similar to that which it has already recognised before God." Such is the language of the ultra-royalist and legitimate Chateaubriand, of the man who was ambassador at Rome, minister of foreign affairs, and whose writings have been a great means of bringing Christianity into fashion in France. Lamennais goes farther, and boldly preaches a crusade against property as the root of all evil, and links up his system of Catholicism with a scheme for the abolition of all outward distinctions, and a complete and entire community of goods; and, what seems still more strange, contrives to connect it with a system of unbounded toleration and unlimited liberty of thought. This, it appears, is going a little too far for the court of Rome; so the pope, after a good deal of hesitation and delay, denounced Lamennais in an energetic letter, in which his Holiness inveighs at much length against toleration as the pernicious and detestable offspring of modern "indifferentism." Nevertheless, the abbé goes on in spite of papal prohibitions, making converts to the cause of Catholicism, and extending the boundaries of the church, while he defies its authority. I mention these both as instances of the way in which Catholicism contrives to extend its influence, and as proofs of the wonderful facility with which it manages to adapt itself to principles and opinions apparently the most hostile to its nature. I am constantly struck here at Rome by the multiplicity of aspects under which the Catholic religion shows itself—the infinite variety comprehended within the circuit of a nominal unity. It has a different side to show to all who approach it. The poet, the historian, the artist, the statesman, and the philosopher, may each find a form under which to assimilate it to their own favourite pursuits and theories. The simple credulous peasant, the fond affectionate female, the zealous devotee, and the stern self-denying ascetic, may each meet with something suited to their own peculiar temperament and disposition. This was forcibly brought home to my mind by a visit I paid yesterday to a Capuchin convent on the Quirinal, to see Guido's famous picture of the archangel Michael, which is in the church belonging to it. I knocked at the gate of the monastery, and was admitted by an old friar, who left me alone for a few minutes in the inner court of the building, while he went to seek the brother whose duty it was to show the church to strangers. This court was like the court of one of our small colleges, with a fountain in the middle, and a little plot of garden, in which two or three old monks were working, lazy and deliberately, while others were gliding noiselessly along

the corridors, passing and repassing without exchanging a word or look. The silence which reigned within the vast establishment was so dead that I could hear the splash of every drop of water as it fell. Presently an aged monk came coughing and hobbling towards me with a bunch of keys at his girdle, and having explained to him that I wished to see the Guido, he led the way to the adjoining church. The picture is one of Guido's happiest efforts — a noble vision of one of Milton's youthful warriors of heaven. I praised it warmly, and my praises seemed to win the heart of the old man, who, like a true Italian, had a tincture of feeling for the fine arts, and took an evident pride in the treasure which his church possessed. So, after showing me some other pictures, he said he would now, if I liked, show me a picture more impressive than any I had yet seen, and led the way down a narrow staircase from one of the side chapels. After winding through several subterranean passages we came to a vaulted chamber, dimly lighted through one or two narrow loopholes. In each corner stood what seemed to be a monk; but as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that they were no living monks, but skeletons, dressed in the coarse brown serge of the order, and grinning at me from beneath their cowls. The roof and walls were covered with skulls and bones — the skulls and bones of all the monks who had died in the convent for the last 200 years — arranged in regular patterns and a sort of mosaic work by their surviving brethren. The old man showed me through six of these chambers, leading from one into another, and all fitted up with the same ghostly array of bones and skeletons. He told me their practice was, when a monk died, to bury him for eight years, at the end of which time they dug him up, and if the skeleton was found entire, dressed it in the monastic garb he had worn in his lifetime, and set it up in one of the niches of the wall. If, as was usually the case, the skeleton had fallen to pieces, they used the bones in working those ghostly mosaics. Such, he said, in a resigned but melancholy tone, would be the fate of his own earthly frame before many years had gone by. Putting his hands on the head of a skeleton on which the hair and beard were still fresh, and the skin of the face dried up like black and shrivelled parchment, "this," he said, "was my best friend; he died nine years since, and his body was recently disinterred," he added, with a sigh. "We were companions together in this convent for more than thirty years." The old man was evidently affected, so I asked him no more questions; but after pausing a moment to look at the hideous mockery of death around me, I motioned him to quit the place, and we re-ascended into the abodes of the living. What a strange life must these monks lead, with no amusement to break the monotony of their seclusion but that of working mosaics with the bones of their dead companions — how utterly unlike any thing of which we in Protestant countries can form a conception. I asked if they kept perpetual silence in the convent, as I had seen the monks passing one another without a word or look. My guide told me no; only until two o'clock. He said there were 160 of them in all — that they formerly had many English, but a few years back they were all removed to a monastery in Ireland — and that for the last two or three years they had had a great influx of Spaniards. I longed to ask him what his own history was, for I felt an interest in the poor old man, left alone here in this dismal monastery in his declining years, to struggle with a life of hardship, selfdenial, and solitude — a man evidently kind and warm-hearted by nature, cut off thus from all social affections, all endearing ties of kindred, and bearing his fate so calmly and meekly, with so much mild uncomplaining resignation. I

felt, however, that I had no right to intrude my idle curiosity upon him, so I took my leave.

Can this be the same religion, I thought to myself as I walked away, as the bright joyous mythology, which teaches the peasants as they return from their work, the little children as they play about the streets, the young girls as they sit in the warm evening air under the linden tree, to sing their choral songs to the queen of heaven? — this the same religion as that which inspired Raffaele with his celestial visions of Madonnas, radiant with all that is pure and mild and beautiful in the depths of divine love? Yes; this is one of the many forms of the many-sided religion — the form which it presents to the stern ascetic, to the sinner whose conscience is distracted by remorse and terror, to the friend or lover whose affections are severed from this earth by the stroke of sudden and overwhelming calamity. It is a remnant of the old ascetic spirit of the early church which made Christianity consist in a state of perpetual warfare — a warfare against the flesh and the devil, including, under those opprobrious epithets, not only the sensual appetites and rebellious passions, but all the most beautiful aspirations, the most innocent wants, and harmless enjoyments of human nature. This ascetic spirit may have had its use in stemming the torrent of sensualism, which, under the Roman emperors, threatened to overflow the world, just as one poison is sometimes used to expel another; but it has been the fruitful source of many evils in making religion appear harsh, forbidding, and unlovely, and placing it in direct collision with philosophy, and with the first principles of our nature, which can never be outraged with impunity. How melancholy to see men who might be developing their faculties, expanding and elevating their nature, and happy in the discharge of duties, the indulgence of affections, and the enjoyment of pleasures which God has given them, chained to a miserable monotonous existence, and preparing for death by grubbing among skulls and skeletons! This same ascetic and narrow-minded spirit is not unknown in Protestant countries; but then its workings are more hidden, and appear only in the general effect on character and conduct. Whoever wishes to see this spirit, and indeed any shade and difference of religion, any form under which it is possible for the human mind to assimilate Christianity to its own peculiar bent and bias carried to the extreme, and boldly pushed out to its ultimate consequences, let him come to Rome.

FINE ARTS — GUIDO AND DOMENICHINO — MICHAEL ANGELO'S MOSES — THE DYING GLADIATOR — THE VATICAN — ANCIENT AND MODERN ART — APOLLO — LAOCOON — CANOVA'S PERSEUS — RAFFAELLE'S FRESCOS — TRANSFIGURATION — DOMENICHINO'S ST. JEROME — PALACES — BORGHESE — DOMENICHINO'S SIBYL — RAFFAELLE'S CÆSAR BORGIA — CORSINI — MURILLO'S MADONNA — SCIARRA — GUIDO'S MAGDALENE — DORIA CLAUDES — RAFFAELLE'S GALATEA — BEATRICE CENCI.

ROME — the fallen mistress of the world, the seat of a decaying but still vast spiritual dominion, is the capital of another empire more boundless and lasting than those which have deserted her — the empire of Art. Kingdoms pass away; religions, or at least the outward forms of religion, change; but art remains the same. The principles of beauty within the human soul never decay — the craving for the ideal is never extinguished — and while these remain, though all of Rome beside were lost, the mind would still turn with affection and reverence to the halls which contain the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, the deathless form of the Apollo, and the frescoes

of the immortal Raffaele. Nor is it the Vatican alone which invites the lover of art. This, it is true, is art's inmost sanctuary, the holy of holies, which the true worshipper enters with reverent and breathless awe. But every thing at Rome breathes and tells of art; the very air is impregnated with it; tall obelisks and lofty columns stand in its streets, noble statues adorn its public places, and every second building is a church famous for its Raffaele or Michael Angelo, its Guido or Domenichino, or palace with its spacious gallery of paintings by the first Italian masters.

During the first week I was in Rome the Vatican and Capitol were closed on account of the Easter ceremonies; and the general impression of the mournful and desolate grandeur of the ancient city was too strong to allow me to settle my mind to the pursuit of pictures and statues; besides, I was distracted by the multiplicity of treasures, and like an epicure with a luxurious profusion of dainties before him, could not make up my mind with which to begin. At length, one day as I was returning from exploring the vast mountain of ruins which go by the name of Caracalla's Baths, I passed a church standing alone amidst vineyards and ruins on the Coelian hill. Referring to my guide-book, I found this was the church of St. Gregory, which contains the famous frescoes painted by Guido and Domenichino, as a trial of their respective skill. I made up my mind to delay no longer, but begin with these as a whet to my appetite before visiting any of the more extensive collections. The history of these frescoes is curious. Guido and Domenichino, both pupils of the same master, and the two most eminent painters of their day, were, as might naturally be expected, rivals. The rivalry between their partisans was even carried to such a length, that they are said to have fought a pitched battle in the streets of Rome with sword and buckler—an anecdote, by the bye, which is very characteristic of the wild lawless spirit and extravagant enthusiasm for art which prevailed in Italy during the sixteenth century. Guido was, however, decidedly the favourite in his own day. Gay and gallant, with a graceful off-hand manner, earning his money lightly, and spending it freely, he was just the man to be popular with the crowd of wild dissolute young artists who flocked to Rome. Domenichino, on the other hand, slow, timid, and laborious, of a cold and reserved nature, not easily satisfied with himself, and ever seeking to attain a higher perfection in his art by indefatigable industry, was not the character to compete with his rival in the race for immediate popularity. Posterity, however, has done him justice; and it is now generally admitted, that if he is inferior to Guido in ease and grace, he surpasses him in depth of feeling and correctness of character and expression. These frescoes were executed at a time when the competition between the two artists ran highest, and the subject being the same, namely, the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, a saint who was scourged to death in one of the early persecutions of the Christians, it was looked on by themselves and the public as a sort of artistical duel, a decisive trial which was to set at rest the question which was the better painter. The public voice gave it in favour of Guido; and though connoisseurs have since, I believe, reversed the judgment, I cannot but think that in this instance the public were in the right. Guido has shown much more taste and poetic feeling in the manner in which he has handled the subject. Domenichino has represented the actual flagellation with all its revolting circumstances. A great butcher of a fellow, with a birch rod uplifted in both hands, is laying on with might and main upon the bare back of the unfortunate saint, who is tied hand and foot to a plank. The Roman consul and soldiers are looking on with great apparent delight, and a group of women and children shrink back with pitying fear and

horror. These last are admirably painted with exceeding force and truth of expression; but, on the whole, the impression of the picture is any thing but agreeable. Guido, on the other hand, has chosen the moment when the venerable saint, on the road to the place of execution, perceives in the distance the cross to which he is to be bound, and falls down to worship the emblem of the faith for which he is about to suffer. This is the true moment to choose: the story is clearly told, while the disgusting and degrading exhibition of physical suffering is spared, and a lofty heroic character is given to the piece by the simple action of the old man, so expressive of the high sustaining faith within him. Nor is Guido superior only in the general conception of his subject. His figures glow with life and warmth, and in the crowd accompanying the procession are heads of women and young men, graceful and beautiful as angels; whilst Domenichino's figures are cold and stiff, and with all their laborious display of anatomical knowledge, look as if they were drawn by rule. The monk who showed me the church insisted that Domenichino's fresco was the better of the two; that he had shown more mastery of design and knowledge of the human figure: so he may; I do not pretend to be a judge of the technicalities of the art, but of the poetry of it: any one may judge who has eyes to see, a heart to feel, and courage to think for himself; and here I will maintain, if not as in days of yore with sword and buckler, at least with tongue and pen, that Guido has shown himself superior.

My next visit was to the church of *St. Pietro in Vinculis*, a church likewise in the midst of ruins, to see Michael Angelo's celebrated statue of Moses. This statue has been called the *chef d'œuvre* of modern sculpture. Vasari in describing it exhausts all the superlatives the Italian language can supply, and finishes by pronouncing that nothing either in ancient or modern times ever attained to such a perfect pitch of excellence. There is exaggeration in this; but the statue is a noble work. Nothing can be more life-like, nothing more full of fire and energy of character and intellect. The figure is seated and of colossal size. One hand rests on the tablets of the law, the other grasps the enormous beard which floats down over the breast, the head is proudly raised, and the whole expression that of stern commanding greatness and fierce disdain. It is not Moses whom we see before us—not the man who was meek above all others, and whose gentle spirit the obstinacy of the stiff-necked Jews could scarcely rouse to a transient wrath. No; it is Michael Angelo himself whom we see: it is his own spirit which the sculptor has stamped upon the cold impassive marble, and which looks out upon us in that proud imperious gaze. He has put himself in the place of Moses, and expressed all the scorn and fierce impatience with which his own haughty spirit would have burned, had he come down from the holy mount to witness the blind, superstitious, obstinate folly of the people whom he had led forth with signs and mighty works. A frown of anger contracts his brow, pride sits in his eye and on his lip, his vast frame seems to swell with indignation, and contempt hardly restrains him from starting from his seat to smite the foremost unbeliever to the ground. I know no work of art so thoroughly impressed with the individual character of the artist. In every line and feature of the face, in every swollen vein and muscle, we are reminded of the daring and impetuous genius which raised the Pantheon in the air, of the fierce and haughty spirit which defied the menaces of popes and princes. We fancy him falling, as he is said to have done, with a sort of fury on the marble, and making the chips and splinters fly at every stroke. And yet, with all this boldness and fire, every thing is carefully finished; there is nothing slovenly or imperfect in the

workmanship. Comparisons have often been instituted between this Moses and the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, but in fact they admit of no comparison—they are things of an entirely different nature. Ancient art did not admit of so much individuality of character; it did not allow the artist to impress so much of his own peculiar spirit and temperament on his work. Any thing too marked and characteristic would have been inconsistent with the harmony and repose, the ideal grace, grandeur, and beauty, which the artists, and I may add also the poets and dramatists of Greece, always kept in view as their principal object. The Greeks idolised beauty. In their poetry and drama, their literature and philosophy, their architecture and sculpture; in their religious rites, their solemn festivals, and all the relations of their public and private life, the same artistical spirit, the same passionate and exclusive love of the beautiful, appears. They sacrificed every thing which could interfere with harmony and grace; and to attain these, which they considered as the very soul of art, they submitted to restraints and confined themselves within limits, which precluded in a great measure the possibility of a richness, a variety and originality like those which have resulted in modern art and literature, from the more unrestrained development of individual character. Compare for instance the *Oedipuses* and *Agamemnons* of Greek tragedy with a *Hamlet* or an *Othello*. The life-like touches of individuality which give such truth and nature to the latter are wanting in the first. They are heroes, demigods, majestic beings of superhuman power and dignity and beauty—any thing, in short, but actual living and breathing men. And so it is with their sculpture. Pass along a whole gallery of ancient gods, and you see the same type; you meet the same idea repeated under various forms. No mortal care has ever clouded their placid brow; no mortal fears or hopes have ever disturbed their serene repose—calm and majestic they stand in their radiant beauty, like beings of a higher sphere, impersonations of the abstract and eternal ideas of beauty and of power. Seek no variety—they are all one family, all children of Olympian Jove. Ask for no dramatic truth, no marked individuality of character—these are things of mortal birth, and you are gazing on immortals. Be content to admire and enjoy, and reverence the genius of the artist whose soul created such a race of beautiful and god-like beings. But do not let this admiration and reverence make you unjust towards the claims of a statue like the *Moses* which aims at a totally opposite description of excellence; do not deny the sculptor the praise of fire, energy, and commanding intellect, because he wants the classic feeling for beauty, harmony, and repose.

The Capitol was the first public museum opened after the Holy Week, and not a moment did I lose in hastening there to see the *Dying Gladiator*. My first glance at it rather disappointed me. I had *Byron's* description in my memory, and I looked for more than it is in the power of marble to convey. I looked for "the rude hut by the Danube's side," the young barbarians with their *Dacian* mother, and all the beautiful touches of feeling and pathos with which *Byron* brings home his dying gladiator to the heart. But these are beyond the sculptor's province. He is tied down by the laws of time and space, and can but represent objects as they exist at one and the same moment, and in one and the same spot. It is the poet's privilege to draw to his aid a thousand associations from every clime and age, and throw them like a cloud of glory around the subject he wishes to illustrate and adorn. It is not therefore the sculptor's fault if he has not accomplished all that the poet has described. Nay more, unless I am greatly mistaken, he never so much as thought of making the attempt;

and all that is most beautiful in Byron's description had absolutely no existence, save in his own imagination. The countenance of the dying man expresses no manly fortitude, no last thought of wife and children, but simply the dizziness and stupefaction of one whose life-blood is ebbing far away. I felt therefore at first sight a little disappointed, and walked somewhat impatiently away. But when I came back, and getting a chair in a retired corner, sat down and began to study the statue attentively, its wonderful beauty and perfection gradually dawned upon me. In truth, in exquisite imitation of nature, it is unrivalled. In gazing on it you almost feel as if a real human being lay stretched before you, sick, dizzy, and faint, in the agony of approaching death. Every nerve, every muscle seems instinct with life, or rather I should say with that remnant of life which corresponds with the vacant confused agony of the face, and drooping attitude of the figure.

If, as Hazlitt maintains, the mere literal imitation of nature is the highest perfection of art, this should be the finest statue in the world. But it is not so; it neither gives such intense pleasure, nor is it felt to be such a glorious and surpassing work of genius as the Aristides or Apollo. Hazlitt was misled by his just contempt for the weak and vapid sentimentality of modern artists, who despised the imitation of nature, and sought for ideal beauty in "middle forms," and a tame and spiritless insipidity. He was right in saying that the materials of art exist in nature, and that a command over these materials, or, in other words, a power of imitating the outward forms of nature, is the first requisite of a great artist. But he was wrong in denying the artist an original and creative energy with which to fashion out of those materials, forms of splendour and loveliness, the offspring of his own teeming fancy and poetical imagination. The highest genius in art, as in poetry, is creative, not imitative. The Apollo, the Aristides, are creations; the Dying Gladiator is but a very perfect and beautiful imitation.

So much for the Dying Gladiator, which, after all, is no gladiator, as you may see clearly proved by the works of many learned antiquaries. Winkelmann stoutly maintains that he is a herald. Vasi and Nebbi assert that he is a Gaul; and other writers have assigned him different characters. One thing only seems certain, and that is, that the common opinion which designates him as a gladiator is wrong. I will not trouble you with all the learned reasons for this, but content myself with one which to my mind appears conclusive. The statue is evidently Greek, and of an age when these barbarous combats were unknown in Greece. The pure taste of the Greeks shows itself in nothing more than in the contrast between their noble and heroic festivals, where statesmen, poets, and philosophers contested the bloodless olive wreath, and the wholesale butcheries and savage craving for excitement of the ferocious Romans. However, the point is of little consequence, for, in spite of antiquaries, Byron has made the statue a gladiator, and a gladiator it will remain.

There are some other good statues in the Capitol, among the rest a famous Venus, the rival of the Medici Venus at Florence. She is a fine animal, but a mere animal, without soul or expression — one of those statues which show that the religion of the Greeks was, after all, but a species of refined sensualism. More interesting were the busts of celebrated characters of antiquity, of which the Capitol contains the finest collection in the world. Here we have blind old Homer, with his sightless orbs, and their emaciated features, Euripides serenely beautiful as Olympian Jove, Socrates ugly as a satyr, Plato divine as his own philosophy, Thucy-

rides grave and manly, Demosthenes, with keen eye and compressed lip, handsome, but with that peculiar hardness and keenness of expression which characterise a lawyer, and a crowd of others whose names are guessed at with more or less pretensions to certainty. I remark among these busts the broad line of distinction between those which may reasonably suppose it to be actual portraits, and those which are merely ideal representations of famous characters. The former are just like ordinary men, certainly not better looking on an average than men now-a-days, and with just the same marked expression and traces of care, thought, passion, and inward struggles. The latter are of the race of gods, calm and serene, with regular features, and a tranquil majestic beauty never seen in actual life. I am convinced more than half the busts which are commonly called after great men are ideal representations, with at best some faint traditional resemblance.

At last the Vatican was accessible. I ran through its spacious corridors and endless chambers, eager, excited, anxious to see every thing, and unable to fix my attention on a single object. The Apollo flashed upon me as a god-like vision, too bright and beautiful for the work of human hands. The Transfiguration made me start when I first saw it with intense admiration and delight. Raffaele's frescoes revolutionised all my ideas of painting, and made me feel that it could be made the means of embodying the conceptions of a mighty poet and dramatist. But for days and days I was dazzled by the multitude of objects, confused by the number of impressions, and could do nothing but admire, without attempting to understand. As this tumult of admiration, however, subsided, I found the necessity of distinguishing the few real masterpieces among this innumerable multitude of statues, and fixing in my own mind some principles to guide me in my research. We are apt to be dazzled by the name of antiquity, and take for granted that every statue which bears the slightest trace of classic elegance is a masterpiece of art, the work of a Phidias or Praxiteles; we forget that true genius is in its nature the rarest of things, and that the great majority of ancient as well as of modern artists must have been mere commonplace imitators and copyists. We forget, also, that a long period of upwards of 500 years elapsed from the rise of ancient sculpture to its final decay. Looking back from this distance of time, the period during which classic art flourished dwindles to a point, like the dimensions of our solar system seen from the fixed stars; and yet what changes this period witnessed. Greece was alternately a nation of simple heroic warriors, of statesmen, soldiers, poets, and philosophers, of effeminate luxurious citizens, and of supple and crouching slaves. The colossal power of Rome grew up by slow degrees, overshadowed the world, and then dissolved away amidst the excesses of a gigantic luxury. A new religion, opposed in every respect to the graceful superstitions of pagan mythology, a philosophy more profound and spiritual than the pantheistic schemes of the ancient sages, spread from an obscure corner of Judea over the whole civilised world. Can it be supposed that amidst these mighty changes art remained the same, — art, the most subtle and fluctuating of all the forms in which genius manifests itself to the world? True, while the schools of Greece were continued in an unbroken line of succession, some sort of family resemblance in style and outward form to the productions of brighter days was kept alive; but the spirit of the age of Pericles was gone. The sculptor no longer worked for immortality; he was no longer inspired by the generous wish to make his native city renowned among the cities of Greece, to do honour to her protecting gods, to embody her fame and victories, her traditions and early heroes, in the eternal marble. He



was a slave, doing the work of a slave, and taking chisel in hand to minister to the pampered and corrupt taste of some luxurious Roman. By far the greater number of ancient statues which we possess are of the period of the Roman empire, long after liberty, and with it taste, genius, and originality, had taken leave of unhappy Greece. The Romans, it is well known, had no turn for the fine arts, and were at best but servile imitators of the Greeks. What wonder, then, if we find, when we have once got the courage to throw off our prejudice in favour of antiquity, and judge of a collection of ancient statues on their own merits, that nine tenths of them are, as far as all the higher requisites of art are concerned, utterly worthless and contemptible? As the heroic spirit of Greece died away, art became more and more sensual; gods degenerated into men, and men into animals; whilst, on the other hand, the blind imitation of famous models, the servile adherence to traditional rules, and the constant straining after an ideal harmony and beauty, produced the most insipid and spiritless monotony of style and expression. With a certain superficial elegance, and a certain truthfulness to the more outward forms of nature — for the ancient sculptors, from their superior advantages of studying the naked human figure, retained to the last some traces of their former pre-eminence in this respect — the works of this school became in the highest degree unnatural, from the absence of any thing like character, expression, and individuality. I venture to say, that nine statues out of ten of the period of the Roman empire might change heads with their next neighbour without the slightest injury to their effect. The only tolerable statues of this period are portraits; as, for instance, that of Tiberius in the Vatican, of Marcus Aurelius in the Capitol, of the Balbi and Agrippina at Naples, where the sculptor was compelled to adhere to nature, and give the statue some individuality and character.

Very different are the real masterpieces of Greek art, — the productions of the glorious age when every citizen was himself an artist, when all Greece flocked to Athens to admire the masterworks of Phidias, when the common audience of a theatre felt the beauty of Sophocles, and understood the far-fetched wit of Aristophanes, when the greatest orators of the age trembled lest they should be detected in an inaccurate expression by the quick ear of an Athenian mob. These works are characterised by fire and energy, by grandeur and ideal beauty, but at the same time by truth. There is no mistaking here the head of a Juno for that of a Venus, an Apollo for a Minerva, or either for mere mortals. More ideal, they are at the same time more natural than the insipid productions of a later age. They are poetically consistent beings, and have a character and existence of their own as distinct and determinate as in the pages of Homer.

It is in this point of view alone that such a statue as the Apollo, the brightest of all the bright creations of the Greek chisel, can be properly appreciated. Admirable as the workmanship is, and exquisite the symmetry of the limbs, the lightness and grace of the attitude, these are its least charms. Its highest merit is in the poetry of the conception. You see before you the very Apollo of Homer, the god of the sounding bow, the emblem of all brightness, and radiance, and glory, "the sun in human limbs arrayed," the poetry of form. No words can convey an idea of the ethereal lightness, the manly vigour, the fire, decision, and energy of expression, and the bright and beaming beauty of this unrivalled statue: it is a vision of all that is most beautiful and poetical in the graceful Greek mythology — one of Homer's hymns condensed into marble.

Very inferior to my mind is the almost equally celebrated Laocoon. I can recognise no high poetical conception here, no merit but that of the exquisite

representation of the human frame in an attitude of extreme difficulty. In this respect I dare say the Laocoon deserves the name which has been given it; of the first statue in the world. Nothing can possibly be finer than the expression of intense strain and effect. Every vein seems swollen with effort, every nerve bursting with agony, every muscle strained and stretched to the utmost point of tension, in the vain struggle against the stiffening and tightening links of the serpent's coil. The expression of agony in the face is also most intense, but I look in vain for the "father's love," and the "immortal's patience" which Byron saw, or fancied he saw. To me the expression seems that of pure, unmitigated, physical pain, and hence, notwithstanding the wonderful workmanship of the statue, I always turn away from it with a feeling bordering very closely on disgust. If we may judge of a work of art by the pleasure it gives us, the Laocoon has no pretensions to the high place which has been assigned to it.

The finest statue in the Vatican, after the Apollo, is, I think, the Minerva Medica; another of those grand ideal conceptions which seem to embody the very inmost spirit of Homer's poetry, and bring the fabled inhabitants of Olympus before our eyes. Less bright and beautiful, less finished and elegant than the Apollo, she has a severe commanding beauty, a simple austere majesty, which point her out as the warrior-maid, the wise and prudent goddess, the emblem of calm and rational valour.

So rare, however, is this grand ideal style, even in the best collections of ancient sculpture, that I doubt much whether another statue can be found among the hundreds which people the galleries of the Vatican, which can fairly be said to embody any lofty or poetical conception, or to be entitled to any higher praise than that of grace, elegance, mechanical skill, and faithful imitation of nature. If there is an exception, it must be for a simple rugged statue of an old warrior, which they say represents Phocion, a statue which has a certain air of moral greatness, and thoughtful melancholy and dignity, reminding me of the noble Aristides.

On the whole, I should say, that as a work of genius Canova's Perseus ranks next to the Apollo and Minerva. It is a most beautiful statue, and at first I almost thought it equal to the Apollo. A more attentive examination, however, showed me its inferiority. It wants something of the manliness and energy of expression, and of the ethereal lightness of figure which give such divinity to its rival. The forms, also, and contour of the limbs are too soft and rounded; we miss the sharpness and decision of the Greek chisel. Still it is a fine work, and infinitely superior to the common herd of antiques around it. But Canova's genius has done greater things; he must not be judged of from his imitations of the classic style, however successful.

Let us turn to painting. Here the Vatican stands alone without a rival. There may be statues to equal the Apollo, but there never was and never will be a painter to be compared to Raffaele. He is the Shakspeare of painting — Shakspeare, with all his insight into the human heart, his varied knowledge of character, his celestial visions of beauty, his never-failing spring of sweet natural feeling, and his creative genius wide as universal nature itself—expressing his ideas on canvass, and holding intercourse with the minds of men through the medium of the pencil and pallet. Such does Raffaele appear in these immortal frescoes, the most wonderful works in the whole range of ancient or modern art. Every time I go to see them I come away lost in astonishment at the force and range of genius they display. Sir Joshua Reynolds, I recollect, confesses, that when he first saw the frescoes he was disappointed, and that it was not until a new taste began to dawn

upon him that his mind opened itself and expanded to a sense of their surpassing excellence. I can understand how this may have been the case with a painter viewing them with the technical eye of his profession, and measuring them by limited and erroneous principles, drawn from the study of inferior works. But with one who follows no guide but nature, and cares for painting only as an art by which images of beauty are conveyed to the mind, and great events worthily represented, I am convinced Raffaele's frescoes must always strike, even at first sight, as works of the most surpassing and transcendent merit. It is true the colours are faded; we must not look for the vivid sensations we feel from pictures in a perfect state of preservation. The charm of colouring, which, like that of harmony in music, keeps the senses entranced with pleasure, while the mind is receiving new ideas from the design, is gone for ever. The genius of the painter, however, speaks more directly to our minds, in this bare and naked form, than when clothed with all the pomp and splendour of colour, and invested with every charm which art can supply. These frescoes produce in the mind an effect more like that of reading a play of Shakspeare's, than looking at a picture. They address themselves at once to the imagination and not to the senses. Take, for instance, the battle of the Ponte Milvio, where the victory of Constantine over Maxentius is represented. It would be little to say of this that it is the first battle-piece in the world — it is a great epic poem, and ought rather to be compared to one of Homer's battles than to any other picture. For where, except in the Iliad, will you find such a vivid image of the shock and tumult of battle, the death struggle of fierce and determined men, the maddening excitement of victory, the rage, the terror, and despair of defeat? You can almost hear the clash of arms, the neighing of horses, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting. It is the most exciting picture I ever saw; it stirs the spirit like the blast of a trumpet till you almost long to charge with the foremost rush of the conquering army across the narrow bridge piled with heaps of slain and wounded. Still finer is the fresco which represents the story from the Book of Maccabees, of Heliodorus chased out of the temple at Jerusalem, which he had entered to plunder of its sacred ornaments, by the apparition of an armed warrior on horseback and two angels. Nothing can surpass the sense of supernatural presence in this wonderful composition. The crowd who throng the temple seem to have been swept aside as if by the rushing of a mighty wind — they shrink together under the impulse of a common feeling of sudden awe — whilst in the open space which has been cleared, the swift angels fly towards the prostrate wretch, whom that fearful warrior and his giant steed are trampling under foot. It is as if we saw the miracle actually wrought before our eyes, so truly has the painter represented the thrill of awe which runs through every bosom in that vast multitude, which makes the mother clasp her infant close to her breast, and the strong man, the armed warrior, and the aged priest shrink back like startled children. I have seen many pictures which have attempted to represent the working of a miracle, but none which attained to, or even approached the vivid sense of reality which strikes us in this incomparable work. Take, for instance, the fine picture by Sebastian del Piombo, or rather Michael Angelo, for there is little doubt the design is by that great artist, which forms one of the principal ornaments of our National Gallery. The figure of Lazarus is wonderful — is transcendent; it is full of all the ghastly horror of a corpse half awakened, and struggling into life. As Charles Lamb well observes of it, the world has nothing finer to show of the preternatural in painting. But take the picture as a whole; look at the tame and almost mean figure of Christ, and the

crowd of careless, unimpassioned by-standers looking on as they might at some curious chemical experiment. Does this represent the awful moment when the grave gave up its prey, — when, amidst all that crowd of weeping relations, and multitudes assembled from all parts in the half-hope, half-dread of seeing some fearful sign of God's power, Jesus called with a loud voice, "Lazarus come forth," and he that was dead *came forth*? Was that a moment for peering impertinent curiosity, for idle wonder, for doubt or incredulity? Must not all who saw the miracle — scribe, pharisee, sceptic, and all — have been borne away, for the moment at least, by one overwhelming rush of awe at the presence among them, seen and felt, of a power that was not human? The picture is an anachronism; it represents all the doubts, suspicions, and various feelings which might, perhaps, have entered the mind next day, but could not by any possibility have been felt at the moment. Mark the superiority of Raffaele's genius. Various and diversified as are the parts of which his divine fresco is made up, the whole is animated by one feeling and breathes one spirit—that of instant and immediate supernatural presence. If the colouring of this fresco could be restored, and the episode of the pope entering the temple struck out, which Raffaele was obliged to introduce to gratify an absurd whim of the hot-headed old Julius, I do not hesitate to say that it would be by far the finest work of art which the world possesses.

Another wonderful work, in the same style of the supernatural, is the deliverance of St. Peter from prison. It is a dark and stormy night; the moon struggling with heavy masses of clouds casts an uncertain light, by which, and by the torches flaring in the wind, we dimly discern the massive dungeon walls, and the guard of soldiers who watch outside. Looking in through the grated prison bars, a blaze of light, which seems to radiate from the presence of the celestial visitant, shows us the apostle and the two soldiers buried in profound slumber, and the angel of the Lord leaning forward, as if in the act of smiting Peter on the side, and saying, "Arise up quickly." I have seen many beautiful angels in pictures, but none except this of Raffaele really looked like a spirit: all the others were beings of flesh and blood; if spirits, spirits which had put on mortal forms to make themselves sensible to mortal eyes: but this angel appears as it might have done in its native heaven — a bright beam of light — a vision of radiance and glory.

I must mention here another work of Raffaele's, as a proof of the exceeding power of his genius, and the mastery with which, Shakspeare-like, he grappled with subjects beyond the ordinary range of human thought and action, I mean the fresco of the Sibyls, in the church of Santa Maria della Pace — the most sublime, perhaps, of all his works. This fresco represents four sibyls, three young and beautiful, and the fourth aged, to whom angels are dictating the sacred oracles, which — by a fiction current among the early Christians, and handed down along with other equally groundless traditions by the Catholic Church — were supposed to reveal to the heathen world the being of the One Eternal God, and the mystery of a Redeemer. The fire of inspiration is on them all; they look not like the common daughters of earth, but like mighty beings of an older world, wrapped and possessed by a spirit from above, which sheds over them a ray of its own divinity. Domenichino's sibyl, exquisite and lovely as she is, falls far short of these of Raffaele in sublimity. They are, indeed, the only true prophetesses, just as his angel is the only true angel.

No less great is he in the sphere of life and nature. The fresco of the School of Athens is scarcely less wonderful, perhaps, than those works of a more ideal and elevated character which I have already mentioned. In this picture, which represents the most famous philosophers of antiquity grouped

together under the portico and upon the steps of a magnificent temple, Raffaelle has contrived, without the advantage of any story to tell or any thing to give unity and interest to the piece, by the mere force and versatility of his genius, his unrivalled knowledge of character and expression, his masterly design, and the ease, truth, and nature of his grouping and attitudes, to give the composition a life and reality, which arrest the attention almost as forcibly as if an exciting or affecting action were represented. What painter but Raffaelle could have introduced fifty-two figures into a picture, conversing together, and lounging about doing nothing, without once repeating himself or becoming tame and insipid? Each individual in the picture has a character and expression of his own, as clearly distinguished from the rest as he would have received from nature itself. Nor is this all: he has given each of the principal personages a character corresponding so well with what we know of them, and has preserved so much resemblance to their sculptural busts, that we have no difficulty in recognising them at once. The picture is the commentary of a great genius on the famous characters of antiquity. Socrates stands before us in all his honest homely ugliness, fond of an argument as when he lived, busily engaged in pinning the handsome affected Alcibiades between the horns of a dilemma. Plato stands aloof, meditating on some sublime vision of celestial beauty. Archimedes, surrounded by a crowd of eager and curious disciples, traces a hexagon on the sand. Among the figures, in a retired corner of the picture, Raffaelle has introduced his own portrait. We see with astonishment the meek modest-looking young man whose genius has created so many marvels: gentle he seems, and affectionate as a young girl, with a sweet serious earnestness of expression, and a look of the most perfect unpretending modesty. This was his character; by the concurrent testimony of all his contemporaries, a more amiable sweet-tempered creature never lived. Many a poor young artist was indebted for success to the helping hand and encouraging word of the great master, who, in the height of his reputation, was always ready to leave his own works unfinished to assist others. His pupils, among whom he lived as a brother, absolutely adored him; and long after his death cherished his memory with affectionate reverence. The day when he died was a day of mourning for all Rome. The pope himself, the vain and frivolous Leo, wept like a child; and of the multitudes who crowded to the Pantheon where his remains were laid in state, with his last picture of the Transfiguration above them, it is recorded that not one could refrain from tears. Our own Shakspeare, with whose genius that of Raffaelle has so much affinity, would appear, from the few meagre traditions which have been preserved respecting him, and still more, perhaps, from the strain of tender and almost melancholy feeling which pervades his sonnets, to have been a man of much the same mild, amiable, affectionate disposition. Unfortunately, however, whilst almost every particular is known of the life, education, and character of the immortal painter, those of the still more immortal dramatist, although he lived a century later, are buried in oblivion. This sweet and amiable disposition of Raffaelle overflowing upon the canvass, is one great secret of the charm of his works. Every one has heard of the peculiar charm of Raffaelle's women—a something beyond the reach of art, which no other painter has approached. I felt this charm in the first picture of his I saw, and I was at a loss to account for it; but as I became better acquainted with his works, I saw that much of it consisted in their loving and affectionate character. His young girls stand with their hands linked together, leaning on one another with sweet loving looks, beaming with innocence and affection; his mothers press their babies to their hearts with such a depth of feeling and tenderness; even his men converse together with an air of affection-

ate familiarity; so that the mind is charmed at every instant by some exquisite image of moral beauty. The Madonnas and Holy Families of Murillo, and occasionally those of Correggio, are the only other works I know, in which we find any traces of this charm of tenderness and goodness of heart, more winning and delightful than all which mere art and science can supply.

It is, I think, in the fresco which represents the Donation of the Patri-mony of the Church by Constantine, that we find most of this peculiar and inimitable charm of Raffaele's manner. Among the crowd collected to witness the ceremony, and kneeling on the pavement and steps in front of the church, are figures of women and children, which are quite delightful to look at; nothing can surpass the enchanting grace, combined with perfect truth and nature, of this beautiful composition. But it would be endless to enumerate the beauties of these divine frescoes; there are others, equal perhaps to those I have mentioned, — the Fire in the Bergo St. Spirito, a vivid picture of the wild tumult and affright of a midnight conflagration; the March of Attila and his Army on Rome, where we see the Scythian archer, the heavy-armed Goth, the wild Sarmatian horse-man, and all the varied multitude of fierce barbarians, rushing like a foaming deluge towards the devoted city; the Victory over the Saracens at Ostia, another Homeric battle; the Congress of Poets on Mount Parnassus; and sixty-four smaller frescoes in the outer gallery, representing stories from the Old and New Testament, which have been called, not inappropriately, Raffaele's Bible. The colouring of these last is quite destroyed, partly by the injuries sustained during the sack of Rome by Bourbon's army, and still more from the subsequent retouching of the ignorant and presumptuous Sebastian del Piombo; they still, however, retain traces of beauties of the highest order.

Fortunately time has spared the Transfiguration; decay has not dared to touch this last and noblest monument of a mighty genius. It has been pronounced by those most competent to form an opinion, the finest picture in the whole world. I believe it is so; I believe that, taken all in all, there is nothing equal to it. I have seen as noble compositions. In this respect several of the frescoes and cartoons, and perhaps Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, may stand a comparison with it. I have seen pictures of Domenichino little inferior in truth of character and expression; Murillo's colouring is more glowing and harmonious; and in force and energy, and the intense appearance of life and reality, there is an Entombment of Caravaggio's in the Vatican which is almost equal to it, — but as uniting all the qualities of a painting of the highest order — an ideal subject, conceived in a spirit of the highest poetry — a dramatic action, where strong excitement and deep feeling are represented with truth and power, pure, correct, and masterly design, magic efforts of light and shade, and colouring, which is both harmonious to the eye, and produces a vivid sensation of reality, the Transfiguration stands alone and unrivalled among the productions of modern art. It is, I think, quite impossible to discover a fault in this picture, unless we may consider as such the introduction of two stories without sufficient connection — the transfiguration, and the vain attempt of the apostles to heal the demoniacal boy. At first sight this struck me as a fault; the impossibility of the disciples below not seeing what was going on so near them on the top of the mount, appeared too glaring, and beyond the limits of any legitimate demand on the imagination of the spectator. After a short time, however, I became reconciled to it, and almost inclined to look upon it as an instance of the successful boldness of Raffaele's genius. The effect of the agitated scene, the stormy passions

and strong emotions below, is heightened by the contrast of the calm celestial glory above, just as in Shakspeare the hurry and tumult of dramatic action is often lightened up by an unexpected sunbeam of the purest poetry. Be this as it may, each part separately is as near perfection as can be conceived. The transfiguration in the mount above; the effulgence of celestial glory, the white and glistening raiments, the face of Jesus, beaming with candour and goodness, and his form, and those of Moses and Elias, literally transfigured and shining with light, are painted with all that wonderful feeling of the supernatural, and that intense and almost inspired power of realising Scripture scenes, which distinguish Raffaele from all other painters. Whilst on the scene below, the convulsions which rend the frame of the boy, the sudden thrill of pity and horror among the crowd, the indignant vehemence of the father, the sister, who seems to reproach the apostles for their failure, and the varied expression of the apostles themselves, from the pitying love of John to the peering curiosity of Judas, Raffaele has displayed the full resources of his art, and the force of his dramatic genius. It is curious to compare this work of his mature age with some of his early productions in the same room. His early works are those of a young poet, whose heart was full, and imagination overflowing with visions of celestial purity and beauty. But his style is timid and constrained, his pencil wants assurance, his attitudes have no life and ease, and his expressions no energy and variety.

Opposite to the Transfiguration hangs Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, a picture considered by many excellent judges as second only to the masterpiece of the immortal Raffaele. This may be going too far; but it is a noble work, full of truth, dignity, and expression, conceived in a pure and correct taste, and executed in a most careful and masterly manner. The tone is, if I may so express it, more subdued, the action less violent and agitated than in the Transfiguration. It represents the silent sorrow of friends around the death-bed of an aged and holy man; the friendly solicitude of the ministering priests, the pious wish of the saint to perform the last rite of his religion, struggling with the imbecility of extreme old age and approaching death; and is full of the quiet subdued pathos and still earnest feeling in which Domenichino so peculiarly excels. In this picture, and his fresco of the Demoniacal Boy at Grotta Ferrata, a work conceived in the same spirit, and even superior in pathos and dramatic truth, Domenichino appears to have much the same relation to Raffaele as Virgil to Homer. It is impossible to avoid seeing how much he owes to his great predecessor, or to give him the praise of much originality or inventive genius; and yet, like Virgil, he has imitated so skilfully, and shown so much good taste and good feeling, and blended with his imitation so many beauties of his own, that he has deservedly earned for himself a name among the greatest artists of his age. Nicholas Poussin used to say that he knew only two painters, Raffaele and Domenichino; and really, if we are to judge by what is to be seen at Rome, I should be almost inclined to agree with him. Nor should it be forgotten, in justice to Domenichino, that he suffered all his life under the most discouraging and unmerited neglect. His lot was cast in evil days, when liberty, public spirit, and every thing good and great had long disappeared from Italy; and the enlightened reverence for art, which, in the time of Raffaele, amounted almost to idolatry, had degenerated into a miserable spirit of cabal, intrigue, and party prejudice. This very picture of the Communion of St. Jerome, now thought the second picture in the world, was thrown aside into a garret as worthless lumber by the monks for whom it was painted, and actually given to Poussin as waste canvass. The modest retiring genius of Domenichino

was just of a nature to be checked by this unmerited neglect. In all probability he would have done greater things had he been borne along, like his less deserving rivals, on a favouring gale of popular applause.

The only other picture in the collection worth noticing is an Entombment of Christ, by Caravaggio, a perfect miracle of colouring. It made me feel the truth of Annibal Caracci's saying, that "all other painters painted flesh, but Caravaggio made it;" for really it is not like painting, the illusion is so perfect. A large picture by Titian hangs next it; and comparing the two, it is a mystery to me how people can call Titian the greatest colourist in the world, so immeasurably does he fall short of the life, the energy, the breathing truth, and reality of Caravaggio. In other respects Caravaggio's picture is a poor performance, utterly wanting in grace, dignity, and all that constitutes the poetry of painting; but as a forcible piece of colouring I know nothing equal to it except the Transfiguration.

The profusion of fine pictures in the different palaces is quite endless. Almost every day I go to visit some church or palace famous for its pictures, and though I have been here a month I have not nearly exhausted the catalogue. It would be idle to attempt to enumerate all I have seen; I must content myself with mentioning one or two which pleased me most. Domenichino's Sibyl, in the Borghese palace, is a most lovely creature: her fair delicate complexion, golden hair, large blue eyes, and youthful appearance, contrast beautifully with the divine enthusiasm and wrapt glowing inspiration of the prophetess. She is less sublime, but more lovely than Raffaello's sibyls; not such a true or lofty conception, but a creature of most rare and exquisite beauty — a face to gaze at for hours together.

In the same collection is a most interesting portrait of the famous Cæsar Borgia, by Raffaello: one of those rare portraits in which the man himself seems raised from the dead for you to gaze at. He is a handsome man, in the prime of life, with a high forehead, aquiline nose, and reddish hair; dressed evidently with much care and attention to appearance, in a black velvet doublet fitting close to his shape, and with a velvet cap and feathers stuck jauntily on one side of his head. It struck me at once that he had exactly the air of a dissipated man of fashion about town — the same *distingué* aristocratic air, and the same cold hard look. My first impression was, that I had surely seen that face before, about the clubs or in St. James's Street; and it seemed strange that this Cæsar Borgia, this man whose fearful unnatural wickedness startled even his own age, familiar as it was with crime, and whose name has come down to us as a sort of byword for treachery, incest, murder, and every atrocious shape of fiendish villainy, should look so like those whom we meet every day in the common intercourse of society. There was nothing here to tell of incest, fratricide, and a thousand murders planned and executed with the most deliberate cold-blooded treachery; no trace of the commanding intellect which built up on these very crimes, and on the fear and abhorrence of mankind, a kingly power; an intellect to which Machiavelli looked in his despair for the deliverance of Italy; but simply the hard *blasé* look of a dissipated man of fashion, and the frank off-hand air under which a man who knows the world so often cloaks his real character and designs.

The Corsini palace has one of the finest collections of pictures in Rome. Strange to say, however, though it boasts of all the greatest names of Italian painters, its greatest ornament is a Murillo. Let those who doubt whether Murillo is a painter of the very highest order, come here and compare his picture with those of Titian, Guido, Guercino, and a host of other stars of the Italian school which surround it. In poetry of conception, truth to nature, harmony of colouring; in a word, in all the requisites of a really



great painting it is clearly and incontestably superior. The subject is a young woman—a Madonna some call her, but I believe without any reason—sitting alone under a rock, with her baby on her knee; her arms are clasped round him, and she presses him gently to her breast as if it did her heart good to feel him there, while her eyes and thoughts wander far off, lost in some happy reverie. She is very lovely, her form slight and graceful, her features regular and delicate, while her soft dark eyes, her dusky hair, and the warm glow of her complexion proclaim her a daughter of the sunny south. Her beauty, however, is not of a brilliant or intellectual character like that of Raffaele's Madonnas, but simple and rustic. She might be the fair Dorothea, or one of the shepherdesses whom Don Quixote meets in the wild secluded glens of the Andalusian mountains—a sweet wild flower which has grown up in the eye of nature. The little boy is one of those lovely, innocent, natural children whom Murillo, and Murillo only, paints. Here the Spaniard has no rival; Raffaele himself never painted such children as this babe and the infant Jesus in our National Gallery. Raffaele's children are less innocent and natural, Correggio's less lovely. The great charm of this picture of Murillo is, that it shows so much heart. It seems overflowing with the sweetest and purest feelings of nature, and is, perhaps, the more pleasing, because it does not soar above the affections of ordinary life into the regions of high imagination. The colouring of this beautiful picture is in Murillo's best and most characteristic style. Every thing seems viewed through a warm twilight atmosphere of glowing shade; the outlines seem to waver and tremble; the rich colours of the drapery are mellowed down into the softest and most harmonious tints; and the broad masses of light and shadow melt insensibly into one another, as in nature itself. Half the magic of painting consists in the skilful management of light and shade; and in this important element of his art Murillo surpasses all the Italian masters whose works I have seen.

The Corsini palace contains also Guercino's masterpiece, an *Ecce Homo*, a picture of the most wonderful and painful truth. It is impossible to look without shuddering at the intense agony of the blood-shot eye and white quivering brow. The illusion is most complete; it is scarce possible to believe that the big drops of blood and sweat which trickle down over the face are not real; they look as if they could be wiped off by a cloth. In truth of effect, in power of expressing his conceptions vividly and distinctly on canvass, Guercino has never been surpassed. He is as great a painter as it is possible to be, without a lofty genius and fine taste. Guido is a perfect contrast to Guercino. Immeasurably inferior in truth and power of execution, he redeems his besetting sins of cold weak colouring and vague sentimental idealism, by a refined taste, and some share of imagination and feeling for the beautiful. He is, however, a most uncertain painter, always trying to realise some vision of ideal beauty, and almost always failing in the attempt. His Magdalene in the Sciarra palace is the only work of his I have yet seen, in which he has completely succeeded in realising the idea which always haunted his mind—of a full rich beauty, with small delicate features, long golden hair, tearful eyes, and an expression of rapturous sentimental devotion. He has tried to express this idea in a hundred pictures at least, but he always either overshoots the mark, gives too much expression, and becomes sentimental and affected, or falls short of it, and appears cold and inanimate. It is surprising on what delicate shades, on what mere hairbreadths of expression, the whole beauty of a picture often depends. Guido, however, is much greater in fresco than in oil. His frescoes of the martyrdom of St. Andrew and of Aurora

are by far the finest works of his I have seen. The Doria Claudes are almost as celebrated as the Angerstein Claudes in our National Gallery. In sea pieces they have nothing to be compared to our noble sunset at Venice, where you can almost watch the breathings of ocean's bosom, the rise and fall of the long tranquil heave, and the rippling and sparkling of the clear wave about the marble steps of the palaces. But as an inland landscape of flood, and forest, and rock, and a picturesque tower and stately temple, and distant view of far-off lands and seas, seen tremulously through the glowing haze of sunset, the Doria "Temple of Delphi" is, I think, unrivalled. Beautiful, however, as these fairy landscapes of Claude's are, I scarcely know whether to prefer them to the truth and nature of Gaspar Poussin. Poussin's landscapes are nature itself—nature in its wildness and grandness, its romantic solitudes and picturesque beauties; Claude's are something almost too beautiful and poetical for nature—visions of fairy land—dreams of paradise. The finest landscape of Poussin's I ever saw is in the Corsini palace,—such dark masses of foliage against the sky, such depth of forest green, such shady dells and glades, such wild rocks and romantic mountains, with a picturesque feudal tower, and view of the distant sea. It is astonishing how France, which, of all countries, has shown the least feeling for nature in her literature, should have produced the two first landscape painters whom the world has seen. The frescoes of Cupid and Psyche and Galatea, in the Farnesina, are remarkable both for their intrinsic beauties and as showing the universality of Raffaele's genius. They are incomparably the most classic in taste and spirit of all modern paintings. Galatea skimming along the azure floor of the smiling sunny sea, in her shelly car, surrounded by tritons and nereids, is a perfect vision of the joyous and graceful mythology of ancient Greece. Our modern artists of the *soi disant* classical school would do well to study these beautiful frescoes with the utmost care. They would soon learn that it needs something more than mechanical regularity of feature and insipid uniformity of expression to give a picture the true classical tone, and that the true tact of genius is to combine the spirit of ancient poetry with freedom, life, and nature. The pseudo-classical style seems on the ascendant now among the modern painters of Rome. I saw several of their works in the Torlonia palace, and they seemed to me all frigid and spiritless imitations of the antique, or, more probably, of the French school. The regeneration of painting, if it is to come at all, will come from Germany.

If I go on in this way mentioning every picture which deserves the notice of the lover of art, I shall never come to a conclusion, for Rome is literally an exhaustless mine, in which the artist may spend weeks and months, and still discover something new; I shall mention, therefore, only one more—the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido. I really think this is the most lovely face the world ever saw. I do not wonder Shelley was inspired by it. No one knowing her dismal story could meet unmoved the large mild eye, fixed upon him with a touching expression of gentle uncomplaining sorrow, or see, without the deepest interest, the sweet and child-like innocence of her angel face. It is impossible, looking at this picture, to believe her guilty—impossible to doubt that she,

" Though wrapped in a strange cloud of crime and shame,  
Lived ever holy and unstained."

I do wonder how Shelley could have had the courage to dwell on a story of such intense horror, or how any imagination could create a character so fiend-like in its wickedness, and yet so fearfully true, as that of old Cenci.

## A DIRGE.

DEATH has kiss'd thee into rest,  
 Lady of the pulseless breast;  
 Holy is the calm that now  
 Mantles o'er thy star-pale brow.

All the beauty of thy life,  
 Free from care, and woe, and strife,  
 Has upon thy marble face  
 Left the music of its grace.

What if those closed lips shall ne'er  
 Breathe again the spring-tide air,  
 When through thy intenser soul  
 The eternal glories roll?

Too fair and pure a thing to strive  
 With human passion, and survive;  
 Thou shuddering felt its stain of love,  
 And sought the Holy Joy above!

For each thought and deed of thine  
 Were cast in model more divine  
 Than others are; the tie to bind  
 Human to the angel kind!

For as a lamp by inner light  
 Is lighted up, so shin'd  
 Through thy features, pale yet bright,  
 The radiance of thy mind!  
 Till, at length, the kindling flame  
 Blazed, and burnt the prison frame.

As a young child from her sleep  
 Is wakened by the song she sings  
 As she lies in slumber deep;  
 So the music of thy heart  
 Charm'd thee from thy flesh apart;  
 And thy bright imaginings  
 Gave thy gentle spirit wings.

When the cold world's marble grasp  
 Is taken from the soul away  
 By sudden wrench, or slow decay,  
 The released captive flies  
 To childhood's angel-home, the skies.

Fare thee well! — I shed no tear,—  
 Breathe no murmur o'er thy bier,  
 For thou'rt snatch'd from earth to share  
 The light of seraph-ecstasies;

Thyself merging in the blaze  
 Of a thrill which never dies,  
 Ever pulsing, like the air  
 O'ercharg'd with harmonies.

And yet, at times, when Earth is weak,  
 And Heaven grows brighter on my soul,  
 I deem thy lips in whispers speak;  
 Then tears rush down without controul.  
 I feel — I feel once more thy death;

I nerve, in vain,

My heart again,

And frown defiance on my grief;

Then with a forced reflection,

I wrench my recollection

To other thoughts, compelling dull relief: —

But, ah! at one rebound

Elastic memory

With loosening breath

Renews the death

Makes yesterday to-morrow,

And from the inaccessible

And star-crown'd heights of anguish inexpressible,

Brings down the massive load,

Crushing my heart beneath

An avalanche of sorrow.

*April 22. 1840.*

THOMAS POWELL.

## THE CONTRAST:

ON A TEMPESTUOUS EVENING, ON THE SHORE BETWEEN RIMINI AND  
 RAVENNA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," ETC.

A WILD and stormy twilight — the wind raves,  
 And howls among the caverns; the black waves,  
 Sheeted in dazzling foam, break rapidly,  
 Gleaming in awful whiteness to the sky!  
 The clouds scud hurriedly along: one break  
 Flames o'er the west; a sullen, fiery streak,  
 Such as o'erlook'd the deluge — it is past —  
 And heaven and earth alike are overcast.

## SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

### No. XII. — ESPARTERO.

“ Il avait presque toutes les vertus comme naturelles, et il n'a jamais eu le brillant d'aucune. On l'a cru plus capable d'être à la tête d'une armée que d'un parti ; et je le crois aussi, parcequ'il n'était pas naturellement entreprenant.”

LE CARDINAL DE RETZ — *THOMAS*.

“ — his recentibus domesticis periculis æternum se testimonium laudum daturum esse profutetur.”

CICERO — *Pro Archia Poetâ*.

THE church of the Annunciation is one of the finest ornaments of the city of Cochabamba. The fair district to which the town gives its name, and which, on one side, extends to the rich country of la Plata, and on the other to that mighty river whose shores were destined to prove the ruin of the nation that sent forth its adventurous sons to penetrate that wilderness of wealth, is amongst the richest and most magnificent parts of Upper Peru, or, as it is now called, Bolivia. The descendants of those daring brigands, of whom Pizarro was the bold and unprincipled leader, lived in a style of splendour of which those in the Old World could form but a faint idea. Their habits were luxurious — their houses were palaces ; but it was in the churches and convents that they heaped up the vast wealth in gold, silver, and precious stones, which so much surpassed the gorgeousness of the temples of the old continent. The church of the Annunciation, to which we allude, erected on the site of a shrine which, in other days, had been consecrated to the sun, the god of the idolatry of the ancient Peruvians, was of vast extent, and of unparalleled beauty of structure. The statue of the Virgin, above the high altar, was of massive gold of the purest kind, and the diamonds which formed the eyes were of inconceivable brilliancy, and of unspeakable value. The sculpture, the gilding, the glittering of jewels, and the splendour of the ornaments scattered around in limitless profusion, might have oppressed the eye of the beholder, were their richness not subdued by the majestic loftiness of the roof, and the vastness of the aisles of the sacred edifice.

On the 25th of March 1817, there were assembled within the walls of the church of the Annunciation, 6000 soldiers, for the purpose of attending the celebration of the office of high mass, in honour of the Virgin, to whose name and to whose glory the day was dedicated. About 1000 of this warlike congregation were cavalry, and the swarthy and stern countenances of all were those of men long accustomed to danger in the field of battle. They stood drawn up in front of the high altar, which was blazing with the glare of torches and the splendour of jewels, in the same position as if they had been on the parade ground. The united bands of five battalions were in the choir at the other extremity of the church, from which issued a strain of music suited to the solemn ceremony. In the intervals, the organ poured forth a tide of most divine melody, at one time in a low and wailing tone, and in a moment after there swept along a very tempest of sound, beneath which even the shrines and statues seemed to tremble, and the blood of those who listened leaped within them, and gushed through their veins like streams of burning lava. The most awful part of the ceremony is at that moment when the Supreme Being is supposed to come down from his Father's throne at the invocation of the priest. For some

moments previous all is hushed to the most unbroken silence; — not a sound, nor a sigh, nor a breath, nor a murmur is heard from the immense multitude prostrate in adoration. It seems as if the wand of an enchanter had turned to stone the crowds of worshippers, — the thunder or the wailing of the organ is mute, and the sweet sounds of innumerable instruments are, as it were, frozen into stillness. The moment the mystic word is pronounced, the spell is broken, — the host is raised to the eyes of countless adorers. A storm of music bursts at once from all, — a thousand sabres leap from their scabbards, and the battalions, bending on one knee, present their arms, with fixed bayonets, as if to protect from the whole world the object of their adoration. A hundred golden censers fling their perfumes abroad, and encircle within volumes of smoke the altar and the attendants! Such a scene, and such a moment cannot be described; — to be felt it must be witnessed.

The ceremony was not yet concluded in the church of the Annunciation, nor had the high priest bestowed upon the earth and its inhabitants his last benediction, when the report of cannon, intermingled with the rattling of musketry, was heard from a distance, and at each moment the sounds became so frequent, and so near, that it was evident a hostile conflict was taking place in the vicinity. It was soon made certain by the arrival of several aides-de-camp, who rode up as if the avenger of blood were behind, to order the officers commanding the several battalions to instantly lead on their men to repel an attack unexpectedly made by the enemy on a principal fortress in the neighbourhood. Not a moment was to be lost. The service was quickly concluded; the ministering priest delivered a hasty blessing; the troops left the church; the strains of sacred harmony were exchanged for the rude summons of martial music; and the solemn silence and sacred awe, which reigned a few moments before, were succeeded by the din and the bustle of multitudes issuing, in fiery haste, from the abode of love and of peace, to the carnage of the battle field.

At the period to which we allude a most important and extensive portion of the South American continent had already thrown off the yoke of the mother country; and the most brilliant success, with few exceptions, attending the arms of the insurgents against Spanish tyranny; the war had assumed, through vengeance on the part of the royalists, and retaliation on that of the patriots, a character of brutal ferocity. Amongst the chiefs who most contributed to the independence of the colonies, was one who had particularly distinguished himself in acts of bravery, in military talent, and, it must be also added, in deeds of atrocity. He had extended his sway over vast tracts of country, from the foot of the Andes to the everlasting forests of Chuquisaca. His name struck terror into the hearts of the royalists, as his skill in the wild war which was then raging was equal to his ferocity. The name of this formidable chief, the Cabrera of Peru, was La Madrid, and, to the day of which we have spoken above, his career had been almost unimpeded. It was on this occasion, however, destined to receive a check, which led to his destruction and to the dispersion of his army, and in consequence of which the district over which he had previously ruled was, for a space, restored to the possession of the Spanish viceroy. He had just made one of his usual sudden attacks on a strong fortress, and had succeeded in surprising it by a *coup-de-main*. The alarm had spread throughout the entire line of fortifications, and the battalions that formed a body of reserve were hastily called out, either to reinforce the forts, or to drive back the ferocious enemy into the forests from which he had issued.

The troops were assembled in the square of the town, and hastily ha-

rangued by the general in chief, Pezuela. It was determined to storm the fort at once, before any additional aid could be sent to La Madrid, and to take it, if possible, at the point of the bayonet: and to perform this perilous duty it became necessary to draw lots for the storming party. A young officer who had landed in Chili about a year before, as aide-de-camp to General Morillo, and who was remarkable for his high sense of honour and his unassuming and modest deportment, chanced to belong to the battalion on which the selection by lot had fallen. He had never performed any duty of a regimental nature, having been constantly occupied on the staff of the General, who employed him as his secretary. He was then about twenty-four years old, and he burned, with all the ardour of a youthful soldier of fortune, for an opportunity of distinguishing himself. The present was an occasion not to be lost or neglected, and he, therefore, entreated permission of his chief to join his battalion, and march with it to the assault. The request was not refused. The party rushed on with shouts to storm the fortress; — it was repulsed with loss, and at the very first attack the officer commanding it was killed. Again it attempted to drive the enemy from the position he had occupied, and again it was repulsed with slaughter. A third time it advanced, and a third time it retired, with a loss of more than one third of its strength. Seven officers were now killed, when the young aide-de-camp, who had performed wonders of valour, sent word to the general, who was at some short distance, that if he sent him a supply of ammunition and a reinforcement of only fifty men, he would take the fort within an hour. "Tell him," said his superior, who was much attached to him, "tell him he shall have two hundred men, and I give him four hours, — if he succeed he shall not go unrewarded." Before, however, the reinforcement could reach him, the aide-de-camp, who by the death of the others was now the senior officer, once more led the remnant of his force to the assault, at a point which he thought presented a weaker defence than the rest of the fortress. Tearing off his neckcloth, and fixing it on the point of his sword, and binding a handkerchief round his temples, he shouted, "A hundred ounces of gold to him who first lays his hand on the enemy's colours!" He dashed on, followed by about two hundred men; and in one of those impetuous bursts of valour which nothing can withstand, succeeded in driving the enemy from the outworks.

The men followed on, excited by his example, as well as by the success which attended this last effort; and he was seconded so powerfully by them, that in a few minutes the republicans were flying from their last hold, or throwing themselves from the heights, when they were dashed to pieces amongst the crags beneath; and in less than a quarter of an hour the banner of San Ferdinand was floating from the topmost mound, the patriot flag having been torn down by the hand of the young aide-de-camp himself, who received three wounds during the assault. The young man was immediately named to the command of the battalion he had led so well, and his deportment on subsequent occasions in America in no wise degenerated from the valour he had displayed on the 25th of March.

His advancement kept pace with his distinguished conduct. Soon after he contributed powerfully to the total defeat of La Madrid, at the battle of Sapachui. He was then promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and entrusted with the command of a regiment; and at the head of his corps entirely routed the bands of the insurgents of Rueto, on the plains of Majocayo. In 1822, he was named colonel, with the command of a brigade, and from that period until 1824, when the fall of Ayacucho, and the glorious victory gained by the patriot general, Sucre, which annihilated for ever the domi-

nion of Spain in America, this creator of his own fortune exhibited innumerable proofs of the same distinguished bravery.

The young brigadier, who, on the evacuation by the Spanish troops of the American soil, returned to his native land with a reputation thus established, had joined the expedition commanded by Murillo, which in 1816 had set sail from Spain for the insurgent colonies. He was born in the year 1798, in a small village named Granatula, in the province of La Mancha. His father was a carpenter in middling circumstances, and with some difficulty was enabled by the exercise of his calling to maintain a family of ten children, of which the individual of whom we have spoken was the youngest but one. Originally of a weakly constitution, which rendered him incapable of sustaining the laborious duties of his father's occupation, and there existing no prospect of his inheriting any patrimonial property, he was, at an early age, placed at school for the purpose of acquiring the necessary preliminary knowledge to fit him for the clerical profession. His eldest brother who was at the time curé of a neighbouring town, defrayed the expenses of his education. Here he remained until the French invasion in 1808, when that important event became the signal for the noblest manifestation of Spanish nationality and patriotism since the days of the Moors. The hatred entertained by the Spanish people towards the invaders of their country, and the destroyers of their national independence, was felt by none more fiercely than by the youths who then filled the colleges and universities of Spain. The young student abandoned those calm pursuits of classic literature, which he was never afterwards destined to resume; and at the age of fifteen years enrolled himself as a simple volunteer in a corps formed almost exclusively of ecclesiastical students. The youths who composed those battalions were, after a year's instruction, transferred into different regiments in active service. The scholar, of whom we now speak, might have continued to bear arms for a longer period as a simple volunteer, but for the powerful influence of a noble family, with whom his brother was then living in quality of domestic chaplain. Having manifested a decided preference for the profession of arms, he was at their expense placed at a military school, where he remained until the twenty-third year of his age, at which period he completed his course of military study, and left his college with the rank of sub-lieutenant. But his martial ardour found no theatre for exercise in his native country. The French had already been not only driven from the Peninsula, but that field had been fought and won, on which Napoleon for ever lost his empire and his liberty. The insurrection of the South American colonies was, however, then at its height. They had refused to accept the new monarch that had been imposed on the mother-country by him who then directed the destinies of Europe, and their resistance had been commenced with the object of restoring the son of their ancient kings. The spirit of resistance had been encouraged by those who fought in the old continent for the return of Ferdinand from bondage; and the efforts of the Transatlantic revolution were originally directed to no further end than the subversion of the new dynasty attempted to be established by Napoleon in Spain. But, having once tasted the secrets of independence, and having experienced the possibility of existing without being governed by a viceroy, they employed, for the establishment of their own liberties, the lessons taught them, and the means afforded by the Spaniards themselves; and before the mighty usurper was driven beyond the Pyrenees, they had refused allegiance to the crown of Castile, and proclaimed the independence of the republican governments of their own states.

Not wishing to lead a life of idleness in his native country, the young



subaltern presented himself to the general commanding one of the expeditions sent to reduce the refractory colonies to obedience. This offer was accepted, and he was admitted not only to form a part of the expeditionary force, but he participated in the promotion to one grade higher than that bestowed on all officers who were proceeding on foreign active service. Possessing the advantages of an education superior to the generality of his comrades, his capabilities and acquirements were soon appreciated by Morillo, his commanding officer. On landing in Chili he was appointed secretary and aide-de-camp to the general commanding the division, in the performance of the duties of which office he continued until the occurrence of the incident to which we have alluded above, and in which he so much distinguished himself. From that happy moment fortune seemed to mark him for her favourite, even in spite of subsequent events which might have cut short the career of many men endowed with talents far superior to those which he possessed.

This child of obscure birth, of weak and sickly constitution, — the youngest son of an all but pauper family, — the unprotected student — the humble volunteer — the military pupil, fed, clothed, and educated by the benevolence of charitable strangers — this hardy adventurer who proceeded in search of wealth and honours amongst the wild warriors of the mountains, and the forests and savannas of the New World, — this undoubted soldier of fortune is now captain-general of the army, generalissimo of all the Spanish forces, commandant of the royal guard, knight of the order of the Golden Fleece, Grand Cross of the order of Charles III. of Spain, of Isabella the Catholic, of Saint Ferdinand, and of Saint Hermengilda; Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour of France; of the order of the Tower and Sword of Portugal; of the order of the Bath of England; grandee of the first class of Spain, Count of Luchana, Duke of Morella, Duke of Victory, and, at the present moment, actual ruler of the Spanish monarchy. This man of destiny is Don BALDORNEO ESPARTERO!

The fall of Ayacucho overthrew for ever Spanish domination in the colonies. In a short time after that important and decisive event, the remains of the royalist army embarked for Europe. Espartero returned to his native country, with the rank of colonel; but this was not the only advantage which he reaped from the war in America. Spaniards, of all classes, and of all ages, possess an insatiable thirst for gambling. This passion is particularly powerful amongst military men, who indulge in it as a means of whiling away the tediousness of the short intervals of leisure afforded in active service. Amidst the wayward warfare of Peru, they became too much habituated to a life of adventure not to keep up the excitement during their more peaceful moments by games of chance. What at first is but a simple relaxation after severe and perilous duties, becomes a commercial speculation: alternate loss and gain supply an irresistible incentive to perseverance, but an almost continuous stream of good luck imparts a rapture to the heart, which none but a true gambler can feel or appreciate. The success which attended him in his military career followed him even in his vices; and Espartero was so fortunate in play, and in play most honourably conducted, that no one ever yet opposed him with impunity. He returned to Spain with a fortune amounting, it is said, to more than eighty thousand pounds sterling, the fair fruits of the amusements of his leisure moments.

Having been selected as the bearer of interesting despatches, he received the honours usually bestowed on persons appointed to a similar commission, that of a step higher in his military rank. He was named brigadier, and was soon after sent to assume the command of the troops stationed at

**Logrono.** He there became acquainted with the only daughter of a wealthy proprietor named Santa Cruz. Espartero was then about thirty-one years old, and was possessed of a pleasing appearance, and of agreeable manners. He was, besides, a general officer, and was master of an independent fortune. The natural result followed; their intimacy ripened into affection, and they were soon after married. The lady who was besides both amiable and beautiful, had no cause in the sequel to repent her choice of the Peruvian soldier — she is now Duchess of Victory.

The military life of Espartero is almost a blank from 1825, the period of his marriage, until the breaking out of the civil war. During the interval, he was stationed at Palma in Majorca, where he led a life of uninterrupted leisure, in the enjoyment of all the happiness that wealth, local rank, and the companionship of a most beautiful and most accomplished lady could produce. On the death of Ferdinand in September 1833, Espartero declared, without any hesitation, for the cause of his infant daughter, and sent in his adhesion to the government of the Queen Regent. Soon after he expressed his ardent desire to be actively employed on the spot where the insurrection originally broke out, but equally made an offer of his services in whatever part of the kingdom her majesty might think proper to employ him. His propositions were accepted, and he was named to the command in chief of Biscay. The fortune which had smiled on him in South America, whether at the gaming table or on the field of battle, abandoned him for a space in his new command. His early career as an opponent of the terrible Zumalacarréguy was as unlucky as it could well be; and no chief who had taken up arms for the young queen was so invariably unfortunate as Espartero. He was sure to be driven back whenever he presented himself before the enemy. An advantage obtained over Gomez was almost the only exception to his defeats. He possessed, however, one great merit — that of never despairing, and of being as willing to take the field after an unhappy result as if he had obtained a victory. The eulogium passed by Napoleon on Blucher for a similar quality, might be partially applied to Espartero; and though at one time his very name had become ominous of defeat, he marched at the head of his division, as if he had never been otherwise than a conqueror. He participated in the dangers and privations of his army; his attention was invariably directed to the comforts, as far as they were attainable, of his men; his private fortune enabled him to aid them; and he was always ready and willing to supply from his own personal means the deficiency of the army chest, the negligence of the commissariat, or the corruption of the government. To those causes, together with that impetuous valour in the field, which always distinguishes him, may be assigned, without much difficulty, the attachment and affection which the Spanish soldier bears to the name and person of Espartero, and by the aid of which he has been enabled to rise to a degree of power to which many with talents far superior to his might never have attained.

A detailed account of the career of Espartero from the death of Ferdinand to the month of September 1836, would be the history of the civil war of the same period, and our entering particularly into it would be merely a repetition of what we have already detailed in former papers in this periodical. His progress during the first three years of the civil war was not successful; but what Spanish general, with the exception of Cordova, could boast of being in a different position? His talents were not of a brilliant order; but he was, perhaps, with the same exception, equal to those who had preceded him. His sincerity and single-mindedness in the cause were, as far as could be then observed, undoubted. It was most certain that he was popular

with his army; and their mere attachment to his person replaced, in some measure, the confidence in superior ability, without which men will not be faithful to their leaders in the hour of danger. Political party was then, as before, raging in Madrid, as well as in the provinces, as if civil war was not laying waste the kingdom. The insolent tyranny of Quesada hurried on the crisis which had long been threatening. The events of the month of August 1836 were followed by the overthrow of Isturitz, and the resignation of his friend and supporter, Cordova, and their subsequent flight into France. The army, whose former demoralisation had been augmented by repeated disasters, as well as in consequence of the incurable malady of Mina, which prevented him from personally attending to the wholesome administration he had introduced on receiving the command in chief, had begun to manifest a slow but progressive improvement under the superintending skill and energy of Cordova. The political intrigues which had, however, occupied for some time past the attention of that very restless person, hindered him from maturing the plans of reform which were so well undertaken, and which were so much needed. To carry out what had been begun by that young general, there was no man fitter than the commandant of Biscay. By a ministerial decree, dated the 18th September, 1836, the vice-royalty of Navarre, the captain-generalship of the Basque provinces, and the command in chief of the army of the north, were conferred on Don Baldomero Espartero.

The materials thus placed at the disposal of the new general for carrying on active operations, were by no means of a promising nature. The army had again fallen back into that disorganisation from which the ambitious energy of Cordova had in part rescued it. The state of fermentation into which the country was thrown by the unceasing strife of the two great parties that then contended for superiority, had left the troops destitute of resources. The hatred entertained by the liberal portion of the nation against those who were labouring for the establishment of a French paramount interest, was communicated to the army. Almost the whole of the troops were Constitutionalists; and they were easily induced to ascribe their late disasters, as well as their present destitute condition, to foreign intrigue. Quesada had been sacrificed to popular vengeance on the downfall of the Isturitz ministry. Sarsfield, whose conduct, in the commencement of the war, had been, if not treacherous, at least open to suspicion, was massacred by his own troops at Pamplona; and Escalera met the same fate at Miranda del Ebro. Insubordination and mutiny prevailed to such an extent that the Carlist generals might consider an offensive position almost needless, in the confidence that the army of the queen possessed within itself the elements of sure and rapid dissolution.

Had the Pretender at that moment a single chief belonging to the army of the north, capable of replacing Zumalacarréguy, not the united exertions of the queen's generals could have saved the Cristino army from destruction. Happily for the cause of freedom, and happily for the reputation of Espartero, the troops of the faction were not in a much better condition. The army of Don Carlos did not any longer form that compact body created by the organising talents of the celebrated Guipuzcoan chief. It had long since lost that spirit of enterprise, and that rapidity of combination, imparted to it by that master mind. The cowardly selfishness of the creature for whose pretended rights it was contending, had destroyed much of that enthusiasm with which the Navarrese mountaineers had leaped to arms at the summons of Ladron, under the idea that the cause of legitimacy and the preservation of their own privileges were one and the same. In-

trigue had also done its work, even in the mock court of Don Carlos, and at the head-quarters of the vagrant Pretender might be found, within a limited sphere, the same selfishness, the same abandonment of principle, the same love of lying and defamation, the same contemptible jealousies, the same creeping obsequiousness, and the same turpitude, which abound wherever even the semblance of royalty is known to exist. The army of the queen, at the moment Espartero was named to the command, was disorganised and mutinous — that of Don Carlos was, if possible, in a worse condition.

The general-in-chief did not, however, experience much difficulty in the restoration of discipline. Even the present state of affairs, generally, afforded him facilities for the accomplishment of his task. We have already alluded to the affection borne towards him by the division of the army under his command, and confidence was, for the most part, placed in his political sincerity. The nation which, in the commencement, had regarded the insurrection of the Basques as a temporary rising, which might be put down without much trouble, was now sufficiently awakened from its complacent dream; and the conviction became established, that to end the war the entire resources of the country should be directed to one single object. Espartero earnestly set about his task, aided by such favourable circumstances; and rebellion and mutiny were soon replaced by discipline and subordination.

An opportunity was soon afforded to the new commander-in-chief of proving to the world the extent of his military talents. The convulsions by which the country had been distracted had occasioned the withdrawal of several battalions from the main body of the army, for the protection of the towns. Its efficiency had, in consequence, become much diminished. The expedition of the Carlist general, Gomez, into the interior, and the south, of Spain, was undertaken for the purpose, not only of profiting by the confusion which then reigned every where, but also of still more diminishing and scattering the strength of the Cristino army. The insurgent chief, at the head of 4000 men, traversed Galicia, the Asturias, and Castile, and penetrated even to Andalusia: 7000 of the queen's forces were detached in his pursuit. The Carlist army had long been in a state of destitution. Supplies of all kinds were liberally promised by the northern powers, and hopes of means held out for placing the Pretender on the throne the moment some important town was taken.

Bilbao was open and unprotected, and was, besides, commanded by surrounding heights in possession of the Carlists. The death of Zumalacarréguy had saved it in 1835. The distracted state of the nation, and the dispersion of the Cristino army, afforded a favourable opportunity of once more renewing an attempt on that fated city. The siege of Bilbao was commenced in the autumn of 1836. The energy, the valour, and the patriotism of the Bilbonese were by no means diminished since 1835, and they had the additional advantage of having, on the present occasion, a garrison, the force of which amounted to more than 6000 men. Espartero advanced to its relief with 16,000 troops, who were afterwards increased to 22,000, in consequence of the return of Gomez and Sanz, by which an additional force, which had been employed in their pursuit, became available. The patience and courage of the citizens of Bilbao could not for ever hold out, and, after the lapse of some time, the city became reduced to great extremity. During the whole of that period Espartero remained in total inaction, only employed, as he styled it, in observation (a sort of campaigning, by the way, to which Spanish generals are usually much attached), on the right bank of the

Nervion. Nothing could induce him to move a step to the relief of the town whose destruction seemed inevitable. Not the murmurs of his own army, nor even the reproaches addressed to him, through telegraphic signals by the starving citizens, could rouse him from his apathy. In this state he continued until the end of December. The dismounting of a Carlist battery by the British royal artillery, under the superintendence of the English commissioner, was the first incident which disturbed the unmilitary quietude of the future Count de Luchana and Duke of Victory. At the earnest persuasion of the British officers, naval and military, who were then co-operating with the Spanish army, Espartero at length consented to take a decisive step. Under the management of an active and intelligent British naval officer, the army crossed the river on the evening of the 24th of December. The general had been labouring under an attack of illness. On being acquainted with the disembarkation which had been effected on the opposite side, he rose from his bed, and bravely conducted his army to the assault. It would have been better if he had done so before;—the heights were taken without much difficulty; the enemy, though the positions they occupied were of great strength, were dislodged and utterly routed at midnight, under a storm of snow, and by daybreak the Cristino army was entering the town of Bilbao. Espartero received the title of Count of Luchana, from the name of the heights from which the enemy had been driven.

The subsequent departure of the Pretender himself from the Basque provinces, and the attempt made by him to enter Madrid, afforded to the Count of Luchana another excellent occasion of exhibiting his peculiar talents for observation. Until the troops of Cabrera had actually possessed themselves of the suburbs of the capital, the general could not be persuaded to move a step forward, or to break for a moment the sort of dreamy repose in which he so often indulges. The cowardice and indecision of the Pretender himself alone prevented the advance of Espartero from being too late. On his arrival he found the Carlists in full and rapid retreat. Cabrera is said to have insulted Don Carlos to his face, and to have shed tears of rage, wrung from him in the bitterness of disappointment.

The increasing difficulties of the insurgent army, and the impossibility of constantly maintaining so large a body within so circumscribed a space as the Basque provinces, rendered it necessary to have recourse to external means for support. Count Negri marched on Castile at the head of an imposing force. The national guards every where rose against him; wherever he entered, the inhabitants fled, after having concealed or removed their property; the country was abandoned as he marched onwards. Never was expedition more unfortunate. The soldiers threw aside all discipline, and beholding the helplessness of their own officers, traversed the country to procure the means of subsistence, or to plunder, each on his own individual account. So harassed were they, and so broken down by long and forced marches, whilst deprived even of common sustenance, that they became an easy prey to the first who might think proper to attack them. They were pursued by the Count of Luchana; his single escort dispersed an immense party, who, after throwing away their arms, which they had not strength enough to carry, fled for safety to the mountains. The baggage and artillery fell into the hands of the Cristinos.

These disasters completed the demoralisation, and hastened on the final destruction of the Carlist army. Through the influence of the Bishop of Leon, of Father Larraga, Echevarria, and the other sanguinary fanatics of that party, Guergué was appointed to the supreme command. Espartero advanced on Peñacerrada with eighteen battalions, five squadrons, and

twenty-four pieces of artillery. In less than three days the queen's banner was flying from the battlements. Guergué came up in two days after with 16,000 men: he was defeated with a loss of 900 prisoners. The success of this engagement was owing to the personal intrepidity of the commander-in-chief. At one moment, when a party of the Cristino army was on the point of being routed by a charge of the enemy, Espartero placed himself at the head of five squadrons of cavalry. He paused for an instant, in a state of uncertainty as to whether he should advance against the large masses which were drawn up at a short distance before him: a panic had begun to spread amongst his own men, and he felt that on that moment depended the issue of the battle. The enemy's battalions were already in the act of forming to receive the attack they expected. Scores of saddles were already emptied by the bullets of the Carlists, who were preparing to kneel. He looked on his own few squadrons, but the spirit of the ancient warrior was raised within him, and it passed like lightning into the bosoms of his men. The delay of an instant, and all was lost: he shouted with the voice of a giant the magic words "*Viva Isabella Segunda!*" and dashed his rowels into his horse's flanks; his hussars followed:—in a few moments the masses of the enemy were dispersed. They fled like chaff before the wind! The victory of Peñacerrada was certainly one of the noblest exploits of Espartero's whole military life.

Estella became the next point of attack. The preparations made by the Count de Luchana for the reduction of this strong place were immense, and proved the importance attached by him to its possession. The disasters sustained by Oroa before Morella compelled him to abandon the undertaking; and having, even at so early a period, opened communications with Elio, Zariateguy, and some of the more moderate amongst the Carlist chiefs, he was not perhaps unwilling to have an additional motive to suspend his hostile operations before Estella. Besides, the defeat of Guergué at Peñacerrada produced changes in the Carlist army of which he was desirous to take advantage. That chief was deprived of his command, and Maroto was named to succeed him. Maroto had been the brother in arms of Espartero during the American war. They had both shared in the disasters of Ayacucho, which had decided the independence of the colonies, and those ties of friendship which a companionship in misfortune, as well as in success, binds together, were not rent asunder even by the opposition of their political feelings; neither was the memory of ancient days forgotten. At the head of 30,000 men Espartero attacked, and successively became master of, the positions of Peña del Moro, Ramales, and Guardamino; and his victories on those occasions procured for him the title of Duke of Victory, and the rank of Grandee of Spain of the first class. Under these favourable auspices the communications, which had been suspended for a space, were again opened. The prospects of the faction at that moment—the total disorganisation of the army—the discontent, increasing every day, of the Basques,—the intrigues and crimes of the Apostolicals, afforded much facility for the renewal of negotiations on the subject of peace. We need not follow the history of those transactions any further; they are already known to the world. The treaty of Bergara, which soon after followed as the necessary result, it is unnecessary to dwell upon.

The repose into which the provinces fell back after the expulsion from Spain of the Pretender, enabled Espartero to move against Cabrera with the whole of the Spanish army. The Arragonese chief found it impossible to hold out against such a force, deprived as he was at that time of almost every resource, and disabled as he was by disease from appearing in person at

the head of his army. Town after town, position after position, fell into the hands of the Duke of Victory; and his movements through the country resembled rather a military promenade than a series of important conquests. Little or no impediment was offered to his progress at the head of such an overwhelming force; and, in the course of a short time, Spain was, we trust for ever, freed from the partisans of despotism.

The limits which are by necessity assigned to any single article in a periodical, do not permit us to enter into the details even of the military life of the remarkable subject of our present sketch; still less can we enlarge on the history of his political career. Were it even otherwise, we doubt whether such details would possess much interest. The events which have occurred since the treaty of Bergara are too well known to the public to render necessary any more particular allusion to them in the present pages. As a military man, Espartero may be said to have completed his career; and he is but just entering another path equally uncertain and dangerous. From those materials which his military life supplies we have selected but a few prominent and striking facts; they are, however, sufficient to enable the reader to form not an inaccurate estimate of his merits as well as his defects. Equally unbiassed by the adulation of his admirers as by the hostility of his enemies, we should, however, hesitate to pronounce upon his capabilities or his honesty as a leader in political strife. Time can only solve a question of such difficulty. As yet, nothing has occurred to deprive him, who has hitherto supported the liberties of the Spanish nation, of the praise to which he seems entitled; but, on the other hand, we shall not take it upon ourselves to vouch for the enduring forbearance of a man possessed, like Espartero, of only moderate abilities, and who, from the morbid and irritable vanity, which is his greatest foible, may not be master of sufficient firmness to resist the numerous temptations which are thrown in his way.

The fawning adulators of Espartero have insulted the memory of one of the greatest captains the world ever saw, by comparing him with Napoleon. We shall not minister to the outrage offered to genius by instituting any parallel between them. The mighty deeds of the conqueror of Lodi, and of Austerlitz, and of that host of heroes produced by the Revolution, not to speak of our own WELLINGTON, have rendered the present generation rather difficult in conferring, on doubtful grounds, the crown of immortality. The great merits of Espartero, as a military man, consist in the skill with which the internal economy of his army is conducted, the anxious care, and unceasing anxiety, which he manifests in securing the comforts of his men, and the art which he possesses, in an eminent degree, of winning their affections. An army will never be faithful to its chief in the hour of danger without some powerful motive, independently of the instinct of obedience. Strong attachment to the person of the general, or an unshaken confidence in his skill and judgment, must be superadded. The former was the great bond which bound his army to Espartero. The British soldier felt as sure of victory, when he knew that Wellington was in the field, as he did that the enemy was before him; and this feeling made up for the want of that affection which the cold and unamiable character of the Duke of Wellington could never inspire. The French grenadier was persuaded that Napoleon went to battle only to conquer; and they whose expiring breath blessed the emperor must have idolised him. Acting under the direction of a superior intellect, Espartero might achieve a brilliant reputation, similar, perhaps, to that of MURAT, to whom, in some points of his character, he bears a striking resemblance; but, like that "*beau sabreur*," he is consti-

tionally unfit to act alone on any great emergency. We defy his admirers to point out, in the whole of his career, any important combination, any plan of operations conceived with the perfect judgment, and executed with the consummate skill, of a mind of high order. Among the "*petits généraux*," who have played their little part in the civil war in Spain, he may be considered a great man. Posterity will judge otherwise.

We were about to add the well-known personal valour of the Duke of Victory to the list of his merits; but we remember that this quality is but a secondary requisite in the formation of a general. Occasions will doubtless arise where the personal exposure of a chief is absolutely necessary to determine the issue of a battle; but it is a display which must not be made under every trifling circumstance. Napoleon did not always bear the tri-colour flag in his own hand, exposed to the thunder of three hundred pieces of artillery. A Lodi, or an Arcola, is not of every-day occurrence. It is a fault in Espartero that he must be foremost in almost every charge; such excitement is absolutely necessary to arouse him from the apathy in which he too often indulges. Whatever portion of sober judgment he may bring into the field, seems lost in the intoxicating tumult of the fight; and one would suppose that his sole anxiety was to win the reputation of a dashing dragoon, or a magnificent swordsman.

The position lately occupied by Espartero as a political leader presents his character in a new light. The fortune which made him (and Espartero is, if ever man was, deeply indebted to fortune) the instrument of restoring peace to his country has invested him with vast power, which as yet he has not used unwisely, nor rashly. As Englishmen we rejoice that as yet there has appeared no symptom of wild or wayward ambition to injure the good cause for which the patriots of Spain are struggling. However we may think of him as a general, and however we may contend that a successful negotiation, like that concluded at Bergara, aided by British influence, should not entitle him to the reputation of a *military hero*, we still believe that the Duke of Victory is possessed of a fund of common sense under the guidance of which he will move, but not with the criminal tardiness of his warlike operations, in accordance with the national feeling. We trust that his experience of the past, as well as his good judgment, will prevent him from taking any undue advantage of the almost unbounded confidence at this moment reposed in him. His path is open and straightforward. The question between the queen and the country is simple in the extreme. A most important article in the Constitution, the *Magna Charta* of Spain, and which materially affects the elective franchise, has been violated. The most important towns in the kingdom have risen against this infraction of their rights, and have demanded the dissolution of the Cortes who passed, and the dismissal of the ministers who proposed, the obnoxious law relating to the *Ayuntamientos*. The queen's refusal and resistance only produced a more determined expression of the popular feeling. The junta of Madrid was formed, and its example was followed by most of the principal towns. Espartero supported the people in requiring the dismissal of ministers; and, after much delay and many expedients, the demand has been complied with. Espartero is now not only the most popular man in Spain, but is actually the ruler of the destinies of the country. He has still a fine career before him, and a nobler reputation to win than any which the vulgar honours of a successful warrior could procure him.

In his personal appearance Espartero may be considered as a fine specimen of a gallant soldier. He is about the middle height, and his frame is cast in a robust mould. His complexion is dark, and his features, which do



not exhibit much firmness, are buried in dark moustache and beard. His age is not more than forty-seven years; but the anguish of the malady under which he so often suffers, has imparted rather a worn expression to his countenance. Though uncertain in his temper, and often subject to out-breaks of anger which is, however, shortlived, the manners of the Duke of Victory are polished and dignified. His honour, as a man, has never been sullied by a stain; and though the reputation which a gambler can enjoy is not always of the most immaculate purity, yet those persons who have lost immense sums to the superiority of his skill at the card table, have been ever the most earnest in praise, not only of his most perfect integrity, but of his unexampled generosity.

We are writing the present sketch in the town of Bergara, at the very table on which the treaty which gave peace to Spain was signed. A courier in fiery haste has just entered the very narrow street where our present quarters are taken up. A loud shout is heard, such as that which greeted the two generals, Carlist and Cristino, when they gave each other the kiss of fraternal love in the valley which we at this moment behold, on the 29th August, 1839. Bands of music are parading the streets. The beautiful and spirit-stirring hymn of Riego is rousing the inhabitants to a frenzy of enthusiasm. The balconies of the houses are hung with drapery, and the bells are pealing. Our train of thought is broken by those expressions of tumultuous joy. We can write no more at such a time. But a few minutes and this little town was reposing in the tranquillity of its retirement:—what are the tidings which have so suddenly disturbed its repose? Espartero has been named President of the Council by the queen! Ferrer, the Guipuzcoan,—the honest, the incorruptible, the bold, the sincere lover of liberty and of his country, is named Vice-president. Espartero has made his triumphant entry into Madrid: a new government is formed, in compliance with the will of the people: he has returned to join the army. Throughout the wide extent of Europe there is no man who enjoys so perfect a popularity, or who is so completely master of the destinies of his native country, as the DUKE OF VICTORY AND COUNT OF LUCHANA!

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## THE OLD BEGGAR.

### I.

THERE was an old and haggard man,  
 Who swept a crossing, where  
 It was my wont each morn to pass  
 In weather foul and fair.  
 He seem'd so bow'd with wretchedness,  
 I thought, as I pass'd by,  
 That it must be a pleasant thing  
 For such a man to die.

For in the rain, or scorching sun,  
In winds both cold and keen,  
With head all bare and naked feet,  
This wither'd man was seen.

He was so very wan and cold,  
That as I nearer drew,  
Each morn and night, to where he stood,  
A sadness pierced me through.

And if I chanced to catch his look  
From eyes so sunk and pale,  
I never read in any book  
So piteous a tale.

And then again I inly said,  
As I was passing by,  
"Great God, O what a joyful thing  
For such a man to die!"

## II.

It was upon that happy morn  
When Sabbath bells do ring ;  
And call us all, both old and young,  
To praise our Heavenly King,

That as with contrite heart and soul,  
To prayer I slowly trod,  
This poor old man was also bent  
To go and praise his God.

But what a change! His face was gay,  
And he was cleaner drest ;  
His eye shone bright with cheerfulness,  
He seem'd so truly blest !

And 'twas my chance that morn to stand  
Near him in the church aisle ;  
And at each pause to hear his voice,  
And see his happy smile.

His voice was full of prayer and joy :  
Praise came with every breath :  
His kindling glance reveal'd the hope  
Which triumphs over death !

And then with wiser heart I thought,  
As tears came o'er each eye,  
"Great God, O what a joyful thing  
For such a man to die !"

## CAUSES OF THE EXISTENCE OF OUTRAGES IN IRELAND.

## LORD POWERSCOURT'S PAMPHLET.

"Ireland has been in a chronic atrophy for five centuries back."—CARLYLE'S *Chartism*, p. 30.

"Ireland is a pest-house of destitution."—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1840.

"The people are destroyed from morning till night, and perish without any one regarding it."—*Job*, iv. 20.

IN our last number we adverted to the statement of the Roden manifesto, that the crimes committed in Ireland, and the agrarian outrages in particular, were chiefly attributable to the instigation of the political agitators and the Roman Catholic priests. In reference to these allegations, we reserved for the present article what we had to say about the clergy, and we observed about the other part of Lord Powerscourt's assertion that it was an absurdity so evident as to require no refutation. We think, however, upon reflection, that it will be useful to enter more particularly into this part of the case. The noble viscount, having attributed to the Catholic priests the production of a considerable number of the outrages committed in Ireland, proceeds to the subject of agitation, which he asserts to be "the other great leading source of the same evils." "The tendency of agitation," says he, "is to induce the ignorant and credulous to suppose grievances where *none really exist*, and where they would have discovered none had they not been put into their heads by others. *The tithe agitation is one great example of this. For how many years, nay, CENTURIES!* have tithes been paid in Ireland, comparatively *without discontent*, till Mr. O'Connell raised the cry against them?" Such is the extent of information possessed by a gentleman who has written a book for the purpose of instructing "the people of England" as to the history and condition of Ireland. The ignorance exhibited in the passage which we have just quoted is so stupendous as to be all but incredible. We do, however, assure our readers that the passage will be found in pages 132 and 137 of the pamphlet, which we believe to have been put forth by Lord Roden through the agency of Lord Powerscourt. With regard to the general charge against the agitators, little needs to be said. It has been most truly stated by Mr. Lewis, that "the Whiteboy disturbances originated and flourished at a time when the Roman Catholics had no political organisation, no leaders, no association, nor any means of expressing a joint opinion;" when, in short, political "agitation," in the sense in which the term is used by Lord Powerscourt, was totally unknown. "Before 1815," says Mr. Lewis, page 178, "the disturbances could no more have arisen from agitation than the death of Socrates from the establishment of the Inquisition." To this we may add what is perfectly notorious, that, after 1815, the existence of outrages in Ireland was in the highest degree injurious to the cause of the agitators themselves, and that they constantly made the most vehement efforts to suppress them. When the denunciations issued from the Dublin Corn Exchange against the insurrection of the Terry Alts, in the county of Clare, were found to be ineffectual for the suppression of that system of outrage, Mr. Steel actually proceeded into the heart of the Clare mountains, to the very focus of the turbulence, in order to remonstrate with the leaders of those Whiteboys at the peril of his life. But no instances nor any references are necessary to establish the fact, that every association which has existed in Dublin under the auspices

of Mr. O'Connell, has made the most uninterrupted and strenuous exertions for the preservation of the peace, and the repression of outrages. In order to put an end to any doubt which may exist upon this subject, we cannot help citing from Mr. Lewis the following observations, which are as much distinguished for sound sense as for candour and impartiality.

"Before we close this part of the subject, it may be proper to advert to the alleged connexion between Whiteboy disturbances in Ireland and *political agitation*. Those persons who seek to represent all the evils of Ireland as springing from Catholicism, either as a religious system or as a political party, are fond of attributing local disturbances to the discontent produced by the speeches and writings of the Catholic leaders. If no weight is to be allowed to Mr. O'Connell's repeated disclaimers of any desire to promote Whiteboy outrages; if no weight is to be attributed to such documents as Dr. Doyle's Address to the People against the Whitefeet and the Blackfeet; it may at least be expected that persons who require additional evidence will be satisfied if it can be shown that the leaders of the Catholic party have no interest in fomenting these crimes. The great strength of the Catholic party in Ireland consists in their legal combination to carry their own objects, or, at the most, in their legal resistance to the law. This combination and this passive resistance are organized by persons of a high class, and are intended to produce results which will affect the rich far more than the poor. On the other hand, the weakness of the Catholic party in Ireland consists in the turbulence of the peasantry, which enables the Government to direct severe coercive measures against them, and which exposes them to the imputation of savageness and atrocity, and thus throws a discredit on the whole Catholic body. Nobody, who considers the state of Ireland without party bias, can doubt that Mr. O'Connell is perfectly sincere in exhorting and imploring the poor Catholics (as he has frequently done) to abstain from crime and outrage. When Dr. Doyle told his diocesans, that 'he had witnessed with the deepest affliction of spirit the progress of illegal combinations under the barbarous designation of Whitefeet and Blackfeet'; that 'he had laboured by letter and by word, by private admonition and by public reproof, to arrest and to suppress this iniquity'; when he 'instructed the faithful, that whosoever assists, encourages, aids, or abets the Whitefeet, Blackfeet, &c., by command, advice, consent, by praise or flattery, becomes an accomplice in their guilt, and a partner in their crimes \*'; he was as earnest and sincere as when he openly called on the people to resist the payment of all dues to the Established Church, and prayed that 'their hatred of tithes might be as lasting as their love of justice.' The scattered, intermitting, and (as Mr. O'Connell calls them) driftless acts of outrage which are committed by the Whiteboys, can have no tendency to weaken the Protestant party, and only serve to prejudice the Catholic cause.† In fact, the great difficulty which the advocates of that cause have had to contend with, is not so much the weakness of their case as the bad character of their clients. They have had to struggle not only against the hostility of party men to their religious tenets, but also against the repugnance of moderate men to the violence and brutality too often apparent in the outrages of the Catholic peasantry. It would be strange, indeed, if they sought to lead their followers into a course which they thought pernicious to themselves."‡

The preceding extract, although written with reference to the state of affairs before 1829, is equally applicable to the condition of Ireland at the present moment; and, accordingly, we find that only a few days from that upon which we write, Mr. O'Connell, in addressing a multitude of 60,000 persons in the city of Limerick upon the subject of the Repeal of the Union, denounced, in the most vehement language, the persons who, a few days before, had attacked the house of Mr. Croker, at some distance from that city. The meeting which he addressed was composed, according to all accounts, of the lower classes, — labourers and mechanics, — and he exhorted them with great earnestness, and, as we are convinced, with the most perfect sincerity, to use every effort for the purpose of detecting and bring-

\* Dr. Doyle's Admonition to the Clergy and People within the Dioceses of Kildare and Leighlin. — H. C. 1832. App. ix., p. 116. See also the Pastoral Letters of Irish Catholic Bishops, mentioned *infra*.

† It was with this feeling that Mr. O'Conor, in a letter to Dr. Curry, written in March, 1763, said, "I lament, for the sake of all our people, the new insurrection in Munster. I think, however, that it must be soon over." — O'Conor's Hist. of the Irish Cath., Part I., p. 303.

‡ Lewis, p. 174.

ing to justice the perpetrators of the outrage in question. So much for the connection between the commission of outrages and agitation *in general*.

With regard to the particular subject of tithes, the reader will recollect that the noble viscount alleges that they have been paid by the population of Ireland for years, *nay centuries, without discontent*, and that the Irish population would never have discovered that there was any grievance in the subject, if the matter had not been put into their heads by others. It may seem to be a work of supererogation to refute the statements of a writer, who, though an Irishman and a peer, and a member of parliament, appears to be involved in a darkness actually Cimmerian, concerning the past and contemporary history of his own country. A general sketch of the real facts connected with the subject will, however, not be without interest and utility.

It is perfectly well known that for a long time after the Reformation the tithes in Ireland were of no great value. Between that period and the Revolution the lands were mostly in the hands of the Roman Catholics, and the clergy of the Reformed Church "took thankfully," says Primate Boulter \*, "whatever they could get, and *very few of them went near their livings to DO THEIR DUTY.*" In fact, several of the livings themselves continued for a long time in the possession of the clergy of the ancient faith, and the persecuting cruelties committed by the regency of Edward VI., and continued under Elizabeth, had only the effect of compelling the Roman Catholic clergy to abandon their cures, whilst no reformed ministers could be found to succeed them. Great numbers of the Church livings were also in the hands of persons who lived like laymen in every respect, and who did not even pretend to perform any ecclesiastical functions. Affairs continued, with more or less alteration, in this condition until the Revolution of 1688, when the battle of the Boyne, and the surrender of Limerick, threw all the benefices into the hands of the Protestant rectors; who began by degrees to claim the rights which they had never enjoyed before. In the year 1720 they demanded the tithe of agistment, which was *resisted by the Protestant landlords*, as the payment would fall almost *exclusively upon themselves*. The clergy applied to the Court of Exchequer, which determined that they were *entitled by law* to the tithe. It appears, then, that so far is it from being true that the payment of tithes has been made without any dissatisfaction for centuries in Ireland, that *upon the very first occasion* since the Reformation, in which the demand was made to a considerable amount, it was fiercely resisted; and that *the very first persons* who led the way in this opposition to the tithe system *were the Protestant landlords*, who then, as now, were loud in their expressions of regard for the Establishment and in their hostility to Popery. Notwithstanding the decree of the Exchequer, establishing the legality of the claim, the landlords refused to submit, and between 1722 and 1735 no less than about forty-seven decrees were made against as many defaulters. At length, in 1734, they entered into a *general combination for the avowed object of defeating the law*, and associations of the *Protestant gentry for that purpose* were formed *all over the country*.

Boulter describes the associations as consisting "of most of the lay lords and commoners." He says "that plans of resistance were sent down to most of the counties to be *signed at the assizes*; that in most counties they *were signed*, and a purse formed for the purposes of the combination; and that a *degree of frenzy was exhibited against the clergy of the Establishment by the wealthy lay members of the Church, such as had never been seen,*" &c. The persons who

\* Letter to Sir Robert Walpole. Boulter's administration commenced in 1724, and ended about 1742.

were guilty of these open outrages upon decency and legality were the legislators, justices, grand jurors, and gentry of the country, the great graziers and owners of large demesnes, who, although Protestants themselves, thus openly attempted to throw the whole burthen of the support of the Protestant clergy upon the tillage of the miserable Roman Catholic cottiers, at a time when, according to the Lord Primate Boulter, the quantity of land under tillage in Ireland was *not one fortieth of the whole*. All the efforts of the landholders, however, were insufficient: the law was in the course of being executed against them, and in these circumstances they had recourse to a proceeding which, to say nothing of the other iniquities which it exhibits, displays an instance of naked impudent robbery, for which it would be vain to seek for a parallel in all history. In 1735, they passed a resolution in their character as members of the House of Commons, declaring that the tithe of agistment *was burthensome to the landlords*, and upon this resolution they had the criminal effrontery to engraft another, declaring "that the commencing of any suit upon such a demand *must impair the PROTESTANT INTEREST! AND OCCASION THE INCREASE OF POPERY AND INFIDELITY!!* and that any person who should commence any such suit was an enemy to his country."\*

These resolutions terrified the clergy into an abandonment of their legal rights; and although the civil government of Ireland was at that time in the hands of the archbishop of Armagh, he was compelled, notwithstanding his zeal for the rights and revenues of the clergy, to submit to an act of spoliation, which threw the support of the clergy from the most opulent of the Protestant landlords upon the most indigent of the Catholic cottiers, and from the richest soil in the country to land which was the most barren in its quality, and which amounted to less than one fortieth of the whole. As an inevitable consequence of this iniquity, the parson was obliged to increase the amount of his exaction from the peasant; and in order to protect himself against the actual danger as well as against the dreadful sensations, which must be incident to a personal enforcement of such a demand, he shielded himself behind the agency of a tithe farmer, who appointed an inferior harpy to perform the very act of squeezing the payment from the peasant—each of those diabolical subordinates having a progressive profit upon the demand of the parson, whilst the life-blood of the people, to use the language of Grattan, was absorbed and sucked out by a subordination of vultures.

"The tithe farmer," says Grattan, "is an extortioner by profession, who in his character as extortioner becomes a part of the Establishment, who paid the parson *a certain rate for the privilege of making a bad use of an unsettled claim*. The use of the tithe farmer is to get from the parishioner what the parson *would be ashamed to demand, and to enable the clergyman to absent himself from his duty*. The powers of the tithe farmer are summary laws and ecclesiastical courts; and his occupation is to pounce upon the poor in the name of the lord. He is a *wolf left by the shepherd* to take care of the flock in his absence," &c. "The tithe farmers," says Arthur Young, "made the *composition of the Protestant gentleman very light, whilst the poor Catholic was made to pay for the deficiency of his betters*." The narrative would be incomplete, without stating that the tithe farmer wound up his proceedings by charging the people a per centage, as a compensation for his trouble; "as if," says Grattan, "he was the natural pastoral protector of the poverty of the peasant against the oppressions of the law and the exactions of the Gospel. Will the clergy," says he, "deny that the men whom they

employ are *ruffians, who must cheat the parson or plunder the poor*; and that the clerical remedy against connivance is to *make the poor pay a premium for the increase of the plunder and exaction of which they themselves are the objects?*" "The tithe," says Grattan, "*rises on the poor, and falls in compliment to the rich.* It proceeds on principles the reverse of the Gospel; it *crouches to the strong and oppresses the feeble*, and is guided by the two worst principles in society—*servility and avarice, united against the cause of charity, and under the cloak of religion.*" "In the south," says he, "every thing is tithed which is tithed elsewhere; every thing is tithed which is not tithed elsewhere; and *every thing tithed every where is tithed higher in the south than anywhere else.* Three parts of the inhabitants," says Mr. Grattan, "*are entirely consigned to the dominion of the tithe proctor or tithe farmer, and are equally savage, oppressed, and turbulent.*" The principle of rating appears in some instances to have been, if possible, an aggravation of all the preceding horrors, and consisted "*in joining a famine price to the estimate of a plenty produce*; and by one and the same act punishing human industry and aggravating physical misfortune—the clergyman bringing up the rear of Divine vengeance, and *becoming in his own person the last great scourge of the husbandman.*" Talking of the position of the clergyman in this respect, Mr. Grattan says, "*He exacts contribution from paupers, — he gleans from wretchedness and penury, — he fattens upon raggedness, hunger, and destitution.*" Such was the state of affairs, in which, according to Lord Powerscourt, the peasantry of Ireland would never have discovered any cause for discontent, if Mr. O'Connell had not raised a cry upon the subject. Such was the condition of the case until 1760, when an epidemic disease destroyed a large portion of the cattle in every country in Europe, and thereby immediately caused a vast increase in the value of land in Ireland, which is perhaps the finest grazing country in the world. Then it was that, as we are informed by all the writers of that period, "*the rich expelled the poor tenants, in order to make way for flocks and herds which were easily converted into money, and found a ready market.* Then it was that the rents of such of the poor as were allowed to remain upon the land, were screwed up until the peasantry, to use the language of Lord Clare, were absolutely "*ground to powder.*" Then it was that the landlords having *actually let out the commons to the poor, did, in violation of the most solemn contracts, rob them of the same commons by enclosure.* Then it was that the cruel exactions of the harpy tithe-monger "*squeezed out the very vitals of the people, and dragged from them THE LITTLE WHICH THE LANDLORD HAD LEFT THEM.*"\* Then it was that the "*clearances*" were committed, which produce misery, such as "*the broad eye of day beholds not in his course.*"† Then it was that rents, which amounted, according to Lord Charlemont, to five times the value of the land, compelled the miserable peasantry to rise in insurrection against a system of complicated oppression, which Lord Clare affirmed to be greater than *human nature* could endure. What, in such circumstances, was the conduct of the Protestant landlords of Ireland? "These enemies to the public peace and the Protestant clergy," says the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, "*originated a scheme dark and deep, and planned by men skilled in the law and in the artifices by which it may be evaded. They suggested to the farmers to enter into a combination under the sanction of an oath not to carry the tithes, or assist any clergyman in drawing them; and a form of summons to the clergyman to draw, penned with legal accuracy, was printed at Cork at the expense of a gentleman of rank and fortune, and many thousand copies of it*

\* Dr. Curry, *Civ. Wars*, vol. ii. p. 271, 272.

† Sadler.

circulated with great diligence through the adjoining counties of Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary. Such is the statement of the conduct of the Protestant landholders, made by an eminent prelate of the Establishment. The manner in which "*the Protestant magistrates and gentlemen of influence in Munster all along fomented the outrages for their own private ends,*" — in which the landlords and graziers *actually cherished the insurrection*, for the purpose of *curtailing the Church, in order,*" says Lord Clare, "*that they may add the share of the clergy to the cruel rackrents already extorted from the peasantry and farmers*" — all this has been already and very fully explained in our Number for August, and exhibits a scene of infamy on the part of the landlords, which nothing in the world can equal, except something else in the conduct of the same persons.

In 1787 Grattan brought forward his motion for the taking of the tithe question into consideration. The answer of Mr. Ord, the Irish Secretary, was, that "the subject ought never to be discussed" — "impudently frustrating," as Lord Charlemont observed, "every investigation into the causes of the disturbances;" — this refusal to inquire into the cause of the disturbances having taken place after a law had been passed by the landlords "*for shooting, hanging, whipping, banishing, and imprisoning*" the persons who had committed the outrages to which they had been *forced and instigated*, and in which they had been *encouraged*, and even *instructed*, by the landlords themselves. "They consigned," says Grattan, "the bodies of the peasantry to the hangman, and left to their families the continuance of the grievances."

In 1788, Mr. Grattan brought forward the subject again. He stated that he was ready to prove that the tithe had increased from four and five shillings an acre to ten; that the charges in the ecclesiastical courts *had increased tenfold*; and that the tithe had, in many instances, *exceeded even the rack-rent of the land*; that it was a practice to *charge for more acres than were held by the peasant*; and that livings had by these means *increased from 300l. to 1000l. a year*. "These evils," says he, "*prevailed principally in the south, where tumult was commensurate with exaction, and where the burthen fell heaviest upon those who were least able to pay.*" It is unnecessary to say that no remedy was administered by the Irish government for any portion of these intolerable oppressions. A few years afterwards, in 1799, Messrs. O'Connor, Emmett, and M'Nevin acknowledged, in their examination before the House of Lords, that they reckoned upon the hatred of the peasantry to the tithe system for their co-operation in the rebellion of 1798; and one of them admitted that, if tithes had been commuted according to Mr. Grattan's plan, *a very powerful engine would have been taken out of their hands*. That such was the opinion of every one else who knew any thing about the subject, is a matter of universal notoriety. In 1800, the Irish landlords, who never since the Reformation had paid tithe of agistment, **ABOLISHED THAT PROPERTY ALTOGETHER by an Act of the legislature**; and it is a curious fact, that the *wealthiest portion of the Protestant landowners* in Ireland, and the loudest brawlers for the Establishment in that country, have, at all times, invariably refused to pay *a farthing* on account of the *most productive tithe*, and for the *richest portion* of their land. Upon the recent introduction of the Tithe Composition Act, the tithe of agistment was revived by the statute; and, more recently, the legislature has attempted to render the landlords of that country subject to the payment of the tithe in general. We shall, however, show, before the conclusion of this article, that their conduct has upon this occasion been as fraudulent and oppressive as upon every other.



Every body knows in what light the tithe system has been considered by the Catholic population of Ireland since the Union — the confiscations, the executions, and the murders which it has produced. It may not, however, be so generally known that the opinions of the Protestant landlords of the present day, although not in general so openly expressed as those of the agitators, are no less hostile to that establishment for which they so falsely profess an unlimited veneration. The following evidence, from unquestionable sources, will be sufficient to settle this part of the question. At the Lent assizes for 1808, the grand jury of Armagh, the most Protestant county in that kingdom, and the residence of the Lord Primate and metropolitan of all Ireland, agreed to a resolution declaring that the *exorbitant demands of the clergy and their proctors, and their very great oppression in the collection of tithe, were such as tended to detach the minds of his majesty's subjects from their allegiance.*\* The following description of the state of affairs a few years later, at the close of the war, is taken from an "Inquiry into the Effects of the Irish Grand Jury Laws, by Mr. Spring Rice," now Lord Monteagle. The first sentence — upon the subject of rent — is extracted by Mr. Rice from "The State of Ireland," by J. Wilson Croker, Esq.: —

"Rents in Ireland are not a proportion of, but nearly the whole, produce. The actual cultivator is seldom better paid than by scanty food, ragged raiment, and a miry hovel, and competitors for land will offer the whole value of the produce, minus the daily potato." Nor is this all: the heavy expenses of repairs, &c., which in England are not borne by the tenants, though paying light rents, and possessing enormous capital, are in Ireland thrown upon a wretched peasantry, to whom capital and light rents are terms in an unknown language. The rapid increase of church property has been another great source of evil. Tithes, raised on the plea of high prices, ARE NOT LOWERED WITH THE CESSATION OF THEIR NOMINAL CAUSE, and the same levies are very generally collected in 1814 and 1815, though the produce of agriculture has within the interval been depreciated FIFTY PER CENT. The taxation of England is by no means a case in point, or a sufficient justification, however enormous its amount. In that happy country, if a heavy rent is paid, much of it returns in comfort and liberality among the individuals from whom it is collected. If tithes are complained of, they are still appropriated to the support of a resident clergyman, who is respected by his parishioners as a minister of the faith which they profess; if the support of the church demand considerable sums, still within those sacred walls the villager views the altar where his marriage vows were given, the tombs where his fathers sleep, the font at which he presented his children before his God. Under such circumstances all the strongest passions of the human mind, and all the most virtuous feelings of the heart, combine to render pecuniary sacrifices the source of equal pride and satisfaction. In Ireland is exemplified the very reverse of this picture. A jealousy of his landlord, from whom he derives but little advantage, a jealousy of the ministers of an establishment adverse to his own, makes every payment for their profit appear grievous to the peasant, not only as a means of oppression, but as a stigma of reproach." †

In the subsequent page he says, —

"Subject to a variety of hardships, without any opportunity of acquiring independence, deprived of all the comforts, and restricted in all the necessities of life, oppressed by heavy rents by high church rates, and vexatious tithes, any additional burthen must become the cause of accumulated suffering." ‡

The following evidence relates to a period about ten years later. Before the Committee of 1825 the Rev. W. Phelan, B. D., was asked —

"Should Roman Catholic emancipation take place, may not the payment of tithes, and the very existence of a Protestant establishment, still be productive of animosity and ill-will between the Roman Catholics and Protestants? — Certainly it may; there is a very strong declaration of Dr. Doyle upon that subject, in his letter to Mr. Robertson, in which he says, 'Emancipation alone will not be a remedy for the grievances of Ireland; it will not allay the animosities between two churches, both high-minded, both perhaps intolerant; it will not remove the grievance of tithes.' He uses other expressions to the same effect which

\* Plowden's Hist. vol. ii. p. 103.

† Page 66, 67.

‡ Ibid.

I do not remember now. But in justice to Dr. Doyle and other Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, I must say that what is called the grievance of tithes is as much spoken against by Protestant landholders in Ireland as by them: there is a remarkable coincidence in the language of the two classes on the subject." — H. C., 1825, p. 527.

Dr. Phelan was a fellow of the Irish university, and at the time of his death was in the enjoyment of a large living which had been conferred upon him by the present primate, Lord John George Beresford, in consequence of the services which he had rendered to the established religion in Ireland.

Seven years afterwards, before the Committee of 1832, Matthew Singleton, Esq., chief magistrate of police in the Queen's County, is asked, —

"What construction was put by the tithe-payers in Ireland upon the declaration of the Secretary of State that tithes were abolished? — That they would be shortly extinct.

"Then by tithe do they understand the payment of a tax in support of the church in the abstract, or merely the present form of paying that tax? — I think there is a portion of both persuasions, Protestant and Catholic, very hostile to the payment of tithe.

"Upon what does their objection rest; is it an objection to the tithe regarded as a tax, or an objection to the support of an hostile establishment? — *The Catholics object to it as an hostile establishment, and the Protestants object in consequence of the pluralities and the number of bishops.*

"When you say the Protestants, what do you mean, what class? — I mean *nine-tenths of the Protestants in Ireland* I have been speaking to.

"Members of the Established Church? — Yes.

"Do you think that the objection to the payment of tithes, on the part of the members of the Established Church, is really an objection to the thing, or the effects of intimidation? — I think that the Protestants in Ireland would cheerfully pay the tax to support the clergymen, but they are not satisfied to pay it to absentee clergymen, and to the number of bishops and dignitaries in the church." — H. C., 1832, Nos. 4157-62.

R. De la Cour, Esq., banker and treasurer of the county of Cork, was asked before the same Committee, —

"You state that there has been a good deal of indisposition to pay tithes lately; does that prevail generally among Protestants as well as Catholics? — I do not know how it prevails now, but I think I may observe, if it is not an obtrusive observation to make to the Committee, that the *late Bishop of Cork* said to me — 'We are in the habit of blaming the Roman Catholics for the resistance to tithes, but I believe, *if the real truth was known, there is scarcely any country gentleman in Ireland who is not in his heart a white-boy.*'"

We believe that at this very instant it would be found that the most violent lay politicians in Ireland of what is called the church party, are those *who pay the church worst and least*. It was only in the last term that a receiver was appointed by the Court of Exchequer in Dublin over the estates of a conservative peer in Tipperary, at the suit of his rector; and we ourselves were informed by a clergyman of great eminence in the establishment, that upon going to take possession of his living he found the flock divisible, in respect to the important subject of tithe-paying, into three classes. First came the Roman Catholic farmers, who, with the priest, paid best of all; in the second rank were the Protestants of the middle and lower class; whilst the *great landowners and most vehement professors of attachment to the Establishment* were the *most unsatisfactory payers, and the most considerable defaulters in the parish*.

Before we quit this part of the case, it may be worth while to notice the scrap of evidence which Lord Powerscourt has quoted in support of his assertion, and which is in the following words\*: "Major Warburton distinctly states that, if the subject of the tithe had been left to its own *merits* exclusively, without the admixture of politics, there would never have been any difficulty about them. Mr. Finn is of the same opinion." Upon turning

to the question referred to in connection with Mr. Finn, we find nothing at all upon the subject, there being, perhaps, a mistake in the reference. With regard to the sentiments attributed to Major Warburton, we shall only say that, even if he had actually expressed them, he would only have said what was in direct and obvious opposition to the whole history of the subject, and shown that he himself knew nothing about it. The truth however is, that Lord Powerscourt, in citing the evidence of Major Warburton, has *left out the larger and more important part of the sentence; and that out of the very middle of the sentence* which he professes to cite. The production of the whole passage will show that the statement of Major Warburton was not only different from Lord Powerscourt's representation of it, but was *diametrically* opposite to it. Here are his words (1055.). "My impression is, that *if the Composition Act had been GENERALLY entered into at the time when it was partially entered into*, and if there had been no political agitation afterwards, there would not have been any difficulty about tithes." The reader will perceive that all the words marked in Italics, and which constitute more than half the sentence, are suppressed by Lord Powerscourt, although they contain the whole force and meaning of the answer. The same witness was at the same time asked the following question, to which he gave the annexed answer (1057.): —

"Do you consider that the *delay which has occurred in settling the tithe question has tended to promote political agitation?* — I think that *as long as the tithe question is unsettled it will be a fertile source of agitation.*"

So that, instead of saying, as he is represented by Lord Powerscourt to have said, that political agitation was the cause of the unsettled state of the tithe question, *he actually says the very reverse*, namely, that the unsettled state of the tithe question is the cause of political agitation. He adds (1058 and 1059.), that the tithe question was unsettled yet, and that it *was consequently the cause of crime and outrage, and would always be so until it was settled.*

The manner in which the landlords have been performing their duty in carrying out the intentions of the legislature in attempting to settle the question, will be evident from the following extracts from the testimony given before the Committee of 1830. Robert De la Cour, Esquire, treasurer of the county of Cork, says, page 399. —

"It is impossible for any legislative measure to control the special compacts between landlord and tenant; and I have heard lately that, *although the Tithe Composition Act solves the tenant from any portion of contribution to the clergyman*, still there are *such clauses introduced between the landlord and tenant as shield the landlord completely, and leave the tenant exposed to the anterior condition.*"

The Reverend Mr. Hickey, a clergyman of the Establishment, is asked, page 333. —

"Are the provisions of the act transferring the burthen to the landlord instead of the tenant strictly carried into effect? — I am not aware of *any instance in which the landlord has paid money; not one in my parish*; nor am I aware of any new leases being granted.

"In that case the provisions do not come into effect. — No, but I believe the tenant very frequently goes on *paying the tithe*, when he is *in law exempt from it*, either from *ignorance* or from being *afraid to quarrel with his landlord.*

"Is that provision that transfers the burthen from the tenant to the landlord one of the parts of the bill to which you attach considerable importance? — It is."

Mr. John Dyas, page 197. —

"You are aware of a provision in that act by which the tithe-composition-rent is payable, in the case of a new lease, by the landlord? — I am: the act of parliament specifies

that, and in some cases it has been allowed by the landlord, and in other cases it has not ; the tenants have been tyrannised over, and the landlords have said, ' If you do not pay the tithes I shall distrain you, and you must pay all.'

" Do you mean to say you have leases made subsequent to the passing of that act, in which, notwithstanding the express provision of the act, the burthen of tithe is still thrown upon the occupier, and not paid by the landlord? — In all the extent of my barony, which is from fourteen to fifteen miles long, I have not known of one tenant being allowed it except one man, who insisted on his right according to law.

" Did he enforce his right effectually? — He did."

Mr. John Musgrave says, —

" The amount of the tithe composition appears to have been intended to have been thrown upon the landlord in all future leases, but I believe the effect has not been what was calculated upon.—Then are the Committee to understand that that provision of the Tithe Composition Act has not been carried into effect? — So far as this, that in contracts for rents the amount of the tithe composition is generally added to the rent, so as, in fact, not to fall upon the landlord.

" Does that refer to leases made subsequent to the passing of the Tithe Composition Act? — Yes."

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that the rent upon which the tithe is thus accumulated in violation of the law, is said by Mr. Wilson Croker, in a passage above quoted, to be "*the whole produce of the soil*, minus the deduction of scanty food, ragged raiment, and a miry hovel." The reader who shall have taken the trouble to peruse the preceding evidence will, we think, have no difficulty in perceiving that the conduct of the Irish landlords upon the subject of tithes is in perfect uniformity with every other part of their behaviour.

Having disposed of the subject of the agitators, and of the tithe system, let us now pass on to the other grand *causa causans*, which his lordship hath assigned for the disturbances of Ireland. Upon this subject he writeth as follows:—" If, then, the present distracted state of Ireland be not attributable to misconduct on the part of the proprietors of the soil, our readers will naturally ask, to what is that state of things to be ascribed?" Whatever interrogatories the readers of Lord Powerscourt may feel disposed to put, we are perfectly convinced that *our* readers will feel no necessity for asking any further questions upon the subject, as we believe that no reader of *ours* can have the smallest doubt in his mind that the lamentable state of Ireland is immediately chargeable to the account of "the proprietors of the soil." We at least know not how any fact upon earth can be proved if the evidence which we have adduced be not considered an overwhelming proof of the fact in question. The noble viscount, however, ascribes the outrages committed in Ireland in a principal degree "to the pernicious influence" of the Roman Catholic priests: and we most earnestly invite the attention of the reader to this portion of the case. As part of the proof which the noble lord produces in support of his assertion, he cites Major Warburton as having stated in his evidence before the Roden Committee\*, that the Roman Catholic priests frequently recommend *the course which the people are to adopt at an election*. We never understood that there was any offence in recommending people to vote for one candidate rather than another, and we take it to be a matter of universal notoriety that the priests of every denomination in England and Scotland, as well as in Ireland, use their influence, just as all other persons do, in favour of the candidate of whose principles they approve. What will the reader think of the candour of the noble lord who makes this quotation when we state that the same witness asserts upon the

same page\*, that there was *no doubt* of the *Protestant clergy* upon *many occasions* having *also interfered by canvassing*, and having *EXERCISED THEIR INFLUENCE*, and *advised their flock* as to their *political conduct*, and the *choice of members of Parliament*? — the difference being, that the priest exerts himself publicly, and the Protestant clergyman in a more private manner; and that in the opinion of Major Warburton the priest (all other things being equal) is a great deal a more valuable and efficient ally than the parson? What will “the people of England” further think when we inform them that in the *very next answer to that which Lord Powerscourt has cited*, this very identical Major Warburton says †, “*No complaint has EVER been made to me of their having ever recommended CRIME of ANY SORT?*” What will the reader further think when he finds that the same Major Warburton did, “then and there,” on the 25th of April, 1839, give the following evidence? —

“I have *very frequently* received *very active assistance* from them; they have been *generally very anxious* to assist in preserving the peace and *discovering the perpetrators of crimes*, and have given *previous notice*, both to the police and to the *intended objects of attack*, of offences about to be committed, so as to *prevent the commission of the offences.*” (821-27. 850.)

“There were *many instances within my own knowledge* in which the priests have both *directly and indirectly* given such information as led to the *conviction of parties* by whom outrages had been committed.”

And finally, that the same Major Warburton expresses himself concerning the same Roman Catholic priests in the following terms:—

“*I cannot name ANY INSTANCE in which, to my knowledge, a priest has known of an offence, AND HAS NOT GIVEN information.*” (853.)

What will “the people of England” think of the regard for truth, justice, and decency, exhibited by the party with whom we are dealing, when they see that Lord Powerscourt has *deliberately suppressed the five extracts which we have just given*? one of the extracts being the *very next passage to the one cited by Lord Powerscourt*; and all of them being found within the compass of about a page, and the answers having been all delivered by the witness in the course of a few minutes.

Major Warburton is son to the late Bishop of Cloyne. He has been upon the establishment of the Irish Constabulary *for two-and-twenty years*, from 1816 to 1838. He was originally a chief magistrate; then provincial Inspector *for about thirteen years*; then deputy-Inspector-general; and lastly, before his own resignation, he filled the office of Inspector-general between the resignation of Colonel Kennedy and the appointment of Colonel M'Gregor, the present Inspector-general of the force. Major Warburton's experience, therefore, includes *all the more CONSIDERABLE* of the modern occasions upon which the population of Ireland have been tortured into insurrection by intolerable oppression. He was the second witness in order, produced by Lord Roden, before the committee of 1839, for the purpose of proving the statements contained in his lordship's oration; amongst which statements it was alleged that “the Roman Catholic clergy had assumed to themselves the government of the land, which they exercised by exciting the people to lawlessness.” He is the first witness appealed to by Lord Powerscourt in support of a similar assertion; yet this same witness, the son of a Protestant prelate and himself a conservative, declares, that in his two and twenty years' experience *no complaint* had been *ever made* to him of the Roman Catholic priests having *ever recommended any crime*; that

\* Question 874.

† Ibid. 868.

he had *very frequently* received *very active* assistance from them; that they had been generally *very anxious* to preserve the peace and discover the perpetrators of outrages; that there were *many instances in his own knowledge* of their having directly and indirectly caused the *prevention of outrages and the conviction of the perpetrators*; and that he *never knew ONE INSTANCE in which a priest knew of an offence, and had not given information of it.*

We believe that even if we were to stop here, there is no reader of the commonest amount of intelligence who would not be convinced, that we have convicted Lord Powerscourt of having uttered against the priests a calumny, as destitute of all foundation, in fact, as it is atrocious in its own nature. We shall, however, proceed to examine this point at more length, and we undertake to say, that we shall give the reader as full contentment upon this as we are convinced that we have given upon every other part of the case. Proceeding with his proofs, Lord Powerscourt cites a passage from the evidence given by Captain Despard, before the Roden Committee, in which that gentleman states, that upon one occasion he met a priest in the spring of 1836 in a "crowded caravan"—a species of Irish omnibus—containing from twelve to sixteen persons. Captain Despard (who by the way was summoned before the committee to prove the *increase of crime* in Ireland, during the period *from 1835 to 1839*) said to the priest that "the country was then (in the spring of 1836) *exceedingly peaceable.*" Lord Powerscourt passing over this statement, comes to the answer of the priest, who said that the country was quiet, and would remain so until those rascals Peel and Wellington should come into power again, when they should be treated to such an upset as I had never seen in my life." \*

We suppose that there is nobody of the most ordinary apprehension, who does not see that the priest was what they call "roasting" the "Great Captain," as the priest himself called Captain Despard upon the very occasion in question. Whatever may be thought of the Irish Roman Catholic priests in other respects, we suppose that nobody will believe that if they entertained any intention to create an upset in that country, they would communicate such intention to chief magistrates of police in crowded caravans. If any doubt should, however, exist upon this point, we think it will be immediately removed by another extract from the evidence of Captain Despard, which extract, although *upon the same page as the other, and within a FEW LINES of it, Viscount Powerscourt hath not thought it expedient to bring under the notice of the "people of England."* In the passage to which we refer, Captain Despard says†, that "he *never reported the conversation to the Government or to any of his own superior officers, except that, being in Dublin some time afterwards, he mentioned it in conversation to the Inspector-general.*" He goes on to state, in answer to question 4046., "that he *never heard any thing more about it*;" (4048.) "that he never mentioned the matter *to any other priest*; that, however, he mentioned it generally after it happened, and talked of it, "or rather LAUGHED AT IT, as he thought that perhaps the priest DID NOT MEAN what he said!" He goes on to say, in answer to question 4049. that he "never heard any such opinion from any other person as that expressed by the priest, and that he should rather think *there was no such intention entertained in Ireland as that of making an 'upset' in the event of the Queen's changing her ministers.*" The same witness, in another place, says of *these same Roman Catholic priests*, "I have had communications with them *when-ever disturbances took place in the neighbourhood, and they have shown great anxiety to assist the police.*" (3447.)

\* Question 4042.

† Ibid. 4045.

Captain Despard has been a stipendiary magistrate since 1885, having been in the commission, as an unpaid magistrate, some time before; and he has been altogether about *seventeen years connected with the constabulary*, in which he has filled different offices. He was one of Lord Roden's own witnesses, and has given the following additional testimony before the same committee, upon the conduct of the Catholic clergy in Ireland:—

"The Ribbon system had been dormant for a considerable time in some parts of Ireland, in consequence of the exertions of the Roman Catholic clergy. (3219.)

"He heard from the priest that some persons with whom he had remonstrated had given up the society. (3234.)

"The Roman Catholic clergy in Meath used efforts beyond the common to put a stop to the Ribbon system. (3269.)

"He says that he could give many reports, informations on oath, and many others, of the efforts of which he had been speaking, made publicly in the chapels from the altars: one Ribbonman told him that he had not been to confession for many years because he was a Ribbonman; another told him that he was obliged to leave the system, as the priest would not hear his confession.

"He states another instance to the same effect, where several persons gave up the society because the priest would not hear their confessions, nor administer the sacrament to them, and declared that he would not visit them EVEN ON THEIR DEATH-BEDS, unless they had previously renounced the society. (4032.)

"Elsewhere he states, that the priests have made a 'steady resistance' to the Ribbonmen going to confession (3263.), and that,

"Where the Ribbonmen are the most numerous, the priests are the most anxious to put them down. The system puts an end to the power of the priests over the population. (3287.)"

"He believes that they, the priests, look to the increase of Ribbonism WITH THE GREATEST ALARM. (3449.)

"His belief is founded upon his own observation, upon the open and avowed anxiety of the priests, and upon the speeches reported to him to have been made by the priests at the altar.

"Parish priests and curates have equally expressed their horror of it. (3450.)

"He states an ineffectual attempt which had been made by the Rev. Mr. Newman, Roman Catholic curate of Courtown, in the county of Meath, to induce a body of supposed Ribbonmen to disperse. (4023.)

"He states, that a Roman Catholic clergyman has sworn before him an information which is to be prosecuted at the next assizes, regarding a proposal to shoot a gentleman nineteen miles off. (4072.)

"Both classes of the Roman Catholic clergy have shown the greatest anxiety to assist in putting down ALL DISTURBANCES." (3448.)\*

The remainder of the evidence produced by Lord Powerscourt upon this point is brought forward pretty much in the same manner. He cites Mr. Barrington, as saying in answer to question 7476., that, "a priest takes part in every agitation in the county of Limerick." But he, *somehow or other, happens to omit* the answers which the same Mr. Barrington had given immediately before to questions 7457 and 7458., and which answers were in the following words:—

"We have often received information from the Roman Catholic priests." (7457.)

"In the late disturbances in Clare, the priests preached against them from the altars, and did EVERY THING in their power to put down the disturbances." (7458.)

With regard to the conduct of the priests in the county of Limerick during the disturbances of the Rockites in 1821 and 1822, Major Wilcocks, who was chief magistrate of police in that quarter at the time, declares † that the members of the Catholic priesthood in that county exposed themselves to considerable personal risk and danger in consequence of their exertions to maintain the public peace; and he mentions the conduct of two members of the body with particular commendation. And Mr. Lawler, a magistrate residing in Kerry,

\* See further evidence from Captain Despard upon this subject, *infra*. † H. C. 1824, p. 111.

stated\* that the whole peasantry of Munster "would have been up" in 1821–1822 only for the exertions of the priests. We ourselves remember a case in which a priest in the county of Limerick lost his life in attempting to prevent some persons from proceeding to the commission of an outrage. The noble viscount in the same style cites the evidence of Captain Warburton to prove a fact which, whatever may be the value of it, is indubitably true, namely, that the priests frequently threaten with their severest displeasure those individuals of their flocks who vote in opposition to their own consciences at the command of their landlords. Admitting the fact, we shall say no more than that the landlords of Ireland are generally Tories, and that the priests and people are radicals to a man; that the only landlords, therefore, whom they oppose are Tory landlords; that a radical farmer who votes in support of such a landlord must be acting either under the operation of fear or of corruption; and therefore, that, however objectionable the threat may be in itself, its effect, whenever successful, can only be to oblige the voter to do what the voter himself thinks right, and what he would certainly do if he were a free agent. Lord Powerscourt having cited the above mentioned passage from Captain Warburton's testimony, hath, in some way or other, omitted to notice that the *same Captain Warburton* mentions, as a specimen of the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy (14,005.), that he had, upon one occasion, *found forty stand of arms* in a search; that *the success of the search was ENTIRELY owing to information furnished by the Roman Catholic priest, of whom Captain Warburton spoke in terms of the highest praise*; who afterwards was able to detect some other arms, which he caused to be delivered to the captain. The same gentleman says†, that he "was able to bring the perpetrators of an outrage to justice *solely through the information given by a priest*, and through his *valuable and meritorious exertions*, for which he received the *special thanks of the lord-lieutenant*, at the express recommendation of Captain Warburton himself.

Pursuing the even tenour of his way, the noble viscount quotes the evidence of Mr. Cahill, to prove the language used upon one occasion by the Rev. Mr. Laffan at Thurles. The passage in question is that which we have already given, in which Mr. Laffan stated that "it was *not uncommon* for the Tipperary landlords to expel women in the last stage of pregnancy, and upon the very verge of parturition, leaving them to be actually DELIVERED IN THE OPEN AIR—to the everlasting infamy of the perpetrators of such horrible acts, and the shame unutterable of humanity itself. Lord Powerscourt having made the quotation from Mr. Cahill ‡ with a view to insinuate a charge against Mr. Laffan of having made a speech which was calculated to excite the people to the commission of outrages, does not happen to have perceived, that up to within one page of that upon which Lord Powerscourt found the extract above given, *the same Mr. Cahill* had been employed in stating to the committee the existence and nature of the society formed in that very town of Thurles, and the object of which was to use their *most strenuous exertions* to uphold the public peace by aiding the constituted authorities in the suppression of all outrages, one of the duties of each member of the society being to communicate to some magistrate any facts which may seem to have a tendency to a breach of the peace. Mr. Cahill stated at the same time, that "at the first meeting for the formation of the society the first resolution, stating the principle, objects, and advantages of such an association was moved by this Rev. Mr. Laffan: that the *same very reverend gentleman* was chairman of the first meeting of the committee, and was the *first*

\* H. C. 1824, p. 111.

† Question 13,379.

‡ Ibid. 13,450.



in order upon the finance committee; that he acted as *chairman* of the only two meetings of the society which were brought under the notice of the House of Lords by Mr. Cahill; that he *signed as chairman* the address of the society to the peasantry of Tipperary, *exhorting them to tranquillity, and pointing out* the benefits of orderly and peaceable behaviour; and that he was, in short, the *most active and influential member of a society having for its professed object the suppression and detection of every breach of the peace*. All this is stated by Mr. Cahill within a page of the extract given by Lord Powerscourt; but his lordship has, we presume, *overlooked* it all. It seemeth also that he has overlooked the following evidence, given by the SAME Mr. Cahill, upon the general conduct of the clergy, of whom Mr. Laffan is one.

Mr. Cahill says, "*The amount of crime is GREATLY REDUCED by the influence of the priests, and but for that influence there would be in Tipperary a much greater quantity of crime than there is at present. The priests are THE BEST POLICE against the commission of crime: they use EVERY EXERTION to suppress it, and in MANY INSTANCES do succeed.*" (10,851.)

It happens, oddly too, that his lordship does not seem to have taken notice of the following testimony given upon the same subject: — Mr. Howley, the assistant barrister of the same county of Tipperary, in which Mr. Laffan resides, states, that "the Roman Catholic clergy have *always* (as far as his experience goes) endeavoured by their influence to *prevent crime*, and that they have shown *extreme anxiety* to keep the people *from acts of riot and tumult.*" (10,157.)

In the same style the noble viscount cites Colonel Shaw Kennedy as saying\*, that "all great excitement of the people increases crime;" a statement which is probably correct: but which the same highly respectable witness explains by saying, *in the very same place*†, that "political agitation and religious differences affected crime *only in as far* as they affected the *social condition* of the people." We can easily understand how this happens. A tenant is induced by a priest or an agitator to vote against the commands of his landlord, or the tenant refuses to send his children to a proselytising school‡, which the landlord recommends and the tenant rejects. The tenant, upon refusal, is "turned out upon the road," and he perhaps commits an outrage either upon his oppressor or successor. Colonel Shaw Kennedy says in the same place, that "the great groundwork of all Whiteboy offences is connected with the *occupation of land*;" that "the increase of crime is attributable more to social than political causes§;" and that "whatever affects the *tenancy of land* will INSTANTLY affect crime||; whilst Mr. Kemmis states, that "in Tipperary more than three-fourths of the violent crimes are produced by *turning tenants out of possession.*" ¶

The following evidence will enable the reader to form a more complete judgment upon this point. After the exposures which we have already made of the manner in which the noble viscount has brought forward the rest of the evidence, which he has adduced, it is, perhaps, unnecessary for us to state that he has entirely suppressed the following:—

Colonel SHAW KENNEDY says, "The priests in Longford, and generally

\* Question 281.

† Ibid. 283. & 286.

‡ Of outrages consequent upon ejectment for political or personal reasons it is unnecessary to produce any example. The modern history of outrage in Ireland is made up of such things. An instance, amongst many, of an outrage consequent upon an ejectment for not sending children to a proselytising school is stated in No. 12,765. Roden Committee, in the following words:—"The cause of firing at Mr. Synge was, that he had turned several of his tenants off his land for not sending their children to his school."

§ Question 282.

|| Ibid. 291.

¶ Ibid. 7149.

throughout Ireland, have used their influence for the prevention of crime. When I went to the county of Longford, they waited on me, and offered every assistance in their power in their respective parishes to prevent crime. And I have no doubt whatever that they did every thing in their power for that purpose. If any violent address had been made from the altar, and had come to the knowledge of my inferior officers, it would have been their duty to report it to me. But I have never received any such report." (347—353.)

Colonel Kennedy was Inspector-general of the Irish Constabulary from the 1st of June, 1836, to the 15th of March, 1838, which, in reference to the present subject, was the most important period of Lord Normanby's administration. Previous to his appointment, Colonel Kennedy had been adjutant-general of the northern district of England; and Sir Robert Peel declared, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, that he and his party would not oppose the bill then pending for the Improvement of the Irish Constabulary, if Colonel Kennedy were placed at the head of the force, which was accordingly done. He was the first witness examined by the Orange party before the Roden Committee.

Even Mr. Rowan, the grand war-horse of Lord Roden, asserts that "the priests have used their influence to prevent faction-fighting at the fairs." (1781.)

The same witness mentions one case in which he was informed that a priest had denounced a person who had caused three persons to be transported for an outrage. Mr. Rowan, however, adds, that he himself *knew nothing of the case* otherwise than from a statement made by the party said to have been denounced.\*

Captain VIGNOLLES says, that "whilst engaged in prosecutions he had received very great assistance from the Roman Catholic priests, and that latterly." Captain Vignolles was a stipendiary magistrate for eight years, and in a condition of continual hostility with Lord Mulgrave's government. He was one of Lord Roden's witnesses. (4010, 4011.)

Mr. FORD, sessional crown prosecutor for the county of Meath, says that he has known them *always* — *invariably* — to denounce ALL SECRET SOCIETIES, and endeavour to prevent crime; and that he has known them to give such information as to prevent the commission of crime. (14,184. 14,786. 14,909.)

Mr. S. JONES, a stipendiary magistrate, says, "I have in many instances received the greatest possible assistance from the Roman Catholic clergymen in the preservation of the peace: I can cite instances of it, if your lordships please." Mr. Jones is an Englishman, and has been sixteen years connected with the constabulary force. To any one who knows the composition of the committee, it is unnecessary to say that their lordships *did not please* to hear any thing further on that side of the subject. The witness, however, says, that the Roman Catholic priests supplied the means of prosecuting to conviction: that he acted on the information which they gave, and several men were convicted upon it: and that he received assistance from them in EVERY INSTANCE where they could afford it. (14,528, 14,529, 14,530.)

Mr. DRUMMOND says, "the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy, as far as it has come within the observation of Government, has always been MOST EXEMPLARY. The Constabulary Reports abound with instances of exertions made by the Catholic clergy, with regard to every cause which tends to a violation of the laws. I cannot therefore express myself too strongly when I am questioned as to my belief in their sincerity." (13,292—13,375.)

Such has indeed been the conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ire-

land, from the *very commencement* of the existence of outrages in that country. The following statements relating to this period are taken from Mr. Lewis's book, pp. 28, 29, and 30.

"The Roman Catholic bishop of Cloyne issued a circular letter to his clergy, dated March, 1762, earnestly requiring them to use all their influence as pastors, and to proceed with spiritual censures against the disturbers. An extract from this document will show the danger to which the priests exposed themselves in performing this thankless service in behalf of a hostile government.

"As to my order (the bishop says) concerning the general exhortation relative to those disturbances, I have sufficient testimony of its having been executed according to directions. But for the censures, the said frontier parish priests sent me a remonstrance, desiring they may be excused and dispensed from issuing any menaces of spiritual penalties, until such time as the clergy of the neighbouring dioceses should have proceeded to act in like manner, alleging for their excuse, that as they had been assured, and as it really appeared from all circumstances, the different bands of those nocturnal rioters were all entirely composed of the loose and desperate sort of people, of different professions and communions, who showed as little regard to religion as to morals; they apprehended immediate danger with regard to the safety of their persons, if they made themselves singular in proceeding to censures against a multitude of dissolute night-walkers, who had already given so many terrifying proofs of their rash dispositions, as well as of their disregard to all laws, and contempt of all characters."\*

In 1775, the Whiteboys in Kildare buried a Roman Catholic priest naked in the ground up to the neck, after having first surrounded him with brambles and thorns, and threatened the like usage to every other priest upon whom they could lay their hands, on account of the endeavours made by the priests to dissuade the Whiteboys from their wicked practices.† Arthur Young says, that "the first effective resistance to the Whiteboys of Kilkenny was made by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Ballyragget, who formed an armed association; and repulsed with considerable loss a large body of Whiteboys, who attacked a house in the town on the 21st January, 1775. Young travelled through that county in 1776, and collected his information on the spot.

A general excommunication against the Whiteboys by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory was read in all the chapels of that diocese in 1779, at which time the Whiteboy outrages prevailed principally in that neighbourhood. A pastoral letter to the same effect from the same prelate in 1784 is mentioned in Plowden's Hist. Rev. vol. ii. part 2. The following placard was posted by the Whiteboys upon the churches and chapels in 1787.

"You are hereby cautioned not to pay ministers' tithes, only in the following manner, viz. potatoes 4s. per acre, wheat and barley 1s. 6d. per acre, oats and meadows 1s. per acre. Roman Catholic clergy to receive for marriages 5s., for baptism 1s. 6d., for confession 6d. You are hereby warned not to pay clerk's money, or any other dues concerning marriages; be all sure not to go to any expense of your confessing turns, but let them partake of your own fare."‡

\* O'Connor's History of the Irish Catholics, part i. App. No. ix. p. 26—29.

† Annual Register for 1775, p. 170. Lewis, p. 81.

‡ O'Leary's Defence, p. 147. The clerk-money mentioned in this notice is the money paid for the priest's clerk. The confessing turns are what are now called stations. Another table of this kind was promulgated in a paper signed "Wm. O'Driscoll, secretary-general to the Munster peasantry," dated 1st July, 1786:—

"Resolved, — That the fickleness of the multitude makes it necessary for all and each of us to swear voluntarily not to pay priest or proctor more than as follows:—

|                    |               |  |                         |   |   |
|--------------------|---------------|--|-------------------------|---|---|
| Potatoes, 1st crop | 6s. per acre. |  |                         |   |   |
| Ditto 2nd crop     | 4s. "         |  |                         |   |   |
| Wheat              | 4s. "         |  | Baptism                 | 1 | 6 |
| Barley             | 4s. "         |  | Each family: confession | 2 | 0 |
| Oats               | 3s. "         |  | Parish priests —        |   |   |
| Meadowing          | 2s. "         |  | Funeral mass            | 1 | 0 |
| Marriage           | 5s. "         |  | Any other               | 1 | 0 |
|                    |               |  | Extreme unction         | 1 | 0 |

See Address to the Nobility and Gentry of the Church of Ireland on the Commotions in the South respecting Tithes. By a Layman. [Dr. Duigenan?] Dublin, 1786; p. 112.

"Nor did the Whiteboys at this time confine themselves to regulating the dues to be paid to their own clergy; but they also, in many cases, attacked their persons. It is distinctly stated, more than once, by Mr. Hely Hutchinson, the secretary of state, in the debate on the Bill for the Protection of the Protestant Clergy, that the Roman Catholic clergy had likewise suffered from the violence of the Whiteboys.\* Several instances of the maltreatment of priests by the rioters are mentioned by O'Leary in the following passage."

"Was not a Father Burke (he says) obliged to quit his parish the same day that Archdeacon Tisdal quitted his? Were not balls fired at Father Sheehy? Were not two clergymen, one a secular and the other a regular, robbed the same night of their wearing apparel? Another parish priest, a venerable old man, who was never charged with any extortions, and who, in my own presence, challenged his congregation to bring forward any charge against him, was robbed of what little he had to support him in his old age, even of his very bed. Another, on suspicion of having brought the army to his congregation to prevent the deluded people from swearing, was on the point of being torn limb from limb at his altar, had not a gentleman stepped forward and said, that he himself was the gentleman who had applied to the magistrate for that purpose. The gentleman himself narrowly escaped with his life, through the interposition of the vicar-general, who had the presence of mind to step, with the crucifix in his hand, between the gentleman and the enraged multitude, crying out to them with a loud voice, 'I conjure you, in the name of that God whose image I hold, not to pollute his altar with murder.'"

"The hostility thus shown towards the priests by the Whiteboys was partly earned (says Mr. Lewis) by their collection of dues, and partly by the activity which, from the beginning, they showed as a body in opposing the Whiteboy combinations."†

The zeal of the clergy in opposing the rioters proceeded to such a length as to have completely annihilated their influence over the people about 1786.‡ In a petition presented to the Irish House of Commons in 1787, when the clause for demolishing all their chapels was to be debated, it is alleged that "in suppressing the late disturbances in the south, the Catholic nobility and gentry, with the prelates and inferior clergy, had been most active. That during these disturbances their chapels had been nailed up, and their pastors abused and forced from their parishes, and no distinctions made in the paroxysm of popular frenzy."§ Referring to the insurrection of the Rockites, Major Willcocks says, that "the Roman Catholic priesthood have exposed themselves to considerable personal risk and danger in consequence of their exertion to maintain the public peace."||

James Lawler, Esq., a magistrate residing in Kerry, says, that "all the peasantry of Munster would have been up in 1821-2, BUT FOR THE PRIESTS."¶ Robert De la Cour, Esq., banker and treasurer of the county of Cork, bears testimony to the same effect, and makes particular mention of the merits of the parish priest of Mallow, for the very essential service rendered to that district by his exertions and communications.\*\* He stated that there were many instances in which the clergy had actively exerted themselves to repress the outrages, and induce the populace to surrender their arms; and that the clergy by such conduct exposed themselves not only to personal danger, but to the loss of their income, which depended upon the voluntary contributions of their flocks. In 1825 the Protestants of Maryborough (Queen's county), with the rector, Mr. Waller, at their head, sent a deputation to Mr. O'Connor, the Roman Catholic priest, to know in what manner he would receive an address from them, expressive of their gratitude for

\* "The Roman Catholic clergy had been treated with the utmost cruelty by the same insurgents and rioters that had insulted and injured many of the Protestant clergy."—*Irish Debates*, vol. vi. 409. In answer to an objection of Lord Luttrell's, he says:—"Had he attended an examination where I was present, he would have seen it clearly proved, by clergymen of undoubted veracity, that the parishioners are in fault, and that their anger is not against the Protestant clergy only, but the Roman clergy also have fallen under their displeasure."—*Ib.* p. 430. "He (the secretary of state) observed that those disturbances did not proceed from religious prejudices, and that the Roman Catholic clergy had been equally ill-treated by those insurgents."—*Ib.* p. 445.

† Lewis, p. 30.

‡ Newnham, cited by Lewis, p. 31. The assertion of Newnham rests upon unquestionable authority.

§ Lewis, p. 31. || H. C. 1824, p. 111, 112. ¶ *Ibid.* p. 448. \*\* *Ibid.* 1825, p. 566.

the services which he rendered in preserving the peace of the county.\* He stated before another committee of the House of Commons seven years later, 1832, that the priests in his own diocese, as well as in that of Ossory, had been frequently threatened with injury in consequence of their denunciations of the outrages; and mentions a case in which, for that cause, a priest was assaulted in 1832.† The Right Honourable Dennis Browne, the present Lord Oranmore, says, that he knows of his own knowledge, that at all times the Roman Catholic priests did most seriously oppose the disturbers of the peace.‡ In 1832, Captain Despard says, that the Catholic clergy, in his neighbourhood, were doing every thing in their power to stop the outrages §; and that the clergy, both priests and bishops, had called upon the peasantry to surrender their arms; but that the insurgents paid little respect to the clergy, and that their disinclination to obey them was increasing. Mr. John Dillon stated before the same committee, that the efforts of the clergy to repress disturbances were ineffectual, and ended in destroying the influence of the priest over the flock. || Before the same committee Mr. Myles O'Reilly, whilst detailing some particulars tending to show a connection between a particular priest and the Whitefeet, says, "I am very certain that collectively the priests have been and are very much opposed to the system of Blackfeet and Whitefeet." The particular case to which he alluded was tried at the special commission at Maryborough, and the attorney-general said, that "in his opinion it was not possible to say that there appeared a single fact warranting any criminal imputation upon the priest in question."

Taking the whole of this testimony together, it covers the entire period from 1760, the era of the commencement of modern outrages down to the sitting of the Roden Committee in 1839, and we confidently ask the reader to decide whether there was ever in the world a more complete, uniform, or decisive mass of testimony adduced in favour of the conduct of any body of men than that which we have adduced in vindication of the conduct of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, from witnesses of whom scarcely one is himself a Roman Catholic; who are all persons whose politics are, generally speaking, in direct opposition to those of the parties of whose conduct they speak in language of such high commendation. We shall not venture to say that in a body so numerous there may not be sometimes found an individual excited into a fit of that fierce indignation ¶ which lacerated the heart of Swift when contemplating the horrible oppression of the poor in his time. Lord Powerscourt mentions the case of a priest, which he quotes from No. 3671. to 3685. of the evidence before the Roden Committee. The effect of the case he states in the following words, in pages 129. and 130. of the pamphlet; and the statement, *if true*, would exhibit an instance of gross misconduct in the individual in question:—"The unfortunate Lord Norbury was denounced from the chapel some weeks previous to his murder, together with Lord Charleville and Mr. Uniacke, and communication was made to the Government to that effect. The denunciation of these gentlemen was couched in general terms. Their names were not mentioned; but they were described in a manner that could not be mistaken."

We must earnestly entreat the reader's attention whilst we show the real facts of this transaction as they appear in the evidence which has been suppressed by the noble author of the pamphlet.

The first statement in the extract is, that Lord Norbury and Lord Charleville were denounced by a priest from the altar some weeks before

\* H. C. 1825, No. 3167—3171. Lewis, p. 206. † H. C. 1832, No. 3241—3249. ‡ Lewis, p. 371.

§ H. C. 1832, p. 575—579.

|| Ibid. 1832, No. 2481—2485.

¶ Swift's Epistle in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Lord Norbury's murder. The next that "their names were not mentioned at all, but that they were described in terms that could not be mistaken."

This *unmistakeable* description consisted, according to the witness, Captain Vignolles (3681.) in saying that one was a *cunning man*, and *another an insinuating one*. If these terms were intended to apply to either of the noble lords in question, we believe that there never was a clearer case of misdescription. This is not, however, the most important part of the case. Captain Vignolles' own account of the transaction is (3682.), that his information of the alleged oration of the priest was *from hearsay*; that (3689.) his informant was a person who *had been* a magistrate, but had been *left out* of the commission; that (3691.) this informant — the "left out" magistrate — *knew nothing of it himself*; but had *his* information from *another* person; that (3706.) Captain Vignolles did not know the name of the person who informed the person who informed Captain Vignolles; that he, Captain Vignolles (3675.), did not know whether the parish in question was in the King's county or in Westmeath; that he (3695.) did not know whether the priest in question was the parish priest or the curate, and did not even know the *name* of the priest; that (3675.) the Government, on receiving a statement from Captain Vignolles' informant upon the subject, made a reference to some persons in the county, whether Westmeath or the King's county, as to the truth of the story; and that (3693.) the consequence of the reference was that *SIXTEEN AFFIDAVITS were made stating the story to be FALSE — NO AFFIDAVIT AT ALL having been made in support of it!* (3690.)

What think ye now, "O people of England," of the style in which evidence is brought before your tribunal by the noble member for Bath, who has invited you to sit in judgment upon the affairs of Ireland, and the government of Lord Normanby? What think you of charging a priest upon such grounds with having publicly instigated the commission of murder — the charge resting on the testimony of a man who heard it from a man who heard it from another man unknown to the witness — this last man in the chain of hearsay communication having *never made* any affidavit in support of his statement, and *sixteen affidavits* having declared *the statement to be false*? What think ye of the noble lord, who makes a charge so horrible upon allegations so trivial — so trivial even if true — whilst the same noble lord *suppresses the fact stated by his own witness*, that *sixteen* persons had sworn the allegations to be altogether *false*? We shall say no more upon such atrocious conduct than that all the charges which we have ever heard against the government and conduct of Lord Normanby in Ireland, have been supported exactly in the same way as the numerous charges which we have already refuted, or rather annihilated, in these articles. We shall proceed deliberately to examine each remaining portion of this most important subject; but we have already exceeded the limits assigned to us upon the present occasion, and must adjourn the further consideration of the case to the ensuing month.

## STANZAS.

I CARE not for the sunlight,  
 Unless the sunlight lay  
 On forest trees, and meadows green,  
 From cities far away.

Nor do I love the moonlight,  
 Unless the moonlight sleep  
 In rocky glen and quiet dell  
 In silence calm and deep.

Nor care I for the morning breeze,  
 Unless it rustles by  
 When I am laid 'neath spreading trees,  
 And gazing on the sky ;

For then I feel its music glide  
 So gently through each eye,  
 I feel like one who spell-bound lies  
 Entranced with melody.

And then I seem as though I were  
 Of Nature's self a part,  
 And that I had her glorious pulse,  
 And felt with her own heart.

'Tis then the ocean-billows rise,  
 With playful mirth, before  
 My tranced sight ; 'tis then I hear  
 The waves beat on the shore.

The waves make music to the shore ;  
 The shore awakes the hills ;  
 The hills arouse the mountain streams,  
 And their ten thousand rills.

The rills flow down into the sea  
 With a soft and pleasant sound,  
 And thus sustain the wondrous song  
 Of Nature all around.

THOMAS POWELL.

## THE TRANCE.

It was a vision : or my spirit stray'd  
 To the fair clime of blue-skyed Araby :  
 For while the congregation round me pray'd,  
 My weary soul was 'neath a tall rock's shade  
 With eyes intent upon a cloudless sky.  
 The boundless waste of ocean roll'd before,  
 And pilgrim-billows pebbly offerings brought,  
 As a fond tribute to the embracing shore :  
 The joyful air, with freshest odours fraught,  
 Bathed my bare forehead : — *Nature* seemed to steal  
 All worship to herself. Apart I trod  
 From human kind, as though no more to feel ;  
 When, at one bound, the organ's solemn peal,  
 Brought me from Nature, back to Nature's God.

THOMAS POWELL.

## ON A TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ITALY," ETC.

THE sea-gull screams amid the waves — now tost  
 Above — now in the yawning breakers lost ;  
 And the wind rifts away the foam in flakes,  
 Torn from old Ocean's hair.  
 My mind partakes,  
 Yea, rises to the elements ; I stand  
 By this grey rock that frowns above the sand,  
 Like a stern tower, by man and life forsook ;  
 And draw from it the strength which it doth look :  
 Furrow'd and worn with war of storms, yet still,  
 Resting on its own strength, immovable.  
 Thus may my spirit make, or strengthen will,  
 To rise above the petty ills of life :  
 The slights 'gainst which we wage unworthy strife ;  
 Conscious, yea, calmly confident that I  
 May leave a record that shall time defy ;  
 As based as thou, stern rock ! that stand'st the same,  
 Though bleach'd by time, and storm, and lightning's flame ;  
 That dost still rise abrupt against the sky,  
 In thy grey unadorned sublimity :  
 Awing the passing eye that doth behold ;  
 Fix'd, pond'rous, solemn, silent, dark, and celd !



## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

## No. X.

ON Monday, the first of May, in the year 1066, a comet appeared in the sky: it was seen for seven more nights; but on Tuesday, the ninth, it was gone. At first it shone faintly; but it rapidly increased in size and brightness, and glared horribly with a baleful light: the neighbouring stars sickened and turned pale, and some of them disappeared; as the comet faded, they revived, and when it departed, the lost stars returned. The prodigy was variously interpreted. At Greenford many taught that it certainly portended the long-expected birth of children; but even there some held that such an appearance could not possibly bode good, and in general throughout England men dreaded it as the harbinger of unknown calamities, and the more timid waited their approach with much solicitude. Such were the feelings of the laity: of the clergy, the more learned attempted to furnish natural solutions from the systems of physics that were then in fashion; for comets were then considered only as meteors, and had not been fully recognised as fit subjects for the science of astronomy: whilst the more ignorant proclaimed, to the great terror of the vulgar, boldly and confidently, that the end of the world was at hand — that the state of the material universe was certainly out in the year 1066; speaking with awe of the number one thousand and three score and six, and announcing it as deeply and dreadfully mysterious. Notwithstanding these gloomy predictions, the larks rose high into the air, and sung with a wild and clamorous joy; the grass had grown in the meadows, had been mown even; the corn had ripened, was reaped, and duly housed; the flowers had blown as brightly as ever; and to their beauty had succeeded the more substantial charms of fruit. It was in the season of fruit that intelligence was brought of a formidable invasion of the Danes: the king of Norway had landed, and with him was Tosti, the brother of Harold, king of England.

In the preceding January, to the great grief of the people of England, their favourite, the blessed Edward, the third king of that name, had died. When the intelligence of the invasion reached Greenford, Leofric and Adhelm summoned those good men and true who were used to attend them, and, taking down from the walls of their halls the battleaxes with which their ancestors had so often done good service, they repaired to Westminster, to receive, as the glorious king Edgar had granted, the directions of the abbot. The venerable Edwyn was pining away with grief for the loss of his beloved friend, the blessed Edward: he welcomed the visitors with a kind but sorrowful aspect, and for a long time could converse only concerning the subject of his lamentations, and spoke of melancholy recollections of the deceased. When he had relieved his mind by discoursing on these topics, they mentioned the invasion of the Danes, and asked his permission to march immediately against them. He answered that he was aware that the invading army was considerable; but so large a gathering had been made, so many troops had gone to oppose them, that there could be no doubt the enemy would speedily be defeated. There was no need of further assistance. He was unwilling to part with his faithful adherents unnecessarily. If the English should fail, which was scarcely

possible, it would be time to send succour. This language was not palatable to brave men: they renewed their request more than once, and added earnest but respectful expostulations, but in vain. The abbot's estimate of the sufficiency of the forces in the field was undoubtedly correct; for on the eve of the martyr St. Cyprian, on the 25th of September, the northmen were totally defeated at Stamford.

Meanwhile, the rumour of a far more formidable attack arrived: the warlike Duke William had landed on the coast of Sussex with a mighty, well-appointed, and well-disciplined army, to win from Harold, by the sword, that crown which he claimed by various rights: he did not, however, reckon amongst them the consent of a free people. The brave English, therefore, were moved with indignation at his claim, and assembled to resist it, and to avenge the alarming violation of their territory. All who had not gone to expel the Danes hastened to withstand this daring soldier. Leofric and Adhelm burned with desire to chastise the invader, and, with the rest of the nobility, to offer themselves for their dear country; but the abbot forbade their departure, and besought them to remain with him, to defend his abbey, the favourite church of the blessed king, which he had enriched and adorned, and to protect the precious relics of the saints from violation, and the sacred edifice from the ravages and pollution of impious intruders. They were not wanting in piety; but it seemed to them to be the first duty of a pious man to defend his country — that country which contains all churches within itself; for, if the land be a prey to a foreign foe, who, they asked, can guard the cathedrals?

But the abbot was not to be moved. "Let one of us go," they exclaimed — "let one of us go. Choose whether of the two you will: he shall remain; and let the other go and do his duty to our dear country!"

The abbot was silent for some time: he appeared to be absorbed in thought. At last he said, seizing at the same moment a hand of each, with extreme agitation, "No, I have need of both of you." They remained, therefore, with their followers, unwilling prisoners at Westminster.

When the sad tidings of the fatal defeat and ghastly slaughter of the English were brought, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th of October, Leofric and Adhelm, frantic with despair, rushed into the presence of the weeping abbot, and, forgetting in the calamity of the nation their accustomed reverence, cried out, with one voice, "Oh! why did you detain us? why are we here? why do we live? why did we not leave our bodies yesterday amongst the slain on that bloody field?" The abbot was overwhelmed already by the appalling intelligence; the energetic reproaches of these brave men astounded him: confounded and struck dumb, he stood aghast in speechless horror, and after awhile he sought relief in fervent and long-continued prayer.

To upbraid him was as useless as improper. When his spirits had somewhat revived, they earnestly and forcibly represented to him that it was fit they should set out immediately, should collect all the fresh forces they could, and should assist in rallying the fugitives, and in choosing another leader; that the event of the next battle might be different: one only had as yet been lost, and much might probably be done; "But if all is indeed over," said Leofric, changing his voice, and clasping his hands convulsively as he spoke, "our honour bids us not to survive our country, but to perish with the rest in the wreck of England's fortunes."

At these words, spurning with the solemn resolution of a man who sought no other refuge than death, the abbot shuddered and turned pale: he was largely endowed by nature with all the milder virtues and gentler graces,

but he had no inborn courage; nor had the habits of a long life been such as create fortitude. It appeared to him that, as soon as his two defenders and their men withdrew, a rich convent would become the prey of any lawless adventurer who chose to attack it; and in times of public distress such men waxed bold: although other persons were equally bound to defend the abbey, they were not at hand; nor were there any on whom such entire reliance could be placed as the family of Greenford. In vain, therefore, did they repeatedly urge him with arguments concerning private honour and public expediency. In vain did they cast themselves on the ground before his knees, and humbly bow the honours of their heads at his feet, imploring him for the sake of their country, for the sake of the memory of their blessed king, and for the credit of their great patron, St. Peter, to suffer them to take the field.

Leofric and Adhelm did not quit Westminster until a few days before Christmas Day. William had signified his royal pleasure to be crowned king of England, in the abbey, on that day; and the jealous conqueror did not think fit that any guards, save his own Normans, should hold the place. It was ordered that, at an appointed day and hour, the convent should be delivered over in charge to them. To prevent the hazards that might ensue upon the meeting of the English soldiers and the Normans, the abbot prudently suggested that the former should depart before the time of taking possession: accordingly, they quitted the convent at daybreak; and the Captain of William's guard received the key from the trembling hand of a monk. Leofric and Adhelm slowly led back their little band to Greenford. Intelligence of their return had preceded them; and to welcome it the women and children had come forth: they were anxiously waiting for them about a mile from the village. Their meeting was joyful; for a sudden and natural joy will rise up spontaneously under such circumstances, in spite of all melancholy reflections. The men were pleased, yet serious, for they comprehended the consequences of the late political events; the women were more lively, for they did not fully understand them, and waited to learn their effects in the countenances and conduct of the men; but the delight of the children gushed forth pure and unalloyed: the happy day, long promised and long postponed, had come at last; and such in their view was the whole affair. Leofric noticed their unmingled gladness, and it occurred to him that he had no children to welcome him; and for the first time the melancholy consolation suggested itself that perhaps it was as well.

Their progress was impeded by innumerable questions, but they reached the village at last. When they quitted it the autumn had just begun to tinge the leaves, now the trees were quite bare; this was the only visible change, but it had undergone another and a terrible one.

Yet it is always sweet to return home, to see well-known faces and well-known places after absence. The battleaxes and other arms were replaced in the racks with a feeling of sorrow and a certain sense of shame; for they had not assisted in the defence of the country; and, if they were destined to pass into the hands of the victor, it seemed that he ought not to take possession of them hanging, as bright and useless ornaments, in the hall, but on the hated field of Hastings, stained with the blood of the invaders and of their slaughtered masters. With the arms grief was for a time laid aside; it was impossible to resist the influence of home: the genius of the place soon soothed all spirits, and, when the ample dinner was served, its power became irresistible.

On this occasion, as indeed on many others, the two families dined together; the hall of Leofric, the hall of the family, received them both. Of

one family there can be but one head; although folly, or injustice, may attempt to counteract it, men will always recognise this truth; and Leofric was acknowledged as distinctly and unquestionably to be the chief, and the true representative of the house, as if old Sebert had never lived, or had never sought to be wiser than the wisest of his ancestors. His rank entailed considerable expenses upon Leofric, especially for upholding the ancient hospitality; for with half the original means he was required to effect as much as had ever been done with the whole. Adhelm, however, and there was always the best understanding between the kinsmen, rendered whatever was due, or was usually given, to the abbot of Westminster: he took the whole burden of those payments upon himself; and in time, therefore, came to be considered, as it were, the immediate tenant of the abbey, whilst Leofric was esteemed rather as an independent chieftain.

The descendants of Thorfaster rejoiced to taste their own ale once more. Leofric sipped it, looked at it, smelt it; it seemed to him that it was even better than that of the abbot of Westminster; when he had drunk a little more of it, he ventured to say so: it was a bold speech. "The Westminster ale," he said, "is certainly a wonderful liquor: it is, perhaps, somewhat stronger; but this is clearer, and brighter, and lighter; sweeter and more pleasant to the taste; more hearty and wholesome: it is decidedly a better ale." He spoke and all were silent: he thought they were shocked at his temerity, and that he had said more than any man ought to venture to say, even the chief of Greenford at his own table. Master Peter was a jovial guest at this and all other feasts: he had raised a large can to his head with both his hands, and, with his broad face buried in the capacious vessel, he was looking out eagerly for the bottom; and, when he had obtained a full view of it, he placed the empty can on the table, at some distance from him, and, throwing himself back in his tall armed Windsor chair, he wiped the froth from his mouth, and, addressing Leofric with oracular gravity, spoke as follows:—

"This is not a light matter, nor to be handled lightly. The Westminster ale, I freely acknowledge, is superb; I may even call it magnificent: it is worthy of the place where it is brewed, and of those on whom it is incumbent to drink it. I cannot say more; and I should be a monster of ingratitude if I had said less. But is it eternal—that is the true question, my dear friend, that is the true question. Keep it a century, keep it 100 years, and it would still be very good, very excellent still, I admit; but keep it 1000 years, what would it be then: who can tell me? At the end of 1000 years, what would it be? Who can answer me that question?" He paused and looked round; they were silent. "But at the end of 1000 years from this moment, calculating from this moment, your ale would be just as admirable as it is now: that I own is great, very great; but it has the seeds of decay in it, of slow decay: it would not last for ever. Now I will tell you what, my good friend, the ale that is made in my stately new brewhouse is imperishable; it cannot change: in one word," he added, striking the table forcibly with the palm of his right hand, "it is eternal!"

He then made a sign for more liquor; the can was replenished; he drank it off slowly, and remarked to Leofric, with much solemnity, "Well, I must say that, for mere temporal ale, this is the very best I ever tasted."

Adhelm was not a little proud of his own liquor, as indeed he had just cause to be, and he was somewhat mortified that it had not been mentioned; so, turning to the parson, he quietly asked, "Where, Master Peter, were these experiments of which you speak tried? Where was ale kept for so long a time, for one hundred or a thousand years, or even longer, as you seem to imply?"

"In no place, most assuredly, where I have ever been," answered the parson drily; "the experiments have never been tried: who would go to make an experiment on ale? Let an experiment be made on a vile body, says the maxim, which ale is not: nevertheless, is the ale imperishable? that is the true criterion, that is the infallible canon."

"How do you know, then," replied Adhelm, since it has never been tried, that ale will keep so long?"

"How?" retorted the parson, "how? why, by inward conviction. I feel the truth within me whilst I speak. I hate '*how*' when I am drinking: it is almost as bad as '*why*.' I feel the ale within throughout my whole body. I feel it in my stomach, as you may suppose, for I put it there myself; and I feel it in my hands, and in my feet, and in my knees, and, above all, I feel it in my head. So ask me for my blessing, if you will; but do not ask me for reasons."

It was necessary for those who hunted in the woods, unless they would run the risk of losing themselves, to carry a horn, that by winding it they might inform their companions where they were, and might receive the like intelligence in their turn by the same means. The horn was commonly suspended round the neck by a chain, and by another and a shorter chain a small stopper was attached to it, which fitted the mouthpiece and would close that orifice, so that it became a commodious drinking-cup. The hunting-horns were often made of rare and valuable materials, and were adorned by skilful workmanship, being accounted in simple times the most precious possession of the owner: accordingly, they were not unfrequently handed down for many generations. When parched with thirst, and overcome with the toils of hunting, the draughts they drained from these vessels seemed so unusually sweet, that they appeared to possess the power of communicating a delicious flavour to liquors; for this reason, and their value and beauty being usually greater than of the finest cups, the horns were invariably introduced at feasts.

On celebrating the return of the soldiers to Greenford, from the end of dinner until supper, they quaffed ale in the silver cups, from which several generations had drunk and been refreshed. When supper was concluded, the horn of Thorfaster was produced. It was of a large size, and of ivory, being the tooth of a young elephant. It was adorned with exquisite carving in very high relief, and was evidently of Roman workmanship, the subject being a battle: the well-armed and disciplined soldiers of the legions were closely contending in grim fight with brave but barbarous enemies. The story wound round in a spiral, as upon the famous columns of Trajan and Antonine. Where the surface of the horn was too narrow to admit of human figures, it was sculptured with shields, helmets, and trophies of arms. It was strengthened in places with hoops of solid silver, and these were richly embossed, as were the mouthpiece and its stopper, and the thick rim; and they were all of silver; and it was lined at least as far as the eye could reach with silver, which was well gilt. The chains were also of silver, and were strong, and of a singular construction. This inscription in Saxon characters ran round the rim, "*Mater Dei, memento mei!*" The stopper being duly adjusted, it was filled as of yore with the choicest mead. It was held before the parson, who blessed the sparkling liquor: it was then presented to Bebb, the mistress of the house: she drank and handed it to her neighbour, who passed it on; nor did the cupbearer fail to replenish it when necessary.

Like the immortal gods, our brave Saxon ancestors loved to have a female cupbearer at their banquets, young, beautiful, and well attired. The prettiest girl of the village was selected for this office; she resided in the mansion;

and in addition to the ordinary cares of young women, spinning, weaving, and needlework, she had the charge of all the drinking-vessels; and it was her duty to fill them at meals, and particularly at feasts, when she was bound to be elegantly dressed, at least according to the simplicity of the times, and especially an example of perfect neatness, for that was in an eminent degree their desire, and decorous with her long flowing hair. These good people considered that their silver goblets would be most secure in innocent hands, the sacredness of which, even the most barbarous, they thought, would respect; and that their liquors would be more salubrious, and would bring a blessing with them, if they flowed from so pure a source. Their dear king Edward, it is said, loved the good old usage, and declared that the presence of such a person at a feast insures propriety of behaviour; and by his wise laws he inflicted condign punishment on the offender who should insult the master of a family by presuming to treat his cupbearer with disrespect.

You might have searched the country round for many a weary mile before you found a fairer damsel than Hilda; she was skilful in every maidenly art, and a model of virgin comeliness: her hair, and this was the chief pride of the Saxons, was of the most delicate texture and colour, and so long that, if she suddenly shook her head, as it hung loosely down her back, it instantly enveloped her, and she disappeared as in a cloud.

The horn was lying on the table by the side of Master Peter, and empty; she approached him, and offered to fill it. "Hilda, my child," he said, "you serve all but yourself; fill it, and drink it off at a draught: it will do you good." She excused herself. "Come, fill it and drink," he said: "you do not know how much you can drink till you try." "You must drink the horn full to-night," said Leofric, smiling. She still refused, and Master Peter, springing up, suddenly attempted to seize her. She fled, nor would he have overtaken her, for she was swift of foot, but the end of a bench caught her garments, which, being less frail than those worn at present, were not torn, but detained her, so that the parson laid hold of her, and cried lustily, "Fill the horn, bring the horn!" Bebbu filled it with mead to the brim, and advanced towards the captive. Leofric rose and said, "Let us see that she drinks fairly."

Hilda was alarmed: it seemed that they were in earnest, and with a piteous face, speaking amidst her long hair, she besought them to spare her. "Drink as much, then, as you please," said Bebbu, with a smile, presenting the horn, "and give the rest to the servants." Bending over the vessel, like a fair and fragile flower, she sipped the broad surface of the liquor, and bore away the horn, and, returning with it presently, turned it over to prove that her assistants had done their duty: not a single drop fell from the inverted cup.

The tale which relates how this noble horn came first into the possession of the family, varies in some particulars: in substance it is nearly as follows:—

It is disputed whether it was before Thorfastur quitted his native country, or after he had settled at Greenford on the estate which he purchased there, but the better opinion adopts the latter period: whenever it might be, he had followed an old stag with a few dogs, having left all his companions and the rest of the pack behind for some time. He had traversed, for a considerable distance, woods with which he was unacquainted, and, fearing to lose his way inextricably, he stopped to call back his dogs, and, on reaching for his horn to assist his voice, he found that it no longer hung at his back as usual; the chain had broken, and it was lost. It was the

horn of an ox of an enormous size, and it was covered with Runic spells thickly engraven over the whole of its vast surface, that were of great potency in rendering its harsh sound terrible to the foes and fortunate to the friends of its owner: it had belonged, moreover, to the first Thorfaster, the companion and faithful follower of the mighty Thor. He was greatly mortified at this loss, and being overcome with heat and thirst, he sought for some time in vain for a spring, that he might cool his parched throat.

In riding slowly along in that direction which he supposed would lead him homewards, he remarked that the ground sunk suddenly on the left, and seemed to form a dingle, and he thought it probable that there would be a stream of water at the bottom. He accordingly turned his horse to the left, and forced him with some difficulty through an almost impervious thicket of ancient hawthorns, which were strongly interlaced with brambles; with much exertion he urged his unwilling steed through this entangled brake, and came suddenly to an open space. It was a small plot of grass, not ragged and brown, as is common in the depths of a forest, but smooth shaven as a bowling-green: the herbage was short and close, as the pretty sward that covers the chalky downs, but of a much deeper and more lovely green; not a single dead leaf, not a broken branch, not a rush disfigured the level surface. Thorfaster paused for a moment, admiring the bright and pleasant turf, the freshness of which seemed to show that water was at hand, then, pressing his horse with his legs, he incited him to cross it; but the animal stopped, and even seemed to tremble, and no efforts could induce him to tread upon the verdant carpet; but he thrice struck the ground with his hoof, and thrice it gave back a hollow sound. He was astonished at the unusual and mysterious scene, and, to add to his surprise, a thick smoke rose in the middle of the grass-plot, or rather a dense fog, for it seemed dark and damp. It ascended, it thickened, and it opened, and in the centre stood a beautiful young woman, dressed in splendid garments, adorned with gold and jewels, her long flaxen hair flowing over her bare bosom and naked shoulders. There was a garland of damask roses on her head, and their deep colour showed more plainly her excessive paleness. Her look was inexpressibly soft and sad, and she had all the languor of one who was bleeding fast to death. She held the ivory horn in her right hand, and, advancing towards the warrior, gracefully presented it, and, in a faint but thrilling voice, begged him to drink its contents. He took it from her, and remarked that the liquor was very muddy and uninviting: he refused, therefore, to taste it. "Drink boldly," she said, in the same still but penetrating voice: "I give you my honour that it will not harm you; but, if you drink every drop, it will be a great benefit to yourself and your family; your house will flourish in prosperity and peace: should you refuse, it will, sooner or later, be overwhelmed with calamity; and should you spill one single drop," she added emphatically, "it will be torn in pieces speedily by deadly quarrels."

He looked again at the liquor; but it was so thick and nauseous that he could not drink it; but he poured it out on the ground; and he observed that, where he spilt a few drops accidentally on his horse, all the hair came off instantly, and left the skin quite bare. When the damsel saw that he had spilt the liquor, she held out her hand, and with more anger in her countenance (and this, it is said, has sometimes happened since) than one would have supposed could have found a place in so sweet a face, and with an angry voice, she demanded the horn; but he put spurs to his horse and plunged into the thicket. The steed seemed glad to leave the enchanted

spot behind ; for he pressed on with unusual eagerness, and, breaking his way through the crashing branches, he soon regained the more open part of the forest, when setting forward at full speed, as if he had just issued fresh from his stable, he carried his master for several miles at a rapid pace. Thorfaster, when his horse stopped to breathe, examined the horn ; he was charmed with its size and surpassing beauty : the inside was not corroded or stained by the noxious liquor, but was bright with gold. He ventured, therefore, to place it to his lips, and it suddenly filled the air with a rich and mighty sound. It had scarcely ceased, before the bent form of a decrepit old woman, hung about with rags of various colours, came forth from behind an aged and decaying oak, the dry branches of which she had collected and piled in small heaps around the tree.

He addressed her, and intreated her to show him the way to his home, the name of which he mentioned. She looked at him for a moment with her eye, for she had but one, and that was sore and red, and, extending her brown and withered arm, pointed with a lean and crooked finger to a tall poplar that rose at a little distance. " That straight tree," she said, in a louder and stronger voice than suited with her years, " marks the east. Do you see a bright star on the left of the tree" (for the sun had set and the stars were up) ; " do you know that star ?" " I do," said he, naming it. " Right," she continued, " that bright star is north of east. See next that smaller star that is on the right of the bright star, and on a level with it, about half way between it and the poplar ; that will be your guide, so mark it well ; follow it, and, whenever the trees will suffer you, keep your eye on it. It is now on the left of your house, but the stars are moving to the right, and, when you come within sight of your roof, that little star will hang twinkling over it. So good night." " Good night, and thank you," said Thorfaster, who suspended the horn about his neck, and turned his horse's head towards the star.

Since this remarkable adventure, the ivory horn remained in possession of the family ; and, when its chief was converted to Christianity, he was willing that his favourite horn should be a convert also, and accordingly caused the Latin words to be inscribed that surrounded the brim. The calamity that, according to the lady's prediction, was to overwhelm the family had not yet arrived, when the sweet Hilda dipped her innocent lips into the horn ; and as they had always been distinguished for peace, harmony, and good fellowship, the sense of the latter part of the prophecy seems to have been, " If you spill one single drop only, it will be torn in pieces by quarrels, but, if you spill the whole, the house will be united. The sound of this instrument was very peculiar, and extremely powerful : it was even said that it could be heard full fifteen miles, if properly filled.

There was some conversation about blowing it before the party which was assembled in the hall separated ; but it was reported to have this remarkable property, that wherever it was sounded during the day a stranger would arrive before sunset, and, if at night, before sunrise ; and of this effect several extraordinary instances were related. The arrival of strangers had been of late so unfortunate for England, that it was not thought desirable to try the experiment in Greenford. It was restored, therefore, in silence to the proper custody of the fair and blameless Hilda. The servants conducted Adhelm and his lovely wife with lights to their residence ; and at the door of the parsonage the jovial Master Peter was consigned to his wakeful housekeeper, and Leofric once more ascended the genial bed in the mansion of his forefathers.



TO THE GREEK VALERIAN;  
OR, LADDER TO HEAVEN.

*Addressed to ELIZABETH B. BARRETT, on the inadequate notice of her Poems in the last Number of the Quarterly Review.\**

## I.

FLOWER of the Soul! emblem of sentient Thoughts,  
With prayer on prayer to chorded harps ascending,  
Till at the clouded Portals, humbly bending,  
They, like the holy martyrs' pale cohorts,  
Wait solemnly — while sounds of dew descending  
Their presence recognise, approve, and bless; —  
Flower! shedding fragrance from a dark recess,  
Thy roots lie passive on this mortal soil;  
Thy beauty blooms on high — serene beyond our coil!

## II.

Only the spirits, in their rapt devotion,  
Of those who measure not what God has given;  
But cast their naked hearts into the ocean;  
Who cling to every thought that soars for heaven;  
Who struggle not against the eternal motion  
Which from the centre of all-being springs,  
And of the Cross and Passion ever sings,  
In earth's most various tones; while faith still brings  
All discords tow'rd's one harmony for man; —  
These, only, hear such hymns — as thine, Valerian!

R. H. H.

THE SAD LOVER TO HIS FLOWER.

With thee, fair flower, I may not part,  
To have thee placed within the zone  
Encircling an angel heart,  
To fade away, as I have done.  
I'll place thee near that cheek's fair side,  
Perchance to catch one falling tear,  
In pity to the woes I bear, —  
The love I cannot hide.  
Torn by the hand of sorrow, pale,  
From the warm aspect of the south,  
Should now thy dying leaves inhale  
The treasures of her gem-like mouth.

Regret not that thy little span  
Is shorten'd by unsparing man:  
Few hours, and autumn's winds had strewn  
Thy leaves among the chilly dew;  
And, dying, thou wouldst ne'er have known  
The sigh compassion drew.  
No tear had thy last glow received,  
A tear by conscience unproved, ]  
In pity to a heart bereaved,  
Not wholly unbelov'd.

P. N. T.

\* Inadequate, except in conferring upon her the above most appropriate title.

# THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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## A CHRISTMAS GOSSIP ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

RIVERS! Rivers! Rivers! What volumes upon volumes might be written upon rivers without running the smallest risk of exhausting the subject. First, there is the picturesque variety which belongs more or less to every stream, from the Hudson to the Wandle — now buried in shadow, now glittering in sunshine, now brawling over ruined trunks and fragments of rock, now fast asleep in its low basins where hardly a breath of air creeps over the surface, and now pouring its broad tide into the ocean where it vanishes like a flood of light; second, there is the immediate scenery on the banks, which is different from all other scenery, being naturally or artificially distributed so as to catch and present the most remarkable points of beauty, villas and cottages, sometimes peeping through a cloud of foliage, sometimes retreating behind a gentle undulation of green sward, and sometimes covered up in woods, and indicated merely by tiny wreaths of smoke delicately feathering the tree-tops, and melting off into the blue atmosphere. Then there are the traditions of the rivers! Think, imaginative reader, of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Guadalquivir — with what legends their heights are crowned — what freights of chivalry they have carried on their waters — what music and poetry danced on their waves — what historians flourished and perished on their margins — and what memories, tragical and mirthful, of human lives wasted away in tears, or garnered up in sweet sympathies — of old customs dimly surviving in way-side relics, or haunted ruins — of lords and ladies, and country manners and country houses — and the minstrels, and troubadours, and minnesingers, and pilgrims of an antiquity full of faith and goodness. Then to what uses all these currents, with their mineral riches, have been turned — what plains they have fertilised — what cities they have succoured — what treasures they have yielded — and now, after ages of floods, and earthquakes, and droughts, they still continue to flow on as freshly as if they were loosened only yesterday from their fountains. But one might moralise upon them to the end of one's life, and never get to the end of their suggestions. Let us then descend from the lofty summits of "this great argument," and keep upon the banks of a single river — one of the noblest in the world — our own sylvan Thames.

Mr. Mackay has chronicled the Thames and its tributaries in a work<sup>1</sup> full of the best kind of poetry, of earnest appreciation of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and a loving trust in Nature. Wisely has he selected this royal stream for a pilgrimage of research, and religiously has he fulfilled his undertaking. The Thames is neither so historical as the Rhine, nor so picturesque as the Danube; but we assert with confidence that its associations with poetry and poets, art and artists, and all classes of literature,

<sup>1</sup> *The Thames and its Tributaries; or Rambles among the Rivers.* By CHARLES MACKAY, Author of the "Hope of the World," &c. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1840.

are more numerous than can be catalogued on behalf of any dozen rivers in Europe. It must be allowed at once that it never reaches the grandeur of the mighty German waters, and that it is no where consecrated by legends of equal interest; but is there a stream in the whole world, pastoral and simple as it is, hallowed by such a throng of glorious personal memories? Not one. You shall travel from one end of Europe to the other, and bring back from its rivers fewer reminiscences of this description than we can gather upon the banks of Father Thames alone.

Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Webster, Marlowe, and the whole of that immortal band of dramatists reaped their laurels on the very edge of the stream. On the bank-side stood the theatres of the Globe, the Rose, the Hope, and the Swan, the Bear Garden, and the Paris Garden, at which latter place Ben Jonson is reproached by Decker for having played. That is something striking to begin with. Then what a bustle of palaces formerly graced the margin of the river in the very depths of Westminster and the City — what scenes passed at the Temple and in old Southwark, and in the sacred region of Alsatia. Farther westward, leaving Milton behind us in Bread Street, and Spenser in Westminster, and the poets and dramatists of Charles II.'s time, and the Knights Templars in Fleet Street, towards Wandsworth, Putney, Hammersmith, Kew, Richmond, and Twickenham, we sail amidst the birth-places, residences, and graves of poets, and artists, and men of letters. The Walpoles at Strawberry Hill — Cowley at Chertsey, and his friend the indulging archdeacon — Pope and Lady Mary — Thomson and Denham, Louthenbourg and Hogarth (whose monument is to be seen in the little churchyard of Chiswick, with an inscription written by David Garrick, who lived and died on the Adelphi Terrace looking upon the river) — Ugo Foscolo (also buried in Chiswick, close beside one of the daughters of Oliver Cromwell, the Duchess of Cleveland, and Sir James Thornhill, with whose name the Thames is associated both here and at Greenwich, where he executed the famous painted hall) — Charles James Fox and George Canning, both of whom, by a strange coincidence, died in the Duke of Devonshire's house — Jean Jacques Rousseau, who during a part of his residence in England lived in the house of a baker in Turnham Green — Joe Miller, the veritable jester, who lived under the shadow of the duke's walls — Dee, the rosicrucian, whose life is as good as an Arabian tale — Gay, and Mallet, and Swift — and Arbuthnot, and Surrey, and Chaucer — and Wolsey, in all his magnificence at Esher — the Herschels at Slough — Edmund Waller and Edmund Burke at Beaconsfield — and so on to Oxford, every step brightened by similar associations — not to say a word about the river downwards from London — the Isle of Dogs — Tilbury Fort — Chatham — Rochester — the old navigators and adventurers, Frobisher, Gilbert, Raleigh, and the rest whose ships passed under the eyes of Elizabeth as she stood in the windows of her palace at Greenwich (when Frobisher was under sail for his second expedition in search of a north-west passage, her Majesty, we are told, approached the window, and waived her hand to him in token of encouragement) — Drake, knighted in the river on board his own vessel by the queen in person — John Evelyn, who dwelt at Saye's Court, beautified by his love of trees, and afterwards disfigured for the accommodation of Peter the Great — the Earl of Chatham, who lived at Haye's Place — the Rye-house, celebrated as the scene of that plot which led to the martyrdom of Sydney and Russell — and a thousand other localities peopled with individual recollections embalmed in the loving memory of England. Mr. Mackay unlocks all these treasures with the air of an enchanter, who has only to lift his wand and make the earth surrender up its mysteries. He carries us pleasantly along

with him through towns, villages, and hamlets, over old bridges and under ancient gateways, into castles, and convents, and cottages, bringing before us the worthies of other times in their habits as they lived, showing us their homesteads and their kindred, giving us glimpses of their characters and their works, and pointing out along the entire course of the stream, from its spring to its embouchure, every nook and corner memorable for the accidents of genius or of history. And all this is done without the least display of pedantry or affectation of any kind. We come upon each new view as easily as if we were floating with the tide, and the trees opened upon us at either side and showed us the grotto at Twickenham, or Cowley in his garden at Chertsey, or Martha Blount pondering up the terrace at a distance, while Pope was dying in his chair, or Horace Walpole on an ottoman dictating the "Castle of Otranto." The work is written in a most cordial spirit; is replete with the most agreeable sort of literary information; and while it frequently kindles into a vein of poetical enthusiasm, never gets out of that lively, natural, and social tone of fire-side gossip which renders such revelations at once familiar and impressive. The charm of the book is greatly increased by a multitude of choice little wood-cuts that constantly interrupt the text just at the moments when the writer happens to be speaking of the places they represent; and they have such an air of reality and beauty that they seem to run up, like magic, out of the stream, exactly at the right spots to surprise the imagination into remote visions of their storied neighbourhoods.

While we are thinking of rivers, and all the delights and reverential matters connected with them, we must not forget the pleasures of angling. There is a cant abroad upon this subject, which every body who is really in earnest in his feelings would do well to discourage. Dr. Johnson's *dictum* has long since been exploded, for wiser men than himself have borne the rod; but some people, in the expectation of getting credit sideways for tenderness and sensibility, affect to chide the angler on the score of cruelty — precisely as if the pangs of the fish administered to his entertainment, and as if he played the salmon or the trout with exquisite craft for the sake of prolonging the pain of the captive. People who talk in this way may be set down at once as persons who desire to be thought very humane at the smallest possible expenditure of actual sympathy; and if the truth could be ascertained concerning them, it might be found that they were composed of a bundle of antipathies and moral perplexities, which prevent them from penetrating the core of any problem submitted to their reason, and keep them for ever hovering on the confines of an uneasy scepticism. It is in large things as it is in small, and the man who stops short at a half faith in the one is not very likely to have resolution enough to advance much farther in the other. We should like to ask some of these people whether they have any objection to eat fish, and to take oil with it, and other luxurious accompaniments? Yet the fish and the oil, too, are the products of systematic pain. Do they object to eat beef or mutton, or white veal (a delicacy literally created out of protracted agony), or turtle (which passes into soup through a lingering misery we should be sorry any of its consumers were obliged to endure even in their dreams), or crimped cod, or eels, in both of which cases the preparatory tortures of the *cuisine* are inflicted on the living fish? What is their sentimentality on the subject worth, then, if they condemn the angler, and feast upon the spoils of his net? We know that all this is not an argument in defence of angling, nor do we design it in that sense: but it is a conclusive answer to the false argument against angling, and in that sense we hope it will be intelligible. When these people agree to give

up feasting on fish, and birds, and animal food, we shall admit their right to protest against angling, shooting, hunting, and not only all the sports of the fields, the winds, and the waters, but all the processes by which provisions are obtained and prepared for the use of man. But until they abandon their habits of living, they are no more justified in condemning the angler, than a man who had just purchased some stolen property would be in reproaching the thief. It seems to be a law of nature as well of necessity, to convert the lower animals to our use. The same principle is clearly enunciated through all the orders of the creation; the kite preys on the dove, the tiger on the lesser creatures of the forest, and fish, birds, and insects, live in a condition of perpetual warfare. It is apparently essential to the ends of creation, that this law should be actively carried out, or the earth would be overrun with those races that outstrip the rest in fecundity, and man would at last perish from the face of the soil in the pressure of existence around him. The structure of the various animals places beyond all doubt the functions they were destined to fulfil. Some are framed for one species of prey, some for another — some with strong scent, some with acute hearing, some with surpassing fleetness — some with ponderous strength, some with extraordinary agility, some with slow and almost torpid perceptions — some to cleave the clouds, some to burrow the earth, some to explore the waters — some with their organs of hearing thrown in front to enable them to pursue the sound of the flying game, others with the same organs thrown back to enable them to catch the sound of their pursuers, and others with flexible ears to act either way according to circumstances. The whole scheme of the universe harmonises with this great necessity of life; and consequently the objections urged against the angler are as unphilosophical in the one point of view, as they are inconsistent and pitiful in the other.

Who that is an angler, is not also a lover of Nature? Can he go abroad into pastures, and creep into the green places under the trees, and watch the ripples of the stream at his feet, without feeling his heart subdued by sensations of tranquil gratitude? Old Isaac, the prince of anglers, was thus moulded into a poet. "Turn out of the way a little," he says, "good scholar, towards yonder high honey-suckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows. Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a fishing; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre — the tempestuous sea — yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the woollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it,

‘I was for that time lifted above earth,  
And possess joys not promised at my birth.’”

Here is a picture of an angler, which is true of all anglers! He is carried away by the sights and sounds around him into contemplations that lift him above the earth; his spirit is drawn upwards; and his soul, full of sweet content, is poured out in lowly thanksgivings!

All anglers who have written books have depicted similar impressions. Haunting the solitudes of Nature, they become unconscious worshippers. There are people in the world who denounce them as idlers; but how little do they know the thoughts that engross the lonely angler! The life of an angler is mental; he is not a man of action, but a man of sensations. As a specimen of the absorbing character of his pursuit, enabling him to drink in a multitude of delights that escape the vulgar sagacity of men who traverse the highways, and fold themselves up in the comforts of snug cities, take the work entitled "*Two Summers in Norway*."<sup>2</sup> This is the production of a genuine "brother of the angle." After having exhausted the rivers of England and Ireland, and finding that they had become too crowded for one who loved to enjoy his pastime in tranquillity, he resolved to try the hyperborean streams of Norway. These volumes are the result; and two pleasanter volumes we have rarely fallen upon. The author touches but slightly upon politics, preferring to take a summary view of a subject which had been already disposed of in all its details by Mr. Laing. But he agrees on the main with that able writer, and bears frank and cordial testimony to the social contentment and high moral character of the people. Leaving these barren heights of speculation, he descends into the valleys and scours the interior of the country, giving us numerous picturesque snatches of some of the most magnificent scenery in the world, collecting information respecting geology and natural history, and describing in a fine artist-like spirit, for which all anglers will be grateful to him, the northern waters and their inhabitants. The whole account of Norway is interesting: — the habits of the Norwegians — the costume and occupations of the peasantry — the mountains, plains, and rivers — are delineated with power and felicity. If any such proof were wanting, this work might be cited to show how impossible it is for an angler to communicate his progress to others without surrounding the subject with universal attractions. He writes specially for anglers — he professes to do no more: but the canvass once sketched, he cannot help taking in the whole field around him. Every thing in nature contributes to his object: the humanities about him, in all their phases, form an indispensable part of his study, as the forests and the waterfalls, the music in the woods, the exquisite summer nights, the frosted plains, and the thunder storms. They all enter into his range, and are faithfully reflected in his book. Who shall say after this that the angler is deficient in intellectual sympathy, and kindness, and love?

From Norway to Turkey in this age is a single step, and the transition helps us to a contrast which is well worth a passing reflection. The government of Norway is the most perfect example of democracy extant; the government of Turkey, if it be not perfect despotism, is as close to it as the intercourse of latter years between the Ottoman Empire and the nations of Europe would permit. Mr. Laing, Inglis, and the author whose work we have just referred to, and indeed all other travellers who have visited Norway, bear unanimous testimony to the honesty, the hospitality, the simple morality, and the cheerfulness of the Norwegians; while Mr. Reid, in a recent volume on Turkey<sup>3</sup>, assures us, in common with many other authorities, that the Turks are rapacious, crafty, and abandoned to the most debasing and revolting vices. We do not assume these facts as affording conclusive evidence in favour of a democratic form of government in prefer-

<sup>2</sup> *Two Summers in Norway*. By the Author of the "*Angler in Ireland*." Two vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

<sup>3</sup> *Turkey and the Turks; being the Present State of the Ottoman Empire*. By JOHN REID, Author of "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica, &c.*" London: Robert Tyas. 1840.

ence to any other, because we do not think the democratic form is either adapted to or could co-exist with a high state of civilisation; but we are abundantly justified in drawing this inference from them, that civil freedom has a direct and inevitable tendency to elevate the character of a people, and that despotism has exactly the opposite effect. As to Mr. Reid's theories about Turkey, beyond this generalisation of the surface of things, we have no confidence whatever in them. The Armenians, with the exception of the British and French Franks, are the only portion of the whole population he thinks well of; and, arguing from this point, he proceeds to assert that the Turkish empire is in a state of rapid decomposition. Now we have been hearing of the dismemberment of Turkey for the last fifteen or twenty years, and if there was any sagacity in the prophecies that have been steaming up throughout that period from all parts of Europe, Turkey would be a province of Russia at this moment. Yet there she is still, with her sultan seated on the Bosphorus, not only wielding authority (*shaky* enough we allow) over Turkey proper and improper, but transmitting the thunders of his sublime rage into Syria, and threatening to depose his rebellious viceroy in Egypt. That Turkey has been too long neglected by England — that Russia has been too long permitted to exercise a dangerous ascendancy in the Divan — that the treaty of Unkiar Skellesi and the capitulation of Adrianople were nearly fatal to the existence of the Porte, must be granted at once. But we have at last seen the folly of non-interference in the Eastern question, and are now taking the necessary course to remedy past oversights. No doubt, had this course been adopted many years ago, it would have involved less risk on all hands, and been more certain in its results; but as it is, the issue must be favourable to the highest interests of mankind, of liberty, and civilisation. We cannot express the contempt with which we regard the cry that is got up in some quarters against a war. These are the very people who are likely to render a war unavoidable. One day they denounce Thiers, because he belongs to the frantic war section in France; the next day they anathematise Guizot, because he bases his administration on pacific principles. What do these agitators want? If they are for war, why do they try to bring it about by such covert and insidious devices? If they are for peace, why do they not cultivate the only means by which peace can be secured? All history proclaims that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. How did Walpole contrive to guard the repose of England for twenty years against the machinations of Europe, at a time when Spain, and Portugal, and the Low Countries, and France, were involved in intricate negotiations, jealousies, and feuds? By being ready for any emergency that might force him into hostilities. This is what we are now doing, and what we ought to have done before. The demonstration in Syria will prevent a war. Had no such movement taken place, the result which these people affect to deprecate could not have been averted. But does any man now really believe we shall have an European war, or even a war in the East, putting France altogether out of the question? Show us that individual, and we will promise to give a faithful portrait of him in our next number. Such a political curiosity should not be suffered to waste his life in obscurity.

But Mr. Reid's opinions concerning the condition and prospects of Turkey form a very slight and unimportant part of his volume, which is in other respects too pleasant a book to be condemned on account of its incidental fallacies. His descriptions of Turkish life are lively and graphic, and true on the main in spite of his prejudices. His residence at Stamboul afforded him leisure and opportunity for collecting information on a variety of mat-

ters concerning the customs and character of the people; and he has thrown the results into a rapid narrative, which is chiefly recommended by picturesque brevity and an agreeable style.

Parting company with Mr. Reid, we are invited into Italy by Miss Taylor, who, in a single volume<sup>4</sup>, gives us a very acceptable outline of her journey from Geneva to Rome, and of the works of art and all other matters that attracted her attention in the imperial city. Passing through Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, she brings us in high spirits into the presence of the Vatican, preparing us, by the appreciating tone of her passing criticisms, to enter with full enjoyment into the miracles — ghostly and artistical — of that magnificent scene. So much has been written about Italy, and we have ourselves devoted so large a space to the subject in all its aspects, that we need not dwell on the merits of this volume. It is distinguished by a very refined taste, by an enthusiastic love of art, and a much more intimate acquaintance with classical history (unspoiled by a tincture of pretence), than we usually find in works of this class.

“As political questions of vital moment,” observes Mr. Anderson in a very able work on Acheen and the Trade in the Eastern Seas<sup>5</sup>, “are frequently undervalued, and sometimes entirely overlooked, merely because the scene of action is remote and little known, it becomes the duty of those who, from their local opportunities, have been enabled to give their attention to such matters, to communicate the result of their personal knowledge and experience.” Acting upon this principle, Mr. Anderson has compiled an important statement of the capabilities of certain islands, little known to Englishmen generally, in the eastern seas, pointing out the advantages that would accrue to our commerce if the requisite steps were taken to open a trade with them, and showing how our past indifference on the subject has already led to serious encroachments on the part of a rival European power. It appears that, in 1824, this country entered into a treaty with Holland, ceding all its possessions in Sumatra in exchange for the Dutch establishments on the continent of India and the city of Malacca on the Malay peninsula. Under this treaty it was expressly guaranteed that the English trade should be carried on with all the native powers on equal terms with the Dutch, except the Molucca islands, which, on account of their rich produce in spices, were still reserved as a monopoly by the latter. This treaty does not seem to have been dictated with much regard to our increasing interests in that part of the world; but so long as its provisions were faithfully observed on the other side, we certainly should have had no right to complain. Mr. Anderson informs us, however, that the Dutch have gradually departed from the spirit of their engagement, that their policy has been constantly directed towards the formation of special contracts with the native princes, and that they are rapidly monopolising the whole of the trade, and will eventually shut us out from the Archipelago, if we do not take some prompt and decisive measures to vindicate our rights. The details submitted in this volume to the consideration of government are eminently deserving of attention. A stronger case of wrong inflicted upon our merchants has seldom been brought before the public. But this is only one aspect of the question. Mr. Anderson shows the necessity also of placing a representative of the sovereign in the settlements in the Straits of Malacca, for the purpose of preserving our political relations in the Archipelago,

<sup>4</sup> *Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister.* By CATHERINE TAYLOR. London: John Murray. 1840.

<sup>5</sup> *Acheen, and the Ports on the North and East Coasts of Sumatra; with incidental Notices of the Trade in the Eastern Seas, and the Aggressions of the Dutch.* By JOHN ANDERSON, Esq., late of the Hon. E. I. Company's Civil Service. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1840.



protecting our national commerce, and keeping open all channels of access to the native ports. Those settlements are at present little else than a heavy burden to the rulers of India, who, having ceased all commercial intercourse with China, no longer possess any interest in the mercantile objects connected with them. The establishment of a crown colony farther east, to include these settlements, is suggested as a measure not unlikely to be productive of a considerable revenue to the state, independently of the obvious advantages it would confer upon the British merchants. Mr. Anderson's volume is evidently the result of long personal experience and careful investigation. The history he gives of Acheen is exceedingly curious, and quite new; and, apart from all other points of interest, is sufficient to recommend his book to the reading public at large.

Thus travelling in imagination over so many regions from Norway to the Golden Horn, and home into Italy, and from thence to the eastern seas, (for our first intimate acquaintance with which we are indebted to Mr. Earl, who published a charming work upon them a few years ago,) we are involuntarily tempted away into remote ruminations upon the varieties of human nature, and upon the progress of men, availing themselves of sun and soil and all fluctuations of temperament and intercourse, in the grand movement towards a higher and purer condition of existence. Here lies at one point of the map that dark mass of congregated beings which we choose to designate the state of barbarism: as we advance, the track becomes clearer, the gloom imperceptibly diminishes, and at last we stand at our full height in the noon-blaze of civilisation. How is this civilisation produced? is now a question of less consequence to the happiness of the world than the question, What effects does civilisation itself produce upon the moral and physical developement of man? When this question shall have been comprehensively answered, we shall be enabled to regulate the uses of knowledge to better purposes than we have hitherto achieved. Dr. Verity has undertaken to solve the physical division of the problem in a little work, which is not less remarkable for a grave spirit of inquiry than for the proof it affords of the impossibility of limiting the investigation within the bounds of physiology.<sup>6</sup>

The many important questions put forth in these few pages, added to the profound views often taken of them by the learned author, render this publication worthy of the deepest attention, even though it is only to be considered as an introduction to a work of greater magnitude. It is written in a noble and perspicuous style, frequently reminding us of Lord Bacon, and contains a lucid statement of theories, which we believe to be true and valuable. They are not original (except in their fine concise mode of treatment), nor are they here made public for the first time, having been already known to physiologists both in England and in other countries. What is now most wanting are the substantiating proofs of those theories, and these Dr. Verity does not furnish. The little book, nevertheless, presents matter for deep study, the result of which can hardly be otherwise than profitable. The idea of writing history *physiologically*, as well as historically or circumstantially, is a brave thought. It is a new and important mode, in relating events, to observe how the difference of race, or of organisation, causes the current of events, and how the progress of events re-acts upon organisation. The increase of nerve and brain, and the gradual decrease or condensation, as it were, of muscle, bone, &c., in the advance of refinement and education, in their highest sense, seem to us like truths long since established by ob-

<sup>6</sup> *Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation, considered according to the Evidence of Physiology and the Philosophy of History.* By ROBERT VERITY, M.D. London: S. Highley. 1840.

servation. But a just understanding of these truths would lead people to many novel and valuable conclusions. We should arrive, for example, at a far higher standard of personal beauty — a something much nobler than mere regularity of features and external proportions and faces. We should also perceive, that if nerve and, consequently, sensibility and keenness of sensation are increased by education and refinement, the progress of these will develop a power of increased enjoyment of the higher kind, opening upon the prospects of mankind. Much also would be explained as to animal courage, physical endurance, &c., which, being often seen to exist amongst very inferior animals as well as human beings, would necessarily lead to the conclusion that they were very much dependent upon insensibility, showing how much they have been hitherto over-rated in the world, and, consequently, produced a proportionate amount of mischief and misery.

There are two points in this book, against which some objections may be reasonably urged: the first is, that Dr. Verity considers the *English* the finest race upon the earth, and would fain gratify us by the notion that this fine race is spreading over the globe; nor does he even appear to expect or wish a further mixture. Now, we think very strong facts ought to be brought forward (if such facts are really to be had) in support of this assertion, especially as it proceeds from an *Englishman*. That the English have spread so much is partly owing to their insular position, and partly to their enterprise and industry, which has enabled them to carry their commerce to the remotest shores. But these qualities and circumstances do not constitute them the finest people in the world. Heaven forbid we should deny the fact, if it be one; but we should like to see it proved. We also object to the supposition that a further mixture will not take place. We think it will — we think it must in the nature of things — and we think, moreover, that it would be highly advantageous, with all due deference to our self-love and vanity. We venture, also, to suggest, that a further infusion from Germany and the southern nations would be found peculiarly beneficial to our national intellect, our enthusiasm, and our sense of art.

The other objection we have to make is to a theory put forth in a note, to the effect that if marriages were regulated with a view to offspring, much finer children would be born, that, in fact, we ought to marry on *physiological principles*. This smacks very strongly of a professional bias, and reminds us of the old recipe of the tanner for walling a town — “nothing like leather!” The theory, however, is not peculiar to Dr. Verity. But we dissent, wholly and unhesitatingly, from all those who entertain the doctrine. We deny that the question is proved by analogy with other animals. There is in man a higher nature — the spiritual — which governs and modifies all the rest; and where this is made subservient to the lower, or material, nature, the result cannot be good. This truth is visible on all sides, although it is continually neglected. The same ultimate elements exist in the inorganic mass and the living vegetable; but in the latter the principle of *life* modifies all the elements. The great physical agents, light, heat, cold, electricity, do not act on them in the same way. The juices in a living tree do not freeze in the winter. The philosophers in the hot oven did not come out baked. But man has higher powers than all these. In addition to the animal powers of sensation and voluntary motion, which alone modify the vegetable life, he has a moral and spiritual nature. The attributes of sympathy, imagination, and abstract reason, must rule and modify all his other powers. He cannot be regulated — especially in his higher relations — by the same laws which apply to the lower animals. Love, elevated and puri-

fied by passion and affection, is the best security for a noble offspring to the individuals of the human family; of course we except all cases of accident or physical defect.

The influence of civilisation, in its refining and equalising sense, has an unquestionable tendency to enervate and subdue the physical vigour of man. Brute force is rapidly losing its ascendancy over mind: the sword is broken by the Pen. Nations are governed now by the intellects of men, and not by legions trampling down the fruits of peaceful industry — although there is still a little too much of that buccaneering spirit left in the world for its happiness. The consequence of this visible progress is, that the sinews and muscles being no longer worked as they used to be, are less brawny and elastic; while the nerves and the brain, being called into incessant action, acquire a sensibility that reduces the strength and fortitude of the *physique*. We have an impressive illustration of these two conditions at this moment in America. The few men of the war of independence — the men of the old times who came out of their primeval woods, and far sequestered settlements, to fight the battles of the young republic — the few men of that age and class who yet survive, are as unlike the new generation of American citizens as Theseus or Hercules were unlike a picked specimen of the Sybarites. We happen to have before us a portrait of one of these men — a capital representative of the whole — drawn and lithographed only four years ago in the flourishing town of Louisville, on the banks of the Ohio. It gives us the head and bust of John Rowan, a judge in Kentucky, an able and virtuous man, whose name and worth are associated with all the memories and honours that are venerated in America. He has no more resemblance to the American people of to-day than they have to the Italians. The eye has a grand and noble expression; the forehead is lofty and indicative of great power; the cheeks are strongly set and muscular, and have an amplitude of surface that implies a large scale of general proportions; and the firmly-knit lips display remarkable energy and resolution. The chest and shoulders are worthy of the chisels of the sculptors of antiquity — massive, bold, full of passive courage and unconscious strength. Here is a complete model of what America was before her bank system, and her steam boats, and her railroads, and the rest of her worldly pretensions were set up to give new directions to the genius of her increasing population. Such men are still to be found on the confines of her civilisation, and may be transmitted, perhaps, through two or three generations more, until the march of art, and refinement, and commerce, obliterate them from the land, and reduce the whole continent to a common level of mental, as well as mechanical, machinery.

In glancing at these lines of demarcation that mark the distinctions subsisting between different families of the human race, it is worthy of observation that those who are farthest removed from the luxuries of European life entertain the proudest notions of their own superiority, and look down with a sort of contempt upon the deficiencies and effeminacies of more cultivated regions. This is the wise compensation which nature provides for sterility of soil and severity of climate, and all other unfavourable circumstances in which men chance to be placed. The Greenlanders, seated in the stormy ocean of the North, regard with a sentiment almost approaching to pity the various populations that are born under blue skies and in temperate latitudes. They think (and, for their own comfort, think wisely too,) that the greatest happiness a man can inherit is to be born a Greenlander. "The most flattering compliment they can pay to a stranger," says the

author of an admirable work on Greenland and the Faroe Islands<sup>7</sup>, "is to say, 'He is almost as well-bred as we,' or, 'He begins to be a man,' or 'Innuït,' that is, a Greenlander. A favourite amusement among them," continues the writer, "is to exhibit caricature imitations of the manners of the Kablunaet, or foreigners. Even those who have been in Denmark prefer their own naked sterile rocks to every other country, and will hardly confess that Europeans are so happy as they; complaining that at Copenhagen *there is not heaven enough, and no reasonable degree of cold!*" This is an exquisite vindication of the grace and bounty of nature. When the Greenlander declares that they have not enough of heaven in Denmark, and that they are even wanting in a reasonable degree of cold, he reads a pregnant lesson to the jaded and vitiated appetites of Europe, and shows how much real contentment and profound enjoyment may be discovered in places where we, with our artificial senses, would never dream of looking for any thing but seal skins and furs.

These Greenlanders — whatever we may think of them otherwise — have this manifest advantage over us, that they are felicitously adapted to their wintry clime, and believe themselves to be better off than the pining races "lapped in the sweet South." This is the whole question of human happiness solved at once. The fewer the wants, the fewer the regrets and hopeless longings, and the greater the reconciliation between man and his surrounding circumstances. Perhaps the Greenlanders labour under a deception in this vital matter; but Swift tells us that the happiness of life consists in being well deceived, and we believe him. The completeness of the deception in this instance may be easily ascertained by a perusal of the clever and instructive volume to which we have referred; one of the most valuable of the excellent series to which it belongs. The author informs us that the Greenlanders consider themselves as the highest order of humanity — as models of men. Yet these people scarcely average more than four feet three inches in height, are by no means athletic or well-proportioned, have flat faces, inanimate eyes, contracted mouths, elfin hair hanging in dishevelled matted locks down their shoulders, and ashy, grey skins. Worse than this, they are described as having very feeble intellects, caring for nothing beyond the present hour, and giving themselves up to the strangest personal vanity. When they are not hunting for provisions, or for skins to dress up their comely wives and daughters, they are dreaming. This is by far the most curious phase of Greenland life, considering the rigorous aspect of their country, their clouds, and tempests, and eternal snows. They love to indulge in reveries and indolence, and when not compelled by necessity to perform any active duties, they pass whole days in sleep, or sit thoughtful and dejected on some lofty eminence watching the changes of the sea and sky, or forecasting the toils and dangers of the chase. This poetical idleness takes one's imagination by surprise in the gloomy depths of the northern seas, where the last picture we should look for would be that of a native stretched upon a cliff, gazing at the skies, and ruminating upon the associations of ideas through which its piled-up wonders must imperceptibly conduct his thoughts. We are apt involuntarily to connect such idealities with voluptuous atmospheres and sunny regions; but here again we find how much of the truth and beauty and blessedness of nature we lose by taking all things for granted according to our own standard without investigating them in a spirit of faith and sympathy. Truly there is not a corner of the earth where a divine relish of life may not be traced — where love may not

<sup>7</sup> *An Historical and Descriptive Account of Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands.* Edinburgh Cabinet Library, XXVIII. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1840.

be seen flowering up in the darkest recesses — if we have belief enough in the universality of nature to enable us to lay aside our conventions and prejudices.

The little book that has tempted us into this track is a volume of great value. It is not enough to say of it that it combines extensive research with general qualities of an extremely fascinating kind, but that its research opens up sources of inquiry which are rarely thought of in the compilation of such works. To those who are only slightly acquainted with the languages, history, and literature of the North, this will probably not be very apparent; but the student who has already taken an interest in such subjects, and endeavoured to explore them with all the lights he could gather from the libraries of Copenhagen, Bessestad, and other depositories of northern lore, will readily be able to understand and appreciate the careful labour that has been bestowed upon the publication. The histories of Iceland and Greenland, and the account of the Faroe Islands (the scene of some of Sir William Monson's exploits against the pirates), are full in matter, and concise in style; and a popular exposition of their physical geography, geology, and botany, completes the practical utility of this very interesting book.

A work of a different class, but bearing upon scientific results, and likely to produce important changes in the domestic system of India, has been recently published by Dr. Royle<sup>8</sup>, who possessed ample opportunities of making observations upon the soil and climate of that country while he was upon the medical staff of the Bengal army, and superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Saharunpore. The information contained in this volume is not only of great importance in itself, but is so lucidly arranged as to be available at once to those to whom it is more immediately addressed — the occupiers of land in India. It appears that, although Hindostan is evidently capable of yielding every description of produce, not merely in variety, but in abundance, which is essential for the support of man, but for the purposes of manufacture and commerce, yet its productions are found to be singularly meagre and of an inferior quality when compared with similar productions in other and less favoured countries. The object of this work is to trace out the causes of this extraordinary discrepancy, and to suggest the means of remedying them. The causes are to be referred partly to the soil, partly to the climate, but chiefly to defective systems of agriculture. Every one of them are capable of being removed by the application of scientific principles to the regulation of those great agencies which control vegetation, light, heat, air, and moisture. Dr. Royle enters into all these questions in detail; and shows why previous experiments to improve the agriculture of India have failed, and by what means the soil may be cultivated up to the highest point of production. It is impossible to speak too highly of the ability with which he has discharged this undertaking; nor can we venture to predicate the extent of the benefits which must flow from the adoption of his suggestions.

Before we turn from the East, we must commend the reader to a peep into Major Outram's animated narrative of the campaign in Sindh and Afghanistan.<sup>9</sup> Throughout those rapid and victorious movements, Major Outram held the appointment of extra aide-de-camp to Sir John Keane, who commanded the Bombay army. His position, therefore, was advantageous,

<sup>8</sup> *Essay on the Productive Resources of India.* By J. F. ROYLE, M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1840.

<sup>9</sup> *Rough Notes of the Campaigns in Sindh and Afghanistan, in 1838-9.* By MAJOR JAMES OUTRAM, 23d Regiment; now Political Agent in Sindh. London: J. M. Richardson. 1840.

and his own activity and soldierly zeal enabled him to improve it step by step, until at last he was placed in a post that afforded him the best possible means of acquiring information. During the whole of this time he kept a journal of the events passing around him. The volume to which we allude consists of *excerpta* from his notes, and presents a vivid and faithful picture of the campaign, from the embarkation of the troops to the homeward journey, after the capture of Khelat. The modesty of the writer conceals his own share in these exploits, as far as they could be concealed in the general history, but government have acknowledged and rewarded them; and in this volume we may see how a brave and intelligent officer can meet dangers and difficulties without boasting either of his services, or the honours he has acquired through them.

Passing from the desolations of war to the peaceful studios of art and science and literature, we find a variety of works which have recently been brought before the public, or which are now in course of issue, that are well worthy of consideration; and we confess we have no great inclination to touch upon any that are not. A volume by Mr. Edwards, of the British Museum, on the Fine Arts in England<sup>10</sup>, especially in reference to their administrative economy, as they bear upon national education, presents a luminous review of the present state of the arts, of the rights of inventors and authors, the difficulties that stand in the way of intellectual developement, and the means by which those difficulties may be got rid of. In the treatment of this comprehensive subject — which makes a variety of demands on the knowledge of the author — Mr. Edwards ranges himself, as might have been expected, on the side of those who would open the fountains of instruction to all, and who regard art, in all its aspects, as one of the great agents of human improvement. The importance of this inquiry can hardly be sufficiently appreciated without a careful perusal of the book itself, into which he has compressed, comprehensively and clearly, the results of much laborious research, including the history, as well as the condition, of the Fine Arts, and the Arts of Design.

In some degree connected with this subject is the republication at Glasgow, in a portable waistcoat-pocket form, and at a very small price, of two lectures, delivered at Boston early in the present year, by Dr. Channing, on the elevation of the working classes.<sup>11</sup> In all his writings and discourses, Dr. Channing has kept this object steadily in view, and it is greatly to his honour that he has prosecuted it not merely with unflinching zeal, but in the way most likely to produce an ultimate impression upon the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. It is not necessary for a man to be an original thinker to effect this end. We do not want originality so much as the power of clear combination, of elucidation, of lucid and persuasive expression, for the purposes of popular instruction. The man who is in advance of his age is rarely the best man to teach his contemporaries. Time is wanted to familiarise the world with his discoveries; and when he is at last thoroughly understood, he gradually becomes absorbed into the common stock. Dr. Channing is, of all men, admirably qualified for the labours to which he has principally devoted his talents. His lectures and essays are sound and easily comprehended; his language is obvious, fluent, and flattering to the taste of his country, which is much behind him in this species of refinement: he is never, or very rarely, argumentative: he assumes a know-

<sup>10</sup> *The Fine Arts in England; their State and Prospects considered relatively to National Education.* By EDWARD EDWARDS, of the British Museum. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

<sup>11</sup> *Lectures on the Elevation of the Labouring Portion of the Community.* By W. E. CHANNING. D.D. Glasgow: Hedderwick & Son. 1840.

ledge in his audience without relying upon it; and he carries them along with the dulcet sounds of a melodious style, which is seldom burdened with so much grave matter as to distract them from the enjoyment of its musical notation. The truths he thus pleasantly, and without the least suspicion of any formal design, drops into their minds are useful, liberalising, and of an elevating tendency; and as they lay but a slight stress upon the thinking faculties, they are readily seized upon, and retained without effort. In fact, Dr. Channing does not require his auditors to Think (although he wisely tells them that this is the great business of man) so much as to Observe. He solicits their attention, and takes upon himself the whole labour of occupying it to the height requisite for his purpose. This is what every lecturer ought to do, and Channing is a model that cannot be too closely imitated in this respect. He explains every thing within the compass of his design, exactly in its proper place, with regularity and perspicuity. He anticipates the difficulties of his hearers, and keeps all the stumbling blocks out of sight. You are never provoked in any of his lectures or essays by a profound perplexity; you never have any occasion to cast about for his meaning, or pursue the point one inch beyond the margin of his page; the whole statement is as plain as a sum in arithmetic, where the results are not only obvious but inevitable. Now, although in such writings as these there is nothing to be traced which has not been already before the world in other shapes, although they do not contain a solitary new truth, and are, in fact, composed of familiar but valuable commonplaces, put into a very attractive costume, they are better fitted for the ends to which they are addressed than works of a much higher and more elaborate character. They may not be the choicest ethics for the Few, but are the best, beyond controversy, for the Many.

Mr. Swainson's "*Treatise on Malacology, or the Natural Classification of Shells and Shell Fish*<sup>12</sup>," adds another obligation to the many for which all English readers are already indebted to his rapid pen. The whole subject is scientifically distributed over the volume, which abounds with illustrative engravings; and a glossary, explanatory of the terms employed throughout, is appended at the close, so that those who are not already acquainted with the language of the science may master all its details at a very small outlay of time and trouble.

Scientific terms, generally, are intelligible at once from the roots on which they are based, unless, as sometimes, but we hope not often, happens, the principles of analogy have been capriciously or pedantically violated in their construction. As the roots, with a few exceptions arising only out of particular circumstances, are to be found in the classical languages of antiquity, the scholar never can have any difficulty in prosecuting the study of the natural sciences as an amusement rather than a toil. And this is one of the delights and glorious privileges of classical acquirements; and it is in this aspect that they present the most charming uses. For most other purposes some atonement for the want of them may be made, by diligent inquiry and the exercise of a vigilant judgment; but in the natural sciences they are essential to inter-communication, to the universal sympathies of those who cultivate such pursuits, and to the utterance of a common tongue in the diffusion of the most delightful kind of knowledge. But strange things every now and then come out in curious old-fashioned, pains-taking, and erudite books, concerning not only Greek and Latin, but other languages, some of which have perished, or are perishing off the face of the earth, while others

<sup>12</sup> *A Treatise on Malacology; or the Natural Classification of Shells and Shell Fish.* By WILLIAM SWAINSON, F.R. and F.L.S., &c. London: Longman & Co.

are fast subsiding into bays and forests, or, like the winds, traversing the four quarters of the earth. One of these strange things appears in a volume written by Mr. Maclean<sup>13</sup>, in which he undertakes to prove, by different classes of evidence, that the Celtic was the primordial language of the world. We allude to this as a strange thing, but by no means as a novelty, or even as a thing to excite any surprise amongst scholars. It must be a strange thing, however, to the mass of mankind in the present day, speaking High and Low Dutch, Magyar, Slavonic, Hindostani, and a Babel of other languages, to find the Celtic creeping out of its bleak mountains in a corner of Europe, where its hiding place is like a speck on the waters, and asserting a paternal authority over the earth as having been "contemporaneous with the infancy of the human family." Mr. O'Brien's riotous essay on the round towers of Ireland, in which he endeavoured to trace those mystical erections to a remote people, and a still remoter antiquity, was hardly more startling on the surface than this assertion on behalf of the Celtic; but there is this very striking difference between the two works, that Mr. O'Brien's was a pure flood of wild conjectures, and this book by Mr. Maclean is at least argumentative (although occasionally somewhat fantastical), and exhibits a variety of research, not, perhaps, very severely conducted, but extensive and ingenious enough to command the attention of the learned. For our parts, we have not much confidence in the kind of proofs ordinarily resorted to by such writers, and are consequently difficult of conviction as to the claims of particular languages upon the honours of antiquity. We believe that very remarkable analogies may be traced in all languages. How could it have been otherwise if all languages have sprung from one stock? But we do not believe that the original language can be completely traced, although glimpses may be had of it as we proceed; nor do we believe that the original language was a hundredth part as copious, as significant, as varied, or as inflected as any of those languages which, at successive periods, different individuals have maintained to be the veritable primordial tongue. As mankind increased, their wants increased, their faculties became more and more developed, arts arose, luxuries arose, and society ran into endless ramifications. Language adapted itself to all these circumstances: it spread; took in new sounds; new formations were constantly in progress; it was broken up, shivered under the action of various races, dispersed, recast, and again and again flowered into sundry fresh shapes, preserving, no doubt, more or less, as by necessity it must have done, something of its original spirit. How can we trace the first language, or the history of any language, through this labyrinth of events? We admit that the researches of men like Mr. Maclean frequently lead to important discoveries, and that their speculations are often sagacious and distinguished by an acumen that is enough to set the world thinking and marvelling over matters that had previously escaped consideration; but, except for such incidental suggestions, or for the occasional realities dug up in the course of their investigation, we do not think the philologists have achieved any degree of certainty so far as the "primordial" question is involved. At the same time we advise every body who is curious in the matter to read Mr. Maclean's book, which, if they be Celtic scholars, or no better than Celtic enthusiasts, will abundantly repay them.

It seems to be generally allowed on all hands that philology has been cultivated in Germany with more important results than in any other country in Europe. The labours of the Germans in this department are distin-

<sup>13</sup> *The History of the Celtic Language.* By L. MACLEAN, F.O.S. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1840.



guished by a philosophical spirit which has rarely been developed elsewhere, except by such illustrious men as Professor Rask. They seem to possess a peculiar aptitude for such studies; and the genius of their language, flexible, capacious, and powerful, is singularly favourable to the exposition of philological principles. The best Hebrew grammar, for example, extant is the work of a German — Gesenius. His Hebrew Grammar and Lexicography present a complete and symmetrical view of the language, and are not less remarkable for comprehensiveness of design than simplicity of execution. These works have run through numerous editions in Germany, and have been adopted in the American colleges. We are glad to perceive that a translation of the Grammar, by Professor Conant of New York, has been recently reprinted in London.<sup>14</sup> The translation is highly creditable to that gentleman's talents; and the London edition is the most beautiful specimen of Hebrew typography that, probably, has ever appeared even in England.

While the Germans have taken the lead in history and philology, the French are equally distinguished by their geographical researches. It may be safely asserted that we are more indebted to the French for the extension of geographical knowledge, and the collection and careful revision of national statistics, than to the combined efforts of all other countries. The institutions of France are peculiarly adapted for the encouragement of such pursuits, and the genius of the people finds a congenial vent in a science so replete with variety. The labours of Malte-Brun in this department are well known in Europe; but the advances made in the acquisition of fresh information since the original publication of his great work, have developed much new matter that was not within his reach. To bring up our geographical records to the present hour, and at the same time to embrace every thing that was permanent and valuable in former books, may, therefore, be regarded as a design recommended alike by its necessity and importance. This design has been ably commenced in a treatise, of which two parts have already appeared, the scope and accuracy of which cannot be too highly applauded.<sup>15</sup> The editors of this publication have laid their foundations in the systems of Malte-Brun and Balbi, which they have condensed and arranged as a substratum, enlarging the details (especially in reference to Great Britain and its dependencies) by an immense mass of original matter drawn from recent and authentic sources. Writers of distinguished reputation have been employed in the mathematical, physical, and political departments, and the whole, taken in a solid body, promises to realise the most complete treatise on geography extant in any language. The distinctive characteristics of the work are its compendious plan and systematic distribution, the extreme minuteness of its statements, and its combination of social and picturesque outlines with the graver elements of topography, physical science, and history.

A still more comprehensive labour, and one still better adapted for the general purposes of reference, has been undertaken by Mr. M'Culloch, and has already advanced to the completion of its first volume.<sup>16</sup> This work is in the form of a dictionary, which, while it excludes those elementary investigations that confer so much value on the publication we have just noticed,

<sup>14</sup> *The Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius; translated from the Eleventh German Edition.* By T. J. CONANT. *With a Course of Exercises, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy, by the Translator.* London: Thomas Ward & Co. 1840.

<sup>15</sup> *Malte-Brun's and Balbi's Systems of Geography abridged.* Parts I. and II. Edinburgh: A. & C. BLACK. 1840.

<sup>16</sup> *A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and principal Natural Objects in the World.* By J. R. M'CULLOCH, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

admits a wider field of details than could possibly be included within any other plan. The fulness with which each article is written, the clearness of the arrangements throughout, and the vast surface traversed under each head, and in every department of inquiry essential to the undertaking, contribute to the production of the most luminous body of information concerning geography, statistics, and history, and all matters necessary to their elucidation, that has ever before been brought together in a shape so perspicuous and accessible. All questions of population, of political economy, of trade and commerce, of geology and natural history, of political circumstances and international relations, of arts, literature, manufactures, and productions, and, in short, all inquiries affecting the progress of man, are here treated of exactly in the places where, for any practical objects, we should naturally look for their solution. Such a publication — which can be referred to on the instant for any subject embraced in its pages — is indispensable to all libraries, and must completely supersede every previous attempt to popularise and reduce within convenient limits these various classes of information.

Several little Utilities in the shape of mercantile and legal treatises may be here alluded to as pendants to these larger works. We refer particularly to “A Manual of Commerce,” by Mr. Waterston<sup>17</sup>, which exhibits very concisely a variety of tables for reckoning, tables of decimal equivalents, interest tables, a digest on the subject of exchanges, and a review of British and foreign weights, moneys, and measures, the whole of which is executed with care, and will be valuable in the counting-house; and also to three or four cheap and succinct legal hand-books, a commercial law, partnership, wills, and landlord and tenant<sup>18</sup>, which may be safely consulted on nearly every point likely to be elicited in general transactions.

The agitation of foreign politics has given birth to a multitude of tracts, pamphlets, and small books, bearing upon particular subjects of present interest. It is impossible to do more with these than to enumerate a few of the more prominent. Of these we may especially distinguish a clear and useful documentary analysis of our intercourse with the Chinese, from the end of 1836 to March 1839, with a review of the management of our affairs in that quarter since the opening of the trade in 1834<sup>19</sup>; a memoir of Mehemet Ali<sup>20</sup>, including a copy of the quadruple treaty, and other official memoranda; and a stormy pamphlet by Mr. Cargill on the Eastern question<sup>21</sup>, in which Mr. Urquhart's opinions are re-stated, and the ground, already so familiar to the public, re-traversed with more than ordinary zeal and animation. We know not whether we ought to comprise in this list, Mr. Arneil's “faithful picture” of the French Revolution<sup>22</sup>, which is nothing more than “a full and particular” recital of all the barbarities that darkened that event: but as the writer seems to think that the principles folded up in that sanguinary history exercise a direct influence on pass-

<sup>17</sup> *A Manual of Commerce*. By WILLIAM WATERSTON, Accountant. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 1840.

<sup>18</sup> *Tyas's Legal Hand-books*. 1. Commercial Law. 2. Partnership. 3. Wills. 4. Landlord and Tenant. London: Robert Tyas. 1840.

<sup>19</sup> *Review of the Management of our Affairs in China, since the opening of the Trade in 1834; with an Analysis of the Government Despatches from the Assumption of Office by Captain Elliot, on the 14th December 1836, to the 22d March 1839*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1840.

<sup>20</sup> *The Life of Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt*. London: E. Churton. 1840.

<sup>21</sup> *Mehemet Ali, Lord Palmerston, Austria, and France*. By WILLIAM CARGILL, Esq. London: John Reid & Co. 1840.

<sup>22</sup> *A faithful Picture of the French Revolution, &c.* By W. CURRIE ARNEIL, A. M. Glasgow: W. A. McPhun. 1840.

ing transactions, we give him a place, by a sort of Irish privilege, amongst the commentators of to-day.

But pleasanter books than these are before us. Here is the third part of Lady Charlotte Guest's "*Mabinogion*," containing the story of Geraint, the Son of Erbin.<sup>23</sup> If this publication were even of no higher value than in drawing from the accomplished editor the beautiful notes with which she has enriched it, we should have abundant reason to be grateful to her for the labour of love she has bestowed on this neglected lore, and for showing us what wonderful sympathies flourished greenly amongst the poets of old, imparting to the early legends of many countries a common character derived from a common source. These notes are learned in the best sense. The energy of the translator has been rightly directed to the complete illustration of her subjects, and she has succeeded in tracing in other languages the same traditions she has recovered from the oblivion of the Welsh tongue. Wherever any resemblances existed, she has sought them out and recorded them; so that the "*Mabinogion*" gives us not merely the Welsh tales, but the contemporaneous poems of the English, the Norman, the German, and even the Icelandic writers; thus heaping up evidence on evidence of the antiquity of her treasures, and enabling us to see how the same or similar creations were treated in remoter ages and other lands. The story of Geraint is the most elaborate that has yet appeared in this exquisite series; it is distinguished by the same noble simplicity and romantic character; and develops, perhaps to a greater extent than its predecessors, the manners and costume of the age of the Round Table. We cannot undertake to judge of the merits of the translation, but it is impossible not to be struck by its purity and apparent closeness. There is a certain scriptural beauty in the style, which assimilates so admirably with the tone of the early legends that it requires little help from the imagination to persuade us that the version is as faithful as the English reader must feel it to be poetical. The volume is richly embellished with fac-similes, and the typography may be marked out for special admiration. The press of Mr. Rees of Llandovery is fairly entitled to distinctive honours for the peculiar elegance with which this work has been got up.

Descending from the dreams of the ancient world to the dreamers of our own time, we are beckoned aside into a nook of pleasant fancies by a new, and, as it would appear, a young author, who makes his first venture under the title of "*Jest and Earnest*"<sup>24</sup>—a comprehensive title, since within the two realms of the gay and the grave all human conceptions must be finally absorbed. Our author, while he illustrates both phases, inclines constitutionally to the sunny side. His earnestness has a smile in it—his philosophy is every where full of consolations. He never gives up humanity to despair in any of his little sketches; but feeling and knowing that there is a bright world before him teeming with hope and joy, he seizes upon every occasion to inspire his readers with confidence in the employment of their means of happiness. We like these essays because they have a strong relish of nature in them, and because they always display a healthy mind. The topics are various, the humorous or sportive prevailing over the serious. Some have a spice of lively satire—others contain a striking portrait of some individual or national characteristic—and they are all pregnant with great promise of future success, should the author dedicate his talents to some more ambitious walk of literature.

<sup>23</sup> *The Mabinogion*. Part III. containing Geraint, the Son of Erbin. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

<sup>24</sup> *Jest and Earnest*. A Series of Essays. London: Hugh Cunningham. 1840.

Next, here is a bundle of poems. As a very venerable authority assures us that the strength of bundles is best preserved by keeping them tied up, we will not separate the individuals, but bind the whole in a single paragraph. First, we have a volume entitled "Rhyme, Reason, and Revery"<sup>25</sup>, by Mr. Rogerson, a mingling of prose and poetry, but which we class under the latter head, because it is here that the merits of the writer are most conspicuous. The Reason consists of sketches and stories, and the Rhyme and Revery of verses upon numerous occasions. In many of these compositions we readily recognise a firm spirit, and a just and elevated taste; and, if we had space for quotations, we could collect enough of specimens out of the book to establish the claims of the author to recognition amongst the best of our recent poets. He discovers no novelties in rhythmical construction, nor must his pages be opened with any expectation of surprises in the way of imagery or diction; his excellence lies rather in the truthfulness of his feelings, the ease and propriety of his language, and the total absence of affectation. Second, "Oriental Musings"<sup>26</sup>, a collection of miscellaneous pieces, the principal of which is addressed to the scenery and ruins of the East. In this poem there are occasional stanzas of some vigour, and not deficient in picturesque beauty; but Mr. Scott cannot sustain his flight, and flounders so frequently into platitudes, from his inability to keep on the wing, that nothing can justify the publication of his productions, except a good-natured desire to oblige his friends. Third, "The Altar"<sup>27</sup>, which, we are informed in the preface, was printed by accident. We are inclined to suspect that the verses contained in the book were written by accident also, for they do not seem as if they came by inspiration. We strongly advise the author to avoid such accidents for the future. Fourth, "Erro"<sup>28</sup>, a romantic poem. Mr. Browne modestly disavows all claims to the character of a poet, and says, with Cowper, that he has no more right to the name than a maker of mousetraps has to that of engineer. We will not go quite so far as this, although we think it a wise modesty on the part of Mr. Browne. There are a few lines scattered through the poem that indicate poetical sensibility; and the stories, as stories, are agreeably narrated; but he is so indifferent an artist, in the sense in which all poets ought to be artists, that even mouse-traps might yield him a better reputation for ingenuity than he has much chance of acquiring by romantic verse. Fifth, "The Chief of Glen-orchay"<sup>29</sup>, a poem of the Middle Ages, illustrative of Highland manners and mythology. Scott is the evident model of the author, so far as the treatment of the subject, the choice of the measure, and the employment of local and national illustrations are concerned; but we are bound to observe that, although he wants that weird fascination which Scott contrived to throw into such metrical romances, he is much bolder and more original in his management of the octo-syllabic line. In this important particular he far transcends his master: his rhythm is every where free and unconstrained—his pauses irregularly musical—and the poem, consequently, presents a freshness and variety of modulation that we have seldom had an opportunity of noticing in verse of this limited and facile structure. We recommend it to all lovers

<sup>25</sup> *Rhyme, Reason, and Revery.* By JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON. London: William Pickering. 1840.

<sup>26</sup> *Oriental Musings, and other Poems.* By P. SCOTT, Esq. London: James Fraser. 1840.

<sup>27</sup> *The Altar; a little votive Structure of Miscellaneous Poetry.* By W. C. SINTERS, M. A. London: W. Crofts. 1840.

<sup>28</sup> *Erro; a Romantic Poem.* By EDWARD NOYCE BROWNE. London: Thomas Hodgson. 1840.

<sup>29</sup> *The Chief of Glen-Orchay: illustrative of Highland Manners and Mythology in the Middle Ages.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1840.

of old stories in a poetical shape. Sixth, "Heber, and other Poems," by Thomas Ragg<sup>30</sup>, the Nottingham mechanic. The usual wildness, sometimes bordering on incoherency, which is too often the distinguishing trait of that class of poets, misnamed "the uneducated," vividly identify the authorship of this volume. It would be harsh to deny that there is not some merit in the book, especially in those parts where the writer delineates the sufferings and feelings of the poor; but we must candidly acknowledge that the merit, at the highest, is not of a kind which can attain for Mr. Ragg an enviable position amongst his contemporaries. Seventh, "Mora, a Fragment of a Tale"<sup>31</sup>, founded upon some passage in Bankes's Geography. We should have been disposed to ascribe the inspiration of this piece to "Lalla Rookh," rather than to so matter-of-fact a gentleman as Mr. Bankes. The metaphorical style, the wire-drawing of pet images, and the verbal prettinesses that float through the poem, afford unlucky evidences of that unconscious spirit of imitation which seizes only on the faults of the favourite original, and exaggerates them into vices. The ear of the author just enables him to catch the swing of the verse, but beyond that all is defective and discordant. He cannot distinguish between rhythm and metre. Take this line as a specimen:—

"Once broke, to never meet again."

He wanted courage—including the want of a true appreciation of the constructive principle—to say,

"Once broke, never to meet again."

He was afraid this would be prosaic! Eighth, "The Lost Angel"<sup>32</sup> a remarkable work, if we take into consideration the age—twenty-one—at which it was written. The theme itself—that of the love of an angel for Eve, to which, by a fanciful license, the poet traces the destruction of Paradise—is ambitious, and the management of it throughout evinces a lofty conception of its capability. But we must not flatter the writer, although we discern germs of great power in this poem. It is impossible to predicate what he may hereafter be able to do from what he has done. There are many faults and many tokens of miniature genius scattered through the production. His faults are the wilful obscurity under which he has veiled his subject, and the affectation of grandeur which frequently spoils not only the meaning but the beauty of his lines. His merits consist in the muscular grasp (so to speak) of his subject, the occasional elevation of the treatment, and the complete emancipation from the lazy and monotonous fetters of pedal melody which he every where exhibits. The elements of poetry unquestionably exist in "The Lost Angel;" but, like many precious gems, they are set in a strange frame-work, and oddly consorted with false brilliants.

Poetry, welcome at all seasons! is especially welcome at the close of the year. Every great landmark of time has its associations of hope and memory, and all such associations have a dash of poetry in them, let us struggle as manfully as we may, and put on the finest conventional faces we can muster against time and its effects. Who is he who can enter a new year without an involuntary reminiscence of the year gone by, with all their crushed glories, and a questioning glance into the year to come? There is none such, unless he stand alone in the world. And who is he who stands

<sup>30</sup> *Heber; Records of the Poor; Lays from the Prophets; and other Poems.* By THOMAS RAGG, Author of the "Incarnation," &c. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

<sup>31</sup> *Mora; a Fragment of a Tale.* London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

<sup>32</sup> *The Lost Angel, and the History of the Old Adamites, found written on the Pillars of Salt.* By THOMAS HAWKINS, Esq. London: William Pickering. 1840.

alone? Not the rich man, for he feeds his state with a thousand clinging varieties; not the poor man, for he makes up in love and expectation for the squalid miseries of fortune. Not one created being stands alone. Struck down in all his aims, blighted in heart, wrecked in health, destitute of the common chances of achieving prosperity, man is still a creature built up of affections and natural sympathies. The lowliest are not quite deserted, for they find others like themselves who see their own sorrows reflected in them, and pity them. The highest are not bereaved of the consolations of attachment, although they stand on a pinnacle that makes their associates dizzy around them. Age has its cheerful and tranquil pleasures, babbling with a free licence over the unattested miracles of the past, and flattering itself with a long tenure of its right to prattle. Youth has its bounding merry pranks, its hilarity and confidence, its castles in the air, and its proud assumptions. And mid-age — there is the bridge to a Turk's paradise! we dare not look behind, nor before, nor below. What is gone is gone — What is, is nothing — What is to come, is, *What is to come?*

But Christmas is neutral ground. On this sacred speck of the revolving year all ages and conditions meet and agree to make high festival. We must not ask what Christmas was in the olden times, because it is not pleasant to be reminded of our falling off from the jovial and hearty customs of our ancestors; but, such as it is, and such as it must always be in spirit, Christmas commends us to good cheer, to a generous oblivion of differences, and, above all, to an armistice with our own self-discontents. Formerly they celebrated this wintry feast by a thousand vernal memories of spring and summer — green boughs, fresh chaplets, fruit, blossoms, and diversions, that seemed to suggest eternal sunshine. Now, we fold ourselves up in household delights; assemble round the fire, whether there be a yule there or not; gather into knots; talk, laugh, and sing. And then to make atonement for a multitude of repealed enjoyments, we have a sort of Christmas library. Books are written, printed, and published, expressly for Christmas and the New Year. What sort of books these are we have no great inclination to describe; but as presentations must be made of pleasant and salutary volumes, we will map out a few which may be selected from the mass of the literature of the time as being felicitously adapted to the demands of the season. Our readers will see at once that we eschew the annuals. Fustian and line engraving are at a discount with educated heads, and “make the judicious grieve.” Our annuals are of another cast.

And first amongst the Christmas books that we recommend is Mr. Blaine's “*Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*”<sup>33</sup> — the work of a life-time — the rich gatherings of a vast harvest of inquiry. In this volume — studded with illustrations — we have a complete history and delineation of all ancient and modern sports and pastimes, traced from the earliest periods, and examined in all their aspects. There is scarcely a living creature that inhabits the air, the land, or the water, that is not chronicled in this comprehensive book; its habits, its physiognomy, and its climate, are scientifically described, and all the varieties of the arts by which it is subjugated carefully displayed. The sportsman will find this encyclopædia a manual of instructions; the lover of Nature will linger over it with unmixed delight; the artist will find pictures in every page of its eloquent details; and the poet will recur again and again with renewed delight to a book so full of inexhaustible topics of inspiration. “*Merrie England*” never was so perfectly represented in its true sylvan and legendary aspects as it is in this versatile publication; nor are we sure that even Drayton himself, who had so liberal a soul for pastoral

<sup>33</sup> *An Encyclopædia of Rural Sports.* By D. P. BLAINE. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

life, could have conceived so grand a design for embracing the entire scope of its healthful pleasures and occupations. Now, this single book is worth all the annuals — so called — melted into one, green and gold, purple and tinsel, included. Its contents are in the highest degree instructive and entertaining — the young as well as the old can appreciate their value and their beauty — and it would be a poor compliment to the good taste and judgment of the readers of the “*Monthly Chronicle*” not to take it for granted that, in choosing a gift-book, they would select a work of this description, in preference to the painted bubbles which solicit the eyes of the crowd in the windows of the fashionable book-shops.

But what shall we say about “*The Dramatic Library*”<sup>34</sup>, which the munificence and good taste of Mr. Moxon has provided for the public? It must not be supposed that we pretend in our limited space to render any more justice to such treasures as these, than may be implied by the brief expression of unmixed admiration. These splendid editions of the great English dramatic poets possess so many intrinsic advantages over all previous editions, that nothing is necessary to secure them an extensive circulation than simply to make them extensively known. They embrace the works of Shakspeare (we are glad Mr. Moxon keeps to the old spelling for the sake of its associations!), Ben Jonson, Massinger and Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the four worthies of comedy, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar; to these may be added the more modern works of Sheridan: and the whole are introduced by biographical and critical notices from Thomas Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Hartley Coleridge, George Darley, and Leigh Hunt. Here is a combination of genius, both in the dramatists and their poetical critics (men worthily chosen to discharge such delightful functions), which recommends itself without a word of comment. But it is right to add, in order that we may the more completely indicate the claims of these editions, that the volumes are printed with remarkable elegance — that they are at once comprehensive and compendious — and that they are issued at a price which brings them within the reach of all classes, rendering them available to the cottage, as they will be gratefully received into the costliest libraries. The enterprise was noble on the part of the publisher; yet, great as the risk was, it must be amply rewarded in the end; for these poets are so garnered up in the affections of the people, that every body will now secure copies for themselves; and even those who already possess older editions will be glad to procure Mr. Moxon’s, on account of the fresh and beautiful introductions by which they are preceded. All these introductions are distinguished, more or less, by a spirit of reverence and sympathy; but of the whole we are disposed to prefer (if it be just to make any preference) those by Mr. Darley and Leigh Hunt. Mr. Darley’s observations on the characteristics of Beaumont and Fletcher, and especially on the structure of their versification, are dictated by a profound feeling of his great originals, and a discriminating judgment: and Mr. Leigh Hunt’s memorials of the lives and genius of the comedy writers is full of that sunshine of temperament which peculiarly fits him to become the expositor of those exquisite wits. It would appear difficult enough on the surface to exhibit the constitutional differences between such

<sup>34</sup> This admirable Collection includes the following Works: — 1. The Plays of Shakspeare, with Remarks on his Life and Writings, by Thomas Campbell. 2. The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings, by Barry Cornwall. 3. The Works of Massinger and Ford, with an Introduction, by Hartley Coleridge. 4. The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, with an Introduction, by George Darley, 2 vols. 5. The Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, with Biographical Notices, by Leigh Hunt. 6. The Works of Sheridan, with an Introduction, by Leigh Hunt.

men as Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Sheridan (we will say nothing about Congreve), and to point out with accuracy the individual traits by which they may be said to have been spiritually contrasted; but the reader of these criticisms will speedily discover in what particular qualities those differences consisted—where the truest feelings are to be found—and where conventionalities and affectations are substituted for natural and honest impulse. By the way, in looking again through these volumes, we are half tempted to ask whether they might not be securely followed up by a republication of the plays of Etherege and Sedley? We know that there is nothing substantial or permanent in such productions, and that, at the best, they display merely the frivolous and fleeting manners of an age that was frivolous and superficial to a degree that is now almost unintelligible. But still we should like to see what effect the “Conversation-Comedy” of the reign of Charles II. would produce now. Perhaps a selection, prefaced and illustrated by Leigh Hunt, would answer all the purpose. We confess we have some curiosity on this point, extending even to the Euphuës itself; but it is only curiosity after all, and hardly worth, perhaps, a serious thought.

Another edition of Shakspeare is before the public, which, for cheapness and pictorial grace, has certainly never been surpassed; — we mean — not the “Pictorial Shakspeare,” a solid and laborious undertaking, above all praise in every thing except the orthography of the poet’s name, to which we cannot subscribe — but the “Illustrated Shakspeare.”<sup>35</sup> The illustrations in this work are prodigal in number and beauty: sometimes, it must be admitted, the artist goes wide of one’s imagination (following, perhaps, his own), but upon the main he hits off the creations of the dramatist with wonderful felicity, and always with an affluent and ready fancy.

Amongst the republications best entitled to popularity and certain of attaining it, must be mentioned, the new edition of “Moore’s Poetical Works.”<sup>36</sup> The first volume is now upon our table, — the second is issuing from the press, and the whole will be completed in ten volumes. The autobiographical notices attached to each volume promise a fund of curious and pleasant personal confessions. There is no man of his age who has mixed more largely with the *élite* of society than the author of “Lalla Rookh.” Perhaps no man was ever more endeared by his social and intellectual powers. He is one of the few poets of all times who have not disappointed in private the ideal formed of them from their works; we look, therefore, with no slight anticipation of enjoyment to the progress of this publication, enriched as it will be by the history of the author’s life, — a life of exciting mental associations, but outwardly as calm as his own unruffled “Glendalough,” — and by a new series of illustrations. The autobiography in the first volume is frank, candid, and modest; and the portrait is executed in the highest style of art. When the publication shall have advanced a little farther, we shall take occasion to say something at large of its contents.

As we are upon Christmas books, it would be a grave neglect to omit the two series of the “Heads of the People.”<sup>37</sup> Here, indeed, are true English Christmas Presents. The talent that has been concentrated in this work has worthily fulfilled its mission, and displayed the classes and the occupations of the people with remarkable spirit and fidelity. An Englishman who desires to see himself and his neighbours portrayed alike without flat-

<sup>35</sup> *The Illustrated Shakspeare.* Part XIX. London: Robert Tyas. 1840.

<sup>36</sup> *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, collected by Himself.* In 10 vols. London: Longman & Co. 1840.

<sup>37</sup> *Heads of the People, or Portraits of the English* (first and second series). London: Robert Tyas. 1840.



tery and without satire, need only open these volumes, and look into them as he would look at a mirror.

Of other illustrated works entitled to a passing notice, the "Life of Napoleon"<sup>38</sup> is the most striking. Having formerly spoken of this work at some length, we have only to add that its progress more than justifies the praise we then bestowed upon it. An illustrated edition of "Watts's Hymns"<sup>39</sup> is an evidence of how effectually art may be called in to the help of devotion, however anti-Protestant the notion may be; while a separate publication by Mr. Sibson, illustrative of "Master Humphrey's Clock"<sup>40</sup>, proves how advantageously two minds may be employed upon the same subject, throwing new lights upon familiar scenes, and illuminating passages overlooked by the multitude in the flurry of first impressions. There is considerable truth and power in these drawings, and they form an admirable companion to the progressing stories of the inexhaustible Boz.

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### TO WORDSWORTH.

O, BARD sublime of tender smiles and tears !  
 Great Teacher of a song, which ne'er can die  
 While there are starry throngs, and azure sky,  
 And gentle hearts, which leap when Spring appears,  
 And little flowers to gladden loving eyes !  
 To thee, O Wordsworth ! the oracular woods  
 Tell all their heart — now in revealings dim —  
 Now in the full tone of a leafy hymn —  
 Now sighing through their sere anatomies ! —  
 Thou hast communion with the mighty floods ;  
 The panting ocean bares' to thee her breast,  
 And the hills love thee. Thou art Nature's Priest,  
 Chaunting aloud on some vast mountain bare  
 (The primal altar), and some delicate flower,  
 Steep'd in the memories of a buried hour,  
 The sacrifice that sweetens all the air : —  
 And future ages shall thy glory share !  
 Death o'er thy song shall never cast eclipse,  
 For when thou from this fleeting scene hast gone,  
 Thousands and thousands will go living on,  
 Fed by the dew of those immortal lips !

THOMAS POWELL.

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<sup>38</sup> *History of Napoleon.* Part XXII. London : Robert Tyas. 1840.

<sup>39</sup> *The Illustrated Watts's Hymns*, No. I. Edited by the Rev. ALEXANDER FLETCHER. London : Orger & Meryon. 1840.

<sup>40</sup> *Illustrations of Master Humphrey's Clock.* By T. SIBSON. London : Robert Tyas. 1840.

## LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.

BY A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

ROME — SHELLEY'S GRAVE — SHELLEY — KEATS, ETC.

I HAD often read the "Adonais," Shelley's beautiful dirge over the remains of poor Keats, and as often resolved, if ever fate should allow me to visit Rome, to make a pilgrimage to the spot where the two poets repose together, beneath the wall of the ancient city. I went yesterday to fulfil my vow. Going out by the Forum, and leaving the inhabited city behind me, a walk of about two miles through solitary lanes and vineyards brought me to the Ostian gate. Here stands the pyramid of Caius Cestius, the lofty monument of some wealthy Roman, who has thus succeeded in rescuing the letters of his name from oblivion; and at its foot a few scattered tombstones, enclosed by a deep trench, mark the spot where Keats is interred. Just beyond is the new Protestant cemetery, a small grassy slope, enclosed on one side by the ancient wall of Rome, and dotted over with a few white tombstones and tall cypresses, rearing their dark cones against the blue Italian sky. Around it is a wide solitary common, strewn with hillocks of mouldering ruins, and fronting it the Monte Testacea, the rubbish heap of ancient Rome, a hill as high as the Capitol. So entire was the solitude here within the city walls, that although I could see half a mile round me in every direction, I could not discover a living soul to whom to apply for information as to the means of getting admission into the cemetery. At last I found a solitary sentinel, who, for a few *baiocchi*, left the gate, for Hannibal or any one else who chose to march into it, and went to look for the custode. In about a quarter of an hour he returned with him, having found him sleeping on one of the adjoining hillocks. I mustered my best Italian, to ask him to show me the grave of the "gran poeta Shelley." "Il padre ov il figlio," said the man, yawning and rubbing his eyes; and at first I thought he had mistaken me, but I recollected that Shelley had a son, who died and was buried at Rome, so I replied eagerly, "Il padre, il padre." He led me to a green recess in the old wall, and showed me a plain slab of stone, almost overgrown with weeds and wild flowers. This was the spot where the remains of one of the greatest poets and most extraordinary geniuses of modern times repose. Fitter grave poet could not have than this secluded spot — this nook in the ancient wall of Rome, with the blue Italian sky overhead, the dark cypress waving above, and the silent and desolate ruins of the imperial city mouldering around.

I sent the custode to finish his nap, and sitting down by the grave, took a small volume of Shelley's poems from my pocket, and read over his lines on "Death." I always admired those lines; but here, sitting alone by his graveside, I felt more vividly and distinctly than ever what a solemn and fearful utterance, like the distant tone of some giant Æolian harp, he has given to those vague feelings of awe and mystic shudders with which human nature ever recoils from the darkness on the other side of the grave. In the cold unimaginative climes of the North, it may seem like sentimental folly to talk of feeling affected over a poet's grave. But here, amidst the solitary ruins, and under the blue sky, life is quite a different thing, and all the poetical feelings and faculties of our nature shoot out luxuriant and unrestrained. There was no one to see me here, no one to laugh at me;

and why should I not give full scope to my natural feelings? I did do so, and I felt most deeply. Where, I asked, where was this gifted genius now, which lately manifested itself among men in such a rich affluence of thought and fancy — where the spirit which vibrated responsive to every thing grand and lovely in nature and in art? Had he become, according to his own creed, “a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely,” absorbed into the bosom of the great mother nature, with whom his spirit dwelt ever in such close and loving communion? or did he, as a wiser and holier philosophy teaches, still exist in some purer and loftier stage of being, conscious of his own existence — conscious, perhaps, that one who loved and honoured his genius was sitting beside his silent grave? The grave gave no answer, my earnest questionings met no reply, and I felt only more strongly what impenetrable shadows of darkness close in the little day of life.

Shelley is not yet properly understood. His religious opinions excited a prejudice against him, and his poetry is not of a nature to acquire general or immediate popularity — and yet he was a true poet. There can be no question that he is entitled to rank with Byron and Wordsworth, as the third great poet of an age distinguished for its fertility in poetical genius. In many of the most essential qualities of a poet, he was not only the first of his age, but inferior to none of any age or any country. No one was ever endowed with a more exquisite susceptibility to every thing grand and beautiful in nature and in art; no one ever rendered back these impressions in verse with more magic force and truth. The voice of the mighty ocean was familiar to him: he understood the language of the eternal heavens, the stern sublimity of mountain solitudes, the soft and gentle influence of evening, the gladness of earth, with all its varied sights and sounds of beauty. These, and the magic influences of music and love, the brightest creations of human genius, and the most beautiful aspirations of the human heart, were the elements in which he lived and had his being. He has been called the poet of poets, and with justice — for whilst others rise rarely, and at intervals, into the region of poetical thought and feeling, he seems to know no other, and to speak the language of poetry as if it were his native tongue. Hence it is that we find in his poetry such an endless profusion, such boundless and exhaustless wealth of beautiful imagery.

It is not going too far to say, that in some of Shelley's short pieces, as the “Cloud,” the “Sky Lark,” or the “Sensitive Plant,” there are a greater number of truly poetical lines than in whole poems of Byron or Wordsworth. I know nothing except Milton's minor poems, and a few of the very finest passages of Spenser, to be compared to Shelley's poetry for the affluence and overflowing copiousness of beautiful thought and imagery. Nor is it in the poetry of nature alone, that Shelley lives habitually in the region of the beautiful, he is no less at home in the poetry of the human heart. He knows little of its common every-day workings, of the secret springs of vanity, ambition, avarice, self-love, which prompt the ordinary actions of ordinary men. It is only by a painful effort, by “compulsion and laborious flight,” that he can occasionally, as in some scenes of the *Cenci*, sink into the sphere of the dramatic, and paint men as they really are, with their vulgar hopes, and fears, and passions. Admirably as those scenes are executed, it is easy to see that he is not in his native element, and that his genius does not move with the same freedom and facility as in the rarer and loftier region of the purely poetical. His common thoughts are aspirations after the infinite, passionate longings for ideal beauty, questionings of

the deep mysteries of nature, overflowings of love and sympathy, and all those deepest and most beautiful workings of our nature, which, although not less real than the common prosaic realities of life, slumber with most men under a surface of coldness and worldliness, and are but rarely and at intervals called forth. Of love, which is the poetry of life, Shelley is the only true poet. Wordsworth is too cold. His pictures of sweet natural feeling and domestic happiness are pure and tranquil, and beautiful as the unruffled mirror of a mountain lake; but they never warm into the depth and intensity of a passion. With Byron, on the other hand, love is a consuming fire kindled in the senses, and swallowing up the whole moral and rational nature in one fierce blaze. But his love wants sentiment, it wants purity and disinterestedness; it is too much a mere animal passion, the love of tigers and tigresses rather than of human hearts. Shelley alone constantly represents love in its truest and highest form — as the most powerful manifestation, the essence, as it were, of that intense thirst for sympathy which binds all hearts to one another and to the outward creation. It is not good for man to be alone. The heart must have objects on which to pour out its affections or it will pine and perish. The prisoner pent up in a dungeon loves a flower, an insect, a patch of blue sky, any thing, in short, rather than not love at all. The solitary lover of nature seeks in the mountains and clouds, the trees and starry heavens, for objects to sympathise with his hidden thoughts and share his lonely affections. But lifeless nature, fair and lovely as she is, can never satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul, nor are the divided returns of friendship enough for the demands of a boundless and absorbing passion. In the charm which draws together the two sexes God has provided the sole means of satisfying, as far as it can be satisfied here on earth, this boundless thirst for sympathy, this instinctive necessity of loving. Who has not once at least in his life dreamt of a one loved and loving being, whose heart should beat and nerves vibrate in unison with his own — whose every taste, and wish, and feeling, should be in such harmony with his,

——“ as notes of music are  
Like one another, though dissimilar? ”

One with whom he may lay aside the mask of studied coldness and reserve, under which he hides his most cherished feelings and secret thoughts from a cold indifferent world, and appear as he really is without risk of being ridiculed or misunderstood; one, in short, with whom he may wander hand in hand down the vale of life, sharing pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, evil and good report, and to whose being he may link his own so firmly that neither time nor change — no, not even the grave itself — may have power to sever them. Such a dream have most had; and those who have preserved or can recall their early feelings will find them imaged in the pages of Shelley more truly than in those of any other poet. This spirit is breathed forth in passionate accents of the sweetest melody which gives such a charm to Shelley's poetry, and ever and anon amidst the wildest flights of the imagination and most mystic rhapsodies, brings it home to our hearts with a force and truth at which we are astonished.

In another requisite of a great poet, Shelley is also unrivalled. No one ever possessed a more thorough mastery over language, or a finer ear for the music and modulation of verse. Nothing can surpass the ease and elegance, the exquisite harmonious flow, of his versification. His Spenserian stanzas are like strains of sweetest music. Spenser himself never surpassed the ethereal lightness, the charming unstudied ease and full rich murmuring melody of many stanzas of the “Revolt of Islam.” Compare them with

the rugged stanzas of "*Childe Harold*," which show what an effort it cost Byron to drag his deep thoughts up into the light, and clothe them in verse, and you will see at once what I mean by Shelley's musical ear and command of language. Nor is he less happy in blank verse. The address to nature, with which his "*Alastor*" opens, approaches more nearly to the majestic march and sonorous harmony, as well as to the lofty and sustained strain of poetic feeling of the divine Milton, than any thing with which I am acquainted in modern poetry. The greatest triumph of his art, however, still remains. Even Ulysses's bow, the intractable hexameter, yields in his hands, loses its stiffness and formality, and becomes light, musical, and flexible. In the "*Epipsychedion*," the conclusion of which is the most beautiful passage of his poetry — the most beautiful single passage perhaps in the whole range of poetry — the metre quite changes its nature. So exquisitely are the pauses and modulations of the verse managed, that all traces of the monotonous sing-song, which makes all other hexameters absolutely unreadable, are quite lost, and the ear is charmed by the smooth, easy, natural flow of the melody. This unrivalled command of language furnishes him with a store of magic epithets which condense whole worlds of thought and feeling into a single word, and make the scenes of nature flash before us with the force and vividness of reality. No one images back the impressions of nature with such force and distinctness as Shelley. I constantly find in his poetry my own feelings and recollections expressed with a power and clearness with which I should have sought in vain to express them to myself. He is indebted to the same cause for another faculty, inferior perhaps to original composition, but even more rare — I mean that of translation. Shelley is by many degrees the first of translators. His translations of the "*Cyclops*," of the "*Hymn to Mercury*," of the witches' scene from *Faust*, and of Calderon's "*Magico Prodigioso*," can hardly be called translations — they are, more properly, re-creations, so completely has he caught the style and spirit of the original, and transferred them into another form and language.

With all these glorious faculties, Shelley is far from being a perfect poet, and his poetry has faults which will in all probability prevent it from ever becoming generally popular. I do not here allude to his religious opinions; for I cannot but hope and trust that the age of religious prudery is passing away, and that a time is coming when men will have the candour and manliness not to turn up their eyes with affected horror at the sight of honest conscientious unbelief, while they fawn on writers who, under the mask of hollow hypocritical conformity, sap the very foundations of morality. Surely we are getting too enlightened to allow Oxford doctors of divinity to expel a young man and fix a stigma on his name for life, because at his first entrance into the university he is so startled by the hollowness and insincerity he sees around him — the oaths which every body swears and no one understands — the crowd of idle, dissipated men rushing into the church from worldly motives — the compulsory chapel-going — and all the other solemnised hypocrisies which are perpetrated in such places under the name and sanction of religion — as to doubt whether religion itself be not like all the rest, an empty mockery. True, Shelley was no Christian, and he made no secret of his unbelief. Fearless in every thing, authority and persecution only made him speak out with a chivalrous and almost Quixotic boldness in the cause of what he believed to be truth. But however rash and ill-judged we may deem his speculative opinions, no one can read a page of his writings with common candour without seeing that there never lived a more ardent worshipper of every thing that is good and beautiful. Nay more,

I venture to say that, infidel as he is, those who can look below the outward form and surface will find more of the real and genuine spirit of Christianity in his poems than in the poetry of half those who are admired as moral and religious writers. What was ever conceived more truly in the spirit of Christ's doctrine than the passage in which he makes Prometheus, in order to render himself worthy of the happiness destined for him, rise superior to revenge, and recall the curse which in the first moments of his agony he had uttered against his enemy Jupiter, because, "taught by suffering," he wishes "no living thing to suffer pain." What more thoroughly Christian than the lines in the exquisite dedication of the "Revolt of Islam" to Mrs. Shelley, in which he says, in allusion to himself, that

"Suffering brought the knowledge and the power,  
Which said, *Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.*"

I mention these as a few out of many instances to enable you to judge of the candour and fairness of an age which worshipped Byron and proscribed Shelley. But truth and genius will remain long after the narrow prejudices of an age of cant and moral cowardice have passed away. I allude, therefore, to deeper and more permanent causes, when I say that Shelley's poetry, with all its beauties, can never become generally popular, or exercise any lasting influence over the minds of men. Nature had given him, with a lavish hand, poetic susceptibility, prolific fancy, a soaring imagination, a soul for melody, and all the rich and rare faculties which are necessary for the constitution of a great poet; but she had not given him the rarest of all — the power of commanding these faculties, of using them aright, and directing them all in full and harmonious action to one great end. Hence his poems want unity—his "Prometheus," his "Revolt of Islam," and, with the exception of the "Cenci," all his longer and more laborious works, are vague, unsubstantial, and unsatisfactory. They abound in the most exquisite beauties, and yet, as a whole, make no impression. They consist of a series of beautiful descriptions and brilliant passages, connected by no tie but that of some shadowy allegory, or faint outline of a philosophical system. This passion for philosophising is the rock on which he splits. Not content with following instinctively the dictates of his nature, with making his verse the mirror of all that was beautiful around him, with pouring forth his longings after ideal perfection, his visions of ideal beauty, his doubts and hopes, and inward struggles, as they arose in his mind without system or connection, with being, in short, what nature intended him for — the first lyric poet of his age — he must needs be a philosopher, and expound new views of God and human nature, and the destinies of the universe. It is a hard thing for a poet to be a philosopher. It requires a force and grasp of intellect rarely seen to preserve the balance of a richly gifted mind, and rule over without destroying the exquisite susceptibilities, the deep sympathies, and eagle-winged imagination, without which there can be no poet. It is easy to versify dry philosophical systems and sermons, easy to present false and exaggerated views of life, and write poems pervaded with personal feelings, peculiarities, and prejudice. But, to write truly philosophical poetry — poetry which, without becoming didactic and degenerating into mere versified prose, shall yet have a moral aim and significance — poetry which shall be instinct with the spirit, and pervaded with the feeling, of a lofty, religious, profound, sober, and true philosophy — is of all tasks the hardest. Modern times have produced but one philosophical poet — our own Wordsworth.

Shelley's philosophy is not only shadowy and unsubstantial, it is not even consistent. He wavers between opposite opinions — at one time a

materialist, at another he says the world "is but an idle shadow of thought's eternal flight," and advocates the wildest paradoxes of Berkeley. Nay more, he attempts to philosophise without having come to any clear or consistent decision with himself on the question which is at the bottom of all philosophy — whether God has a personal existence distinct from nature? In one place he says, "There is no God;" in another, he asks the question, — "Who made the living world and all that it contains?" and replies, "God, Almighty God." A man who is so inconsistent with himself cannot exercise any influence as a teacher over the minds of others. Beautiful, therefore, as his poetry is, it can never be what Wordsworth's poetry is to thousands — a spring of joy and hope, a source of consolation, a fountain of deepest and most serious thoughts, a something exercising influence over views and character. I may almost say, a religion. Nor, on the other hand, can Shelley ever be what Byron was — the voice of his age, the representative of the restlessness, the craving for excitement, the moody scepticism, the discontent, the impatience of cold hollow forms, of cant, humbug, and triumphant wrong, which slumbered like a smothered fire under the smooth and polished surface of society. Shelley is too imaginative, he lives too much in a world of beautiful dreams to be intelligible to the generality of readers, or exercise much influence over a coarse rough world of facts. He was also too pure and gentle, too high-minded and disinterested to play a part, to wear a mask of scorn and misanthropy, or make himself the idol of a generation, by representing its passions and prejudices. For my own part, I love Shelley as a man even more than as a poet. His character is like his poetry — the very essence of all that is beautiful, refined, generous, honourable, and disinterested; and is perhaps only more attractive for the qualities which make it less perfect, his total want of caution and worldly wisdom, and chivalrous eagerness to defy the opinion of society in the cause of oppressed truth. Byron, who was not very much given to speaking good of any one, least of all of his friends, says of Shelley, "He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal to the very letter." All accounts confirm it. No one ever knew him without loving him. Many love him who never knew him — many who knew him only as I do, from his works, feel for him as for a familiar friend, and grieve over the sad story of his untimely end. Peace be with him — may his ashes rest lightly under the green sod beside the old grey wall!

In the little burying-ground below, at the foot of the pyramid, is the grave of Keats, another true poet, though of a lower order and less power. He was cut off, poor fellow, before his genius had done more than give promise of its powers; but even in the imperfect and immature works he has left behind him, there are thoughts and passages of singular force and beauty. I read with regret the inscription which injudicious friends have put on his tombstone: it runs thus: — "This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be inscribed on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was writ on water.'" This is in bad taste; surely all bitterness should cease with the grave, and it gives a false and unworthy view of Keats's character. He desired these words to be inscribed on his tomb in the noble confidence which he felt and had a right to feel, that his published poems did not do him justice; that

had he lived he was capable of greater things; and this his friends have converted into a whining expression of unmanly complaint. The "Quarterly Review" did not kill Keats—he died of consumption. Had he lived he had mettle in him to have silenced a thousand reviewers, else was he no true poet. Of the taste, the feeling, and humanity of the attacks which embittered the last illness of a poor and friendless young man of genius, and of the disgraceful system which the Review in question introduced of violating the sacredness of private life to gratify political animosity, there is, and can be, but one opinion. No one now ventures to defend it: criticism has assumed a milder tone: it has submitted to the law of nations, and no longer wages war after the fashion of cannibals. Why, then, should the memory of the bitter spirit and atrocious outrages of former days be perpetuated where we should least wish to find them—in the abode of the dead?

ROME — MODERN SCULPTURE — CANOVA — THORWALDSEN, ETC.

I had always taken for granted, before I visited Italy, that sculpture was an art almost peculiar to the ancient world. Schlegel, and all other critics whose works I have seen, assert so positively that modern art has never produced a school of sculpture of its own, that it never occurred to me to doubt that the works of Canova and his followers were merely imitations, more or less successful, of classic models. I find I was mistaken. I find I had done injustice to the merits of a great school of art, and the genius of one of the greatest artists who ever lived. Bold as the assertion may appear, I feel convinced that the present is a golden age of sculpture, and that Canova is the greatest genius who has appeared in the art since the days of Phidias and Praxiteles. I have been perfectly astonished by the extreme beauty of all his works I have seen since I came to Italy. His Tomb of Clement XIII. in St. Peter's is a work of the very highest genius. I would not give it for the whole of the gaudy and sumptuous pile which stands over it. The Sleeping Lions are celebrated over all Europe, and deservedly. They are noble animals, and express to the very life the lazy, majestic repose of the monarch of the desert; but the Angel of Death is the triumph of Canova's genius. The imagination of man never created any thing more exquisitely beautiful and touching. With the ideal grace and beauty of an antique Apollo is combined an expression, the most tender and touching melancholy, the deepest and truest feeling, which we should seek in vain in any work of ancient art. I could not have believed it possible to put so much feeling into marble, and make it speak so directly to the heart, as Canova has done in the sad and loving look of this heavenly angel. It is a beautiful and most poetical idea to represent the genius of death mourning over a good man's grave in a form so touching and so lovely. Had he left nothing else behind him, this angel would be enough to show that Canova was a great artist, and a man of feeling heart and true genius.

But to appreciate fully the genius of Canova one must have seen how thoroughly detestable are the works of the Algardis, Berninis, and sculptors of the preceding age, and what a noble and beautiful school he has founded and left behind him.

At the great period of the revival of art in Italy the daring and original genius of Michael Angelo struck out for itself in sculpture as well as painting. Although he was an ardent admirer and profound studier of the works of ancient art, nothing can resemble them less than his own productions. Careless of ideal grace and beauty, he aims at force and energy of expression in preference, and almost to the exclusion of every thing else. His power-



ful and original character, and stern, lofty genius, stamping themselves in every thing which came from his chisel, command admiration, and make a strong impression even where they fail to please. But when his successors, without his genius and originality, attempted to imitate his style, they fell into excesses of bad taste and extravagance which are almost inconceivable. Cumbersome and heavy drapery, forced unnatural attitude, exaggerated and affected expression are the universal characteristics of modern sculpture from the time of Michael Angelo to that of Canova. It is a mistake to say there has been no peculiar and characteristic school of modern sculpture. There is hardly a church in Italy which is not full of statues of saints and martyrs conceived in a spirit directly opposed to that of classic art, and exaggerating rather than underdoing the tendency of modern art to embody spiritual ideas, profound and religious feelings; but those statues are generally so rude and clumsy, so destitute of any thing like grace, beauty, and truth, as hardly to deserve the name of works of art. Bernini, the last man of any note in this school, who died in 1680, carried its faults to their extreme limits. He appears to have been a man of considerable intellectual vigour, and rough, imperious character, a sort of little Michael Angelo in his way, but entirely destitute of all taste and perception of beauty. In his hands, and those of his successors, sculpture departed so far from any thing like grace, elegance, or nature, as to become positively painful and disgusting to look at; such, for instance, are the figures on the bridge of St. Angelo, on the façade of St. Peter's, and half those of the monuments in its interior. From this state of degradation sculpture was raised at once to a pitch of perfection surpassing any thing which had appeared in modern times by the genius of one man, a poor peasant from an obscure village in the Venetian territory. This man was Canova.

The great merit of Canova is often stated to be, that he rescued sculpture from the corruptions of the Bernini school, by going back to the antique, the only pure fountain of taste and beauty. This is partly true, but it is not the whole truth. It is true that Canova reformed sculpture by going back to the principles which are illustrated by the master-pieces of ancient art, and are the primary and indispensable conditions of the existence of a true school of sculpture. He saw, as the great artists of Greece had seen before him, that beauty is the soul of art; that in sculpture especially, elegance of form and outline are essential, and that all action too violent, all expression too marked, must be avoided as inconsistent with harmony and grace. It is true, also, that Canova was a lover and admirer of ancient art, that he often selected classical subjects, and that some of his works are conceived altogether in a classical spirit; but it would be doing him injustice to consider him merely as an imitator of the antique, or even as a restorer of the antique style. He is something more; he is the creator of a new style, which combines in a great degree the beauty of ancient with the peculiar characteristic spirit of modern art. His *Magdalene*, his *Angel of Death*, are works as original as they are beautiful.

Let me here explain distinctly what I mean when I talk of the spirit of modern art. So much has been written about ancient and modern art, about classic and romantic schools, that a very plain and easy subject has been rendered confused and unintelligible.

The art and literature of an age are always connected with its religion and philosophy: not that every particular poem or work of art is the incarnation of some philosophic truth or religious dogma, as critics of the German school are too fond of making it appear; but in a broad general way, looking at the productions of a given period as a whole, we may always trace

the influence of the same fundamental ideas and ruling principles throughout the different manifestations and developments of man's highest faculties. Now, in Greece, the ruling idea at the bottom of their philosophy, religion, art, literature, and, indeed, their whole civilisation and scheme of public and private life, was that of harmony. Their pantheistic philosophy saw not the distinction between nature and nature's God; their religion, a mere tissue of graceful rites and poetical fables, overlooked the grand division which is the very essence of all religion — the division between flesh and spirit, between the limited, the transitory and perishable, and the infinite, the eternal and immortal. Living in a happy climate, in a form of society admirably adapted for the free developement of their faculties, endowed by nature with a lively and fertile genius, physical beauty, and every faculty and means of enjoyment, the Greeks never felt, or felt but rarely, the inward struggles, the anxious questionings, the restlessness, melancholy, and discontent with the present, the gloomy fears and passionate longings for the future, which seem to characterise in an especial manner the great Germanic family, the inhabitants of ruder and less grateful climes. Thus the Greeks attained harmony, but they attained it by the sacrifice of all that is deepest and truest in man's nature — his hopes of immortality, his thirst for moral beauty, love stronger than death, affections mightier than the grave, longings after a purity, a happiness, and a goodness not to be found here on earth. Hence, with the Greeks, art was more perfect, but less profound. The ideal which they aimed at — the perfection of outward form, and a certain lofty heroic character, resulting from the perfect balance and harmony of all the powers — was possible to attain; and in the Apollo, the Aristides, and other master-pieces of their sculpture, they have attained it as perfectly and completely as it is possible to desire or conceive. With modern art the case is very different. A loftier philosophy and truer religion have clearly revealed to us the inward division which makes perfect harmony; in this life and this stage of existence a thing impossible. To us this world is but a tarrying place between the past and future. Life is not given us to enjoy — not to spend it in sitting on sunny banks crowned with chaplets of roses, singing songs of wine and love; but as a means of education, a scene of trial, a stage on which to fight our way amidst dangers and difficulties, amidst tears and sorrow, to a higher and happier state of existence on the other side of the grave.

The influence of this lofty and spiritual religion, combined with the greater depth and earnestness of nature of the great Germanic family, which on the fall of the Roman empire spread itself over the fairest portions of Europe, created a new civilisation, a new literature, and a new art. Poetry arose, less elegant and symmetrical, less perfect and complete than in the classic era, but infinitely more profound and touching, more noble and spiritual, more rich, various, and diversified; more, in short, a mirror of man and nature, and less a play of the imagination; a finished work of art, distinct and complete in itself. Art also felt the same influence; and when, after ages of barbarism, men, with the return of civilisation, began to feel once more the want of refined pleasures, the thirst for beauty, the craving for the ideal; she arose in a new form, suited to the altered spirit of the age. Mere physical beauty, mere sensual gratification, could no longer suffice. Lofty ideas had entered the mind, deep feelings had been stirred within the heart; and to these must the artist appeal if he wished to exert a deep and lasting influence; he must not be content with pleasing the senses and dazzling the imagination, he must touch the heart, and stir the spirit in its inmost depths.

Hence art became less perfect; for the ideal which it aimed at could no

longer be attained by finite means. The impressions of the outward sense could no longer be used as perfect and sufficient; they must be used as emblems and symbols of something spiritual — hints and suggestions to the imagination rather than real and definite objects in themselves. Hence, of necessity, the productions of modern art are vague and indefinite compared to those of ancient, for more is left to be filled up by the imagination. Take, for example, the instrumental symphony—the most delightful and entrancing, and most completely modern in spirit, of all productions of art; here the imagination of the listener does nearly all: the composer cannot force his ideas upon an obtuse or unwilling mind; he can only intoxicate the imagination, and throw it into a pleasurable state of excitement by the concord of sweet sounds, and then leave it to work upon the vague suggestions furnished by the rhythm and measure of the melody, and the resemblance of certain notes to those of the human voice and the sounds of nature. No two persons probably ever listened with the same ideas and feelings to a symphony of Beethoven; and yet who, with a heart to feel and ear to understand the language of music, ever listened to one without feeling that the spell of genius was upon him, and recognising amidst the enchantment and soul-dissolving sweetness of the harmony the presence of a master-mind?

The same is true, though in a less degree, with painting. Raffaele's frescoes are great dramas, which require a considerable effort of the imagination to be understood. His Madonnas please more by what they suggest than by what they positively express. Love, purity, goodness, devotion, are things which in their nature have no bounds, and can never, therefore, be perfectly represented. Are these, therefore, unfit elements for art, or is Raffaele a less genius than Phidias? It would be as wise to say that Shakspeare is a less genius than Sophocles. Raffaele has shown what the perfection of modern art is in painting. He has shown precisely how far an art, whose materials are form and colour, light and shadow, objects palpable and addressed to the outward sense, may be spiritualised and made to discourse eloquent poetry, without losing its nature and becoming shadowy and unsubstantial. He has made it a means of gratifying the sense, and at the same time embodying lofty ideas, religious aspirations, tender and touching feelings. He has done for modern art in painting what Shakspeare has done in the drama — Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven have done in music.

Sculpture, which works with form alone, and creates rather than imitates, is of all the arts the most real and tangible, and least suggestive. It was, therefore, of all forms the most congenial to the spirit, and best adapted for the purposes of ancient art. For the same reason it was apparently unsuited for the peculiar requisites of modern art; and the repeated failures which signalled the attempts to create a new style of sculpture on the revival of art in Italy had produced a sort of conviction in the minds of most writers on the subject of art, that a modern school of sculpture was a thing impossible. I feel convinced that Canova has shown this notion to be unfounded, and that in a very few years it will be generally admitted that he has solved the problem of creating a sculpture which satisfies the requisites both of that province of art and of the spirit of modern times. He has done so, it appears to me, in this way. Feeling that sculpture is in its nature more finite and definite than painting, he has not attempted to embody soaring and spiritual ideas, or represent dramatic pictures of character, passion, and intellect. He saw that such attempts could lead only to a sort of barbarous stone-painting, rather than true sculpture, and that in an art so outward and sensual, beauty of form and outline, grace, harmony, and elegance,

must ever be essential and primary requisites. He saw also, or perhaps felt rather than saw, with the eye of a critic or philosopher, that the cold, classic elegance of the antique was insufficient for the requisites of modern art, and that the mere imitation of Apollos and Venuses could never create a sculpture worthy to take its place beside the sister arts of painting, music, and poetry. How to unite moral beauty to physical, how to make his statues touching and expressive, and at the same time preserve harmony: this was his problem, and he solved it thus. Driven by the nature of his art from the fields of high ideal conception and dramatic character, he took refuge, if I may so express it, in the poetry of the affections. Though intellectual character and expression cannot be infused into sculpture, without destroying its beauty, sentiment may. Though the mere soaring and ideal aspirations of Christianity can scarcely be embodied by an art so palpable and definite, it is possible to represent its softer and gentler feelings, its tenderness, its humility, its kindness, meekness, and love. This Canova has done. His Magdalene, drooping like a broken flower, the very image of a humble and contrite spirit — his lovely Angel, with his sad and earnest look of touching melancholy — are visions of a poetry as true, as tender, and as perfectly Christian in character, as that which inspired Raffaële. Even in classical subjects, where of course he adheres more closely to the style and manner of the ancients, he infuses a degree of tenderness and sentiment which are completely modern. Where, among the works of ancient sculpture, shall we look for any thing like the sweet sisterly affection which gives such a charm to his group of the Graces; where, for the clinging, confiding fondness, and winning look of cordial love, with which his Venus hangs upon her Mars? where, for such a pure, delicate, and graceful picture of youthful innocent love, as in his charming group of Cupid and Psyche?

Another proof that Canova's genius really opened out the true direction of modern sculpture may be found in the excellence of the school which he left behind him. I have spent a good deal of time in the studios of different artists since I have been in Rome, and have been perfectly astonished at the beauty of the sculpture I have seen. I must frankly confess I have derived at least as much pleasure from the works of this school of modern sculpture as from the antiques. Not that they are so perfect or well executed, but that they are conceived in a spirit which I can better enter into and understand. It is only by an effort that I can throw off the man of the nineteenth century, and become a Greek, to gaze on the Apollo. And then only imperfectly, for I have nothing to spur the sides of my imagination but faint classical recollections. With Canova's sculpture on the other hand, and that of his school, I feel myself at home; I see ideas such as I am already familiar with in poetry, conceptions such as I myself should try to embody, if fate had made me an artist.

After Canova, Thorwaldsen is the most famous sculptor of the new school. He can hardly be said, perhaps, to belong strictly and properly to Canova's school; for he has taken much more the line of a close imitation of the antique. Indeed I observe generally among the modern sculptors of Rome that those only who have been bred in Canova's studio work in what I call the distinctive spirit of modern art; the others adhere more closely to the antique. Thorwaldsen's studio contains casts of all his celebrated works. To judge from these, I should say he was rather a man of elegant and refined taste than original genius. He excels in bas-relief. The famous frieze of Alexander's Triumph is, I should think, by many degrees the most successful imitation of the true Greek style which has ever been produced. His Day

and Night are very beautiful and poetical creations; and many of his smaller pieces are very graceful and elegant. But in his larger works, and especially when he attempts to tread the same ground as Canova, and grapple with the subjects of modern art, he disappointed me. His Christ and Apostles struck me as tame and formal, without beauty, character, or originality; and his Tomb of Pius VII. in St. Peter's will not stand a moment's comparison with Canova's Tomb of Clement. Our countryman, Gibson, is one of the most distinguished sculptors of the present day at Rome. His statues are remarkable for their classic elegance; indeed I should say that no modern artist, with the single exception of Thorwaldsen, and he only in bas-relief, has caught so much of the true classic style and spirit as Gibson. From all I hear Gibson is one of those rare characters in these degenerate days—a true artist—one who works for fame and from genuine love of art, and not for money.

The studio which gave me most pleasure was that of Tadolini, a Bolognese sculptor, and pupil of Canova's, where I saw some works little inferior to those of the great master himself. I was struck by the exceeding truth and distinctness of the expression in all the works I saw of this sculptor. He is engaged at present on a colossal work—a monument of an Indian princess, or Begum, who died lately, professing the Catholic faith, and whose son has come to Europe in compliance with the directions of her will, and ordered this monument to be placed in a cathedral which she built somewhere in the province of Bengal. A figure of an old man, emblematic, I believe, of time or eternity, which Tadolini had just modelled in clay for this monument, struck me as one of the most sublime things I had ever seen. Rainaldi, another pupil of Canova's, pleased me much. I saw in his studio a beautiful Joan of Arc, and a Madonna, to which I can give no higher praise than by saying, that she struck me as having quite a Raffaellesque air. The most exquisite and beautiful thing, however, which I saw in the whole range of modern sculpture was a bas-relief called the Flavian Amphitheatre, by Tenerani, also I believe a pupil of Canova's. It represents the martyrdom of two young Christians, a brother and sister, exposed in the Colosseum to be torn to pieces by wild beasts. The keeper is just raising the door of the tiger's den, and the young man and his sister stand locked in one another's arms, waiting their fate in silent resignation. Nothing can be conceived more exquisitely beautiful than these two figures, and the picture of true and touching affection, which in that moment of agony seems to make each feel for the other only. If sculpture can be made the means of speaking thus forcibly to the heart, and filling the mind with images of moral beauty at the same time that it delights the eye, it is indeed a noble art, and worthy to resume its place by the side of painting and poetry.

And now farewell to Rome, but not farewell to art. I go to Florence, where fresh treasures await me, and where the Venus and Nipbe will, I hope, repay me for the loss of the Vatican. I have been in Rome just six weeks, and have enjoyed it to the utmost; and yet, strange to say, such is the craving for novelty and excitement which travelling creates, that I feel almost glad at the prospect of leaving it.

FLORENCE — JOURNEY FROM ROME — TERNI — THRASIMENE — CONTRAST BETWEEN THE ROMAN STATES AND TUSCANY — TUSCAN GOVERNMENT — FLORENCE — STE. CROCE — GALILEO, ETC.

THANK Heaven I find myself once more in a civilised country. Tuscany differs as widely from the Roman states as England from the poorest parts

of Ireland. Florence, in all the comforts, decencies, and blessings of civilisation, is a century before Rome, and five centuries, at least, before Naples. I came here with a vetturino from Rome, taking five days and a half to perform a distance of about two hundred miles. It was miserable work, the weather cold and rainy, the inns dirty and comfortless, and the annoyance of beggars, until the last day, when we got into the Tuscan dominions, incessant and intolerable. No one who has not visited Italy could believe what a serious drawback on the enjoyment of the traveller is experienced from the infliction of beggary, and the spectacle constantly before his eyes of human misery, knavery, and degradation. When I first entered the Roman states from Naples, I was impressed with a somewhat favourable idea of the papal government. The people, though rude, poor, and uncivilised, did not appear so utterly abject and miserable as their Neapolitan neighbours. At Rome, also, though the lower orders were an idle set of raggamuffins, I saw nothing like the squalid destitution of the lazaroni at Naples. The pope's government contrasted with the brutal despotism of Naples appeared almost mild, paternal, and enlightened. There was no offensive display of military force — an effective police, a national guard, and evidently some attention to the comfort and happiness of the people shown, by throwing open museums, public walks and gardens, for their amusement. The people also seemed, as far as I was able to judge, to be contented with the government; and the memory of some of their late rulers, especially of the excellent Pius VII. and his minister Cardinal Gonsalvi, was held in affectionate remembrance among all classes. These favourable impressions were, however, a good deal diminished by the misery and poverty which I saw every where in my journey from Rome to the Tuscan frontier. The towns through which we passed, Civita Castellana, Terni, Spolto, Foligno, and Perugia, yield but little to Naples and Capua in the palm of wretchedness. The people appear sullen and discontented; and I heard every where complaints that taxes were excessive, and the resources of the provinces wasted in supporting the gorgeous priesthood and idle population of the metropolis. It is remarkable, that as we quit the desolate and unhealthy district of the Campagna, and ascend upon the healthy and comparatively well-peopled and well-cultivated slopes of the Apennines, the condition of the people evidently becomes worse. Labour in the thinly-peopled district is no doubt more valuable, and the fear of the malaria keeps the labour market always understocked.

We took the upper road by Perugia, in order to see the Fall of Terni and the scenery of the Apennines. I was disappointed in both. The Apennines in this part of the chain have nothing of the bold, commanding character of Alpine scenery: they are tame, round-topped hills, covered with vineyards, olive plantations, and vegetation, almost to the summit. The rock is of a soft, yielding nature, and seldom appears above the soil; and but for the occasional appearance of snow, the traveller would never suspect that he was among a chain of lofty mountains. The character of the Fall of Terni is beauty rather than sublimity. I saw it to disadvantage on a dull, rainy day; but I can easily imagine that in the bright sunshine there would be few sights more beautiful than to watch the white foaming stream fall like an avalanche of snow from the green-wooded height above into the cloud of mist and spray below, and mark the sunbeams spanning the torrent like an arch, and lighting up the gulf of waters with prismatic colours. But the mere water, unless it be a mighty river which falls as at Niagara, is but one item in the scene; and the surrounding scenery here, though tolerably wild and picturesque, wants grandeur. The fall of the Nevis, in the stern,

savage glen behind Fort William, though not a tenth part of the height of this of Terni, is infinitely more impressive. We stopped a night at the little village of Passignano, on the Thrasimene lake, the scene of Hannibal's victory. The traditions of the battle are still preserved among the peasantry. A respectable-looking man, whom I saw smoking his cigar before his door, pointed out to me the defile by which the Roman army entered the plain between the hills and the lake and the height, still called by the peasantry Hannibal's camp, from which the Carthaginian came down. We afterwards got into conversation on the present state of the country. My informant complained bitterly of the government: he said they were ground to the dust by taxes to raise money to fight the battles of Don Carlos in Spain, and had no means of earning any thing, as industry was fettered by all manner of monopolies and restrictions. I was amused by a trait of old Etruscan nationality which I should hardly have expected. Pointing to some distant hills, — there he said was Clusium — there lived Porsenna, *il gran bravo re*, who conquered the rascals of Romans and took their city. It would be curious to conjecture how he had got hold of the amended version of the story, which makes Porsenna actually capture Rome. Niebuhr can hardly have penetrated so far as Passignano.

A few miles further on we entered the Tuscan territory. The change is past all belief. From a savage, half-civilised country of miserable serfs the scene changes at once to a smiling, happy land of comfort, peace, and plenty. The soil is cultivated like a garden; the peasantry are good-looking, good-humoured, respectable, and neatly dressed; the roads excellent; the inns clean and comfortable; the country studded with villages, villas, and farm-houses. At Incisa, the first little town where we stopped, I observed a circulating library, a philharmonic café, shops, chimneys, glass windows, and all the other little indications of civilisation which we are accustomed to see in country towns in England. Here also the people seem to have regular habits of industry. The population of the towns and villages are no longer seen begging after carriages, grovelling in the mud, or lounging about in the sun wrapped up in ragged cloaks: they are all busy in their different occupations, and actively employed.

The contrast between the countries I had left behind me and that which I now entered impressed me with a strong sense of the importance of civilisation and good government as a means of promoting not only the moral and intellectual welfare of a people, but also their physical condition and happiness. Instead of the wild, sullen, poverty-stricken and care-worn aspect of the peasants, or rather serfs, in the southern states, the Tuscan peasants have smiling, cheerful faces, and go to their morning's labour carolling like the lark. This is the first part of Italy in which I have heard much singing among the common people. In the south they appear too miserable and dejected to think of singing, but here the labourer sings in the fields, the weaver at the loom, the women at their household work. In the walks near Florence, and on the quays of the Arno, I constantly meet of an evening parties of young lads and lasses and working people singing in chorus. The difference is most striking in the appearance of the women. It has been well said, that whatever doubts ingenious philosophers may contrive to raise as to the benefit of civilisation to the male portion of the race, there can be but one opinion as to its effect on the happiness of the other half. This is most strikingly confirmed by what I see here. In the states of Rome and Naples the women of the lower orders are dull, toil-worn drudges, coarse and hard-featured from labouring under a burning sun and doing the work of men, and so miserable as to have lost, what in civilised

countries woman rarely loses in the last stage of degradation, all care or regard for personal appearance. You may see occasionally fine faces in the streets of Rome, but, taken as a whole, the female population of the Roman, and in a still more marked degree of the Neapolitan states, are infinitely below the standard of beauty in England, Scotland, or even France. In Tuscany, on the other hand, the common women are remarkably good-looking, as much so, I think, as in the counties of England most celebrated for female beauty, and have an air of elegance and refinement superior to any thing I have seen elsewhere in the same condition of life. The peasant girls of the Val d'Arno, who come into Florence on fêtes and holydays, are so neat, delicate, and lady-like in their appearance, that it is really difficult to distinguish them from ladies. Silk gowns are quite common among them, and their shoes and stockings are always of the most scrupulous neatness and cleanness. Indeed, I am greatly struck by the refinement, the softness and courtesy of manner, and what I may call the gentility of all classes in Tuscany. It is not the artificial politeness of the French, but something far more graceful and pleasing, which seems to be the natural manifestation of a mild, gentle, harmonious disposition. I saw the other evening a grand fair in the Cascine, or Grand Duke's Park, on the banks of the Arno, where from fifteen to twenty thousand persons of the lower and middle classes were collected. There were tents and booths in the open air, and plenty of eating and drinking, music and dancing, song, laughter, and merriment as at an English fair; but in the whole of the vast crowd I did not see a single instance of drunkenness, of impropriety or indelicacy, of coarseness or vulgarity, or even of rude and boisterous mirth. It was quite an Arcadian fête: fathers with their children, husbands with their wives, lovers with their sweethearts, sitting on the grass under the fresh foliage, and seasoning their merry meal with song and jest and light-hearted laughter. They are a happy people these Tuscans: they live in a delicious climate, in a land of peace and plenty, under a mild, paternal government. The advocates of absolute monarchy should look to Tuscany for arguments; and as far as the mere enjoyment of life is concerned I should not be inclined to dispute with them that the Tuscans are on the average better off than the inhabitants of England; but it should be remembered that moral and intellectual progress are objects of still greater importance than happiness, and that Tuscany is only one instance. An average struck between Tuscany and Naples would place the level of absolutism far below that of constitutional countries even in respect of mere physical happiness.

It must be admitted, however, that Tuscany could scarcely have risen so rapidly to her present prosperous condition in any other way, as under the paternal administration of the grand dukes of the Lorrain family. Her improvement dates from their accession in 1738, the family of the Medicis having become extinct. At this period Tuscany was in a most deplorable state — industry extinct, agriculture declining, fertile tracts becoming uninhabitable morasses, crime increasing, and the people miserable, and oppressed by two centuries of grievous misgovernment. Fortunately for Tuscany, Leopold was a man of the most benevolent disposition and enlightened mind. In every thing relating to the science of government he appears to have been singularly in advance of the age in which he lived, and to have been enabled, by the mere unassisted goodness of his heart, and candour and liberality of his mind, to anticipate, in a most remarkable degree, the discoveries of modern philosophy. His first measures were to establish a mild and simple code of laws, to remove all restrictions on industry, to found schools in every commune, to repeal a multitude of



oppressive and unproductive taxes, to proclaim freedom of commerce, and to encourage the division of estates, and the extension of agriculture. The two last measures may be looked upon in an economical point of view as the leading features of the system which has raised Tuscany so rapidly to her present state of prosperity. In his tariff of 1781, Leopold declares his object to be "the establishment of perfect freedom of commerce in the articles most necessary to human existence, and the right to exercise every trade and manufacture without molestation." The products and manufactures of foreign countries were admitted without restriction, on the payment of very moderate duties, and every attempt at bolstering up monopolies and private interests at home abandoned. The Tuscan government have ever since continued to act on those enlightened principles, and the result cannot be better stated than in the words of Count Fessembroni, one of the Tuscan ministers, and a distinguished writer on economical subjects: — "Free trade has led to a vast extension of cultivation, a great increase of buildings and inhabitants in town and country, the establishment of new manufactures, an enormous developement of the growth of silk, a very considerable augmentation in the consumption of the necessaries and luxuries of life, a general rise in wages, and an universal sentiment of growing prosperity."

The other great measure of Leopold's policy was the improvement of agriculture, and the creation of a numerous body of peasant proprietors. To effect this, he gave every encouragement to the sale and subdivision of landed property, and entered into extensive measures for reclaiming the waste lands of the Maremma, by granting them out in small portions to cultivators of the working classes, as perpetual lessees, subject to the payment of a nominal quit rent. The present grand duke has persevered in these measures; and the subdivision of landed property has been further aided by the sale of large estates belonging to convents and ecclesiastical bodies, and the operation of the Tuscan law of inheritance, by which land is equally divided among the male children; so that, at the present time, the large proportion of 48 out of 100 of the whole number of families in Tuscany are proprietors of land. Of the remaining part of the population, a large number are in fact joint proprietors with the landlord, being tenants under the *metayer* system — a system which, in this district, works much better for the tenant than for the owner of the land.

How completely these measures have succeeded in improving the condition, and raising the character of the peasantry, and diffusing comfort, happiness, and civilisation throughout the country generally, is, as I have already observed, apparent to the traveller the moment he enters the Tuscan territory, and is confirmed by the testimony of every writer who has examined the subject. The memory of Leopold, the good duke, as he is still affectionately called in Tuscany, well deserves to be held in veneration as one of the most enlightened, benevolent, and successful benefactors of the human race who ever existed.

The view of the Val d'Arno, looking down on Florence, from Fiesole, or any of the little heights in the neighbourhood, is a perfect picture of a peaceful, happy, smiling scene of nature, adorned and cultivated by the art and industry of man. Bosomed in among the bare brown Apennines, the valley is one carpet of richest green, studded with white houses, villas, and villages, in the midst of which stands the fair city, with her proud dome, her lofty belfry towers, her spacious quays, her bridges, her palaces, her churches and convents. The heights around are covered with the vine, the olive, and the mulberry, and crowned each with its picturesque village,

old church tower, or monastery. The city itself is the cleanest and most delightful I ever saw; full of objects of art and interest, picturesque, and yet abounding with the comforts and luxuries of civilisation — good shops, excellent hotels, brilliant cafés, book-stalls, reading-rooms, libraries, museums, beautiful public gardens, delightful walks in the neighbourhood — every thing, in short, to make a residence agreeable. It has another advantage, it is the cheapest place I was ever in. Money goes, at the very lowest computation, twice as far as in Rome, and three times as far as in Naples. The paul, which is worth about 5*d.*, is fully equivalent to the franc in France.

Florence has been called the Athens of Italy. It deserves the name, both as the fruitful mother of great men, and from the superiority of taste which characterises every thing, from its cathedral down to the ribands and straw hats of its peasant girls. The church architecture here appears infinitely superior to that of Rome. The old Duomo has a solemn stately grandeur about it, which pleases me much. Though much smaller than St. Peter's, it is much more imposing and majestic: it is the first church I have seen in Italy the effect of which struck me as religious — as what a Christian place of worship ought to be. The dome also, by Brunelleschi, struck me as by far the best dome I had ever seen, the only dome, in fact, which harmonised with the building on which it stood, and seemed as if it was a necessary part of it. Beside the cathedral stands Giotto's bell-tower, a lofty, slender, square tower, of the most beautiful workmanship, and the most light, elegant, and airy appearance. These campaniles, as they are called, are common features in the landscape of this part of Italy, and have a very beautiful effect; this of Giotto's is as slender and delicate as a piece of filigree-work — it is astonishing how it can stand. The cathedral and tower are both constructions of the fourteenth century. Close by is the baptistery, an octagonal building of a very early period, supposed by some to have been a temple of Mars prior to the introduction of Christianity. It is chiefly remarkable for Ghiberti's bronze doors, which Michael Angelo used to say deserved to have been the gates of Paradise — they are indeed most beautiful and astonishing works. The principal door, that facing the cathedral, is divided into ten compartments, in each of which a story from the Old Testament is represented in alto and bas-relief. It would be little to say of these wonderful productions, that as works of the beginning of the fifteenth century they are infinitely superior to any thing to be found in the painting of that period — they are positively the finest representations of scriptural subjects, and noblest specimens of Christian art extant, with the exception of the frescoes of Raffaello. Not only in genius of conception, but in freedom of attitude, correctness of design, force and truth of expression, these bronze bas-reliefs may vie with the masterpieces of the greatest painters. It is quite incomprehensible to me how such works should have been produced at such a period, and how the art of sculpture, at that time so very far ahead of that of painting, should have fallen, for centuries after, into such a deep and hopeless decline.

One of my first tasks on my arrival in Florence was to seek Santa Croce's holy precincts, where the bones of the illustrious dead repose — Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci: what a host of mighty names has this little state of Florence given to the world! How much more has it influenced the course of civilisation than the mighty empire of China, with its unnumbered millions! Nor is she great alone in literature and art: she boasts another name, greater, perhaps, than any I have mentioned — the father of science, the martyr of true philosophy, the

"starry Galileo." What discovery can be compared to that which disclosed the mystery of the heavens, and taught man his true place as a speck and atom amidst the immensity of creation? What mortal ever enjoyed such a moment as Galileo when he turned his newly-invented telescope towards the heavens, and saw new worlds rise before his eye? What though he underwent troubles and persecutions in his lifetime, and was the victim of ignorant and stupid bigotry? His troubles have passed away, but his name shines, and will for ever shine, like a star through the night of time. Nay more, these very sufferings have been the means of investing the name of Galileo with a brighter halo than could have been earned by mere discoveries in science; for science, unless connected with higher objects and linked to the moral significance and destinies of the universe, is cold and lifeless. The astronomer or mathematician can never hope to live like the poet in the hearts of men. But the name of Galileo, thanks to the impotent malice of his persecutors, is associated not only with discoveries in science, but with the triumph of light over darkness, truth over prejudice, philosophy over superstition. Who when he has seen wrong for a time triumphant, and heard the howl of bigotry and party spirit silence the small still voice of truth, has not said with the Tuscan sage, *E pur se muove?* and yet it *does* move. And as surely as the earth on which we tread moves on through the realms of space, so surely do the destinies embarked upon it move on through time to their appointed end, whatever the clamours of interested ignorance may say to the contrary. This association of Galileo's name with the cause of truth gives it to me a greater charm than that of Newton himself; and when I entered the church of Santa Croce, I turned with more reverence to his monument than to those of Dante, Angelo, or any of his illustrious countrymen. The monuments themselves in Santa Croce are remarkable chiefly for the names they bear. That of Alfieri by Canova is incomparably the best; but it appears to me the least favourable specimen of Canova's genius I have seen.

FLORENCE — FINE ARTS — NIÖBE — GREEK TRAGEDY — VENUS — CANOVA'S VENUS — ETRUSCAN STATUES — RAFFAELLE'S VISION OF EZEKIEL — LEONARDO'S MEDUSA — MICHAEL ANGELO'S FATES — RAFFAELLE AND MURILLO'S MADONNAS.

FLORENCE divides the empire of art with Rome. The Venus and Niobe are no less famous than the Laocoon and Apollo, and the public galleries here dispute the palm with the Vatican itself. In one respect they are superior, namely, in the indiscriminating liberality with which they are thrown open to the public. The Vatican is only open to the public for a few hours on one day of the week, at other times you must pay for admission; but here the public gallery is open every day to all classes, low as well as high, and the attendants are strictly prohibited from accepting any gratuity; and not only the public gallery, but the Grand Duke's private collection of pictures, in the Pitti Palace where he resides, is thrown open with the same liberality. This good prince seems to consider his house, his pictures, his gardens, and every thing he possesses, as trusts held by him for the public use, and to seek no other greatness than the power of making his subjects happy.

The noblest monument of ancient art which Florence possesses — perhaps I should not be wrong if I were to say the noblest in the whole world — is the Niobe. This group is to the drama of Greece what the Apollo is to her mythology, and the Aristides to her history and real life. I cannot

better characterise these three master-pieces, than by calling them a tragedy of Sophocles, a hymn of Homer, and an oration of Demosthenes, embodied in marble. The Niobe is a work conceived precisely in the spirit of the "Œdipus" or "Electra;" the fundamental idea is the same — that of sufferings more than human, borne with more than mortal energy, and harmonised by the power of the heroic soul within into beauty, calmness, and grandeur. The tragedy of the Greeks is based on one idea — that of the struggle of man with fate — a struggle always hopeless, but dignified by the heroism of the resistance. A hero, superior to the race of common mortals, exerting all his faculties in a manly struggle against over-ruling destiny, and when they fail him, folding his robe about him and lying down with dignity to die, is the ideal of Greek tragedy. It is strange how this dark and dim feeling of an overhanging destiny mixed itself with the sunny fictions of their light fantastic mythology, and ever and anon came across them like a dark thunder cloud on a summer's day. In Æschylus we find the feeling shadowed forth in all its terrible sublimity. Fate — resistless fate — hangs, like a menacing cloud, over his colossal heroes and Titans; and Jupiter himself, the father of the gods, trembles like a child in the presence of eternal destiny. No sculpture, no art, could embody the spirit of these vast but indistinct conceptions. In Sophocles the same idea exists, no longer Titanic and colossal, no longer rude and indistinct, but softened and harmonised into an artistical shape by the spirit of harmony and beauty. His heroes are no longer vast phantoms of gods and Titans, but human beings — beings, it is true, more bright and beautiful, more energetic and powerful, than the common race of mortals, but still human — agitated by human passions, and striving by human means for human ends.

And such precisely is the Niobe. In the deep, though silent, anguish of her look, and the crouching attitude with which she bends over the daughter who has flown to her arms for refuge, as if to shelter her with her own body from the pitiless, pelting storm of deadly arrows, we read the feelings of a mortal — the agony of a mother's heart. But her sorrow is grand and majestic; there is a pride and power in her curled lip and the upturned look with which she upbraids the gods for their cruel vengeance. In that extreme moment of agony dignity and grace do not desert her; her grief has nothing violent, nothing exaggerated; and calm majestic beauty triumphs over terror and despair. Grand, however, and beautiful as the mother is, it is only by considering the group as a whole that we can form any adequate idea of the genius of the artist. This requires a little time and study, as the statues of the children are scattered round the room without any attempt at order or arrangement. At length, however, I succeeded in arranging the figures in my mind, as I believe them to have stood originally in the pediment of some ancient temple, and forming a satisfactory conception of the meaning and effect of the whole. The same spirit reigns over the whole group which animates the central figure of Niobe — terror, grief, and despair harmonised by beauty. The sculptor, however, has varied the shades of expression with infinite skill, making it most lovely and natural in the younger children, and rising by degrees to the full heroic majesty of the mother. The expression of terror in the Pædagogos, or tutor, is still more violent than in the children, and rises to a height which might be thought more appropriate to the modern than the ancient drama: indeed, the stage-struck attitude and expression reminded me of prints I have seen of Kean in the character of Richard. This figure is no doubt introduced as a foil to the heroic character of the group, and intended to show how a mere ordinary mortal would have felt on such an occasion. It is remarkable, as showing clearly

that the Greek artists knew well how to give the full force and height of natural expression, and that if they generally abstained from doing so, it was not from ignorance, but in obedience to certain fixed rules and principles of art. The expression of the different children is also admirably shaded off, from simple fear and the instinct of self-preservation in the youngest, up to a deeper feeling of sympathy with their mother, and sorrow for the brother who lies dead at their feet, which blends itself with the terror of the elder children. The youngest run for shelter to their mother — the eldest stand still to meet their fate with something of her own pride and dignity. The family resemblance between the mother and the elder daughters may also be mentioned, as an instance of the extreme care with which the sculptor attended to the minutest circumstance which could heighten the impression and give additional truth and pathos to the effect. Take it all in all, I am inclined to give this group the palm over every thing I have seen in the way of ancient art. If there be an exception, it must be for the Aristides, as embodying a moral grandeur superior to any greatness which has its origin in the imagination alone. A visit to the academy of *belle arts*, where they have casts of all the celebrated statues of antiquity, confirmed me in this impression — that the Aristides and Niobe are very decidedly the noblest works of ancient art which the world possesses.

If the Niobe be the grandest, Canova's Venus is beyond comparison the most beautiful statue I ever saw. She is a perfect model of grace and feminine beauty. Delicate as a budding rose, she unites all the charm of soft flowing outline, polished limb, and harmonious proportion, to the flexible, elastic lightness of a sylph. Her head is a model of classic elegance — the head of a youthful nymph haunting "shady grove or sunny stream," — and set with the most enchanting turn on her graceful swan-like neck. And yet, lovely as she is, and perfect as a model of faultless symmetry, it is not so much the animal beauty which charms as the soul and expression. Shrinking and sensitive as the flower which folds its leaves when the hand of man approaches, she stands before us the very essence of feminine delicacy, the image of the instinctive modesty which gives beauty its highest charm, fixed and embodied in the pure and spotless marble. I have heard this divine statue likened to a Parisian opera dancer, and censured as affected. I know little of opera dancers, but I venture to say, you might search the opera houses of the whole world and not find a form of such exquisite symmetry, if indeed it ever dwelt on earth, or had any being save in the glowing imagination of the poet-sculptor. As for affectation, those who can think this Venus affected must be so themselves, or must have had their natural taste corrupted by too long study of the heartless, soulless antiques. For what is affectation? Is it not falsehood? is it not the wish to express something which is not true to our nature, or to conceal something which is? And is it false, is it untrue to the purest and simplest nature, that a young and lovely female, rising from the bath, should fold her arms over her bosom and clasp her drapery closer to her, and shrink from the very air which touches her, although she knows no eye is near to gaze upon her beauty? Is this less natural than that she should stand, like her famous namesake the Medicean Venus, in a stiff, formal attitude, without feeling, without expression, as if she had been put on a pedestal for the sculptor to model from? This famous statue utterly disappointed me. I am at a loss to conceive how it has obtained its high reputation, and how it could ever have been classed with such works as the Apollo, the Niobe, and Aristides. I should be half afraid of giving such a decided opinion, lest I should be suspected of the folly of wishing to appear wiser than the rest of the world

by the affectation of singularity ; but after all, our first duty is to see with our own eyes, and give our own honest, unbiassed, unsophisticated opinion. Moreover, in this case, I did distrust my own judgment, and tried hard to bring it into conformity with that of the world, and admire the Venus ; for I would rather infinitely enjoy the pleasure of admiring a fine work of art than the petty gratification of being thought wiser than my neighbours by finding fault. I came also prepared to admire, from the recollection of Byron's glowing lines, and the raptures of innumerable travellers. When I put my hand on the door of the Tribune I felt quite a fluttering of the heart, and stopped a moment before I could gain courage to enter this sanctuary of art, and stand in the divine presence of the goddess of love. The first glance disenchanted me. I saw no goddess at all, but an ordinary female figure, without soul, without feeling, without expression, with a head preposterously too small, and arms in the stiffest and most awkward position conceivable. How different was it with Canova's goddess. I entered the Pitti Palace without a tenth part of the expectation or intention to admire, and at the first glance a thrill of surprise and delight tingled through my whole frame like an electric shock. But I was determined not to give up the Medicis Venus without a fair trial, so I went back day after day, and tried to find beauties, and persuade myself into liking it ; but in vain. At the end of three weeks I like it less than I did at first, and feel convinced that it has no claim whatever to be considered as a first-rate statue.

There is no such thing as demonstration in matters of taste ; but I think I can give good and sufficient reasons to justify me in this opinion. Bear in mind the distinction which pervades all ancient art between the high ideal style which represents gods and heroes, and embodies the elevated conceptions of poetry, and the common sensual style which aims at nothing higher than the imitation of outward nature, and the representation of the human form under pleasing, graceful, and voluptuous forms. This distinction is very apparent in the ancient Venuses. The Venus Victrix, for instance, at Naples, is a fine specimen of the heroic style — the style of the Niobe and Apollo. Her beauty is lofty and majestic — the beauty of a goddess, and not of a mere mortal. The Townley Venus, in the British Museum, is another Venus of the same class. But the Venus de Medicis has nothing in common with this class. There is nothing ideal, nothing poetical about her ; her merit, such as it is, consists in the finished imitation of animal beauty of form. Even if this were perfect, it could never entitle her, according to my ideas of art, to rank with the masterpieces of the higher style. I should as soon think of ranking Titian's Venus above the Transfiguration. However, even in this lower line of animal beauty, she is far from perfect. The head is unnaturally small, the arms and hands, which have been restored, are in the last degree awkward ; the neck, which, in a statue representing female beauty, ought to be one of the chief charms, is, like the head, too small for the body ; so that, notwithstanding the finished elegance of the workmanship, and the charm of the soft creamy Parian marble, I think, as an animal beauty, the Venus of the Capitol surpasses the Medicean. As for comparing her to Canova's, it is out of the question. According to our modern ideas of beauty, the one is a goddess, the other a very ordinary mortal. I suspect, however, the Greeks had a different standard of beauty. Their ideas of women were somewhat Turkish. The spiritual, romantic love of modern times was a thing unknown to them. I have no doubt, therefore, they judged of beauty much more by animal form, and less by sentiment and expression. We look at the face and general expression first. I have heard connoisseurs on female beauty cry up the

charms of a slender waist or well-turned ankle, but I never yet saw a ball-room where the pleasing face and winsome look did not carry the day against the fine figure. I dare say it would have been otherwise with the Greeks. It is possible they might have preferred their own Venus to that of Canova.

The Florence Gallery contains many fine statues beside those I have mentioned. The group of the Wrestlers in the Tribune is a masterpiece for wonderful knowledge of anatomy, expression of intense effort, and tension of every nerve and muscle, and the sharpness, fire, and decision which characterise the Greek chisel. I prefer it myself to the Laocoon; the subject is less painful, and the execution, as far as I am a judge, equally wonderful. The Apollino in the Tribune is an exquisite little statue, in the same style of perfect finish as the Venus, but much more elegant and graceful. The Dancing Faun is a wonderful statue, in a lower line of poetry than gods and heroes, but still poetical, full of life and frolic and quaint joyous nature. The Arrotino I did not see, as it had been removed from the Tribune for the purpose of taking a cast. There are many other fine statues. The average of the sculpture here far exceeds that of Rome. The Medicis have been the first collectors in the field, and picked up the best works before their value was generally known. Among the rest a colossal head, called, I know not why, the head of Alexander, struck me as exceedingly fine. The expression is that of most intense agony, harmonised, as in the Niobe, into godlike beauty.

I was astonished at the excellence of the Etruscan sculpture. There are three bronze Etruscan statues here — an Orator, a Minerva, and a Mercury, or young man — each very superior to the average of Greek statues. In life and nature, ease of attitude, and exact imitation of the human form, they are little, if at all inferior, to the finest works of Greece. There seems to me, however, a slight difference in character — they are not so ideal, not pitched in quite such a high key. The Minerva, for instance, uses more action than I ever saw in a Greek Minerva, and has more the air of a queen haranguing her army than of a goddess. The Orator is altogether a portrait, and full of character and individuality. To judge from these statues, I should say that the Etruscan school has stood in much the same relation to the Greek as the Spanish school of painting does to the Italian. This much is certain, that the Etruscans were the only people of the ancient world who possessed the spirit of art in a degree at all comparable to the Greeks. And who and what were these Etruscans, who rivalled Greece in art, and from whom Rome borrowed her religion, her civil institutions, and even the military tactics which made her mistress of the world? Their history is lost, and their very language has perished from the face of the earth, or is preserved only in a few inscriptions, which antiquaries pronounce it more hopeless to decipher than the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Whatever their origin may have been — Pelasgic, Chaldaean, or, what seems more likely, aboriginal, that is to say, lost in the night of time — they were one of the most remarkable nations of antiquity. It is a singular fact, that of the great painters of Italy, a very large proportion were born at Florence, Bologna, or some other part of the ancient Etruscan territory, while Rome, the centre of government, the capital of the Christian world, the place to which artists flocked from all parts of Italy, never produced a single man of eminence in art, or indeed a single artist whose name is known, with the solitary exception of Giulio Romano, a third-rate painter. If we divide Italy into two nearly equal parts, by a line drawn through it a little to the north of Rome, along the old frontier, between the Roman and

Etruscan territories, we should find that, with the single exception of Tasso, who was born at Sorrento, but whose parents came from the north of Italy, and of Pergolisi, and one or two other great musicians, born likewise in the neighbourhood of Naples, all that is famous in Italian art, literature, and science, has come from the northern half. And it was the same in the time of ancient Rome. Her most distinguished poets, orators, and historians came from municipal towns chiefly in the north of Italy — Virgil from Mantua, Livy from Padua, and Tacitus from Terni. It would be easy to make theories to account for this, by referring it to the influence of air, climate, or race, but I prefer giving it as a singular fact, which I do not pretend to explain.

To return to the galleries: — there are, in addition to the sculpture, two splendid collections of pictures, one in the National Gallery, the other in the Pitti Palace. There are many pictures in these collections which I should have called first-rate, if I had seen them before the Transfiguration and Raffaele's frescoes at Rome; but these have raised my standard of art so high, that I am much more nice in applying that much abused epithet. Still there are a few pictures here which I think really deserve it, and which in their respective lines may stand a comparison with any the world can show. The two most wonderful, as works of genius, are Raffaele's Vision of Ezekiel, and Leonardo da Vinci's Head of Medusa. The former is a small picture, not above a foot square, in which small space the painter has embodied so wonderfully the spirit of Hebrew prophecy, the wild inspiration, the fertile Eastern imagination, the vague and terrible sublimity, the grandeur, majesty, and mysticism of these strange productions, that one is tempted to think he must have been inspired himself to paint it. We see before us the very vision of Ezekiel — the great cloud, the whirlwind coming out of the north, the brightness from the midst thereof as the colour of amber: — here are the four living creatures, like nothing which the eye of man ever saw or the imagination of man ever conceived — fierce, strong, and terrible — trampling down the whirlwind, and breathing flame and fire from their nostrils — and the rushing and deep shadow of mighty wings — and far below, distant lands, and seas, and mountain peaks seen tremblingly through the flashing light — and cherubim with streaming hair and deep eyes — and, above all, borne along as upon a throne and chariot of light, the likeness of the appearance of a man — for a man I cannot call it, though it has the features and appearance of such — and can find no words but those of the prophet to describe a vision of such fearful and surpassing sublimity. One would think that Ezekiel himself must have painted it.

This picture confirms me in the impression I had formed from Raffaele's works at Rome, that, wonderfully as he unites the most different and opposite excellences of his art, the peculiar force and mastery of his genius are most conspicuous in the supernatural and sublime. In painting Madonnas and Holy Families, and presenting to the mind sweet pictures of purity, innocence, tenderness, and domestic affection, Murillo and Correggio have approached, if they have not equalled him; in truth of expression, Domenichino is sometimes but little inferior; and as a grand and noble composition, and worthy representation of a great scriptural scene, Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper may vie with any thing Raffaele has produced; but in the supernatural and sublime — in the world of angels and spirits, of mighty signs and wonders — he stands alone without a rival. No one else ever painted any thing like the Heliodorus, or the Angel delivering Peter from Prison, or this Vision of Ezekiel. Michael Angelo, who is the only



one to be mentioned in the same breath as a painter of the sublime, is as inferior to him as Dante to Milton. For the sublimity of Raffaello, like that of Milton, never degenerates into the grotesque, but is always lofty, commanding, and beautiful. Scarcely less wonderful is Leonardo da Vinci's Head of Medusa. It is quite incredible what an amount of ghastly horror the imagination of the painter has compressed into a few feet of canvass. The lurid midnight air, the hideous coil of vipers, hissing and twining about their parent head, the livid paleness of the upturned face, white and distorted with the agony of death, the clots of blood dropping slowly from the severed neck, the bats, and toads, and poisonous reptiles, of all strange and unknown shapes, which flit like spectres through the darkness, and climb upon the wet rocks, to peer into the hollow and shrunken eyes — every thing is here combined to work on the imagination and fascinate the mind with horror. I could never look at it without feeling my blood freeze in my veins, as in listening to some midnight tale of hideous ghost or spectre. It is the witch-scene in Macbeth, or the Wolf's Glen in the Freischütz, in painting. This picture alone is enough to make me believe all we read of Leonardo, who, if accounts be true, was one of the most extraordinary geniuses who ever lived. The father of painting, or at least the first who broke through the stiff dry style of the early masters, and carried every branch of the art to perfection; no less eminent, and no less in advance of his age in philosophy, in which he has more remarkably than any other writer anticipated the spirit of the illustrious Bacon; a good mathematician, a great mechanician and engineer, a skilful musician, a poet, a sculptor, and an architect; eminently handsome, and accomplished in all bodily exercises; he realised throughout a long and active life the fabulous wonders of the admirable Crichton. There is a portrait of him in the gallery here, painted by himself, a noble, venerable head, with a long flowing beard, like a Jewish rabbi, a keen piercing eye, and a look of lofty and commanding intellect. Of the two great Florentines, Leonardo has risen, in my estimation, as much as Michael Angelo has fallen, since I came to Florence. The latter I cannot look on as a great artist, but only as a man of powerful original genius, working on false principles and in a wrong direction. He is exaggerated, overstrained, and affected, three times for once that he is grand. His famous monuments of the Medicis in the Lorenzo church, and especially his celebrated figure of Day and Night, altogether disappointed me. No doubt there is something grand about them — no one could look at them without seeing that they are not the work of an ordinary man; but they are so totally devoid of any thing like grace or beauty, there is such an exaggerated display of anatomy, their legs and limbs are twisted and contorted into such strange preposterous attitudes, that they leave little impression on the mind except that of regret to see so much talent wasted, and are valuable rather as models of what should be avoided in sculpture than of what should be imitated. The only really fine figure in these monuments is that of the duke sitting on the top of the tomb. It is the same in painting. There is a picture of his in the Tribune, which if it did not bear the name of Michael Angelo, I should have thought a second-rate production of the modern French school. There must have been something radically wrong in his system and principles of art, when a man of his genius could paint such a picture as this. Raffaello and Canova are not always equal, but they never entirely fail, they never sink so far below themselves. I have seen no work of either of these great artists, and very few of Murillo's, which was not full of beauties; and yet this same Michael Angelo, who painted this daub in the Tribune, could sometimes paint with a grandeur and sub-

limity second only to Raffaele; as witness some of his sibyls and prophets in the Sistine chapel, and his Fates here in the Pitti Palace. This last is one of the few pictures which bears the stamp of powerful intellect. Nothing can surpass the look of deep mysterious meaning which the grim old woman who holds the shears exchanges with her sister hag, who spins the lessening thread of life; it is such a look as we may suppose her to have given when about to cut the thread on which depended the life of a Cæsar or Alexander.

In the sweeter and softer poetry of painting in Madonnas and Infant Christs, Raffaele and Murillo as usual shine pre-eminent. Each in his own line — Raffaele more lofty and imaginative — Murillo more tender and natural — approach as near perfection as it is possible to wish or conceive. Raffaele's Virgins are religion brought down to human nature by the alliance with pure human feelings. Murillo's are human nature raised to religion by the holiness of innocence and affection. Raffaele's is the higher, and, according to the idea of the Virgin in Catholic countries, the truer conception. But these simple innocent Madonnas of Murillo's, with their sweet serious looks, their dark dreamy eyes, their slight graceful figures, and pretty babies fondling on their breasts, steal my heart away, and give me more pleasure than those which I cannot but admit show a more powerful intellect and imagination. And then it is a luxury to look at Murillo's colouring, so warm, so glowing, and harmonious. Compare it with the best of the Venetian school, and you will find the difference as great as between summer twilight and bright noonday. The lights and shadows are so deep and soft, and melt into one another as they do when the sun is sinking below the horizon. In the management of light and shade, which is the great charm of colouring, Murillo stands alone without a rival. Other painters, like Rembrandt, Caravaggio, and Spagnoletto, produce magical effects of light and shade; but none have ever equalled the sustained and glowing harmony, the softness and richness, united with perfect truth and nature, of Murillo's best style. Raffaele, in his latest works, is equally true and powerful, and produces the grandest effects of light and shade; but even Raffaele wants the romantic glow, the delicious warmth and softness of Murillo. Correggio is, perhaps, of Italian painters the one who has made the nearest approach to it. I speak from a picture of his in the Tribune, a Virgin worshipping her new-born infant — one of the most delightful little pictures I ever saw, and the first of Correggio's works which realises the expectation I had formed of him.

But to return to those heavenly Madonnas in the Pitti Palace, Murillo's, charming as she is in point of colouring, is not the best I have seen in this respect, but in expression she is unequalled. Without ceasing to be perfectly and sweetly natural, she is a little more removed from common everyday nature than Murillo's Virgins generally are, and has a shade of thoughtfulness on her brow, and paleness on her cheek, which make her doubly interesting. Raffaele's masterpiece, the Madonna del Seggiola, is unrivalled for the still, quiet depth of maternal affection. Stately she seems, and queen-like, and wants something perhaps of that sweet angelic simplicity which charmed me so in his Madonna at Naples, the most perfectly beautiful and poetical of all his Virgins; but she is a queen who has laid the cares of state aside, and is dreaming a happy dream with her baby in her arms. This dreaminess, this appearance of reverie and forgetfulness, in which not a breath ruffles the still surface of deep slumbering feeling, are more delightful to look at than the truest and most forcible expression of passion or character. I have often observed that the pictures which give me most

pleasure are just those which I have most difficulty in recollecting, and for this reason — that they had no one marked and decided expression. One cause doubtless is, that the illusion is more complete; for strong passion or expression vary every instant, and no fixed, immovable representation of these can give the impression of reality. Another, that our pleasure is always keenest when the imagination does not receive passively a fixed definite impression, but is actively employed co-operating with the artist, and weaving the materials of thought and fancy with which he supplies us into a fresh succession of ever-changing images. Hence music is to those who understand its language beyond all comparison the most delightful and enchanting of arts, for it is of all arts the one whose impressions are most vague, indefinite, and evanescent. We must remember, however, that the amount of pleasure received from a work of art is not the only test of genius in the artist. Man lives not for pleasure alone; and even in art, the chief object of which is to give pleasure, we catch glimpses of something higher, nobler, and more enduring. Music is not a higher art than poetry, a symphony of Beethoven's is not a greater work than a play of Shakspeare's, although for the moment it gives incomparably greater pleasure. So in painting, although I gaze with more delight on the Madonnas in the Pitti Palace than on the frescoes of the Vatican, I should never think of placing them in the same line as works of genius. There is another Madonna of Raffaele's in the Tribune sweetly beautiful, and with all the angelic purity which is the charm of his earlier works, but in other respects very inferior to the production of his maturer age.

When I see these exquisite lovely Madonnas, which are the poetry of Christian art, I feel half inclined to thank the Catholic religion for a superstition which has borne such beautiful fruit. If indeed we may call a superstition that which, if rightly considered, is but the embodying and giving a name and habitation to all that is most heavenly in human nature. What have the Greeks to show in their Olympus which can compare for a moment with the deep and touching beauty of this fiction of Catholic mythology? A mother's love, a virgin's purity, blended into one image, and hallowed by religion. The worship of the Madonna was the salvation of Christian art, which would otherwise have run out altogether into the grotesque and horrible, and filled the churches of Italy with nothing but rude, barbarous legends of savage saints and martyrs. Her gracious image, like a ray of light on troubled waters, softened down the stern fanaticism which proscribed every thing bright and lovely, and stood like a wall of brass between the hearts of men and the genuine spirit of Christianity, and afforded thus another instance how fiction may pave the way for truth, and poetry prevail when the voice of reason and philosophy would remain unheard.

Of the lesser artists, Carlo Dolce has risen most in my estimation since I came to Florence. He constantly repeats himself, and can only paint one expression — but that is a very true and beautiful one — an expression of fervent earnest prayer, softened by touching sorrow and resignation. There is one picture of his here, a Magdalene, which is perfectly beautiful, and one of the truest images painting has produced of the loveliness of Christian piety. There is a Madonna also by Sasso Ferrato, exceedingly beautiful, pure, and cold as the morning air, but almost too passionless and inexpressive.

These are, I think, the most remarkable pictures in the Florence galleries, though there are an endless number of others, each good enough to make the fortune of a common collection. Nine or ten Raffaelles, all show-

ing the hand of the master, though of different degrees of excellence ; a portrait of a lady by Leonardo da Vinci, which I almost think the best portrait, without exception, I ever saw ; Andrea del Sartos, Fra Bartolomio, Alloris, Cigolis, and other pictures of the Florentine school without end, and some of them very good, though none first-rate ; Titians in abundance, if you like looking at plump, juicy flesh and sleepy voluptuous beauty ; a Musical Party, by Giorgione, a most admirable picture, full of the truest life and feeling ; five or six large landscapes of Salvator Rosa's, who is no great favourite of mine ; for though he paints trees and rocks to perfection, he cannot paint air, which is the charm of landscape painting ; some beautiful little Gaspar Poussins, and a host of others, which if I were to attempt to mention, my letter would degenerate into a mere catalogue of names ; so, for the present, adieu to Florence, adieu to painting, and to the galleries where I spent so many delightful hours.

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### THE POET'S MISSION.

THE World's cold malice — Mammon's bitter smile —  
 And Sleep's undreaming brother, Rigid Power !  
 Wage ceaseless war upon the poet's dower,  
 And strive his sacred mission to beguile  
 By fiendish mockeries : — Poets, heed them not ;  
 But, with thy Father's holiest music fraught,  
 Waste not one grain of thy Immortal Thought  
 On their oblivion : they are Nature's blot !  
 Then straightway to your harps ; for had death sealed  
 Our Milton's lips, ere he had tuned his tongue,  
 And that Olympian lay of Eden sung,  
 How had upon his parting moments prest  
 The unborn rapture, stifled in his breast,  
 And all that weight of glory unreveal'd !

THOMAS POWELL.

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### TO A FAIR COUSIN.

CAROLINE ANNETTE.

LADY ! I've watched thee from thine infant years,  
 And seen thee as a bud unfold, till now  
 The pride of womanhood is on thy brow —  
 Yet in that pride no haughtiness appears,  
 But a meek consciousness of maiden power.  
 Rightly thou deemest virtue is a dower  
 More to be prized than rank or golden treasure :  
 Cherish that sacred gift, that every hour,  
 Still left thee ; be as cheerful and serene  
 As now thy present is — thy past hath been : —  
 For thou hast bloom'd beneath a mother's eye,  
 Whose wondrous love for thee no thought can measure ;  
 And thou hast felt, o'er every youthful pleasure,  
 A Father's presence shed its sanctity !

THOMAS POWELL.

## THE MONJA ALFEREZ.\*

A STRANGE HISTORY; EDITED BY DON JOAQUIN MARIA DE FERRER, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS, AND LATE PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL JUNTA OF MADRID.

“Humantessa izáteco jáyó-ninzan;  
Bañan bidé gaitzean galdó-ninsán.”—*Ancient Basque Ballad.*

“I was born to be a cloister'd nun,  
But alas! I lost myself along a bad road.”—*Literal Translation.*

IN the baptismal registry of the parish of San Vicente, in the city of San Sebastian, may be found an entry, of which the following is a translation:—  
“Catalina de Erauso was baptized on the 10th of February, in the year 1592. She was the legitimate daughter of Miguel de Erauso, and of Maria Perez de Gallaraga. Her sponsors were Pedro de Gallaraga and Maria Velez de Araualde. The officiating priest was Alvisua, the vicar.” The individual whose name is thus registered, seems to us not the least extraordinary amongst the *phenomena* which history has preserved; and we doubt much if in the annals of any country, varied and wonderful as are the records of the ferocity, the civilisation, the baseness, or the pride of mankind, of the strength of human intellect or the hardihood of enterprise, there be any character illustrated which presents to the physiologist or the philosopher a subject for deeper meditation than the strange individual who forms the subject of the baptismal extract we have just quoted, and who, with her own pen, and in a style most remarkable for vigour, and a naked strength reminding us not rarely of the “*Divina Comedia*,” and rising, in one or two passages, to an appalling sublimity, has left the story of her crimes, her savage virtues, her talents, and, with one single exception, the fiery passions of her nature.

The memoirs of the Monja Alferez were first published in Seville, in the year 1625. Not a copy of that impression, however, has been found, notwithstanding the diligent researches of the distinguished editor in the libraries of Madrid, Paris, Brussels, Germany, and Switzerland. The present memoir is printed from a manuscript in the possession of D. Felipe Bauzá, formerly director of the marine hydrographic department in Madrid. This MS. was itself a copy from another, which still exists in the Royal Academy of History, amongst the collection of Indian MSS. made by Muños, the author of the “*History of the New World*,” and who transcribed it with his own hand in 1784, from a MS. volume in the possession of the Spanish poet Trigueros. The perusal of this document in 1815, and the fact of the subject, as well as the author of the history being his own countrywoman, made at the time a strong impression on the mind of M. Ferrer, which was subsequently weakened or obliterated by the political events which soon after distracted his native country. During a residence in Paris, several years afterwards, he was, however, again reminded of its existence, by reading a passage in Davila’s *History of the Life and Times*

\* *Historia della Monja Alferez, Doña Catalina de Erauso, escrita per ella misma, y ilustrada con notas y documentos, per D. Joaquin Maria de Ferrer. Valencia. 1839. (Nueva edicion.)*

of Philip III. of Spain, in which the name of Catalina de Erausa is most honourably mentioned. His curiosity being a second time powerfully excited, he made renewed exertions to procure the necessary materials to give to the world the present memoirs, illustrated by such additional information respecting this strange being, as his own researches, and his personal knowledge as a native of the province in which she was born, enabled him to afford. It may be necessary to observe, however, that the memoir, though containing a series of curious adventures, narrated in a terse and forcible style, is not continued beyond the year 1626, when the subject of it could not have been more than 34 years old. The adventures through which she passed after her second departure for America, and the theatre of which were the plains and the mountains of Chili and Peru, are for ever perhaps buried in obscurity, though her name casually occurs in the despatches communicated by more than one viceroy to the court of Madrid.

Though we almost despair of being able to transfer into the few passages we give the force and simplicity which distinguish the original narrative, we shall yet permit the Monja Alferez to tell in her own way the story of her birth and parentage:—

“ I, Doña Catalina de Erauso, was born in the city of San Sebastian in Guipuzcoa, in the year 1585 \*, daughter of the Captain Don Miguel de Erauso, and of Doña Maria Perez de Gallaraga y Ara, natives and inhabitants of the said city. My parents kept me at home with my brothers until I was four years old; in 1589, they placed me in the convent of the Antiguo at San Sebastian, which is one of Dominican nuns, under the care of my aunt, Doña Ursula de Unza y Serasti, eldest sister of my mother, who was prioress of the same convent, where I remained until I was fifteen years old, at which period they proposed that I should take the vows as a professed nun. It being about the end of my year of noviciate, it chanced one day that I had a dispute with a professed nun, named Doña Catalina de Aliri, who had been a widow on her entering the convent. She was very robust, and I was but a slight young girl, and she gave me several blows: this I felt deeply. On the night of the 18th March, 1600, being the eve of Saint Joseph, the nuns rising at midnight to matins, I entered the choir, and there found my aunt on her knees. She called me, and giving me the key of her cell, bid me bring her breviary. I went for it, opened the door, and found it; and, whilst doing so, I saw the keys of the convent hanging on a nail. I left the cell open, and brought the key of it to my aunt, as well as her breviary. The nuns were already in the choir, and matins were begun with all due solemnity. After the first lesson, I approached my aunt, and asked permission to retire, as I found myself indisposed. My aunt, touching me on the head with her hand, said, ‘ Go, and put yourself to bed.’ I left the choir, took a light, went to the cell of my aunt, took a pair of scissors, some thread, and a needle. I also took a handful of reals, which I also found there. I then took down the keys of the convent, went out, and passed through all the doors, one after the other, until I came to the gate which opened into the street. There I left my scapula, and I went out without knowing where to go, nor where to wander. I entered a grove of chestnut trees, which stood near the convent, and there I hid myself during three days, contriving to fit out some sort of dress for myself. With a petticoat of blue cloth which I wore, I made a pair of drawers; with another under garment I made a sort of coat and a pair of spatterdashes, and my nun’s habit I left there, as I did not know what to do

\* A discrepancy is remarked in the date she herself gives of her birth; that stated in the registry alluded to above being 1592.

with it. I cut off my hair and threw it away, and I left the grove on the third night, without knowing where to go; I avoided the high roads, and passed several places, to keep myself at a distance, and I came on the fourth day to Vittoria, which is distant from San Sebastian about twenty leagues, on foot, wearied and without having eaten any thing but small herbs, which I picked up on the road-side. I entered Vittoria, not knowing where to betake myself: in a few days, however, I chanced to find out one Doctor Francisco de Cerralta. He received me kindly, without knowing who I was, and he gave me decent clothes. He was professor in the university, and was married to an elder sister of my mother, as I had been told, but yet I did not make myself known to him. I remained in his house a matter of three months or so, during which time, perceiving that I was able to read Latin pretty well, he wished that I should study it regularly; but for this I had no great relish, and I accordingly refused. He wanted to compel me by force, and was even going to lay hands on me; I immediately made up my mind to leave him. I took from him a small sum of money, and set off for Valladolid, which was forty-five leagues distant, having made a bargain for twelve reals with a certain muleteer who was going there."

In Valladolid, where Philip III. then held his court, she managed to introduce herself, as page, to the family of Juan de Ideáquez, secretary to the king, and a native of San Sebastian. Whilst in this occupation, she was one day astonished by the arrival of her father to pay a visit to her master, for the purpose of informing him that the object of his journey was to search for his daughter, who had, some time before, escaped from the convent of the Antiguo. Fearing she might be recognised, she, the same night, packed up her trifling effects, and at daybreak the next morning set off for Bilbao, which was about forty leagues distant. Here she had a quarrel with some young men of the place, the result of which was that she was thrown into prison, where she remained a month. After obtaining her liberty she set out for Estella, in Navarre, where she was again engaged as a page by a nobleman named Arellano. In his house she lived two years, which she spent in the most agreeable manner, having nothing to do, and in the enjoyment of every luxury. Her restless disposition, however, prevented her from enjoying with continued comfort this life of tranquillity. A passion for a wandering and perilous existence was so strong within her, that the idea of passing her days in peace was to her the greatest torture imaginable. She at length quitted Estella, and paid a visit to San Sebastian, "where," as she says, "I was so well dressed, and had the appearance of so dashing a gallant, that nobody recognised me." She embarked in a short time afterwards at Passages, near San Sebastian, for San Lucar, from whence she proceeded to Seville. An expedition was at that period prepared to sail under the orders of the two celebrated generals, Luis Fernandez Cordova, and Luis Fajardo, for New Andalusia. The object of the large force then sent out by the Spanish government was to punish the Dutch buccaneers, who, with a fleet of twenty-five ships, had obtained forcible possession of the valuable salt mines of Araya, on the coast of New Andalusia.

The period of which we speak was that when the produce of those rich lands, whose discovery was the fruit of the genius of Columbus, flowed, with an abundance which seemed inexhaustible, from the New to the Old World. It was the period, also, when the younger and impoverished members of the nobility, the daring and enterprising traders, the bold buccaneer, and the unprincipled, the infamous, and the needy of every class, issued forth in

swarms to ravage and desolate the vast plains which lie along the banks of the Plata, and when the ambitious and selfish monk by the side of the ferocious soldier carried his superstitions and his crimes amongst the meek natives of Peru, or, with savage barbarity, attempted to crush the fierce patriotism of the half-civilised Mexican. The most fabulous and romantic stories were told, and believed, of countries whose climate was an everlasting and changeless summer — whose rivers were embedded with gold — whose quarries were filled with diamonds and precious stones — whose fields and boundless meadows surpassed in verdure the eternal beauty of the gardens of Valencia, or the groves of Grenada — and where wealth, beyond even the utmost cravings of human cupidity, was sure to reward the hardihood and perseverance of the audacious adventurer who had courage to brave the perils of sea and land, which were the only obstacles to his success. Each day brought to the banks of the Guadalquivir crowds of those brigands who had followed in the footsteps of Cortez and Pizarro, and who returned after a few years of absence encircled with a mysterious glory, and gorged with wealth. It is not astonishing that such exciting tales should produce their due effect on a mind constituted like that of the fugitive nun of the Antiguo. Assuming a fictitious name, she embarked as a volunteer on board a vessel of war, commanded by Estevan Eguiño, her mother's brother, and belonging to the squadron under the orders of Cordova, and she set sail from San Lucar, on Holy Monday, in the year 1603. On the arrival of the squadron at Araya, hostilities were immediately commenced against the Dutch, who had inflicted much injury on the settlements along the coast. In the various actions fought with the enemy Doña Catalina distinguished herself in a most remarkable manner. A pestilence having broken out amongst the forces at Uombre de Dios, which carried off the crews of the vessels of war, she determined to quit the squadron. Having abstracted some money from her uncle, who was ignorant both of the relationship and of the sex of the brave volunteer who fought under him, she left her ship in the night, and succeeded in gaining the shore. The fleet set sail in about an hour afterwards, and she never again beheld it. She afterwards entered into the service of a merchant named Urquiza, a native of Trujillo, and remained with him in Panamá about three months. From Panamá she departed in company with her master for Paita, and on approaching the dangerous coast of Manta the vessel was wrecked, and she, her master, and three or four others who could swim, were alone saved. Having established a large commercial house in the city of Saña, about seventy leagues distant from Paita, she was left there to conduct it. During her management of this concern, she exhibited wonderful talents for mercantile affairs, and her soundness of judgment, attention, and integrity, procured for her the affection and esteem of her employer. She appears to dwell on the period of her sojourn at Saña with feelings of pleasure; her life was tranquil and undisturbed, and but for the occurrence of an unforeseen event, which awakened the savageness of her nature, she might have continued a reputable member of society. This incident is vividly narrated by herself: — "Who could have believed that this delightful serenity was to last so short a time, and that I was destined to pass so soon through new trials? It chanced one day that I was at the play, and I had already taken my place and was attending to the piece, when a fellow of the name of Reyes came and placed himself so exactly before me that I could see nothing of what passed on the stage. I requested him to stand aside; he answered me most insolently; I did the same; and he in reply told me that if he was in any other place he would cut me across the face. The only weapon I



had at the moment was a small dagger, and I went out at once, overwhelmed with rage and disappointment. Some friends followed me out. On the Monday morning after I was standing in my shop selling my goods, when I beheld the same Reyes pass by. I looked at him for a moment, shut up my shop, took down a large knife, went to a barber, and made him whet and file the edge, so as to make it like a saw. I then put on my sword, and seeing Reyes just opposite the church-gate, passing with another person, I went behind him, and called 'Ha! ha! Mr. Reyes!' He turned round, and said 'What do you want?' I said 'Mr. Reyes, here is the face you wanted to slash the other night;' and saying so I slashed my knife across his face, which gave him at once nine wounds, besides the cut. He clapped his hands to his face to stop the blood which flowed down. His friend drew his sword, and made at me; I did the same with mine. We both fought for a moment, when the point entered his left side and passed through him, and he fell. I immediately entered the church which stood near. The Corregidor Quiñones came in after me, and drew me forth, and conducted me to prison, where I was put into the stocks in irons."

She remained in prison three months, when she was re-conducted to the church at the instance of the bishop, who loudly protested against the violation of sanctuary committed by the secular authority. Being at length released from all restraint, without any further punishment, her master wished to induce her to marry a lady of his acquaintance, who was nearly related to the person whom she had assaulted, and his connection with whom would have healed the feud, and would secure to himself the continued services of a faithful and intelligent assistant. The lady herself was rich and beautiful, and was, as may be supposed, unconscious of the real sex of the person on whom she had fixed her affections. She was passionately enamoured of her, and used every means in her power to induce her to consent. The united instances of her master and the lady became so pressing, that she had no resource left but to intreat the former to permit her to proceed to Trujillo, to conduct a similar establishment belonging to him in that city. Her master was forced to consent. Here, also, her evil destiny followed her; being still pursued by the friends and relatives of Reyes, she was again obliged to shed the blood of another in her own defence. Again she found refuge in the sanctuary, but at length left Trujillo, and set out for Lima, at that time the principal city of Peru. Having received excellent letters of recommendation from her master, she soon found occupation in the house of a wealthy merchant named Solarte, who appointed her his commercial agent in Lima. Here she remained nine months, when, through some extraordinary caprice, having intentionally inspired a tender passion in the bosom of her master's sister-in-law, a beautiful girl of sixteen years old, she was detected one day embracing her. A letter was also found in which the young lady assured her fictitious lover that she was about to go to Potosi to receive a large sum of money, and that they should be married soon after. Doña Catalina was summoned by her master to render her accounts, after which he paid her, and dismissed her from his service. It so happened that at that moment the government were raising a force for Chili, and Doña Catalina at once enlisted in the corps, and received a sum of money in advance by way of gratuity.

After a passage of twenty days the expedition arrived in the port of Conception, in Chili, where an order from the governor of the place directed that the force should be disembarked. When the person appointed to superintend the landing came and performed his duties, what was the astonishment of Catalina on hearing him named Captain Miguel de Erauso, and on

discovering that he was her own brother ! As she passed under a fictitious name, and as she had not been more than two years old when he left his native province for America, he did not of course recognise her. It being necessary, however, to learn the name and country of each soldier as he landed, Don Miguel was delighted at finding amongst the troops a native of San Sebastian, and one who could speak the language of his country ; he embraced warmly the young Guipuzcoan volunteer, little knowing the ties of relationship which existed between them. He asked a thousand questions about his native town, about his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, but more particularly about his little sister Catalina the nun. To all these inquiries she gave satisfactory replies, without, for a moment, exciting in his mind the slightest suspicion as to her identity. He then invited her to his house, and subsequently, through his influence with the governor, whose secretary he was, obtained his sister's transfer to the company which he himself commanded. During three years this strange being lived with her brother in the closest intimacy, partaking in all his labours, his dissipations, and his amusements, and sharing in the most joyous festivity of his leisure hours, without once betraying the secret of her sex, or of her near relationship with her commanding officer. Having at length awakened his jealousy by the attentions which he paid, or affected to pay, to a lady of whom he was enamoured, and whom he was in the habit of visiting, they quarrelled, and came to blows. As a punishment for her insubordination she was removed from Conception and sent to Paicobi, where she also remained three years. The Spanish settlements were at this period invaded by an overwhelming force of the natives, and it became necessary to assemble a large body of troops to repel the attack, and to defend, in particular, the plains of Valdivia. During the campaign several sanguinary conflicts took place, in all of which our heroine distinguished herself beyond any other individual of the army. With her own hand she killed great numbers, amongst whom was a Cacique, who fell defending the banner which the virago tore from his dying grasp. In the last action which took place she received four wounds, and was left for dead on the field, after having performed prodigies of valour. On this last occasion she was promoted to the rank of *alferez* or ensign : —

"I was *alferez*," she says, "five years, and was present at the battle of Puren, where my captain was killed, and I was left in command of the company a matter of six months ; during which time I had various encounters with the enemy, and I received many javelin and arrow wounds. On one of these occasions I met with a commander of the Indians, who had been converted to Christianity, and who was named Francisco Quispiguanca, a rich and powerful man, and who had long caused us much trouble and annoyance, and who had spread much terror throughout the country. After fighting with him for some time I threw him from his horse, when he begged his life, and surrendered himself as my prisoner. The first thing I did was to hang my gentleman to the branch of the first tree I saw. What I did, however, displeased the governor, who wished to have taken him alive, and, for this reason, I was refused my company which was given to another captain, named Casaderante. I was, however, promised it for the next occasion."

After the commission of this act of ferocity so coolly narrated, she again distinguished herself on several occasions during the six months she remained at Puren, after which she obtained leave to return, for some time, to Conception : —

"Here fortune played me one of her usual tricks. I was living tranquilly

at Conception, and being one day in the guard-room, I entered, in company with an officer of the same rank, a friend of mine, a certain gaming-house, for the purpose of passing an hour or two. We began to play, and the game was going on pleasantly enough, when, on some slight difference of opinion, my opponent all at once told me I lied like a cuckold. I out with my sword and sent it through his bosom. So many persons threw themselves on me, and such a crowd entered at the noise we made, that I could not stir. A certain adjutant, in particular, pressed me hard. The auditor-general, Francisco de Parraga, made an effort to seize me. He pressed me very closely and annoyed me by ever so many questions: I said that I was ready to declare every thing in presence of the governor. During this tumult who should come in but my brother, who told me, in Basque, to run for my life. On hearing this, Parraga caught me by the collar of the coat; I at once drew my dagger, and warned him to let me go; he would not, but still held me. I drove my weapon through his cheeks. He still refused to let me go, and I then put my dagger into his body, and he then loosened his hold. I drew my sword, and making my way through the crowd of armed men who surrounded me, I contrived to gain the church of San Francisco, which was nigh at hand, and took refuge there; where I was told that both the alferéz and auditor-general were both dead." Whilst yet in sanctuary she was destined to commit, though unconsciously, a crime of a more heinous nature than any she had yet perpetrated:—

"During this time, amongst the many who came to visit me, was a friend of mine, an alferéz, named Juan de Silva, and he told me one day that he had had a misunderstanding with another named Riojas, who had challenged him to fight a duel the same night at eleven o'clock, each one to be accompanied by a friend; and that he had no one to apply to but myself to do him the usual service. I hesitated for a moment, fearing it might be only a plot to entice me from sanctuary that I might be delivered up to justice. Guessing my suspicions, my friend said, 'If you think there is any trick in the matter do not come; I shall go alone, as there is no one else I can ask to accompany me.' I at once accepted his invitation. I left the convent, and proceeded to his house. We supped, and remained talking until it struck ten o'clock, whereupon we took our swords and cloaks, and repaired to the place of meeting. The night was so dark that we could not see each other's hands. I told my friend, that in order to guard against any blunder, it were well if each of us should bind his handkerchief on his arm. Soon after the other two arrived, and one whom we knew by his voice to be Riojas, said, 'Don Juan de Silva!' Don Juan replied, 'Here I am!' They then began to fight, and we, the two seconds, stood prepared to begin also. In a few moments I perceived that my friend was wounded. The second and I began, and we were not long at it before my friend and his adversary fell to the ground. My opponent and myself continued our duel, but, in a short time, my weapon entered his body a little under the nipple of the left breast, as it afterwards appeared. He fell mortally wounded, and called out, 'Ah! traitor, thou hast killed me!' I thought I recognised his voice, and I asked him who he was, and he replied that he was Captain Miguel de Erauso. I was struck dumb with amazement and grief—it was my own brother!"

Catalina again seeks the refuge of the sanctuary, and sends some monks to confess the dying men, two of whom expired on the ground. Miguel was removed to the house of the governor, whose secretary he had been, and, still ignorant of the fact that it was the hand of his sister that deprived him of life, he expired the next day. After remaining eight months a close

prisoner in the convent, this terrible woman contrives to escape with the assistance of a friend, who furnished her with a horse, arms, and money, and she departed for Valdivia. Travelling along the sea-coast, and suffering the pangs of hunger and thirst, she met with two soldiers, who, like herself, were flying from justice, and the three companions in misery as in guilt came to the determination, in case of pursuit, to die rather than be taken alive :—

“ We followed the ridge of mountains by an ascent during thirty leagues, without finding along one road, nor for the 300 more that we travelled, a single mouthful of bread, and very rarely a drop of water ; and all we had to eat was a wild animal now and then, and a few herbs or roots. We had to kill one of our horses, but on cutting him up we only found him to be skin and bone. In this manner we travelled on very slowly, and being obliged to kill our remaining horses, we went on foot, and we were scarcely able to stand. We entered into a very cold climate, so cold that we felt frozen to the bone. One day we saw two men sitting on a rock at a short distance, and we rejoiced. We approached, in order to salute them, and we asked what they were doing there, but they replied not, and, coming nearer, we found that they were dead. They had been frozen, and their mouths were wide open, as if they had been grinning or laughing, and they caused us much fear. We passed on, and the third night we happened to lean against a rock, but, on rising from it, one of my companions fell down dead from fatigue and hunger. We two pursued our journey, and the following day, as it were about four o'clock in the evening, my remaining companion, weeping like a child, let himself fall down, not being able to go on any farther, and he there expired. I found in his pocket about eight dollars, and I pursued my way without knowing where I was going, bending beneath the weight of my arquebuse and of the piece of horse-flesh which still remained, and every moment expecting the fate of my two companions. I was alone amidst those vast and dreary mountains, with an unbounded wilderness of snow on all sides, and with scarcely a morsel of food or a drop to drink. I felt in deep affliction: I was weary, barefoot, and my feet and legs were cut and bleeding. I sat down against a rock ; I wept for a space, and I think it was the first time in my whole life. I repeated the rosary, recommending myself to the most Holy Virgin, and to the glorious Saint Joseph her spouse. I recovered a little, and endeavoured to rise and move onwards ; and it appeared to me as if I was leaving the kingdom of Chili and entering that of Tucuman, as far as I could judge from the difference of the climate. I still went on, and, on the following morning, being completely prostrated by fatigue and hunger, I chanced to see two men on horseback at some distance. I did not know whether to feel joy or sorrow, not being sure whether they were cannibals or friends. They approached, and asked whither I was going in so desolate and miserable a manner. I at once knew them to be Christians, and I saw Heaven, as it were, open before me. I replied, that I had lost my way, and that I was nearly dead from hunger, and without strength to rise from the ground. They were grieved to see me in such a condition, and they alighted, and gave me to eat of what they had. They then placed me on horseback, and conducted me to a farm about three leagues distant, where they said their mistress dwelt, and we arrived there about five o'clock in the evening.”

Here she is entertained by the lady of the house, who, at the end of eight days, proposes that she should remain with her, and assist her in the management of her farm. This offer was, however, coupled with a condition of some importance :— “ In a few days more she gave me to understand

that it would be for the benefit of all if I consented to marry her daughter, who was living with her, and who was black and ugly as the devil himself, and not at all to my taste, as I always liked to look upon a comely wench. I pretended for some time to feel great joy at the proposal, and said she could dispose of me as she thought proper."

From this difficulty she escapes by flight, not, however, without having availed herself, with her usual caprice, of the occasion to win the affections of a very beautiful girl in the neighbourhood, the niece of a canon of the cathedral of Tucuman. She departed by night, leaving the two rivals to console themselves as well as they could.

From this period until 1624 she traversed almost every portion of the Spanish territories, in various capacities, according as her necessities or her caprice required. As a trader, a mariner, or a soldier, she was in all places where enterprise was to be undertaken, or danger encountered, and on all occasions, and in all characters, she acquitted herself with the greatest distinction. In the field she bore away the palm of valour from all her comrades, and was no less distinguished for impetuous bravery in action than for her cool discretion and sound judgment in the council chamber. With all these good qualities it cannot be denied, however, that she was equally imbued with the vices which so distinguished the adventurers sent forth by his Catholic Majesty to depopulate the meek and unresisting idolaters of the New World. Her cruelty towards her enemies, her love of rapine, only equalled by the reckless extravagance with which she squandered the wealth won by bloodshed and plunder, her impatience of restraint, her inextinguishable passion for revenge, her overbearing pride, which led her into countless feuds which always terminated in murder, her attachment to the gaming-table, and her practice, with one single exception, of all those crimes of which Spanish America was the theatre for centuries, made her one of the most remarkable personages in the New World. Her reputation, for good and for bad, was spread every where abroad, and even penetrated the camp of the Indian chief, who trembled within the depth of his forests at the terror of her name. Amidst all the characters which she assumed, her real sex was never discovered, nor even suspected, by her nearest and most intimate friends. On this subject she preserved the most rigid silence, until having passed through adventures of the same extraordinary nature, she found herself in Guamauga, one of the principal cities in the kingdom of Peru. Being one day at a gaming-house, she was recognised by an alguazil as Alonzo Dias de Guzman (the name she had for some time assumed), who had, some months previously, killed in a duel one of the most distinguished officers of the Spanish army, at Cuzco, and for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered. She resisted the efforts made by the officers to arrest her in the house, and the result of the scuffle was, that, as usual, one or two persons fell by her hand. She succeeded, however, in reaching a church, where she took refuge. The Bishop of Guamauga being informed who the individual was on whose head a price was fixed, caused her to be conducted to his house for the purpose of attempting her conversion. He was a most exemplary prelate, and in a few words, which contain a rapid, and not ungraceful, summary of her eventful life, she thus describes the effects his admonitions produced upon her mind:—"The next morning, about ten o'clock, his lordship caused me to be introduced to his presence. He questioned me as to who I was, from whence, whose son I was, and, in fact, as to the whole course of my life, and the cause of my being in my present state; and he mingled these questions with much good advice, and dwelt on the dangers of my life, and the terrors of death, and the dread of

eternal punishment if I did not amend; and yet he tried to console and tranquillise me, and made me kneel with him and ask pardon of the God I had so often outraged. Perceiving this venerable man to be a saint, and being overwhelmed by sorrow, and yet love, I fancied that I stood in the presence of God, and I said to him, 'Senhor, all I have as yet told you is not true. The real fact is, I am a WOMAN! I was born in such a place; daughter of such and such parents, who placed me in such a convent, at such an age, with my aunt So-and-so. I was educated there, and assumed the habit. I became a novice. Being on the eve of my profession, I escaped. I hid myself in such and such a place. I stripped myself, put on other clothes, and cut off my hair. I have travelled here and there in every part; I have embarked on board ship; I have disembarked; I have trafficked and traded; I have shed blood; I have killed; I have perverted others; I have wandered as a vagabond until the present moment, when I find myself in this holy presence, and at your sacred feet.' And then I sobbed as if my heart would break."

Such was the astonishment which this avowal, when made public, produced, that it had the effect of saving her from the hands of justice. That portion of her history, however, in which she assured the bishop of her perfect chastity, seemed to him almost incredible. She explains, but with the utmost delicacy of language, the manner in which she undertook to convince the venerable prelate of the truth of her declaration. Being, in fine, convinced of the fidelity of her statement, he gave full credence to all she said, and soon after placed her in a convent, for the present, until he should ascertain one other most important point, but in a more official manner — whether she had been a professed nun previous to her escape. The lady abbess also entered into an engagement to permit her to return to the world, at any future period, on his requisition, or on that of his successor. In this calm retreat she remained about six months, during which she was the object of universal attraction, and the convent was every day crowded with visitors who came to behold the terrible Monja Alférez. It must have been curious to witness the contrast between this wild member of the holy sisterhood and her gentler companions: and it not rarely occurred, that, during the hour of general prayer or recreation, but more particularly in the refectory, she forgot her new vocation, and, in spite of and unknown to herself, resumed the boisterous and bullying manners she had acquired in the camp or in the desert. On the slightest difference of opinion, an emphatic oath, a challenge to single combat, or some other equally startling mode of deciding a controversy, so new to the passive discipline of the monastery, convinced the fair and pious daughters of the Most Holy Trinity, that the untamed being, whom they harboured for a space, could never become, notwithstanding her present repentance for the sins of her past life, a peaceful and contented subject of conventual rule.

The venerable bishop did not long survive the temporary conversion of his extraordinary *protégée*; he died in about six months after her admission into the convent of the Trinity. His successor having ascertained by a reference to San Sebastian, as well as to the records of the convent of the Antiquo, that she had not been professed, permitted her, after a residence of two years and five months with the community, to select her own convent, provided she still retained the disposition to devote the remaining portion of her life to religious seclusion. Her old tastes and habits, however, returned with renewed vigour, and she expressed an inclination to revisit her native country. She soon afterwards embarked at Cartagena for Cadiz, where she arrived in the month of November, 1624. After remaining some time there

she visited Seville, Madrid, Pamplona, and Barcelona. From thence she proceeded to Italy, visited Genoa, where she killed an Italian in a duel because he had insulted the Spanish nation in some observation which he hastily made; after which she went to Rome. Her fame had already preceded her in all those places, and she became the object of attraction even in the Eternal City. At his own urgent request she was presented to Pope Urban VIII., who, as she states, granted her permission to retain, for the rest of her life, the male attire she had so long worn. Her apartments were crowded each day by visitors of the highest rank, and a crowd of Cardinals attended her levees as if she were a monarch. Being, however, soon disgusted with the effeminacy of the manners of the men who ruled the city of the Cæsars and the Scipios, she quitted Rome; and her military propensities, as well as her desire to pass the remainder of her life in America, being thoroughly excited within her, she set out for Madrid, after having well nigh challenged to the *duello* an illustrious dignitary of the church, because he happened to remark that it was a pity so celebrated a person as Doña Catalina should have been a Spaniard. On her arrival in the capital she presented a memorial to the king, Philip IV., praying him to grant her compensation for the wounds she had received, and for the important services she had performed in his cause. A pension of 800 crowns was granted to her, and a patent, signed by his Majesty, given her, in which her military rank was fully recognised; and she obtained permission to wear her male attire, and to travel unmolested through any part of the Spanish dominions, at home or abroad. Having received these favours she set out for Naples, where she arrived in the month of July, 1626, at which period the memoirs written by herself, and from which we have quoted the above extracts, abruptly terminate. She is, however, supposed to have remained in Spain until 1630; after which she sailed once more for America.

It has not been ascertained at what particular period she died; but from some documents found in the Capuchin convent at Vera Cruz, it is known that a great portion of the remainder of her life was devoted to commercial pursuits, and that she assumed the name of Antonio de Erauso. The particulars of the subsequent career of this most singular being, or the manner of her death, are enveloped in mystery. We may be permitted, however, to conjecture that the remainder of her existence partook of the wildness of her youth and her mature age, and that, as her life was one of lawless ferocity, her death was one of violence.—We have given but a faint outline of the waywardness of this strange personage. Her adventures were most numerous, most rare, and most wonderful, and were such as might have conferred distinction, whether for good or for evil, on the most daring adventurer of the ruder sex. They are narrated by herself in a most masculine style, sententious and powerful beyond the vigour of the most concise writer, and marked throughout by a frankness and simplicity which impart a certain grace to her peculiar form of narrative. The deeds which she recounts, and the actions of which she presents to us the plain and unvarnished record, bring to our minds the stories told of the exploits of the Amazons of ancient poetry; and we should be inclined to regard as a well-told fable the present memoir, were it not for the unequivocal proofs of its veracity furnished by contemporary documents still existing amongst the state papers of Spain, by the dispatches of viceroys, the testimonials and certificates of military chiefs whose names are well known in the warlike annals of the New and of the Old World, the fidelity of contemporary history, and the undeniable evidence of eye-witnesses\*, all of which not only attest the truth of the narrative told

\* Davila, who was contemporary, thus concludes his notice of the Monja Alferex:—"She returned to Spain, and came to Madrid in the month of December, 1624, and she was in the same

by herself, but even allude, in terms of high admiration, to deeds performed by her, and which, through modesty or carelessness, she has either neglected or forgotten to record.\*

We shall leave it to the philosopher to account for the fact, how a young girl of fifteen years old, brought up from her tenderest infancy amongst secluded females, could so far forget, all at once, the bearing, the language, and the habits of a woman, as to succeed in concealing from the whole world, even from those who lived with her in the closest intimacy, the secret of her sex. Notwithstanding one or two occasions of affectation, her total abstinence from *one* dissipation merely excited a suspicion of a negative kind only †, and it was supposed that either she felt no passions, or had been rendered incapable of gratifying them.

We have already observed that her style is remarkable for great energy, and her diction, notwithstanding the fact of her having been born in the Basque provinces, is pure and classical. Her thoughts and observations on the events passing around her, as well as on her own conduct, are replete with good sense and acute discrimination. She never makes a boast of her own intrepidity, or of her impetuous gallantry in the field. Her descriptions of the different actions in which she bore a distinguished part are remarkable for their modest frankness, and she never fails to bear testimony to the merits of others, even when opposed to them in deadly conflict. To her honour be it also said—and the fact may be adduced as a proof of the strong common sense which she possessed at bottom,—that hardened as she was in the wild ways of the world in which she lived, habituated to the vices of the half savage society in which she moved, and largely participating in the lawless outrages of the spoliators with whom she fought and plundered, her narrative is free from any expressions or thoughts which could wound the delicacy of the most fastidious reader.

She was a most extraordinary being. Had her naturally powerful intellect been directed to proper objects, had she received the benefits of education, with the stimulus of a laudable ambition, she would have become one of the most distinguished personages of the age in which she lived. As it is, her story is one of passing interest; and though, morally speaking, the reputation attached to her name may be considered of a nature more than equivocal, it cannot be asserted that the character of the Monja Alférez is the least remarkable of those which have been illustrated in the annals of Spain during the early portion of the seventeenth century.

We cannot conclude this notice better, than by presenting to the reader the following extract from a description of her personal appearance, from the letters of Pedro de la Valle, who knew and conversed with her in 1626,

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hotel with me in the dress of an officer. I saw her wounds, and the narrative of her exploits attested by the certificates of the officers she served under; one of whom assured me that she was on every occasion foremost wherever danger appeared. She was hoping that the king would have granted her compensation in proportion to her services; and she told me that if he conferred on her the grade of captain, she would resume her arms, and remain a soldier to her death, fighting in the service of God and of her king." — *Historia de la Vida y Hechos del Inclito Monarca D. Felipe III.*, par el Maestro Gil Gonzalez Davila.

Amongst the archives of the Indies preserved at Seville may be found the highest testimonials in her favour from the captains-general, viceroys, and governors of the several kingdoms and governments in Spanish America, together with various certificates from the several naval and military officers with whom she served.

\* She often passes over incidents which do not seem to her of much importance, but which would create a reputation for more vain-glorious persons: — "*Sucedieronme entre tanto algunas cosas, que por leves aquí omito.*" Cap. xxiii.

† In a MS. diary of remarkable occurrences at Seville, the following entry is found, dated 4th July, 1630: "Jueves 4 de Julio estuvo en la iglesia mayor la Monja Alférez. — Sirvió de soldado veinte años, *tenida por capon*," &c. &c.



whilst she was residing in Rome.\* — “One day her friend and countryman, Father Rodrigo de San Miguel, brought her to my house. We conversed a long while, and she related to me many of the strange events of her life, of which, in these letters, I have only narrated some of the most remarkable in the career of her who is certainly one of the most extraordinary persons of our times. Francisco Crecencio, the celebrated artist, has painted her portrait. Her stature is large and bulky for a woman, though, for all that, she has not the appearance of being a perfect man. She has no bosom, and she informed me that whilst yet a young girl, she had applied some kind of remedy to render her breasts quite flat, as they are at this moment; and that it was effected by means of a plaster given her by an Italian, which, when first applied, caused her great pain for a short time, without, however, producing any evil result.

“Her countenance is not ugly, neither is it handsome, and it appears rather careworn than old. Her hair is black and short, like that of a man, with some locks hanging loose over the forehead, as is the present fashion. In fact, she has rather the appearance of a eunuch than of a woman. She was dressed in male attire in the Spanish fashion. She always wears a sword well girt around her. Her head is a little bent forwards, but more like a gallant soldier than like a courtier or a chamberer. The only effeminacy about her is in her hands, and they are plump and fleshy, and robust and strong, though she moves them somewhat like a woman.”

### THE SEA.

O LADY! whose bright image on my soul  
 Dwells like a silver star upon the breast  
 Of a clear lake, whose waters are at rest !  
 Now side by side we see the Ocean roll,  
 And its foam-crested waves ride toweringly  
 With serpent marchings, gracefully and free :  
 Then, slowly gathering up their moving weight,  
 Full on the shore themselves precipitate,  
 Dash'd into foaming shivers hissingly ! —  
 Anon another comes with Titan roar,  
 And beats the shingly beach, which hisses wide  
 At every pore, as though it half defied  
 In snarling madness the strong muscular Sea ! —  
 O type of strength and weakness — giant — child !  
 Now like a fushing surge with passion wild ;  
 Now weary as a broken wave which dies  
 On the bare desolate shore despondingly ;  
 And now at placid rest, when the great deep  
 (Soothed by the sunset dyes to charmed sleep)  
 Kisses the stars which throng upon his breast,  
 Till the blue ocean shines another sky ;  
 While all around a lulling murmur flows  
 From whispering waves ere sinking to repose !

THOMAS POWELL.

\* *Letras familiares a su amigo Mario Schipano impresas en Bolonia en 1677. p. 602.*

# INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

## PART III.

To those who have felt sufficient interest in our subject to carry with them the arguments from month to month put forth, we now address a few remarks on the second and third points of view, from which we can look down upon the vast field of Time, and duly estimate the flowers or weeds, or tall-branching, fruit-bearing trees, to which the rich soil has given birth.

But first, an observation on the tendency and significance of the facts set forth in our former papers. We have seen that, independently of the appreciable differences of intellectual condition, and the necessities induced by an imperfect infant stage, addressed to an ignorant, inartistic audience, (sprinkled with grave beards and thoughtful eyes, to whom the learned allusions and beautiful bits of poetry were addressed,) there was also a ruling influence of taste, which clung to its own children, and looked coldly on those of others, were they never so beautiful, that "preferred their ugliness to the beauty of others," and left the Greeks and Italians, to return to their own heterogeneous, but national drama, taking no heed of the finish and intrigue of Ariosto, but going back again to laugh over the puerilities of *Gammer Gurton*, as the chubby infant turns from the wisdom of its father with double delight to the playful nonsense (best sense to it) of the mother or nurse. The preference for their own mixture of tremendous harrowing passion, unholy lusts of diseased hearts, and broad, stupid buffoonery, we believe to be the natural educt of the English character. Whether our northern and dismal climate, streaked with days of beauty and clearness unrivalled by the most glorious of the south, our sudden changes of fog and sunshine, or our island influences, do naturally account for it, and for the want of delicacy and refinement in our feelings, which require to be struck with a sledge-hammer to be impressed, and thus generates a tendency to extremes in such matters ere we can enjoy them, we leave philosophers to settle; but the fact remains there, seeking explanation. Ask a gallery spectator to what sort of play he gives the preference, and he will infallibly reply, "Oh! something *deep*," and his next favourite will be a pantomime, or the funny part in a melodrama, of a servant loving another funny servant. Go to a minor theatre to see a melodrame of the true school, — *The Midnight Horror*, or *the Black Bandit*, or some such attractive title; mark the feelings of the audience, and you will see that they are swayed alternately by the fierce bandit,

"Mix'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes,"

who rants and raves, and takes a long breath before he utters "*By hel—l—l—l*," and by the funny servant who always comes on after some "scene of horror" to relieve the excited feelings, and with a song, or some popular wit, works them up to a state of high delight. This is the English feeling, and ever was so: the audiences of the days of *Gammer Gurton*, or of Shakspeare, were not a whit different in this respect.

This characteristic must be in some measure the excuse for our old dramatists; at the same time it evinces a want of power in every writer who has to seek unnatural passions, horrible situations, &c. to raise the emotions of the audience. There is no weaker writing than that usually denominated

powerful; except moral writing. Power is shown in harmonious mastery over materials, not in flying from those lying around us, and seeking them in the wild-tangled wood of Improbability, or the hot-breathing swamp of Disgust. The clear eye of the eagle looks upon the world as reflected in the heavens, o'erarching it; but the dim eye of weakness and false energy, unable to look at the sun, squints fiercely at the dunghill, and unveils the corruption going on there.

"The poet," says Carlyle, "we cannot but think, can never have far to seek for a subject: the elements of his art are in him and around him on every hand. For him the ideal world is not remote from the actual, but under it and within it; nay, he is a poet precisely because he can discern it there. Wherever there is a sky above him, and a world around him, the poet is in his place; for here, too, is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavours; its unspeakable aspirations; its fears and hopes that wander through eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of in any age or climate since man first began to live. Is there not the fifth act of a tragedy in every death-bed, though it were a peasant's, and a bed of heath? and are wooings and weddings obsolete, that there can be Comedy no longer? Are men suddenly grown wise, that Laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his Farce? Man's life is as it was, and ever will be; but the poet must have an eye to read these things, and a heart to understand them, or they come and pass away before him in vain. He is a *vates*, a seer: a gift of vision has been given him. Has life no meanings for him which another cannot equally decipher?—then he is no poet, and Delphi itself cannot make him one."

Our glorious Shakspeare, who had more power than all the band of dramatic poets put together, who had the real healthy power which sustains the soul unwearied in its longest flights, whose muse,

"Like strength reposing on his own right-arm,"

as Keats magnificently says, knew so well how to unravel the complex web of human history, seldom indulges in "the horrible;" nay, we should say he does so but once, (for *Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles*, being *rifaccimenti* "to order," he cannot be held responsible for their subjects,) and that is in *Lear* (Act III. Sc. 7.), where Glo'ster is held down in his chair while *Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes and sets his foot upon it!* and afterwards *tears out the other and throws it on the ground!* This is so barbarous, and so unnecessary, that we wonder at his introduction of it: in Massinger it would have been at home. It reminds us of another physical attempt at emotion which sickens to disgust in Ford's play of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (Act V. Sc. 6.), where Giovanni enters a superb banqueting room, with guests assembled, *bearing on his dagger his sister's heart!*

"Giov. Here, here, Loranzo! trimm'd in reeking blood  
That triumphs over death! proud in the spoil  
Of love and vengeance! Fate, or all the powers  
That guide the motions of immortal souls,  
Could not prevent me."

"Cardinal. What means this?"

"Giov. Be not amazed: if your misgiving hearts  
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear  
Of coward passion would have seized your senses  
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty  
Which I have acted? My sister! O my sister!

"Flo. Ha! what of her?"

"Giov. The glory of my deed  
 Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.  
 You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare :  
 I came to feast, too ; but I digg'd for food  
 In a much richer mine than gold or stone  
 Of any value balanced : 'tis a heart,  
 A heart, my lords, in which mine is entomb'd :  
 Look well upon it ! Do you know it ?  
 'Tis Annabella's heart. 'Tis : why do you startle ?  
 I vow 'tis hers : this dagger's point plough'd up  
 Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame  
 Of a most glorious executioner."

Is this tragedy ? Throughout the whole of this play, which is founded on an incestuous passion, *shared* between a brother and sister, there seems to be an utter absence of any recognition that incest is horrible. In *this* sense there is a sort of dramatic sublimity about it : the author never for an instant lets his feelings or opinions govern the events, or comment on them. Annabella loves her brother ; and when her husband detects it, she by no means denies the fact, but sets to abusing him, and thus describes her incestuous idol : —

"This noble creature was in every part  
 So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman  
 Who had not been but human, as was I,  
 Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for love.  
 You ! why you are not worthy once to name  
 His name without true worship, or, indeed,  
 Unless you kneel'd to hear another name him."

*Mais c'est un peu fort !* And when the infuriated husband madly demands the name of his wronger, she laughs at him, —

"Ann. Ha ! ha ! ha ! the man's merry.  
 "Lor. Dost laugh ?  
 Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth  
 I'll hew thy flesh to shreds ; who is't ?  
 "Ann. (*sings.*) *Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore.*  
 "Lor. Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag  
 Thy lust beleper'd body through the dust. [*Hauls her up and down.*  
 Yet tell his name.  
 "Ann. (*sings*) *Morendo in grazia del morire senza dolore.*  
 "Lor. Dost thou triumph ? the treasure of the earth  
 Shall not redeem thee ; were there kneeling kings  
 Did beg thy life, or angels did come down  
 To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail  
 Against my rage : dost thou not tremble yet ?  
 "Ann. At what ? to die : no, be a gallant hangman.  
 I dare thee to the worst : strike, and strike home ;  
 I leave revenge behind, — thou shalt feel it.  
 "Lor. Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life ?  
 "Ann. My life ! I will not buy my life so dear !"

All this is very horrible, and requires an intensity of *diseased* power to produce ; but, we repeat, it is not healthy power — nay, rightly considered, is no power, but

"Weakness reposing on its own left arm,"

to adopt the parody of a witty friend. "But it would be unfair hence to conclude," as Hartley Coleridge remarks, "that Ford delighted in the contemplation of vice and misery, as vice and misery. He delighted in the sensation of intellectual power, he found himself strong in the imagination of crime and of agony : his moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, by compassion for rare extremes of suffering. He

abhorred vice — he admired virtue; but ordinary vice or modern virtue were, to him, as light wine to a dram-drinker. Passion must be adulterous or incestuous, grief must be something more than martyrdom, before he could make them big enough to be seen.\* This, though a defence of the poet's morals, is a clear confession of weakness. Homer, the healthy clear-sighted old bard, needed no diseased condition of the mind before he could see its turbulence: he could see the exquisite tinge of the rose on the maiden's cheek, and wanted no hectic flush of fever or consumption ere he could reproduce it. Æschylus, who was one of the genuine "power men," plunged daringly into the dark caverns of night, and from the turbulent but real passions storming in upon the human heart could build up his *Agamemnon*, *Choëphoræ*, and *Eumenides*, or in the deep, philosophic spirit, could portray the heroic grandeur of *Prometheus*. Nor does Sophocles step beyond the region of truth and passion in its universal state; for in *Œdipus*, independent of the philosophic problem thereby enunciated, the incest is *unconscious* — it is an accident which might happen to any one. It is Euripides, in whom the want of truth, and of reliance on truth, has been the cause of his substitution of cunning rhetoric for the language of poetry; who first flies to a *Phædra's* incestuous passion to move his audience. And of our old dramatists, we should say that precisely in proportion to their strength is the absence of diseased subjects.† The fierce extravagance, the will, and daring of Marlowe, and the gloomy power of Webster, which seems to emanate from a sepulchre, and from

"Memories that make the heart a tomb,"

are doubtless of a gigantic nature, and tower above Massinger and Ford as the Alps above Hampstead Heath; but both sorts are wonderfully beneath Shakespeare, as the tallest Alp is beneath the bright star shining above it! Compare, on this head, the turbulent violence and straining after effect in *Die Räuber* of Schiller, and the calm strength of Göthe's *Clavigo* or *Egmont*.

But this exordium is, in a measure, anticipated by the present state of our stage, which refuses to pander to that side of our appetites, and will allow no such horrors to be acted on it; and even the public themselves are not quite so bad as they were, for although they run after murders and house-breakers, yet, on the royal stages at least, they are not willing to tolerate great offences against delicacy or taste. In Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* (Act IV. Sc.iii.), the virgin is led out to execution, and *her head struck off on the stage!!* Conceive an audience allowing this! Bunn, who during his notable mismanagement essayed many things, and tried the public's patience to exasperation, once thought to produce a "thrilling effect" by a similar exhibition in the opera of *The Bravo*, where Jacopo was beheaded on the stage, and his head held up to the disgusted audience, who rose in a mass, and vehemently protested against it; the next night the *dénouement* was altered.‡

In Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, however, there is a bit of what Coleridge used to call "the material sublime," which a man, daring every thing as he did, was not unlikely to stumble upon. Malefort, who is one of those atro-

\* Introduction to Moxon's edition of Massinger and Ford, p. lviii.

† The reader will discriminate between a horrible subject chosen with wantonness or weakness and one chosen to work out some serious purpose. The *Cenci* of Shelley is a grand specimen of the latter; but even it, powerful as it is, and unequalled by any thing except Shakespeare's, is in a measure all the worse for the subject.

‡ In one of Gil Vicente's (the Lope de Vega of Portugal) dramas a woman is delivered of a child on the stage! So much for toleration in an audience.

cious villains seen only on the stage (fortunately for humanity), is visited by the ghost of his son, whom he has slain, "*naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a lady, her face leprous.*" (Note how he loves to pile up his horrors!) Malefort is naturally thrown into a frantic state thereby. When they disappear, he continues —

•  
" They are vanish'd !  
What's left to do then ? I'll accuse my fate.  
That did not fashion me for nobler uses :  
For if those stars, cross to me in my birth,  
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,  
I might have ceased to be, and not, as now,  
To curse my cause of being."

As these impious words escape warm from his lips, "*he is killed with a flash of lightning !*" This is a bold but striking effect, and its consistency with the general tenour of the piece renders it more so. But how much finer and more difficult to execute, and more lasting in impression, is the sublimity of passion ! How much finer is the mental anatomy of the following touch in his *Duke of Milan* ! Sforza, on being told that his wife is false, shrieks out for his servants in his rage.

" Within there ! Stephano,  
Tiberio, and the rest ! — I will be sudden,  
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes  
Abused knows no degree in hate.

*Enter STEPHANO and TIBERIO.*

" *Tib.* My lord.  
" *Sfor.* Go to the chamber of *that* wicked woman —  
" *Tib.* What wicked woman, sir ?  
" *Sfor.* The devil, my wife."

His denominating her as "*that* wicked woman," believing none other so bad as she, and also the true vehemence of his passion causing him to think that every one around must feel and suffer, as he does, the intensity of passion, identifying every thing with itself, is in the highest degree dramatic.

Let us append to this the scene from the *Spanish Tragedy*, supposed to have been interpolated by Webster, and worthy of Shakspeare, though rejected by Mr. Hawkins as an impertinent interpolation of the players, which shows the value of the criticism of these black-letter men "when," as Leigh Hunt says, "*taken unawares.* Scorn, which is perilous to the pretensions of the greatest men, is ruinous to those of the less."\* Hieronimo's son has been murdered, and he is mad ; a painter is introduced to him, and the following deep and pathetic scene takes place.

" *Painter.* God bless you, sir.  
" *Hieron.* Wherefore ? Why ? thou scornful villain !  
How, where, or by what means should I be blest ?  
" *Isabella.* What would'st thou have, good fellow ?  
" *Painter.* Justice, madam.  
" *Hieron.* O ambitious beggar, would'st thou have that  
That lives not in the world ?  
Why all the undelved mines cannot buy  
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.  
I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,  
And there is none but what comes from him.  
" *Painter.* O then I see that God must right for me my murder'd son.  
" *Hieron.* How ? was thy son murder'd ?  
" *Painter.* Ay, sir ; no man did hold a son so dear.

\* Mr. Horne confesses that the sixth scene of the fifth act of *Cosmo de Medici* was originated by recollections of this scene. The reader may compare them.

"Hieron. What, not as thine? that's a lie,  
As massy as the earth: I had a son,  
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh  
A thousand of thy sons; AND HE WAS MURDER'D!

"Painter. Alas! sir, I had no more but he.

"Hieron. Nor I, nor I; but this same son of mine  
Was worth a legion. But all is one.  
Pedro, Jacques; go in a doors, Isabella, go,  
And this good fellow here and I  
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,  
Like two she-lions 'reaved of their young.

[Exeunt ISABELLA and Servants.

"(The Painter and he sit down.)"

The terrible wilfulness and intensity of this must strike every one. Hieronimo's impatience at the pretensions of any one to a grief like his own, and his rapid answer to the painter's complaint, that he had but one son, "nor I, nor I," are done with the most striking truth. But these are matters which the most careless reader is little likely to pass unobserved; we have interrupted the scene, not to comment on them, but upon the epithet "hideous" applied to the orchard, which is most subtle and Shaksperian. "There's nothing good nor bad, but thinking makes it so;" and the pertinacity with which grief or joy fling their dark or sunny mantles over every thing around them must be incessantly remarked. The gentle and music-loving Juliet, when the lark carols forth its morning hymn, thereby announcing to the lovers that it is time to part, abuses the

"Lark that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."

And this is not mere wilfulness—the sweetest sounds which thus part lovers are discordant. So Hieronimo sees no rich orchard "with verdure clad," and trees "bearing full goodly fruit," but "a hideous orchard." That the reader may the more clearly dive into the involved subtleties of this passionate explanation, we must inform him that Hieronimo's son was hanged on a tree; consequently any thing thus associated with his son's murder will take a hideous hue. But we must hasten on with the scene:—Alas! commenting on and turning round the various points which lie hidden in a flash of poetry is such endless pleasure! and yet ever so unsatisfactory, that we are almost sorry we threw out the above hint.

"Hieron. Come, let us talk wisely now —  
Was thy son murder'd?

"Painter. O Lord! yes, sir.

"Hieron. So was mine.  
How dost thou take it? Art thou not some time mad?  
Are there no tricks that come before thine eyes?

"Painter. Ay, sir.

"Hieron. Art a painter? Canst paint me a tear or a wound?  
A groan or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?

"Painter. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:  
My name is Bazardo."

Our painter may be an affectionate father, and regret his son; but note how different is his grief from the wild-storming passion which beats against the rock of Hieronimo's heart, and covers it with foam! He can not only be calm, but even his little vanities are not absorbed by his grief, and he conceitedly replies as above to the touching question of a father. The contrast is most artistic: Hieronimo's grief is madness.

"Hieron. Bazardo! 'fore God an excellent fellow. Look ye, sir,  
Do you see? I'd have you paint me my gallery,

In your oil colours matted, and draw me five  
Years younger than I am : do you see, sir ? let five  
Years go : let them go like the marshal of Spain,  
My wife Isabella standing by me,  
With a speaking look to my son Horatio,  
Which should intend to this or some such like purpose :  
God bless thee, my sweet son ! and my hand leaning upon  
His head thus, sir ; do you see ? — may it be done ? \*

" *Painter.* Very well, sir.

" *Hieron.* Nay, I pray mark me, sir :  
Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree.  
Canst paint a doleful cry ?

" *Painter.* Seemingly, sir.

" *Hieron.* Nay, it should cry ; but all is one.  
Well, sir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro'  
With villains' swords, hanging upon this tree.  
Canst thou draw a murderer ?

" *Painter.* I'll warrant you, sir :  
I have the pattern of the most notorious villains  
That ever lived in all Spain.

" *Hieron.* O let them be worse, worse ; stretch thine art,  
And let their beards be of Judas's own colour,  
And let their eyebrows jettee over : in any case observe that.  
Then, sir, after some violent noise,  
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under my arm,  
With my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up thus,  
And with these words :  
*What noise is this ? Who calls Hieronimo ?*  
May it be done ?

" *Painter.* Yea, sir.

" *Hieron.* Well, sir, then bring me forth ; bring me through alley and alley,  
still with a distracted countenance, going along, and let my hair heave up my night cap.

" Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the wind blowing, the bells  
tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking  
twelve. And at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, *as you know the  
wind will wave a man*, and I with a trice cut him down.

" *And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio !*

There you may show a passion, there you may show a passion.  
Draw me like old Priam of Troy,  
Crying the house is a fire, the house is a fire,  
And the torch over my head : make me curse,  
Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,  
Make me well again, make me curse hell,  
Invoke, and in the end leave me  
In a trance, and so forth.

" *Painter.* And is this the end ?

" *Hieron.* O no, *there is no end* : the end is death and madness.

Ay, madness, poor bereaved Hieronimo, for there is no son to gladden  
thy wet eyes again ; there is no repose or happiness for thee in this world  
more ; and madness, in its forgetfulness of the past and present, is the  
sweetest relief to thy torn mind. Truly sayest thou,

" I am never better than when I am mad ! "

But thou dost not weep thy loss alone ! thousands have wept with thee, and  
pitied thee and him, and thousands will continue to weep, and rise strength-  
ened from their tears to do the great work of endeavour and improvement,  
and to help the world the faster through its throes, and drive the black  
sorrow-clouds with a strong wind from the face of the blue heaven, and let  
the sun of goodness shine every where.

It is now time that we should direct the attention of the reader to an im-  
portant point in our argument ; viz. the merit of these writers as models.

\* It is perhaps superfluous to remark that this speech is inaccurately printed verse — it is prose,  
such as they frequently introduced.



We have said that they were not artists; and this as the radical defect must be substantiated, which we shall endeavour to do by the analysis of an admired and characteristic specimen. The dramatist must needs study their works, not alone for their beauties but for their faults, that he may learn the rocks and shallows against which his precursors have ventured, and split. He will find in them, as before stated, the deepest pathos, the most arrowy wit, the broadest farce, and the most effective situations. No passion, no vice has been left intact; no character not sketched, if not drawn. But as they now come to us, with all our experience and critical advancement, and the critical demands of an advanced audience, they lie there as some dramatic chaos, wherein are all the elements in their grandeur and insignificance from which a world is to be forth-formed. Let him go to them in deepest reverence; let him wander delighted amidst their luxuriant entangled woods,

“With pipy hemlock overgrown,”

and see how nature is reflected in the stream of their poetry, now clear and limpid, now turbulent, muddy, and confused; but let him not mistake this broken image, quivering in the depths of the stream, and moved by every gust, as the true and complete art-image of the world! Let him have faith, not bigotry; let him be a believer, not a sectarian; and separate that which is perennial from that which is contingent and temporal.

Till Greene came from Spain, and, in conjunction with Peele, Marlowe, &c., fixed the form of the English drama, founded on that of the Spanish, from which it rose to its majestic flower in Shakspeare, the rude attempts are beneath criticism, being, except when mere imitations of classic models or translations, but broken stammerings of the dramatic voice vainly endeavouring to become melodious and complete; nor did it until Shakspeare, and only in his person, attain this. Beaumont and Fletcher, however, were greater favourites with the audience than the majestic Shakspeare, and the reason is obvious; but the audience having now changed, Shakspeare's immeasurable superiority is evident, and will remain so to all time. They have been praised on all sides for their *stage effectiveness*, often confounded with dramatic spirit — a sad error; the preference of the sensual barren effect, or surprise of the *coup de théâtre*, over the spiritual fruit-bearing, never-dying idea, which is sown in the mind by the poet. The former startles more, and brings down a louder round of applause from the startled audience; but the latter, though more silently received, owing to the intensity with which it is felt not permitting the attention to be distracted from it, is the only true effect. We may applaud the one, but we carry the other away with us, not only to meditate and brood on, not only to influence us and our thoughts through “the long expanse of years,” but also to communicate, to talk over, and sympathise with amidst our family and friends. While the one is forgotten on leaving the theatre, the other attracts us again and again. What “effective” piece ever had the run of a simple story of passion told with a poet's truth — a poet's skill?

We shall analyse Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, scene by scene, both because it is one of the most admired, and because it is perhaps the most characteristic in its faults and beauties; and so unconscious was the writer of the *Prologue* of its inartistic construction, that he says with a sublimity of bold ignorance truly amusing,

“Only 'twill crave attention in the most,  
Because one point unmark'd the whole is lost.”

Act I. Sc. 1. *Rutilio* and *Arnoldo*, two brothers, appear, and let us into the secret of the name of the piece; for, as we shall see, this first act is wholly apart from the others. The *Custom of the Country* is a custom which once flourished in England, viz. that the governor has what were called the "Rights of the Manor," the right to the first embraces of every woman married in his town. After stating this, and denouncing it in no measured terms to his brother *Rutilio*, who is a wild rakehell fellow, and applauds the governor's office in a bantering spirit; *Charino*, with his daughter *Zenocia*, to whom *Arnoldo* is engaged, appear. The father endeavours to persuade *Zenocia* to marry the governor, which she refuses. *Arnoldo*, delighted at her constancy, steps forward, upbraids the father for his selfishness, who repents, and exit in tears. A conversation ensues between the lovers, in which, "to try her," *Arnoldo* insultingly counsels her to submit to the "custom of the country," and endeavours to persuade her that she will not be rendered impure by it. This she, in a strain bordering on viragoism, rebuts. He confesses he did it but "to try her," and they are reconciled.

In the severity of criticism almost all these second and third parts of the scene are superfluous: they are constantly raising the expectation of some event about to happen, and these expectations all fade off into nothing. It is a violent circular movement, not a progressive one: we are just at the same spot as that from which we set out, especially as, in the concluding part of the scene, the matter is all done over again.

*Clodio*, the governor, enters, and, being left alone with *Zenocia*, begins to woo her in marriage, threatening her if she refuse his hand, she cannot refuse to obey the "custom of the country" should she marry *Arnoldo*. This courtship is exquisitely done. The preposterous self-sufficiency of *Clodio* demands that we should extract the commencement.

"*Clodio*. Now, what say you to me?

"*Zeno*. Sir, it becomes  
The modesty that maids are ever born with  
To use few words.

"*Clodio*. Do you see nothing in me?  
Nothing to catch your eyes, *nothing of wonder*,  
The common mould of men come short and want in?  
Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?  
And what a happiness it may be to you,  
To have him honour you, all women aim at;  
To have him love you, lady; that man love you,  
The best and the most beauteous have run mad for?  
*Look, and be wise*; you have a favour offered you  
I do not every day propound to women.  
You understand: *come, kiss me and be joyful*:  
*I give you leave*.

"*Zeno*. I do beseech your honour pardon me,  
And take some skilful one can hold you play:  
I am a fool.

"*Clodio*. I tell thee, maid, I love thee;  
*Let that word make thee happy*; so far love thee,  
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,  
I will descend so low to marry thee.  
Methinks I see the race that shall spring from us!  
Some, princes; some, great soldiers!"

Much to his surprise this magnanimous condescension does not raise any responsive admiration in her breast, and they part in anger; she refusing his hand — he determined on her fulfilment of the custom.

Scene 2. A bed-room in *Charino's* house covered with black. *Clodio* enters with the intention of enforcing his right. He sends for *Zenocia*. She arrives, armed with a bow and quiver, accompanied by *Arnoldo* and

*Rutilio*, also armed. As he approaches her, she threatens to shoot him. He calls for his guard but is silenced. They then leave him. He calls for his guard, who enters, and tells them that

"They're all aboard, a bark rode ready for them,  
And now are under sail and past recovery."

Furious, he orders a ship to be rigged, and he will follow her; and so the act ends!

This we take to be the very cream of ineffectiveness: all this bustle and preparation is mere sound and vapour. This "stage effect" of their coming in upon him armed is most trivial; for, independent of the conviction that if they had so prepared "the bark," and their flight was so easy, they might have saved all the time, without waiting to come in thus upon him; there is the more serious error of this being a mere entrance—a mere *comp de théâtre*, and such a clumsy one that nothing is made of it. There is no passionate scene of resistance or defiance—all passes off with the insipidity of a magic-lantern scene.

*Act. II. Sc. 1.* The scene changes to Lisbon, and we are first introduced to *Manuel*, its governor, and *Donna Guiomar*, both lamenting over her son *Duarte's* upstart pride and swollen insolence of success. *Duarte* and his page then enter, and he exemplifies the objections of his mother and uncle in a very amusing manner, and at one part says,

"For if I studied the country's laws,  
I should so easily sound all their depth,  
And rise up such a wonder that the pleaders  
That now are in most practice and esteem  
Should starve for want of clients. If I travelled,  
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,  
I would return in act more knowing than  
Homer could fancy him: if a physician,  
So oft would I restore death-wounded men  
That where I lived Galen should not be named.  
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win  
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower  
Were all the sun gives light to: and for arms,  
Were the Persian host that drank up rivers added  
To the Turk's present powers, I could direct,  
Command, and marshall them."

This strain of braggadocio is very common with Beaumont and Fletcher, and is very amusing, but we shall see in the end that it is introduced merely *for its own sake*. This scene does not advance the plot a step. Nay, it is but the commencement and prologue to a new drama which begins at the second act.

*Sc. 2.* *Leopold*, a sea-captain, who has taken *Zenocia* captive in a fight which occurred between his vessel and the one in which she escaped from Italy, treats her with gentleness and respect, and tells her that he has given her to *Hippolita*, his mistress. We learn from this scene that *Arnoldo* and *Rutilio*,

"When they were brought aboard,  
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;  
How on a sudden, as if they had sworn  
Never to taste the bread of servitude,  
Both snatching up their swords, and from this virgin  
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,  
They leaped into the sea."

Sc. 3. We have *Arnoldo* and *Rutilio* escaped from servitude and drowning, but without any money. In their dilemma, a Jew approaches and gives *Arnoldo* a purse of gold as an earnest of greater bounty. *Arnoldo*, surprised, demands what is expected from him in return; to which the Jew replies, by the assurance of fortune if he follow him. He does so, and leaves *Rutilio* wondering. *Duarte* and *Alonzo* enter quarrelling. *Alonzo*, having only a stiletto and no sword, demands time to go and seek one, but *Duarte* brutally triumphs and kicks him. This *Rutilio* cannot stand — he reproaches him — they quarrel — fight — *Duarte* falls — *Alonzo* tells him he has killed the governor's nephew, and urges his flight as the only safety.

Sc. 4. This is a marvellously fine scene, and is one of those which so richly repay the study of their writings. It is *Donna Guiomar's* bedchamber. She is anxious about her son's absence, and sends domestics forth to look for him. She kneels in prayer. *Rutilio* rushes in as from pursuit. He implores protection. He tells her he has killed a man in a brawl, and that the officers are after him. She conceals him behind her bed hangings, and promises to protect him.

"Be of comfort :

Once more I give my promise for your safety.  
All men are subject to such accidents,  
Especially the valiant ; — and who knows not  
But that the charity I afford this stranger,  
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of ? "

Is not this last touch masterly? the laying bare of motives and sweet sympathy? And now, to complete the tragic horror, the officers and servants enter with *Duarte* on a bier !

" 1 *Serv.* Your only son,  
My lord *Duarte's* slain.

" 1 *Officer.* His murderer,  
Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered  
Entering your house, and that induced us  
To press into it for his apprehension.

" *Guiomar.* Oh !

" 1 *Serv.* Sure her heart is broke ! "

What a situation for a mother ! but the noble woman keeps her word, and dismisses them all. When left alone with the corpse, she calls him forth :

" *Guiomar.* Whate'er thou art  
To whom I have given means of life, to witness  
With what religion I have kept my promise,  
Come fearless forth ! but let thy face be cover'd,  
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee :  
For motherly affection may return,  
My vow once paid to heaven. *Thou hast ta'en from me*  
*The respiration of my heart*, the light  
Of my swoln eyes, in his life that sustained me.  
Yet, my word given, I save you I made good,  
Because what you did was not done with malice.  
You are not known ; there is no mark about you  
That can discover you ; lett not fear betray you.  
With all convenient speed you can fly from me  
That I may never see you ; and that want  
Of means may be no let unto your journey,  
There are a hundred crowns. You're at the door now ;  
And so, farewell ! "

Noble creature ! her tears wetting her lids are still retained — the mother's broken heart is still sustained by Christian charity and sympathy of sorrow, and she stifles her present grief that she may the more perfectly help him with counsel and foresight. How touching is the alternation of grief strug-

gling up into her mouth, and its flow checked by some delicate suggestion to him, as "let not fear betray you!" Noble, affectionate Guiomar! since we first learnt to know and love you, you have been nich'd in the temple of our heart, receiving undiminished reverence!

Act III. Sc. 1. *Leopold* conducting *Zenocia* to *Hippolyta's* house. Utterly superfluous.

Sc. 2. is one of those offensive scenes so frequent in these writers. *Hippolyta* has seen *Arnoldo*, and conceived a violent passion for him; by her instigation the Jew conducts him to her as we have seen. He is here introduced to a sumptuous banquet, where soft music steepens sense in bliss. He is all bewilderment — believes it to be a vision until she appears and makes love to him in a very disgusting manner, which he as disgustingly rejects — curses her, and rushes out. Stung with rage and mortified vanity, she sends after him and gets him arrested for theft of jewels which she had previously given him — a revenge worthy of her.

Sc. 3. we must pass over, as stupid obscenity; it has no influence on the plot.

Sc. 4. Superfluous. *Hippolyta* learns that *Arnoldo* is arrested, and condemned to die.

Sc. 5. We have here *Clodio* and *Charino*, who figured in the first act. *Clodio*, quite a changed man, is seeking *Zenocia*. *Manuel*, the governor of Lisbon, learns that *Duarte* is not dead, but is recovering from his wounds. He bids the doctor, for "some end he has," conceal this fact from the mother. *Arnoldo* is led on guarded. *Hippolyta* confesses that he is innocent of the charge, and he is released. But *Zenocia* has been seen by *Clodio*, and also by *Arnoldo*, who is tormented at the idea of her being the slave of *Hippolyta* : —

"Can chastity  
And hot lust dwell together without infection?"

And so in this confused state the act ends.

Act IV. Sc. 1. *Duarte* is with the doctor, and now quite recovered. Moreover, he says that this last bout has quite cured him of his insolent pride; and he wishes to find his antagonist to thank him for the good he has done for him. But he hides his recovery from his mother, and detestably says —

"I'm confident  
No moisture dies sooner than woman's tears;  
And, therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,  
Yet, being one of that frail sex, I purpose  
Her further trial."

Fortunately, Beaumont and Fletcher's characters are seldom human beings; so we do not get so angry at their delinquencies.

Sc. 2. Utterly superfluous.

Sc. 3. *Arnoldo* is come to visit *Zenocia* in *Hippolyta's* house. *Hippolyta* listens unobserved to their interview; and, stung with rage, calls in her servants, some of whom seize him, and the others prepare to strangle her. A monstrous scene here takes place, and *Hippolyta's* vengeance is frustrated by the appearance of the governor, who, instigated by *Clodio*, demands *Zenocia* to be freed as no bond-woman. *Arnoldo* seeing her father present, does not fear *Clodio*. Desperate with defeated vengeance, *Hippolyta* and *Zabulon*, the Jew, concoct a devilish scheme for their ruin.

Sc. 4. we must pass over as unmentionable. The upshot of it is that

*Duarte* recognises *Rutilio*: they vow friendship; and *Duarte* consents to deliver a letter to the lady who saved him — *Guiomar*.

Act V. Sc. 1. *Duarte* has made *Rutilio* believe that the man he slew was his deadliest foe, and has incited him to write to his mother, making an offer of himself, persuaded that she must have saved him out of lust — a shocking opinion in any one, but in a son inexpressibly revolting.

Sc. 2. *Hippolyta* has had *Zenocia* poisoned. A long scene is occupied with the narration of this fact by two different sets of people.

Sc. 3 *Duarte* goes disguised to his mother, as the bearer of *Rutilio*'s letter. Here is a magnificent touch of nature.

"She sits upon the ground;  
By heaven she weeps! my picture in her hand too!  
She kisses it, and weeps again!

(*GUIOMAR comes forward.*)

"*Guiomar*. Who's there?

"*Duarte*. Madam!

"*Guiomar*. Ha!

ANOTHER MURDERER! — I'LL NOT PROTECT THEE  
Though I have no more sons."

The intense and ever-present idea of her son's murderer, which has become the one feeling of her soul, and of her share in protecting him, are finely shadowed out in this passionate exclamation; and the rapid "I'll not protect thee!" is in the highest degree dramatic.

It is unpleasant to descend from the heights and sun-crowned glories of passion thus vividly laid bare, to the petty diseased feelings which succeed it. *Guiomar* reads the letter, and thinking the time for her defeated vengeance now arrived, dissimulates with *Duarte*, and tells him to bring his friend there, and they will be married at once. This confirms *Duarte*'s suspicions.

Sc. 4. *Zenocia* is dying from the poison. This allows them all to express, in a very rhetorical way, their grief at her approaching end. *Hippolyta* enters, is touched with remorse, and orders an antidote to be given.

Sc. 5. *Duarte* and *Rutilio* arrive at *Guiomar*'s house. Instead of a wedding, however, he finds himself seized, and is vehemently reproached by her with his ingratitude for her kindness. He is delivered over to the Justice as the murderer of *Duarte*, who now discovers himself, saying —

"Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother  
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrow."

If this is not pushing disease to its extent, then do we not know health from disease. She gives her hand to *Rutilio*. *Hippolyta* gives hers to *Leopold*, and the lovers of course are made happy; and so the curtain drops.

We shall not fatigue the reader with a criticism on the play of which the foregoing is an analysis: he will have seen how deficient it is in artistic as well as æsthetic beauty, though containing fine things. We would only remark on the perfect applicability of the term *dramatised novel* (given by Bouterwek to Spanish comedy) to this "Custom of the Country," not only in the length of time, and change of scene, but also in the circulatory movement of the incidents, and their independence of each other. Note, also, the want of that most difficult, but most eminent of dramatic faculties — viz. *characterisation*: the conceited, lustful, blustering *Clodio* of the first act, becomes a tame, moral, walking gentleman in the others. The high-flown

insolence and braggadocio of *Duarte* becomes diseased, petty, suspicious, and didactic. *Charino*, like Pope's women,

"Has no character at all."

This faculty, indeed, was not given to Beaumont and Fletcher, and the instances are rare where they have exhibited a glimpse of it. As before stated, it is the most difficult problem for the dramatist to solve, and one which should be perpetually before his eyes, so that he may never, from weakness or idleness, relax in his efforts to preserve the spiritual force and integrity of his characters through all circumstances, not allowing himself to be seduced by the temptation of letting circumstances in the play form and guide his characters, but to keep up their individualities with their struggles and sentiments through all these circumstances, whatever they be, preserving that intellectual ventriloquism which shall make them speak, feel, think, and act, as they must have acted. If he feel himself incapable of guiding them thus in their integrity through certain circumstances, then let him renounce these as unfit, at least for him, to handle. At the same time there are some things which materially influence, not the character, but the *expression* of it — as Othello after the proofs of his wife's infidelity; and here the poet's greatest art is shown, not in altering this expression, but in preserving underneath it all the genuine character, so that this new expression shall not be an addition, but the development of some obviously latent characteristic! This alone makes Shakspeare paramount over all dramatists.

And now, O reader! we part company, having travelled over a huge track of ground — we hope with good will and honest sympathy. If our industry and earnest desire for the truth have but struck one important note of preparation, or opened one window where the pure air may enter, we are recompensed!

## DAS VATERLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ARNDT.\*

WHERE is the German's fatherland?  
 Suabia, Prussia — which of these?  
 Is it where the purple vine  
 Blossoms on the castled Rhine?  
 Is it where the seagulls rest  
 Their bosoms on the Baltic's breast?  
 No, ah no! 'tis none of these:  
 Greater far his fatherland.

\* The venerable Ernst Moritz Arndt, the author of the celebrated patriotic song, 'Das Vaterland,' did more to arouse the spirit of the German nation, when groaning under the yoke of Napoleon (that great instrument of the Divinity) than any civilian of the day. He traversed Germany from one end to the other, addressed the people in those soul-stirring accents which only poets can utter, and revived from its dying embers the patriotism of his fatherland. The triumphant issue of that memorable struggle is not a little owing to the spirit he breathed into his countrymen. In 1818, when the university of Bonn was established, Arndt was made professor; but, a few years after, he

Where is the German's native land?  
 Bavaria, Illyria — which of these?  
 Tell me, tell me, does it lie  
 Beneath the fair Westphalian sky?  
 Is it in the gloomy mine,  
 Where the gold and iron shine?  
 No, ah no! 'tis none of these:  
 Nobler is the fatherland.

Where is the German's fatherland?  
 Pomerania; is it there?  
 Is it where the flying sand,  
 Windblown, ranges o'er the land?  
 Is it where the roaring river  
 Of the Danube rolls for ever?  
 No, ah no! 'tis none of these:  
 Greater is the fatherland!

Where is the German's native home?  
 Name to me the glorious land.  
 Is it where the freeborn Swiss  
 Roam in plenty? Is it this?  
 Or where the gay Tyroleans dwell?  
 Though land and people please me well,  
 Yet no, yet no! 'tis none of these:  
 Nobler is his native land!

Where is the German's fatherland?  
 Breathe to me the glorious name.  
 Is it Austria, fair and bright,  
 Rich in honours, great in fight,  
 Where love, and song, and music roll  
 All their witchery o'er the soul?  
 No, ah no! it is not there:  
 Greater is the fatherland!

Where is the German's father-home?  
 Name to me the glorious realm.  
 Is it the ill-fated land  
 Snatch'd by Gallia's treacherous hand? —  
 Robber of a nation's right  
 By the villany of might —  
 No, ah no! it is not here:  
 Nobler is the father-home!

drew upon himself the suspicion of entertaining revolutionary opinions, and, upon this absurd rumour, was deprived of his professorship by the government of the late king of Prussia.

After this he lived nearly twenty years on his small patrimony in the neighbourhood of Bonn, enjoying the affection of all who came in contact with him, and devoting his time to literature, and the education of his children.

The present king, whose accession has been signalised by so many noble instances of the finest human feeling, restored this venerable patriarch of literature and patriotism to his professorship, and at this present moment he is Rector Magnificus of the university of Bonn, to the delight of all Germany. — TRANSLATOR.



Where is the German's fatherland?  
 Breathe that spirit-stirring spell.  
 Where'er a German's freeborn speech  
 Is utter'd, or where it can reach:  
 Where'er by German's pious tongue  
 The grateful hymn to God is sung.  
     'Tis there! 'tis there! hail, land divine!  
     That, brave German, that call thine.

That is the German's fatherland,  
 Where vows are pledged, yea — hand in hand;  
 Where truth and freedom light the eye,  
 And love is pure fidelity.  
     'Tis that! 'tis that! hail, land divine!  
     That, brave German, that call thine.

That is the German's native home,  
 Where warm sincerity is known;  
 Where ne'er is heard a foreign tone;  
 Where every cold unfeeling heart  
 Is bidden, as a foe, depart;  
 Where every warm and noble mind  
 Is as a friend by Heaven assign'd  
 To share our joy and ease our strife,  
 The ebb and flow of human life.  
     'Tis there! 'tis there! land of the free!  
     It shall be *all* — *all* Germany!

The whole of Germany shall be  
 Our fatherland; it must be free.  
 O, God of Heaven! enthroned above,  
 Bless it with thy benignant love!  
 With German valour, German truth,  
 Fill every soul — and fire our youth,  
 That every harp and tongue shall tell  
 They served it faithfully and well.  
     'Tis here! 'tis here! land of the free!  
     It shall be *all* — *all* Germany.

CEDRIC.

## SONNET.

Joy of my soul ! I would that thought had power  
 To bring thee to me at this gentle hour ;  
 Now while the moonlight streaming through the trees  
 Blends with the music of the evening breeze :  
 Shedding on Sound the loveliness of Light,  
 Breathing on Light the melody of Sound ;  
 Till a melodious moonlight floats around,  
 And music seemeth as a part of sight :  
 But dearer far the starlight of thine eyes,  
 And the fair music of thy gentle lips,  
 And 'neath thy gaze I look on fairer skies  
 Than those above : but absence flings eclipse  
 On all around, and earth and sky feel drear  
 Since thou art not, my gentle Fanny, here !

THOMAS POWELL.

## LIGHT AND SPEECH.

O SPEECH ! it is a wondrous thing,  
 As beautiful as strong ;  
 It clotheth every living thought  
 In the melody of Song !  
 'Tis as the blessed light from Heaven  
 Upon the hills and streams ;  
 It does not *make* them, but they owe  
 Their beauty to its beams !  
 In vain the bending stars would hang  
 Enamour'd o'er the Earth,  
 Which looketh up, with looks of love,  
 Too fond for even mirth !  
 And even thus, the glorious mind  
 Would brood o'er chaos Thought,  
 Had not the light of Speech sprung forth,  
 And love and music wrought !

THOMAS POWELL.

## THE BLACK MAIL.

### A TALE OF IRISH HISTORY.

FOR centuries subsequent to the invasion of Leinster, the English power was circumscribed in Ireland. The Normans, who inhabited the Pale, as a limited district around the metropolis was called, were regarded merely as the successors of the Esterlings; as a people to be at once respected for their bravery and plundered for their wealth. The distant ardiagh, or chieftains, were too much occupied in defending their little kingdoms, or invading those of their neighbours, to bestow any consideration on the English colony. The times were favourable to foreign encroachment. A people who delighted in war, and whose narrow views were limited to immediate policy, were incapable of foreseeing the consequences that resulted from unjust assumption and tolerated possession. But if the ignorance of the period is reproachful to the Irish, most certainly the English cannot expect to escape censure. Under circumstances the most auspicious, they failed to acquire either security or dominion. Cooped up in Dublin, they dared not dispute the sovereignty of distant toparchs, who continued for centuries to administer Irish laws, to call native feudal parliaments, to coin money, and perform all other duties which the economy of their state demanded.\*

Nor was this the only indignity offered to the crown of England, if its wearer was REALLY the monarch of Ireland; for the seat of royalty — the capital of the Pale — was frequently compelled to purchase the forbearance of neighbouring chieftains by annual tribute, denominated Black Mail. To do the hardy colony justice, they were not insensible to the disgrace; and when opportunity presented itself, were not slow to resume their independence, and refuse compliance with the compact to which their necessities, not their wills, consented. Such, however, were the misfortunes of the Pale, that it was seldom in a condition, for any length of time, to withstand the hostile irruptions of the Birns, Tooles, and Cavanaghs, whose possessions stretched from the Barrow to within a few miles of Damegate. When plagues and famines — and they were frequent in their recurrence — had thinned the inhabitants, or when distant and fatal expeditions — for they once invaded Scotland — had impaired their resources, the O'Birns or the O'Tooles were sure to pour down upon them, and retire only with hostages, as an assurance that the Black Mail would be paid in future.

A combination of calamities had sometimes, previous to the year 1308, compelled the citizens of Dublin to submit to a renewal of the indignity; and Robert le Decer, the son of the provost, was detained as an hostage for the fulfilment of the terms imposed by the O'Toole of Glendalough. In these days, as well as in modern times, political compacts endured no longer than as it suited the interests of the contracting parties to act up to the terms of the treaty; and hostilities were frequently commenced at the expense of those who remained as securities in the hands of the enemy.

One fine morning, in the summer of 1308, a large crowd of persons had assembled in the neighbourhood of Thomasgate: it consisted chiefly of females, children, and elderly men; and from the anxiety which was pictured upon every countenance, it was apparent that they were in expectation of some intelligence in which the inhabitants of Dublin were deeply

\* See Ware, Harris, &c. &c.

interested. Some were engaged in audible prayer, and some endeavoured to banish fear from themselves and others by prognostications of good news. A few citizens mounted guard upon the battlements; and though the duty of a sentinel was then but imperfectly understood, they felt that a certain responsibility was imposed upon them, and accordingly showed, in their consequential strut backwards and forwards, that they were vain of their arms, and perhaps more vain of their persons. The bow was flung upon their backs, the quiver was filled with arrows, and one or two were clothed in coats of mail. To the unwieldy two-handed sword the Irish skean was added, and here and there the halbert lay carelessly against the wall of the prison, for Newgate then stood about the spot where Thomas Street now commences.

"I wonder," said one, "how do Negle's irons agree with M'Baltho's legs within here," and he knocked his heel against the exterior wall of the prison. "He is little concerned, I wot," replied his companion; "for he'll soon dance an Irish trot on Hog's Green." "Not by himself," said the first. "I hope our townsmen have been successful enough to afford a few to keep him company." "An 'twere a pity, too," said a third, "for what worse is he than the O'Birns and O'Tooles: he steals fat cattle and fat aldermen, and so do they. Yet we hang the one and pay Black Mail to the others." "'Tis all a case," said the first speaker: "the heads of the wild Irish rebels should grace these spikes here, that stand in want of their usual ornaments, since the M'Tuhills forced us to strip them; but, please Heaven, we will recover our credit by and bye, and hang every man of them. There can be no peace for the Pale while an Irishman lives." "That's but too true," rejoined the third; "and this had long since been the case, were not the colony dealt hard with by plagues and famines."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a voice from the top of the battlements, calling out, "They come! they come!" This was followed by a shout of exultation; and in a few minutes the black banner, which the citizens bore in times of hostility, became visible on the heights of Kilmainham, in the midst of columns of dust, which intimated the approach of the cavalcade. The crowd now simultaneously rushed forward to greet the martial citizens, whose heroism on this occasion was crowned with victory. John le Decer, the provost, for Dublin had then no lord mayor, bowed to the greeting multitude as he rode in the van of his companions, who followed in that disorder which then characterised the movements of hostile numbers. Here and there the head \* of an Irish enemy was elevated upon a pole; and the sight of each bleeding fragment only served to heighten the joy of the citizens. Huddled together, about twenty prisoners marched along amidst the jeers and insults of their captors; but, undismayed at the probable fate which awaited them, they acknowledged the ungenerous treatment of the victors by looks in which scorn and despair were intimately blended. These kerns exhibited in their persons a fair specimen of the Irish soldier of the period, and the *tout ensemble* was such as to elicit the admiration of their enemies.† The absurd customs of other climes had not been then introduced into the island; nature was allowed to exert her privileges, and the result was, the full developement of manly beauty. Tall, but elegantly proportioned, their sinewy limbs and elastic frames indicated the utmost activity; and it would seem that they were conscious of the possession of physical beauty, for their dress was studiously adapted to give the utmost

\* These were for the purpose of ornamenting the city gates; a barbarous custom which prevailed in England and Ireland until a very late period. See Harris, Ware, &c.

† See Cambrensis.

effect to their personal endowments. The thruse adhered closely to the limbs\*; and the vest, like ancient armour, accommodated itself to the inequalities of the body; while the mantle of the kerns, from its shortness, being not longer than a modern pelerine, did not conceal any part of the body, or restrain the wearer from personal exertion. At the period to which we allude the barred, or cap, was not universally worn. Fond of long flowing locks, the hair was considered as a sufficient covering for the head; and, unlike the Saxons †, who shaved the upper lip, the Irish, in anticipation, as it would appear, of modern times, shaved the chin, but cherished formidable mustachios. Such was the dress worn by the captives, who now stared around them with vague feelings of regret and revenge; while the proud citizens, clothed in their leathern doublets, regarded them as mere ferocious savages, whom it was meritorious to rob and butcher, when either could be done with impunity. Beside this prey, there were a hundred head of black cattle, the sight of which increased the general joy. All was now bustle and gladness; for the public had no sympathy with the few who mourned the relations who were killed or had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as the Irish were then called. In a short time the city authorities were assembled. They congratulated each other on the success of their HOSTING into the O'More's country; for though the citizens depended chiefly on trade, they sometimes imitated the barons and great men of the age, by resorting to very summary, if not very honest, means of enriching themselves. Flushed with victory, they resolved to follow up their success, and instead of paying Black Mail to the M'Tuhills, they determined to make an incursion into their country. Here, however, a difficulty arose: it was recollected that Robert le Decer was an hostage at Glendalough, and any violation of the compact on their parts would certainly place his life in some danger. This puzzled the good citizens; and after some hours spent in discussion, they adjourned, undecided, to digest that, along with other matters, in the hall of the tholsel, where those good things were prepared, which martial as well as peaceable citizens delight to discuss.

The gates were shut, and the citizens had sought repose, when the provost was shown into a dark, damp dungeon of the city prison. "Do you sleep, M'Balthor?" inquired the provost, as he held the lantern up to the face of a man, who, wrapped up in his mantle, sat silently upon a rude stone, the only furniture of the place. "*Sleep!*" repeated the prisoner, sarcastically, looking around him, and snuffing up the filthy odour of the place. "*Where, Saxon,* would you have me stretch myself? besides, I can't afford to sleep just now." "For planning some new scheme of robbery." "Of vengeance, you mean," interrupted the prisoner. "It may be so," returned the provost, "but first the laws must take vengeance upon you. You have burnt our dwellings, you have butchered our citizens, you have robbed us——" "Of useless POLLARDS ‡," interrupted the prisoner. "But," he continued, rising, "who are you who make the charge? Only this day you have pillaged an Irish country, and butchered an unoffending people, and yet you come and reproach M'Balthor." "You mistake me," said the chief magistrate: "I come on an errand of friendship, if you choose to seek the English protection, and accept of English gratitude." The prisoner raised his eyes in wonder. "You know the M'Tuhills of Glendalough," continued the provost: "within the palace, as he calls it of that chieftain, is detained, as an

\* Tacitus describes some of the German tribes as similarly dressed; and an old writer becomes indelicate from the minuteness with which he dwells upon particular parts of the Gothic wardrobe.

† See Strutt.

‡ A base, or rather a clipped, coin.

hostage, an only son of mine." "I know the remainder," interrupted the prisoner: "you have such an abhorrence of robbery, that you want me to STEAL even M'Tuhill's hostage. And suppose I do, what then?" "Twenty ounces of pure gold will be your reward; but if not ——" "Never mind the rest; I know what you was going to say:—if not, M'Balthor's locks will float in the morning's breeze from the top of Newgate. Better men have even met a worse fate; but am I at liberty? then loose these fetters, and the young Sassanach shall be here before ten days expire, to feed upon the O'More's beef." The provost led M'Balthor out of the prison, and the wicket being unlocked, the outlaw regained his liberty. By the light of the moon the shadows of half-a-dozen heads were distinctly seen upon the open space before the gate, reflected from their "bad eminence" over the barrier, and instinctively the robber turned to look upon them. "Fortune," he ejaculated, "is still favourable: the Saxons have not yet ornamented their skeans with my sconce; and by Saint Patrick 'twill be my fault if ever they do. But ——" he paused,— "ay, that will do," he continued; and having mentally arranged his future plans, he walked rapidly forward. The reader need not be told of the exact geographical position of Glendalough: if he have never been there, he has only to consult any Irish Itinerary, or Mr. Wright's Guide to the County of Wicklow, to learn that the name is derived from two picturesque lakes, surrounded with wild and rugged hills, and that the place was once distinguished as the abode of piety and learning. Its ruins serve now to point a moral, and vindicate the ancient inhabitants of Ireland from the flippant charges of ignorance and barbarism so frequently urged against them. Here are specimens of architecture still remaining of an order that prove the erection of some of the buildings to have taken place previous to the days of Christianity, and hieroglyphics which the learned are unable to explain. Amidst the monuments of the dead are the tombs of the M'Tuhills, or O'Tooles, bearing evidence, in the epitaphs, of this family having exercised the duties of royalty for centuries subsequent to the reign of Henry II. Previous to the twelfth century they occasionally swayed the sceptre of Leinster; and, in later times, ruled conjointly with the O'Birns and the O'Cavanaghs, that long ridge of hills which stretch from the county of Kilkenny to within a few miles of Dublin. Their jurisdiction was acknowledged by the English monarchs; and the election of the ardrigh was still regulated by those Gothic customs — for they were not Celts — which were based on national independence. At the period to which our tale relates, a M'Tuhill was raised to the chieftaincy, and, like the predecessors of his family, he took up his abode in the venerable city of Glendalough. In early life he was distinguished for an active bravery; and his many successes in war had no small share in procuring his elevation to the chief command. Age, however, had not diminished his desire of glory, and the neighbouring toparchs still showed, by their submission, that they dreaded at once his skill and bravery. Glendalough was then the abode of piety, and somewhat of opulence: its splendid churches — its many religious edifices, now, alas! an undistinguished heap of ruins — necessarily begot an active and industrious population; and as a certain refinement had begun to prevail\*, those who wished to distinguish themselves otherwise than by deeds of arms took up their residence where luxury might display itself, and devotion find security from hostile interruption. The dwellings of laymen were similar to those of other nations, hastily constructed of such materials as convenience recommended.

\* Learning, though dimmed, had not disappeared in the twelfth and succeeding centuries: nearly all the *Duen Wassels* were acquainted with classical literature: they wrote and spoke Latin fluently. See Cambrensis, Stuart's Armagh, and Hardiman's Irish Deeds.

The Irish excelled in constructing houses of wood \*; and such was the case at Glendalough. The habitation of the ardríagh was spacious and lofty; and, as hospitality was the characteristic of the times, the hall was constantly crowded with guests. The insecurity of the period did not allow of expenditure on ornaments. At a short distance from this primitive palace stood the mansion of the tanist. To him was committed the care of the national finances; and as the different hostages were connected with these, they of course resided in his house. Though eager to over-reach each other, and though not a whit more sincere than the great of modern times, there was a rude honour and individual confidence amongst men, which were highly favourable to social intercourse and toleration. Vengeance was then prompt and rife, but the cool, calculating tyranny of advanced civilisation was unknown. The hostages were treated with kindness: there was no jealous watching; no secrecy observed. The strangers found themselves the guests of friends rather than of enemies, and had nothing to regret except a temporary absence from home. Young Le Decer at first wondered at every thing he saw; but a few weeks served to convince him that the habits and manners of the people approximated very closely to those of Englishmen, among whom he had spent several years of his boyhood. Their customs, so different from those of the citizens of Dublin — the gaiety of their disposition, their careless indolence, their carousals, music, and revelry, as well as their martial vauntings — filled the youthful hostage with sentiments of admiration; and when contrasted with the sober monotony of a town life, left within his breast a vague desire to adopt the Irish and forego the English customs. Perhaps love had some influence upon his meditations. The tanist had an only daughter, whose youth and beauty were well calculated to make an impression upon a mind formed for the admission of tender sentiments. Dorgiva shared in common with her then unsophisticated countrywomen all those graces of person which need not the foreign aid of ornament; but her vicinity to the abode of religious societies afforded her an opportunity of cultivating her various talents, and acquiring a degree of mind which is necessary to make the attractions of beauty irresistible and permanent. In Le Decer she soon discovered talents similar to her own; and, without any motive but the desire of conversing with one familiar with kindred studies, she did not offer any formidable resistance to the temptation of his society. On his part, he was at first ambitious to please, but mere acts of gallantry soon yielded dominion to sentiments of regard; and though he never ventured upon an avowal, there was mutual understanding, as distinct and ample as if declarations had been made and accepted. When the first flush of happiness, however, had subsided, and reflection came, as it often does, to administer draughts of bitterness, there was felt by each an undefined sentiment of alarm: they belonged to families and nations irrevocably opposed to each other, and whose national prejudices would never sanction a union between individuals belonging to the mere Irish and English colonists; but love is seldom unsuccessful in administering balm to wounded spirits; their fears were heard only in privacy and solitude; for they no sooner came into each other's society, than every sentiment but those of tenderness and regard was banished from their bosoms. Dorgiva touched her harp with animation, and Le Decer listened with that rich

\* Bede tells us that the first churches in England were built after the Irish fashion. Domestic dwellings were constructed of clay and wood — specimens of which remain to this day; and it is recorded that St. Thomas à Becket spread clean straw daily on the floor, to prevent his guests from soiling their clothes.

rapture which a lover only can feel when listening to skilful melody, poured from the ripe lips of a beloved mistress.

The encroachments of evening were no where felt so soon and so decidedly as at Glendalough. The surrounding hills, then clothed in rich foliage, in intercepting the rays of the declining sun, served to throw a sombre shade over the romantic valley; and as the tolling of the bells of the different monasteries inviting to prayer, and the chant of the pious monks instilling reverence and devotion, commingled, as it were, with the stillness of evening, the hour was felt as one of tranquil gladness, mellowed by religious hope, and calculated to awaken the best and purest feelings of the human heart. On such an evening Dorgiva and Le Decer strolled along the margin of the lake towards the sequestered abode of a pious recluse, whose austerities and simplicity had left scepticism no room to doubt of his sincerity. It had not been their first visit; and the good old man felt pleased with the attention, and repaid it by impressing upon their minds brief moral maxims and practical precepts relating to religious duties. On this occasion he was more diffuse than usual, and his pupils were detained beyond the usual hour of departure. Just as they arose a person entered, another followed, and presently the rude abode of the anchorite was filled with armed strangers. "What mean you, my sons?" asked the hermit. "Whom seek you here?" "The son of the Saxon provost," was the reply. "M'Walter," said Dorgiva, addressing the leader of the band as her lover drew his sword, "Robert le Decer is an hostage in the hands of the O'Toole." "And a captive in the hands of Dorgiva," answered the outlaw; "but we shall find one better befitting a daughter of Erin than a base Sassanach churl, even though it were M'Walter, or rather M'Balthor, for such, fair lady, is my real name. This intelligence was astounding. M'Balthor was notorious for his deeds of robbery and bloodshed; but under the assumed name of M'Walter had gained admittance to the hearth of the tanist, and made proposals for the hand of his daughter. Dorgiva, however, had an instinctive abhorrence of the man, and loathed him with that strong hatred which woman feels for an obtrusive suitor. The sad reality now flashed upon her; and before she could make any reply to the alarming intimation contained in his last words, his followers laid rude hands upon herself and her lover, and bore them away blindfolded from the hermitage. Le Decer made all possible resistance, but his struggles were in vain; and though he had every reason to feel alarmed on his own account, he thought only of the unprotected Dorgiva. It was about midnight when his captors came to a halt; and, from some lights visible at a distance, he fancied that they could not be far from Dublin. His conjecture was right: in less than an hour he was delivered into the hands of his father, and soon after entered the city. Here he learned the solution of the mystery; and with the ingenuousness of youth he made his father the depositary of his secret — of his love for the tanist's daughter. She was now, he said, in the hands of the robber, and fearful consequences were to be apprehended unless speedily rescued from a situation so calamitous. Instead of manifesting any pity for Dorgiva, any sympathy for the feelings of the lover, the provost gave way to his anger, and convinced his son that he had only one alternative, either to forego his love for the tanist's daughter, or forfeit the friendship of his father. His choice was soon made: despising the dishonourable means by which he had been surreptitiously withdrawn from Glendalough, he hastily quitted the city the next morning, and quickly regained the country of the O'Tooles. The war-cry was instantly raised; the hill resounded with hostile music; and when the citizens



came out a HOSTING, as they called it, they experienced a reception very different from that which they met from the O'Mores of Leix. The successful Irish pursued them to the Damegate; and, after a vigorous assault, carried the city by storm. Convinced of their error, the citizens renewed the treaty, paid additional Black Mail, and gave new hostages. In the mean time, Dorgiva had not been discovered. "Give me twenty of these brave fellows for companions," said le Decer, "and I'll pledge myself to restore the maiden to her friends." "The Saxon speaks boldly," said M'Tuhill, "and well deserves our confidence. Let it be as he desires." Armed with the Irish lance and the battle-axe, le Decer and his companions set forward; and after two days' search were fortunate enough to come up with the fugitives. M'Balthor made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately overpowered: He could give, however, no account of Dorgiva; being left, he said, in the care of one of his followers on the night of the abduction, she was rescued from him, but by whom he was quite ignorant. Le Decer thought this unsatisfactory, and accordingly carried the outlaw a prisoner to Glendalough. Here he repeated the same story, but with equal success; and the brehon was about to condemn him to die—a punishment reserved solely for the violator of woman's honour—when Dorgiva made her appearance: she had been fortunately rescued by a party of the O'Birns, who heard her shriek as they passed, and who now restored her to her friends.

This completely altered the nature of M'Balthor's offence. The brehon repaired to the MÔRE, a place of eminence; the people stood in a circle around, and the accusation was heard. The law allowed only a mulct, and the robber was on the point of being discharged on the payment of twenty cows, when it was suggested by the ardriagh himself, that, being on terms of amity with the Saxons, the prisoner ought to be transmitted to Dublin, there to experience the mercy of the English laws. This advice was instantly acted upon; and the chronicle of the day says, "This year, 1308, William M'Balthor, *alias* M'Walter, a great robber and incendiary, was condemned by the Lord Justice Wogan, and was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows, and there executed." Robert le Decer, having given mortal offence to the citizens, no longer hesitated to adopt the manners of the Irish; and on his marriage with Dorgiva, which soon after took place, assumed the name of O'Toole.\* The rude ballads of the times are filled with eulogies upon his heroism and virtue. His father mourned his loss, but refused to see him. Childless, as he regarded himself, he spent his fortune in public works; and city records make honourable mention of his name.

\* Pierce de Gaveston, the king's favourite, being made lord-lieutenant, after his banishment from England, defeated the O'Tooles; and, having scoured the pass between Kevin Castle and Glendalough, made his offering at the shrine of St. Kevin.

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